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<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>18</td>
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<td>4.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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## INDEX TO SUBJECTS.

### DISCOURSES, ESSAYS, GENERAL ARTICLES, ETC.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subject</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Agriculture, The Old and the New in</td>
<td>341</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah Ching</td>
<td>992</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alphabet of Suggestive Definitions</td>
<td>1085</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>America, Is It a Book of Mormon Name?</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appeal to Hawaiians and Other Polynesians</td>
<td>703</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appreciation, An</td>
<td>421</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As Rachel Wept of Old</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Autocrats, The Northern</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baggarley, Maud</td>
<td>1020</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Band, Boy Scouts of America Y. M. I. A.</td>
<td>542</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beaver, The</td>
<td>527</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Being Great</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Being Somebody</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bible Texts, Notes on</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackfoot Stake Tabernacle</td>
<td>516</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Blessed are They which are Persecuted”</td>
<td>740</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boy Scout Book, the First</td>
<td>733</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boys, Two, Who Tried and Triumphed</td>
<td>491</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo, Return of the</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caffeine, An Experiment on</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canton</td>
<td>729</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chinese Realm Dedicated</td>
<td>443</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ is Risen</td>
<td>579</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Church, The, as an Ideal Institution</td>
<td>880</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cigarette Smoker, The</td>
<td>390</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cigarette Menace, The</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cliff Dwellers of Today</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cocoa Nut, The Tale of the</td>
<td>437</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>College Training for Business</td>
<td>1065</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conan Doyle’s “New Revelation,” and “Vital Message”</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Consider the Lilies</td>
<td>1118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conversion</td>
<td>1089</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Counsel to the Young People of the Church</td>
<td>865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Culture</td>
<td>810</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dead, Why Baptize for the</td>
<td>638</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Destruction through Smoking</td>
<td>337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Determined to Work</td>
<td>912</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Does Education Pay?</td>
<td>1013</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### DISCOURSES, ESSAYS (Continued)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Subject</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Entertaining the Farmers of an Entire State</td>
<td>1077</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enthusiasm in Preaching</td>
<td>1058</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Episode of the Plains</td>
<td>793</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evolution, Just a Few Words on Example</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fall, The, and the Redemption</td>
<td>373</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fate</td>
<td>645</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fathers and Sons’ Outing, 1921</td>
<td>730</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fort Supply</td>
<td>800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girl, The</td>
<td>1103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give Me the Honor</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glimpses of Nature</td>
<td>1068</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God’s Need of Man</td>
<td>907</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Good Tobacco Business”</td>
<td>809</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gospel, The, and Emerson</td>
<td>469</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Handicap, The Great American</td>
<td>529</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How Do You Stand?</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Hui Tau”</td>
<td>769</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Idaho Falls Hospital</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incident, An, of Mexican Life</td>
<td>322</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Keep the Commandments”</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Landmark of Pioneer Days</td>
<td>508</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leadership, Qualifications in</td>
<td>1059</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Learning by Doing</td>
<td>828</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Look for the Best</td>
<td>717</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lop-Sided Appropriations</td>
<td>1119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lund, President Anthon H.</td>
<td>499</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man’s Need of God</td>
<td>811</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marriage and Married Life</td>
<td>695</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medal, Bravery to Boy Scout</td>
<td>515</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Message, A, to the Youth of the Land</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. I. A. Slogans</td>
<td>742</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monument at Pioneer View</td>
<td>959</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monument, Pioneer View, Correct Placing of “Mormon”</td>
<td>969</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother and Son</td>
<td>622</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Natural Phenomena Related to Human History</td>
<td>738</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nicotine and Tobacco, Effects of</td>
<td>338</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Fort Hall—1836-1920</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olla, The Big in Cave Valley</td>
<td>640</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“One Andrew Jenson”</td>
<td>784</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One Picture of Thousands</td>
<td>997</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“On the Run”</td>
<td>741</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opportunities for Boys</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX TO SUBJECTS

DISCOURSES, ESSAYS (Continued)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Old Southpaw</td>
<td>1070</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Outing of Boy Scouts Mt. Pleasant</td>
<td>1022</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peace Through Gospel of Christ</td>
<td>404</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Picked for a Winner (Dr. Franklin S. Harris)</td>
<td>917</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilgrimage to the Temple</td>
<td>1025</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilgrims and Utah Pioneers</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pioneer View</td>
<td>957</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pioneer Life, Glimpses of</td>
<td>778</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pioneer Grounds, Historic</td>
<td>832</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor Land vs. Land Poor</td>
<td>420</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prayer, A</td>
<td>526</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Providential</td>
<td>519</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prophecy, Joseph Smith's Last</td>
<td>797</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Record of the Mighty Dead</td>
<td>1084</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Redwing Helped</td>
<td>308</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Religion of Body and Mind</td>
<td>1115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revelation from God, How Received</td>
<td>673</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revelation, A, How Fulfilled</td>
<td>698</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Royal-Born, You Are</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salt Lake Theater in Early Days</td>
<td>736</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sanunitu, The, of Now-a-Days</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scout, The First, in Yellowstone</td>
<td>494</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scouts, Early, in Zion Canyon</td>
<td>523</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scouting in the Y. M. M. I. A.</td>
<td>554</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scout Home, New, Amid the Shanghai</td>
<td>1011</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Signs Following the Believer</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, George Albert</td>
<td>1051</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some Social Sentiments</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sources of Joy and Factors of Happiness:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lessons I-VI</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Sea Islanders, Educating the</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summary of &quot;Mormonism,&quot; A</td>
<td>609</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Southland Sketches—&quot;Uncle Remus&quot;—Joel Chandler Harris</td>
<td>642</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mountains</td>
<td>999</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stream, The</td>
<td>348</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Study Courses for 1921-2</td>
<td>1009</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suggestions to Young Men</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tablet in the Sacred Grove</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tact and Kind Words</td>
<td>407</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taxes, The Perennial Question of Temple</td>
<td>335</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Temple Work</td>
<td>639</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Testimony, A Poet's</td>
<td>410</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thoughts of a Farmer</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Snowfalls</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tithing Propositions</td>
<td>624</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacco Crusade, How it Can be Avoided</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacco Condemned by its</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

DISCOURSES, ESSAYS (Continued)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Friends</td>
<td>307</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacco Habit From a Financial Viewpoint</td>
<td>831</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Great Phases of the Lord's Work</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuberculosis Christmas Seal, I am the</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Under the Curse</td>
<td>826</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utah's Cliff-Dwelling Scenics</td>
<td>301</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Value Behind Common Things</td>
<td>628</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veto Power The</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Visit to Missouri, A</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vital Problems of Life, Part II—Lesson VII—Developing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power of Responsibility</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson VIII—Sustaining Force of Covenants</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson IX—Driving Power of Duty</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson X—Influence of Natural Environment</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XI—Moulding Power of Vocation</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XII—Advantage of Custom</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XIII—Helpfulness of Inheritance</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XIV—Freedom from Debt</td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XV.—The Control of Bias</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XVI—Pull of Prejudice</td>
<td>315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XVII—Meeting Time's Tidal Waves</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XVIII—Review</td>
<td>321</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XIX—Why Be Religious?</td>
<td>411</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XX—Why Believe in a Personal God?</td>
<td>415</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XXI—Why Believe in the Atonement?</td>
<td>533</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XXII—Why Believe in the Atonement?</td>
<td>537</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XXIII—Why Have a Church?</td>
<td>613</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XXIV—Why Choose the Church of Jesus Christ of</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Latter-day Saints?</td>
<td>615</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesson XXV—Why Choose the Church of Jesus Christ of</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Latter-day Saints?</td>
<td>617</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vocational Guidance</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wasted Material and Misspent Energy</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Baptism?</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Did They Turn?</td>
<td>344</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX TO SUBJECTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DISCOURSES, ESSAYS (Continued)</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Warning Word, A</td>
<td>1018</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water Fairy, The</td>
<td>980</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wells, President Emmeline B.</td>
<td>718</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why a Church School?</td>
<td>1027</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Fear Death?</td>
<td>1053</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Brewster and the Pilgrim Motive</td>
<td>582</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Work of the Business Organizer</td>
<td>423</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“You and Me for Utah”</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young Man’s Greatest Problem</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EDITOR’S TABLE</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Back to First Principles</td>
<td>1029</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bishops and Counselors, Instructions to</td>
<td>1121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Books</td>
<td>30, 174, 263, 941</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book of Mormon, New Issue</td>
<td>352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Greetings, First Presidency</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Church Notice, Important</td>
<td>937</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Church Offices, Important</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Changes in</td>
<td>563</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Close of Volume 24</td>
<td>1120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commandments and Promises</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commended by David O. McKay</td>
<td>844</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conference Topics, Ninety-first Annual</td>
<td>650</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ephraim and Manasseh True</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Israelites</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Error Corrected</td>
<td>657</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faith by Whom Should be Taught</td>
<td>447</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fire and Tobacco</td>
<td>843</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jews, Attitude of L. D. S. Toward the</td>
<td>747</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lesser Priesthood a Standard of Action for</td>
<td>1120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the Stake</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loyal Citizenship, What Constitutes</td>
<td>836</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lund, Pres. Anthon H., in Memory of</td>
<td>565</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marriage and Inspiration, Concerning</td>
<td>743</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Masonry and “Mormonism”</td>
<td>937</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Messages from the Missions, 81, 174, 265</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>355, 449, 567, 657, 748, 844, 941, 1032, 1122.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. I. A. Annual Conference</td>
<td>842</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionary Statistics</td>
<td>747</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Mormon Settlement in Arizona”</td>
<td>939</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prophet and Seer, Meaning of</td>
<td>746</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Results of Keeping the Commandments</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suffering in Asia and Europe, for Relief</td>
<td>354</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Think and Will</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDITOR’S TABLE (Continued)</td>
<td>PAGE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacco, Quit the Use and Sale of.</td>
<td>351</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welcome Home</td>
<td>1031</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who of Israel Entered Canaan?</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why Joseph Smith was a Great Prophet</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| MUTUAL WORK                                 | PAGE |
| Arco Again to the Front                     | 272  |
| Basket Ball League                          | 661  |
| Books                                       | 460  |
| Boy Scout Caravan to Yellowstone            | 1041 |
| Conference, First in San Francisco          | 662  |
| Consultation with Counselors                | 177  |
| Decoration Day, Observing                   | 849  |
| Efficiency Reports                          | 177  |
| “Era” and Fund                              | 177  |
| Information Sheet on Scouting               | 85   |
| List of Y. M. I. A. Manuals                 | 362  |
| Medal Awarded Boy Scout for Life Saving     | 855  |
| Membership                                  | 177  |
| M. I. A. Annual Conference                  | 754  |
| M. I. A. a Live Organization in England     | 1128 |
| M. I. A. Reading Course, 1921-2              | 855  |
| M. I. A. Workers, San Francisco             | 663  |
| Missionary Dies in California               | 456  |
| Missionary Work in the Boise Stake          | 84   |
| Montpelier Subscriptions                    | 361  |
| Order of Taking up Y. M. I. A. Work for September | 1049 |
| Preston, Nevada, Shows Good Work.           | 272  |
| Program Y. M. I. A. Tobacco Campaign         | 270  |
| Questions, How to Ask                       | 456  |
| Scout Institute and M. I. A. Convention     | 460  |
| Scouting in the Y. M. I. A.                 | 664  |
| Songs, Appropriate                          | 363  |
| Statistical Report of the Y. M. M. I. A.    | 946  |
| Subscriptions for the Era                   | 456  |
| Summit Stake Y. M. I. A.                    | 459  |
| Summer Work                                 | 662  |
| Teacher-training                            | 270  |
| Teacher-training Guides                     | 361  |
| Text for Teacher-training                   | 361  |
| Work for October                            | 1128 |
INDEX TO SUBJECTS

MUTUAL WORK (Continued) .................................................. 271
Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, Jan., 1921 .......... 457
Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, Feb., 1921 .......... 568
Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, April, 1921 .......... 756
Y. M. M. I. A. Outings ...................................................... 85

PASSING EVENTS
Aaland Question Settled ................................................. 952
Alexander, King of Greece, dead 180
Alaska, To, Through the Air .................................. 1043
Alberta’s New Government ........................................ 1048
American Delegates to Armament Conference ........... 1129
American Flag, Peary’s, Found ................................. 88
Anderson, Scott William, Dead ............................... 1044
Anti-Cigarette Bill Introduced in Utah .................... 462
Anti-Cigarette Bill Passed in Idaho ......................... 572
Anti-Cigarette Bill, the Southwick, Passed ............... 575
Arizona Contributions to Mormon Battalion Fund .......... 665, 952
Armistice Between Poland and Russia ....................... 89
Assembly of Nations, the first ................................ 179
Athens, Ga., Visited by Fire .................................. 461
Augusta Victoria Former German Empress Dead .......... 758
Ballif Goes to Swiss and German Mission ................. 179
Ball, Inaugural, in Honor of Gov. Mahey .................. 368
Baptized by the Prophet ........................................... 465
Beek, Alfred R., Called ....................................... 666
Beeley, Mrs. Sarah, Dead ................................... 857
Belfast, Serious Riots in .................................... 1129
Bethman-Hollweg, Death of .................................. 369
Brimhall, Dr. George H., Honorably Released .......... 762
Brown, Norman, Passes Away ................................. 666
Buckley, William, Called ..................................... 274
Buelow, Gen. Karl Von .......................................... 1129
Burroughs, John, Called by Death ......................... 763
Carlson, Mrs. Inga, Passes Away ............................ 665

PASSING EVENTS (Continued)
Caruso, Enrico, Dies at Naples ................................ 1047
Central American Unionist Party ........................ 573
Chamberlin, Prof. William H., Dead ......................... 858
Chapel, Spanish Fork, Dedicated .......................... 176
Christian, John Ward, Dead .................................. 464
Church Fast Day Contributions .............................. 574
Churchill, Lady, Death of ..................................... 952
City and County Building, New, for Provo ..................... 367
Clancey, George, Mayor of Limerick, Killed ............. 572
Clark, Champ, Called by Death ............................... 667
Colton, Captain Wm. F., Passes Away ...................... 368
Cohn, Henry, Passes Away .................................. 857
Columbia Treaty Ratified ..................................... 758
Condon, Dr. A. S., Dead ........................................ 462
Conference on Disarmament 953, 1045
Conference the 91st Semi-Annual .......................... 88
Congress, Extraordinary Session, Convenes ............. 760
Constantine Returns to Athens ............................... 367
Cost of the War to the United States ....................... 273
Cox, Gov. James M., Speaks in the Tabernacle .......... 90
Critchlow, Edward Benjamin, Death of .................... 368
Curie Madame, Visits New York ............................ 1045
Dahlquist, Laurentius, Called ............................... 1043
Dirigible Z-R-2 Wrecked ..................................... 1131
Discovery of Ancient Bones ................................ 180
Dublin, Murder and Reprisal ................................ 276
Duffin, James G., Passes Away .............................. 856
Earl Kidnapped .................................................. 952
Earthquake, a Disastrous, in Italy ......................... 89
Earthquake Shocks .................................................. 369
Edwards, Prof. L. D., Laid to Rest ........................ 574
Election, Presidential, Results of ............................ 184
Eliaison, Olaf L., Passes Away ................................ 367
Emergency Tariff Bill, The .................................. 858
Excommunication .................................................. 668, 758
Fairbanks, Cornelius M., Laid to Rest ..................... 368
Famine in China ................................................... 273
Farms, Number in Utah ....................................... 274
Field, Woodward ................................................... 368
Fifield Matthew Phelps, Passes Away ...................... 665
Fire Damages Oil Plant in Salt Lake ......................... 858
Fire, Disastrous, in Tokio ..................................... 665
Fiume Surrenders ................................................... 377
Forsberg, J. William, Called ................................. 274
PASSING EVENTS (Continued)

Foulger, Herbert, Passes Away .......................... 273
Free Mrs. Mary Titcomb, Dead ................... 759
German Cabinet Resigns ................................. 758
Germany, Political Disorders in 1131 .............. 669
Germany Refuses to Pay .................................. 763
Germany's Reparation Problem ....................... 666
Gibbons, James Cardinal, Dead ..................... 666
Gompers, Re-elected Labor Leader ..................... 953
Grant, President Heber J. Visits Cedar City ........... 90
Greek Cabinet Resigns ................................. 275
Guest, Edgar A., Entertained by Pres. Grant ......... 463
Hailstorm, Severe .................................. 1131
Hamby, G. B., Detective, Killed .................... 464
Hamilton, Bishop James C., Passes Away .......... 276
Hammond, Clyde Asbury, Passes Away .............. 666
Hapsburgs Estate ................................ 1129
Harding and Coolidge, Formal Vote for ............ 463
Harding, President-elect, Asked Not to Smoke ... 462
Harding, President, Inauguration of ................. 575
Harris, Dr. Franklin S., President of B. Y. U .... 761
Harrison, George, of Springville, Dead .......... 465
Hart, John Isaac, Passes Away ....................... 368
Haywood Flees to Russia ............................... 762
Hendricks, Prof. George B., Dead ........................ 573
Henrie, John Nathaniel, Dead ....................... 462
Home Rule Bill, Irish, Passed ....................... 367
Honorary Degrees for Pres. Penrose and Prof. Brimhall 859
House, the Oldest in Utah ............................... 88
Idaho's Tobacco License Law in Effect ............. 758
Immigration Restriction Bill .......................... 856
Indian War Veterans ................................... 1043
Indian Revolutionists .................................. 1130
Iverson, L. Moth, Sudden Death ..................... 367
Ivie, Mr. and Mrs., Leave for Japan ................ 367
Japan Apologizes .................................. 573
Jensen Dr. C. M., Superintendent of Schools ...... 1043
Jews in Jerusalem Welcome FINANCER .................. 464
Jewish State in Russia .................................. 759
Jex, William, Letter From ............................. 1045
King Peter of Servia Dead .............................. 1130
Knight, Jesse, Passes Away ............................ 670
Kropotkin, Prince, Dead ............................... 461

PASSING EVENTS (Continued)

Lammers, Peter Jacob, Dead .......................... 669
Lane, Franklin K., Dead ............................... 764
Lever Act Partly Unconstitutional .................. 572
Lewis, Ralph E., Receives Rhodes Scholarship ..... 181
Life of a Child Worth $10? ......................... 371
Lightburn, Calvin Luther, Dead .................... 274
Limitation of Armaments ............................. 1130
Lindsay, John, Passes Away ......................... 1046
Lives Saved by Boy Scouts ............................. 861
Ludwig III, King of Bavaria, Reported Dead ....... 179
Lund, Elder C. N., Passes Away ..................... 761
Mabey, Gov. Charles R., Takes Oath of Office ..... 369
Mail, Quickest Service From Coast .................. 367
Maneuvering a Ship by Wireless ..................... 953
Manufacturing in Utah ................................. 1044
Marriger, Lawrence C., Passes Away ............... 572
Martinian, Col. James H., Death of .................. 956
Maughan, Peter W., Logan, Passes Away .......... 179
McCorrnan, Wm. S., Called by Death .......... 764
McCormick, Wm. S., Called by Death ............... 179
Merrill, Mrs. Bathsheba, Called ..................... 369
Mullerand Alexandre, French President ........... 88
Morgan, Bishop, Joseph R., Called .................. 275
Mowrey, Harley, Sr., Passes Away .................. 183
Napoleon Bonaparte Honored ......................... 758
Nicholas, King of Montenegro, Dead ............... 573
Nightingale, Florence, Birthday of ................. 856
Nobel Peace Prize for Wilson ......................... 273
Obregon, General, President of Mexico .......... 273
Operation, a Skillful ................................. 88
Parliament of Northern Ireland Opened ............ 857
Peace Sentiment Growing .............................. 953
Peace Resolution Adopted by Congress ............. 954
Penrose, Charles W., 89th Birthday Anniversary ... 462
Peru Celebrates ................................. 1043
Phoenix Day Observed .................................. 668
Pilgrim Fathers, 300th Anniversary of Landing .... 371
Piracy in the Atlantic .................................. 954
Polish Constitution .................................... 665
Population of Utah ...................................... 954
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SUBJECTS</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>PASSING EVENTS (Continued)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Population, Total of the World</td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portrait of Joseph Simmons</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilkes</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potatoes, Improvement of</td>
<td>956</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pueblo Swept by Flood</td>
<td>860</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quadruplet in Plain City, Utah</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radium Presented to Mme Curie</td>
<td>856</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Real Estate, Total Value in Utah</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reception Tendered Prof. Brimm</td>
<td>860</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relief Society, Change in Presidency</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Resistance to Sunday Law</td>
<td>461</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Riter, Wm. D., Assistant Attorney General</td>
<td>665</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rioting in Tulsa, Okla.</td>
<td>857</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rioters Warned by Pres. Harding</td>
<td>1131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russian War Measures</td>
<td>463</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sadler, Samuel H., Passes Away</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salt Lake City Schools</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schleswig in the Danish Rigsdag</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scout, A, Worthy of Honor</td>
<td>1046</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastopol Taken by &quot;Reds&quot;</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sevier Stake Divided</td>
<td>462</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharp, John C., Called by Death</td>
<td>464</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheep and Cattle Frozen to Death</td>
<td>759</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shell, Uncle John, 130 Years Old</td>
<td>1129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silesia, War Operations in</td>
<td>856</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silesian Controversy Settled</td>
<td>1041</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skeleton of an Unknown Reptile</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skidmore, Charles H., elected president, U. E. A.</td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Socialist Legislators Expelled</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Office</td>
<td>665</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salmon, Alfred, Dead</td>
<td>759</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spry, Commissioner of the Land</td>
<td>665</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>State House, the First in Utah</td>
<td>761</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strike, British Coal Miners'</td>
<td>953</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>End</td>
<td>953</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starvation in Russia</td>
<td>1046</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunspots, a Group to Appear</td>
<td>856</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taft, ex-President Wm. H.</td>
<td>1043</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speaks in Tabernacle</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taft Succeeds White</td>
<td>953</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor, President Moses W., Released</td>
<td>1043</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Temple, an Ancient, Unearthed</td>
<td>759</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Temperature, Unusually High</td>
<td>858</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Temperature in Salt Lake City, July 20</td>
<td>1043</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teachers, Church, Annual Convention</td>
<td>367</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thatcher, Mrs. Lettie Farr, Called</td>
<td>952</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas, Dr. George, President of U. of U.</td>
<td>955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tobacco Smoking, Cost of</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PASSING EVENTS (Continued)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tornado Disastrous in Texas</td>
<td>759</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treaty, Anglo-Russian, Signed</td>
<td>668</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trouble with Indians</td>
<td>858</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treaty of Peace Between United States and Germany</td>
<td>1130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ulster Parliament Opened</td>
<td>953</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ultimatum From Lenin to So-University of Arizona, L. D. S. Students</td>
<td>760</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Union Pacific Purchases Los Angeles and Salt Lake R. R.</td>
<td>857</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utah at Women's Congress, Chris-</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tiania</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utah's Sugar Beet Crop</td>
<td>180, 1043</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utah Workmen's Compensation Act</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utah Artist Honored in France</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uath Farm Bureau, Annual Session</td>
<td>367</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utah Legislature, Fourteenth Session</td>
<td>370</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utah Legislature Adjourns</td>
<td>669</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vacuum, An Almost Perfect</td>
<td>666</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valera, Eamonn de, Re-elected in Ireland</td>
<td>952</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Value of Output of Utah Mines</td>
<td>367</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Venus and the Moon in Conjuction</td>
<td>572</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victory of Greeks in Asia Minor.</td>
<td>1044</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Viviani Visits the United States</td>
<td>665</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wage Reductions</td>
<td>856</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wages, Lower, Demanded</td>
<td>759</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>War Between Poland and Lithuania Averted</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ward and Stake Officers, Changes</td>
<td>667, 955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>War Indemnity, German, Enormous</td>
<td>463</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wells, Bishop John, Visits the Missions</td>
<td>462</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wells, &quot;Mrs. Emmeline B., Celebrates Birthday</td>
<td>573</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wells, Emmeline B., Funeral Services</td>
<td>760</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wheat, Charles O., Passes Away</td>
<td>952</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White, Edward Douglas, Chief Justice Passes Away</td>
<td>764</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitney, Elder Orson F., Goes to Europe</td>
<td>760</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitney, Horace G., Death of</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woolgrowers' Association, Convention of</td>
<td>461</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman's Party Dissolved</td>
<td>572</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodruff, Wilford</td>
<td>761</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX TO SUBJECTS

PASSING EVENTS (Continued)

Woolley, Marcellus S., Dead...1044
Worthington, Dr. U., Dead... 857
Wreck of Two Passenger Trains 665
Young, Judge Le Grand, Dead...1047
Zion National Park Dedicated... 92

POETRY

Advice to a Friend 288
A Letter from Home 1105
Arouse Ye, My Soul 991
Assemblage of Verse:
Childless Woman, The 819
Faith and Works 823
Hope 819
Land I Love, The 818
Lincoln Highway, The 823
Morning 824
Oak, The 825
Rejoice, Rejoice, Hawaii 822
Slumber Car, The 820
Song in Gold or Sunshine Song 818
Stone Path, The, Speaks 825
Summer Time on Sagar's Hill 821
What Have You Sown? 821
Autumn 1067
Awakening, The 5
Babyland, To 1017
Brother, Sister, Dread No Ill 146
By Their Fruits 968
Cantata, A Sacred 433
Chairs of Home, The 945
Common Ground 581
Confidence, My 697
Crucifixion, The 422
Daddy's Love 671
Dawn 1117
Dawning Year 186
Don't Give Up 1088
Dope Fiend, The 215
Eden 1092
Fatherhood 1969
Forces We Leave Behind 817
Garden of Souls, The 347
Glow Follows Good 128
Grand Teton 77
Help It On 979
Home, In That Heavenly 1023
I'd Like to 777
Introspection 541
Jim Morgan, L. D. S. 279
Just a Cigarette 254
Lake, By the 637
Little Things We Do, The 360
Live Well Today 911
Lonesome 890
Looking Towards the West 29

POETRY (Continued)

Man, The, With a Smile 51
Man With a Grouch, The 340
Meadow Lark, To a 728
Merit 334
M. I. A., The 406
Mine 249
Moment, In the Unguarded 627
Moon and the River, The 634
Morning Song 1001
Mother 621
"Mother," What, Means to Me 621
My Daddy Rainbow 1102
New Year 185
Our Flag 767
Power Divine 808
Prayer, A Missionary's 712
Scout Laws in Song 295
Seeing Too Much 430
Shall We Know Our Own Once More? 1012
Silver Star 439
Song of Work, Health and Play 228
Some Day! Somewhere! 429
Spring Immortal 577
Spring-a-Ling-a-Ling 547
Stake Songs 68-71
Storm Clouds' Kiss 498
Story That Is True, The 935
Sunbeams 1114
Sunset, The Same 238
Sunshine or Shadow 490
Supplication 702
Take Courage 796
Toast, A 622
Today is Mine 787
To My Father 1024
Try 22
Up to Me 119
Utah Land 397
What Would Love Require? 217
Winter's Song 505

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

Quorum and Teacher Training Leaders 176
Study Course for 1921 and Teacher Training 269
Who Are Ward Officers 269

SONGS

An Angel Came Down 1106
Landing of the Pilgrims 166
Martyrs, The 431
Our M. I. A. 346
Pioneers, The 834
Star, Sweet Evening 626
## INDEX TO SUBJECTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STORIES</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Adjustment of Nature, An</td>
<td>635</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arm of the Rio, The</td>
<td>548</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bear Story, My</td>
<td>482</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Big Foot,&quot; the King Welf of San Juan</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bluebirds</td>
<td>632</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blunders of Percival, The</td>
<td>722</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Closing the Gap</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coin of Eternity</td>
<td>326</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diary, An Effective</td>
<td>398</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discovery, a Joyful</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dividing Line, The</td>
<td>896</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>End of the Feud</td>
<td>1086</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Experience, A Remarkable</td>
<td>442</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Experience, A Thrilling</td>
<td>558</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fagged Out (a Playlet)</td>
<td>891</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STORIES (Continued)</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Girl, The, of the Panel Picture</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God’s Way Out</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hopi Legends</td>
<td>516</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How Theodore Seabring Made Restitution</td>
<td>1108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jim’s Test</td>
<td>23, 123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph F. Dobson, D. D.</td>
<td>983</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lone Rock</td>
<td>713</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Southpaw</td>
<td>1070</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Panacarre’s Ticaboo</td>
<td>805</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peril, The Yellow</td>
<td>391</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Something Did Happen</td>
<td>503</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spice of Danger, A</td>
<td>595</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Star’s&quot; Christmas Feature, The</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summit, Just Under the</td>
<td>510</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suppose It Was You</td>
<td>646</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Threads</td>
<td>788</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treasure Seeker, The</td>
<td>928</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS

<p>| Adney, C. G. | 1082 |
| Agricultural College | 1076, 1080 |
| American Desert, On the Great | 509 |
| Angels’ Landing, Zion Canyon | 522 |
| Animals, Be Kind to | 493 |
| Articles That Belonged to Elder Brewster | 691 |
| Assembly in Front of Old Faithful Inn | 1041 |
| &quot;Aunt Em&quot; as Mother of Multitudes | 718 |
| Avedian, Giragos, B. S. | 491 |
| Bandit, A Typical Mexican | 325 |
| Baptismal Scene in Maine | 845 |
| Barney, Archie Fay, B. S. | 491 |
| Bear, Black, Eating Candy | 494 |
| Beavers at Work | 528 |
| Beggar, a Chinese, at Canton | 729 |
| Big Mountain, Summit of | 970 |
| Blackfoot Stake Tabernacle | 546 |
| Bluff, the Town of, Utah, and the San Juan River | 31 |
| Bonneville, Capt. B. L. E. | 243 |
| Boy Scouts M. I. A. Band | 542 |
| Boy Scouts on the Way to Yellowstone | 1093 |
| Boy Scouts Street Parade | 544 |
| Bryce Canyon | 1022, 1023 |
| Buffalo, A | 253 |
| Burial Procession, Shanghai | 1011 |
| Cairn at Fort Hall | 562 |
| California Mountain Scenes, Three | 210 |
| Camp, A, in Yellowstone Park | 496 |
| Camping Ground, Utah Agricultural College | 1078 |
| Chinese, Famine Stricken | 446 |
| Choral Society, Taylor Stake | 441 |
| Cigarettes, That’s Why | 254 |
| Clegg, Fred L. | 1082 |
| College Dairy, U. A. C. | 1081 |
| Community House, near Bluff, Utah | 303 |
| Corner of the Playroom, U.A.C. | 1083 |
| Corners in the Sierra Nevada | 768 |
| Cows, To Milk The | 629 |
| Dairy Husbandry Department, U. A. C. | 1079 |
| Deseret News Building, New | 785 |
| Deseret News Building, Old | 784 |
| Elders Alabama Conference | 268 |
| Elders Alabama and Georgia | 748 |
| Elders in Arizona | 751 |
| Elders in Arkansas | 942 |
| Elders Attending Missionary Class, London | 753 |
| Elders in Auckland Conference | 1037 |
| Elders in Australia | 83 |
| Elders in Bristol Conference | 658 |
| Elders in East Iowa Conference | 358 |
| Elders in East Washington Conference | 357 |
| Elders in Holland | 942 |
| Elders Laboring in Louisville | 451 |
| Elders and Lady Missionaries in Springfield, Illinois | 1127 |
| Elders in Manchester Conference, England | 1127 |
| Elders in Memphis, Tenn. | 750 |
| Elders in New Castle Conference | 1035 |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SUBJECTS</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Elders in New Zealand</td>
<td>859</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elders in Norwich, England</td>
<td>571</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elders in Nottingham, England</td>
<td>749</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elders in Oklahoma</td>
<td>752</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elders in the South Australian Mission</td>
<td>1032</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elders in Spokane, Washington</td>
<td>452</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elders in Tahiti</td>
<td>846, 1034</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elders in Texas</td>
<td>945</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elders in Virginia conference</td>
<td>1123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elders in Waco, Texas</td>
<td>752</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elders in Wisconsin Conference</td>
<td>1125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Embarkation of the Pilgrims in the &quot;Speedwell&quot;</td>
<td>688</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>European Mission, Former Headquarters Force</td>
<td>1038</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faithful, Old, in Action</td>
<td>497</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Felling a Giant Tree</td>
<td>998</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fort Hall, Interior of</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franklin and Uncle Sam Meet Senator Smoot</td>
<td>545</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grandparents to Four Pairs of Twins</td>
<td>277</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grant, President Heber J. and Children</td>
<td>864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grave of General Richard W. Young</td>
<td>850</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great Tree Planted by Brigham Young</td>
<td>832</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guildhall, The, in Old Boston, 682, 684</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harding, Warren G.</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harris, Dr. Franklin Stewart</td>
<td>917</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heaton, Jonathan, and 15 Sons</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Idaho Falls Hospital</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivins, President Anthony W. 564, 578</td>
<td>786</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jenson, Andrew</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jones, Bishop Kumen and Wife</td>
<td>468</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lund, President Anthon Henrik</td>
<td>971</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Natural Bridge, Westwater Canyon</td>
<td>302</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Lo, old Scout!&quot;</td>
<td>597</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mabey, Charles R., Governor of Utah</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKay, David O., at Apia, Samoa</td>
<td>992, 1039</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Making Wagons, Aeroplanes and Tool Boxes A. C. U.</td>
<td>1077</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Mayflower&quot; in Plymouth Harbor</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mexican Homes</td>
<td>323</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mexican Revolutionists</td>
<td>344</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mission Conference President at Liverpool, England</td>
<td>1124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maori Agricultural College Cadets</td>
<td>307</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maori Haka</td>
<td>771</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mapusaga Conference, Scenes in</td>
<td>440</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. I. A. Officers in Oakland, Cal.</td>
<td>570</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. I. A. Officers at Liberty Park</td>
<td>920</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries in Birmingham</td>
<td>847</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries in the Eastern States</td>
<td>266</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries in Indianapolis</td>
<td>848</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries Laboring in Joplin</td>
<td>944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries in London</td>
<td>753</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries in London Conference</td>
<td>450</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries in Lowell, Mass.</td>
<td>659</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries in Michigan</td>
<td>567</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries of Nebraska Conference</td>
<td>455</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries in New South Wales</td>
<td>360</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries of Maine Conference</td>
<td>355</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries in Queensland</td>
<td>1040</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Missionaries in West Iowa Conference</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Mormons&quot; Leaving Huntsville</td>
<td>770</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Hui Tau&quot;</td>
<td>1036</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Mormonism&quot; the Answer to the World's Religious Needs</td>
<td>356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murray Scene on Main Street</td>
<td>851</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Netherland, Belgium Mission</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Zealand, Tracing in</td>
<td>1034</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Fort Hall, Exterior of</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pageant, M. I. A., Nampa, Idaho</td>
<td>949</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Papago Ward, M. I. A.</td>
<td>948</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peterhouse College, Cambridge University</td>
<td>591</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peterson, Lawrence</td>
<td>1048</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Picture, a Remarkable</td>
<td>349</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilgrims, Homes and Journeys of</td>
<td>587</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pioneer Road, Old</td>
<td>972</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potatoes, Breeding Better</td>
<td>341</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strains of</td>
<td>623</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Presidents and Cabinets, New and Old</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ready to Leave</td>
<td>974</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roberts, Chaplain, Snapshot of</td>
<td>482</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rogers, Elder Henry Parkinson</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruins Near Blanding, 304, 305, 306</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sawtooth National Park View</td>
<td>325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scene in Zion Canyon</td>
<td>585</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scouting in Zion Canyon</td>
<td>524</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scouts Offer Their Services</td>
<td>366</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, George Albert</td>
<td>1052</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Joseph Fielding</td>
<td>611</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smoot, Senator Reed</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Springhole Where Chief Pocatello Was Buried</td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX TO SUBJECTS

ILLUSTRATIONS (Continued)  ILLUSTRATIONS (Continued)
Salt Lake Theater in Early Days ... 736 Tonga Band, The ... 943
Scouts of Logan Square Branch, Truck, The Charging ... 606
Chicago, Ill ... 1126 Tree Under Which, David O. Mc-
Scout Home, Logan Building Kay and Hugh J. Cannon Stood
the ... 1000 When Dedicating China ... 444
Searchlight, World's Largest ... 765 Utah Sugar Beet Crop ... 280
Signatures of Pilgrims ... 694 View, a Grand ... 927
Steele, Charles F., ... 642 Waterfall on Fire Hole River,
Stringham, George L., ... 1048 Yellowstone ... 495
Talmage, Dr. James E. ... 921 Watts, Blaine, Scout of Murray ... 850
Taps at the Grave of Scout Wells, Emmeline B. ... 672
Mitchell ... 849 Widtsoe, Elder John A. ... 612
Temple in Hawaii ... 704, 921 “Winter Quarters” Cemetery ... 833
Teton, the Great, Wyoming ... 2 World, Into the ... 630
Taylor, Mrs. ... 322 Zion National Park Dedicated ... 92
“This is the Place” ... 958

INDEX TO AUTHORS.

Adams, John Q ... 62, 437 Dibb, James H ... 945
Adams, Frank D ... 508 Dobson, Will ... 912
Adams, Linda Kartchner ... 702 Duckworth, James ... 546
Alder, Lydia D ... 422, 634 Dudley, J. S., Jr. ... 128
Alldredge, Mrs. Ida R., 490, 911, 1069 Ehlers, J. Henry ... 542
Alter, J. Cecil ... 30, 301 Eldredge, Alma ... 976
Anderson, A. A ... 214 Ferrin, Claudia May ... 217
Anderson Nephi ... 1103 Finding God in Millersville ... 110
Anderson, James H ... 784 Fowler, Marie ... 442
Arnold, Frank R ... 733, 916 Frost, Grace Ingles ... 1020
Babcock, C. Milton ... 1053 Fullmer, Paul ... 498
Baggarly, Maud ... 824 Gale, Thora ... 890
Barber, Floyd R ... 77 Gates, Susa Young ... 718
Barlow, Ora H ... 621, 627, 823 Gibby, Geo. E ... 288, 334, 817
Bell, Ruth Moench ... 326 Gordon, H. F ... 729, 1011
Belnap, Ada L ... 979 Grant, President Heber J ... 41, 259, 650, 743, 865
Bennion, Adam S ... 880 Hanson, Orelia May ... 787
Bernards, G. C ... 241 Halls, William ... 235
Biddulph Samuel ... 624 Hartwell G. K ... 595
Blake, Jean ... 309 Harris, Dr. F. S ... 168
Bluth, Agnes ... 322 Harris, Frank W ... 831
Bowers, Wreno ... 635, 980, 1068 Harris, Marion L ... 1027
Brian Douglas ... 93 Hendricks, George B ... 170
Brimhall, Dr. George H ... 52, 147, 229, 411, 533, 613, 1002 Henson, A. T ... 626
Brimley, Wilford C ... 257 Hewer, A. C. A. Dean ... 818, 1092, 1118
Brossard, Dr. E. B ... 1013 Higginson, Mollie ... 51, 340
Brown, Will H ... 307, 809, 1107, 1119 Hillyard, Elona Gardner ... 541
Call, A. B ... 344, 556 Hilton, Ruth Savage ... 805
Cannon, Hugh J ... 443 Hodapp, Minnie I ... 186, 626
Carroll, Eelsie C ... 23 Hogenson, J. C ... 828
Carroll, Mrs. C. H ... 346 Hubbard, Elbert ... 390
Chamberlain, John M ... 834 Ipson, Geo. A ... 822
Chamberlin, Ralph V ... 582, 681 Ivins, Anthony W ... 836
Christensen, C. L ... 516 Jacobson, Grace ... 818
Cornia, E., Virgil ... 810 Jacobson, J. Alfred ... 254
Cornwall, Claude C ... 891 Jenson, Andrew ... 800
INDEX TO SUBJECTS

INDEX TO AUTHORS (Continued)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Johnson, Orville S.,</td>
<td>391,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>713, 788, 1070</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jespersen, Bergita</td>
<td>819</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jorgensen, Enoch</td>
<td>1089</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kay, Hyrum</td>
<td>242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kelly, T. R.</td>
<td>526</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kleinman, Bertha A.</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>300, 767</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Koch, Felix J.</td>
<td>628</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kooyman, Frank I.</td>
<td>1012</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lambourne, Alfred</td>
<td>1, 249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>523, 577, 736</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis, Prof. B. Roland</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lind, Lucy Goodrich</td>
<td>823</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyman, Albert R.</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madsen, Franklin</td>
<td>346</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martineau, J. H.</td>
<td>640</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mathews, Matilda</td>
<td>1028,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Maughn, Geo. H.</td>
<td>420</td>
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<tr>
<td>McAllister, Duncan M.</td>
<td>703</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKay, David O., 187, 404, 769</td>
<td>992</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McJackson, Jane</td>
<td>406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McLaughlin, Fred</td>
<td>548</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrill, M. C.</td>
<td>491</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrill, Harrison R.</td>
<td>1117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller Dr. John T.</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller, Hugh S.</td>
<td>595</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore, James H.</td>
<td>1024</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musser, Joseph B</td>
<td>503</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Naegle, George C.</td>
<td>796</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Navone Eva</td>
<td>896</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nelson, Prof. N. L.</td>
<td>778</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nibley, Preston</td>
<td>698</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nielsen, L. M.</td>
<td>1023</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olpin, A. Ray</td>
<td>156,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>740</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Olsen, Dr. C. L.</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orgill, Helen Kimball</td>
<td>808,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>991</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Ostler, Mary R. E.</td>
<td>935</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pace, Addie Savage</td>
<td>645</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pack, Dr. Frederick J.</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parry, Edwin F.</td>
<td>695,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>797</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
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<td>Partridge E. D.</td>
<td>308</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Partridge, Raynond</td>
<td>968</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pederson, N. Alvin</td>
<td>999</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peery, Joseph S.</td>
<td>39, 212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>638, 717, 1058</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Penrose, President Charles W.</td>
<td>579,</td>
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<tr>
<td>673</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peterson, Elmer G.</td>
<td>1115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peterson, Minerva C.</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peterson, Olluf</td>
<td>639</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peterson, William Henry</td>
<td>157,</td>
</tr>
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<td>398, 362</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phelps, W. M.</td>
<td>1106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pool, Mrs. E.</td>
<td>697</td>
</tr>
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<td>Porter, Elizabeth Cannon</td>
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<td>Poulsen, Ezra, J.</td>
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George Albert Smith, General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A.

At a meeting of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A., attended by President Heber J. Grant, and held on Wednesday, August 31, 1921, Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, was chosen to succeed President Anthony W. Ivins, of the Presidency of the Church, as general Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. He chose as his counselors, Elders B. H. Roberts and Richard R. Lyman. Elder Ivins who has occupied the position of superintendent since Nov. 27, 1918, was released, owing to his arduous duties as Second Counselor in the First Presidency.

Elder George Albert Smith is well-known to the young people of Zion. He was born in Salt Lake City, April 4, 1870, a son of President John Henry Smith and Sarah Farr Smith. He has been a life-long worker in Church organizations. He was counselor to the superintendent, then superintendent for a number of years, of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Salt Lake stake of Zion, before its division into four stakes. He filled a mission in the southern states in 1892-3. On June 25, 1892, he married Lucy Emily Woodruff, a grand-daughter of the late President Wilford Woodruff and Judge Elias Smith. She accompanied her husband on this mission, as she did also on the mission from which Superintendent Smith recently returned from England, and to which mission he was called in the spring of 1919. Elder Smith was chosen a member of the Council of the Twelve, October 6, 1903, and has been active in this position ever since, having not only performed many Church duties, but filled many civil positions. Elder Smith is a typical Latter-day Saint, broad-minded, active in good work, zealous in his calling, reliable, conscientious, honest, clean in person, language and action, faithful, punctual, considerate of his fellows, high and low, having confidence in God, a man who puts his soul into his work, and who is as nearly completely obedient to the laws of God as man can be upon the earth. With his experience among the young people and in the Church, he should prove an admirable director for the youth of Zion, and a worthy successor of that prince of scouts and leader of men, President Anthony W. Ivins.—A.
Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve who succeeds President Anthony W. Ivins as General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A.
Why Fear Death?

By G. Milton Babcock

Why should we fear the departing from this life? The sons of God "shouted for joy" at the thought of leaving the pre-mortal life! The pang of regret for the past, the grief of parting, the dread of the uncertainty and mystery of the future—all these were put aside and God's children rejoiced at the prospect of coming to this earth and obtaining bodies of flesh and bone in which their spirits might dwell and progress. Surely there was no weeping and wailing at the departure of a loved one there. Why should there be here? Why should we not feel to say, as did one good sister who died many years ago: "If you hear of my being dead, let the first thing you say be, 'Hallelujah!"

One great man recently wrote: "Death is only another birth—a new creation. It is the stepping out of one environment into another. It is the dawning of a new day. We have been like children in the dark, 'clinging to the familiar things we call our own.' Death opens the door and lets in the sunlight. Why should we fear its beams?

Christ taught: "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

President Brigham Young said: "All sons and daughters of Adam who live according to the best light and knowledge they have, when they go into the spiritual world, are happy in proportion to their faithfulness."

Again, he said: "If we could see things as they are, and as we shall see and understand them, this dark shadow and valley (death) is so trifling that we shall turn around and look upon it and think, when we have crossed it, why this is the greatest advantage of my whole existence, for I have passed from a state
of sorrow, grief, mourning, woe, misery, pain, anguish and disappointment into a state of existence where I can enjoy life to the fullest extent as far as that can be done without a body. My spirit is set free, I thirst no more, I tire no more, I run, I walk, I labor, I go, I come, I do this, I do that, whatever is required of me, nothing like pain or weariness, I am full of life, full of vigor and I enjoy the presence of my heavenly Father by the power of his Spirit."

Death is but a form of sleep, and we do not dread sleep. We do not fear when we close our eyes at night that we shall not greet the morn. We welcome the opportunity to rest our bodies, to relieve our minds of the cares and anxieties of the day, to "forget" ourselves for a time. Indeed, we exclaim with the Ancient Mariner, "O blessed sleep, beloved from pole to pole!"

A British officer reported that when the wounded were brought into the hospitals during the World War many of them, when about to die, asked as a last request that the children's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," be repeated. Hearing of this, "B. L. T." of the Chicago Tribune (who recently died) wrote the following homely lines:

SUNDOWN
When my sun of life is low,
When the dewy shadows creep,
Say for me before I go,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
I am at the journey's end,
I have sown and I must reap;
There are no more ways to mend—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Nothing more to doubt or dare,
Nothing more to give or keep;
Say for me the children's prayer,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Who has learned along the way—
Primrose path or stony steep—
More of wisdom than to say,
"Now I lay me down to sleep"?
What have you more wise to tell
When the shadows round me creep?
All is over, all is well—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

What last word would you wish to say?
What have others said when their time came?

Socrates, the wise man of old Athens (who taught, among other principles, the pre-mortal existence and immortality of the soul), told his judges who sentenced him to drink the cup of hemlock poison: "A man who is good for anything ought not
to calculate the chance of living or dying; he ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong—acting the part of a good man or a bad." His last words were: "Crito, I owe a cock to Aesculapius; will you remember to pay the debt?" (Aesculapius was the Greek god of medicine, to whom cocks were sacrificed).

The following is told of Saladin, the great Egyptian ruler of the twelfth century:

"In his last illness, instead of his usual standard, Saladin ordered his shroud to be uplifted in front of his tent; and the herald who hung out this winding sheet as a flag was commanded to exclaim aloud, 'Behold! this is all which Saladin, the vanquisher of the East, carries away of all his conquests.'"

The Marquis of Montrose, a Catholic condemned by certain Scotch Presbyterians to have "his head and limbs severed from his body, and to be hanged on the Talbooth at Edinburgh and in other public towns of the kingdom," said to his executioner: "I wish that I had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony to the cause for which I suffer."

Sir Henry Vane, who might have escaped death by a simple apology for his denunciation of the corrupt Court of the Stuarts, exclaimed: "Ten thousand deaths for me, ere I will stain the purity of my conscience!"

In the history of our own country we have the immortal words of Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship!" and of Nathan Hale: "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country." Major Andre, the British spy hanged by the Americans, called on the crowd about him to testify that he died as a brave man.

And what have women said? Madam Rowland, executed by the French Revolution for which she had worked, proclaimed: "Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Another woman of this period, Madam de Stael, who was called "the greatest woman of her time," and of whom it has been said, "The only person whom the great Napoleon feared," testified just before her death, "I have loved God, my father, and my country."

Lucretia Mott, the great Quakeress speaker and educator, who braved the wrath of the pro-slavery mobs, and who helped call the First Woman's Suffrage Convention in this country at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848, closed her eventful life with: "If you resolve to follow the Lamb wherever you may be led, you will find all the ways pleasant and the paths peace. Let me go! Do take me!"

Helen Hunt Jackson, American poetess, who died in 1883, and who spent the later years of her life in creating a sentiment for the education and Christianization of the Indians rather than their extermination, said of death only a few days before she passed away: "It is only just passing from one country to an-
other. * * * My only regret is that I have not accomplished more work; especially that it was so late in the day when I began to work in real earnest. * * * There is not so much difference I fancy between this life and the next as we think, nor so much barrier * * *

The last conscious words of our own beloved "Aunt Em" Wells were in response to the statement "everybody loves you." She looked quizzically at the speaker with a touch of her own humorous character and said: "I hope so; if they don't, I can't help it."

History has been somewhat slow to record the last words of women, in silent tribute, perhaps, to the fact that the great majority of women have died as only Mothers of Men can die, crying "Oh, my children!"

And what have men of God had to say at their departure? David counseled his son Solomon: "I go the way of all the earth: Be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man; and keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes, and his commandments, and his judgments, and his testimonies."

In what sublime language did Simeon, of Jerusalem, express his gratitude at the fulfilment of the promise that "he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ:" "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

Paul wrote Timothy: "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

The words of Stephen as he was being stoned to death: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." How like the forgiving spirit of his Master, who, as he hung on the Cross, pleaded: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Again, he said, "It is finished." Yes, his atoning sacrifice had been made. He had taken upon Him the sins of Adam and of his posterity; he had laid down a plan whereby the children of men might return to their heavenly Father and there be judged according to the deeds done in the flesh!

Nephi petitioned: "I pray the Father in the name of Christ, that many of us, if not all, may be saved in his kingdom, at that great and last day. And now, my beloved brethren, all those who are of the house of Israel, and all ye ends of the earth, I
speak unto you, as the voice of one crying from the dust: Farewell until that great day shall come."

Moroni's departing words were: "And now I bid unto all, farewell. I soon go to rest in the paradise of God, until my spirit shall again reunite, and I am brought forth triumphant through the air, to meet you before the pleasing bar of the great Jehovah, the eternal Judge of both quick and dead."

Joseph, the Prophet of this dispensation, when he felt that his mission had come to an end, and as he was giving himself up to those who had so persistently sought his life, testified to his companions: "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward all men. If they take my life I shall die an innocent man, and my blood shall cry from the ground for vengeance, and it shall yet be said of me, "he was murdered in cold blood." As the assassins' bullets pierced his body, he exclaimed, "My Lord! my God!"

President Brigham Young, in thought of his beloved fellow servant, called: "Joseph—Joseph—Joseph—Joseph."

In his last words to his children, President Joseph F. Smith said: "When I look around me, and see my boys and my girls whom the Lord has given to me—and I have succeeded, with his help, to make them tolerably comfortable, and at least respectable in the world—I have reached the treasure of my life, the whole substance that makes life worth living."

The following is quoted from Bacon's "Essay on Death:"

"It is worthy of observing that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspires to it; grief flieeth to it; fear preoccupieth it; may, we read after Otho, the Emperor had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign and as the truest sort of followers. A man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing as oft over and over. It is no less worthy to observe how little alteration in good spirits the approaches of death make, for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Caesar died in a compliment, 'Livia, mindful of our union, live on, and fare thee well.' Tiberius, in dissimulation as Tacitus saith of him, 'His bodily strength and vitality were now forsaking Tiberius, but not his duplicity.' Vespasian, in a jest, sitting upon a stool, 'I am become a Divinity, I suppose;' Galba, with a sentence, 'If it be for the advantage of the Roman people strike,' holding forth his neck. Better, saith he, 'Who reckons the close of his life among the boons of nature.' It is as natural to die as to be born."

Again I ask, What last word would you wish to say? "I have done the best I could?" or, "It is good to have lived a life of usefulness in the Church of Jesus Christ?"

In any event, let us each

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm
Where each shall take his place
In the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like a quarry slave at night—
Scourged to his dungeon;
But, sustained and soothed, by an unfaltering trust
Approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery
Of his couch about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

Enthusiasm in Preaching

By Joseph S. Peery

"He who is enthusiastic is young at eighty. He who loses his enthusiasm is old at forty." Enthusiasm in preaching, especially promotes continued youth and alertness. Good examples are President Joseph F. Smith and President Charles W. Penrose. Nothing is more pleasant than preaching the revealed gospel, and nothing is more important. In section 50, Doctrine and Covenants, the question is asked: "Unto what are you ordained?" The answer follows, "To preach my gospel by the Spirit."

The gospel message is the best and sweetest message of all ages. It lifts up and brings joy and peace. The Latter-day Saint missionary, true to his ordination, is noted for his earnestness in giving this glorious message of universal salvation. He deals with the whole world, and freely gives his glad tidings, far better than gifts of diamonds. The more he gives, the more he feels and learns and desires to give. He is in the service of the Savior of the world, and his compensation is the Spirit of the Lord. He feels exquisite joy when he can get even one soul to listen to the words of eternal life. He knows that it means so much for that soul. He so wants that child of God to realize his royal parentage and glorious destiny, if only he will yield obedience to divine will. Time and fatigue are nothing in comparison with the fulfilment of the elder's mission. He is enthusiastic with his love for his brother's salvation. Though his hair may whiten in this unselfish service, his enthusiasm keeps him young and eager to continue forever in giving that which has lifted his own thoughts and feelings to sublime heights. Such enthusiasm in the good cause will continue into the next life. However, he does not have to wait for his reward, as continually he receives heavenly happiness. He has the joy of the spirit that Tennyson praises, "What joys can equal those that stir the spirit's inner deeps!"

Is it worth while to "bring glad tidings of good things?" Yes, above everything else, John Whitmer was told, and every enthusiastic Latter-day Saint elder realizes the same.
Qualifications in Leadership*

By Brigham H. Roberts, of the First Council of Seventy

I could almost wish that the statement of Brother Ivins about the subject of this talk being of my own choosing were strictly accurate, but in a gathering of this sort, it is the gathering that really determines the subject that I shall attempt to consider in your presence. Where we have gathered together as we have here practically all the superintendents from all the stakes of Zion in the Church—a gathering not only of leaders, but of leaders of leaders, there can be only one subject that is paramount, and that is, of course, leadership. I do not use the term leaders of leaders in any merely complimentary way; I refer to it as a fact; for just the least consideration will convince you that it is a fact. You are the superintendents in your respective stakes. That, I think, makes it very clear that we have gathered around these tables the leaders of leaders in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association work; and therefore I think it not only suggests but compels the consideration of leadership.

I am going to discuss very briefly the elements of leadership. I take it that it will go without saying that the leaders are at least men of above average intelligence; it doubtless was that fact that marked them all and suggested and impelled their selection as leaders.

With that conceded, the next great element of leadership, is mental alertness. I have learned by some experience that it is not enough that you have gas in the receptacle of your auto, and that you have oil, and that you have the electricity supplied, but you have got to press the button and bring in contact your gas and electricity in order to get your explosions, which give you the motive power. So I am going to say to you that it is not enough that you recognize, and that those who labor under you as leaders be recognized as men above average intelligence, but you have got to have that intelligence plus action, plus alertness—mental activity. You cannot get along with a leadership that is mentally lazy; it has got to be mentally alert. I appreciate the fact that I am just dealing with commonplaces, and that you have considered all these matters that I now name,

*An address delivered to the Y. M. M. I. A. superintendents of stakes, at the June, 1921, conference, Salt Lake City.
and that I may name further on, but we are so made up that once in a while we need to pass these things in review, and that is what I am trying to do in these few moments that I speak to you—to awaken recollection of these commonplace things in your minds. So now, remember, that one of the elements of leadership is mental alertness.

Following that I would say that another element of leadership is moral straightness. We have gone by the time, if it ever existed, when mere precept, or the mouthings of mere precept, is sufficient in the leadership of men. It is no longer competent to say, Do as I suggest, and pay no attention to what I do. The man who is going to be a real leader, and especially in great moral movements, has got to be a man who practices his own precepts. To paraphrase a little the language of Shakespeare's Ophelia, when she speaks to her brother, who has just been giving her some good advice. Then she turns upon him:

* * * * * * But good my brother
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny ways to heaven
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose of dalliance treads
And regards not his own councils.

So with us, we may not take the course denounced by Ophelia. We have got to practice what we preach. People have an awkward, but a very good habit of assessing the value of pulpit precept by the test of personal example. So in matters of leadership, there has got to be moral soundness; and men must put over in the practices of their lives the things they advise, and that the institution they represent stands for. I think we must take that home very seriously, viz., that in leadership we must regard moral soundness, the straight life, the walking of the straight path from which we may not turn aside—as of prime importance.

The next element in leadership is spiritual power. Every man who has given thought to the matter of leadership at all and has come up against (as I take it we all have) the problems in leadership, knows very well that some of those problems that his leadership is required to overcome are beyond his own unaided strength, and he has to rely upon God for help. Somehow or other, he needs God to seek out his own strength. He must appeal to a source of strength that is higher and above his own, that is stronger than he is, a wisdom that understands the problems and that can be made available in solving them. The true leader has got to have access to God; and God-power has got to be a reality in his life, so that when he finds his own strength
failing, he can stretch forth his own hand and feel the grip of the hand of God and the helpfulness of it. The leadership that does not contemplate that as entering into his administration as a factor, has not yet touched the very great secret of successful leadership. We have got to come to acknowledge it and live all the while in the consciousness of it, that God is our helper, and remember the words of the Christ above all things, when he said to those messengers and witnesses of his that he was going to send out to carry the gospel of Jesus Christ abroad, "Without me ye can do nothing." He emphasized that on another occasion, by calling attention to the fact that the relationship of these authorized disciples of his, and of all his disciples, is the relationship of the branch to the vine. We all know what happens to the branch when it is once cut from the vine; it withers and dies; it brings forth neither leaf nor fruit; men gather it up and it is fit only for the burning. And so men who fail to connect their life of leadership with the life of God, and who fail to unite the spiritual power that comes from conscious union with God to their work of leadership, will fail. We can only succeed through spiritual power, maintained by a close union with God.

The next element of leadership is love for the purpose for which the leadership exists. In this case—speaking now to M. I. A. workers and leaders—it is the love of the boy. The objective of the Mutual Improvement work is the making of men. Your raw material is the boy. The purpose is to so direct his life and his activities that you will make of the boy a man; a man in the fullest sense of the word; the man that is recognized as the good citizen, the man that is recognized as the good father, the man that is recognized as the good Christian. This is our objective: to develop the boys of our generation into the men of the next generation that shall stand responsible before God for family life of their generation, for citizenship of their generation, for the Christian manhood of their generation. And now then, in order to attain success in this work of leadership, we must love the boy, and we are not going to succeed unless we do love him.

A very homely lesson on this subject came to me indirectly through the late President Joseph F. Smith. While presiding in the Southern mission, many years ago, and when I was a young man of but twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, and having about one hundred elders laboring in that field, a man was sent to us, to fill a mission in the south. It was Brother Sidney Teebles, of Holden, Millard county. He related the incident to me that constitutes the lesson I refer to. Calling upon President Joseph F. Smith, with whom he was personally
acquainted and who was his friend, he deplored having been called upon this mission, and told President Smith if it had only been a call to work in his life work, the care of herds of sheep, bands of horses, or herds of cattle and calves, then he felt very certain that he could have accomplished something in it; but to be called to preach the gospel was something for which he felt himself entirely unfitted. President Smith remarked to him, "Brother Teebles, when you can learn to love men as dearly as you now love stock calves, you can succeed in preaching the gospel. That is the secret of success in missionary work, and I am persuaded, also, in leadership—to love the purpose that you are working at, the objective at which you aim; and in this case, it is the love of boyhood that is going to be one of the chief factors in the success of your leadership.

And love him—the boy—I pray you, not just for what he is now, but love him for the possibilities that are in him, and that you may develop out of him. The Christ gave as the great and first commandment this, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. * * * And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." So the whole law of God resolves itself into this great principle, love of God and love of fellow man. Well, that part of it which deals with the love of God is very easy of attainment, it seems to me, because you have only got to know God, to get acquainted with him, to know him as you may know him through Jesus Christ, and it is an easy matter to love God as you see him revealed through Jesus Christ; but when you turn to men, and you are required to love them, that is another story. What! love man, with as great failings as he possesses, such great sin and wickedness sometimes, so many contemptible characteristics! Love him, down in the mire, in the mud where he is so disgusting, so treacherous, so unworthy even of the title of man; love him! Yes, that is possible when you learn to look at man as God looks at him, and that is not in the light of what he is now, in his weak and fallen state, but what he may become when God puts his power upon him and his life is connected up with the life of God, until there is accomplished union between that poor, weak man and God, and he begins to feel the thrill of God's life in him, until he begins to rise up and respond to the call of his Father in his soul and begins to develop the nobility that is latent even in the weakest and humblest of men. And so if you will learn to look upon men and boys in the light of their possibilities, what they may become through the ages, you can love men and boys though many of them at present are very undesirable characters, and fill one with disgust if you contemplate them closely. You
can learn to love them in the light of their possibilities, we are called upon to stretch out our hands and seek to save them.

But when it comes to our boys, we are confronted with no such difficulty as some men may present to us, because here we have boys that call forth our love and our confidence, and who will quickly respond to our efforts, and it will be easy to love them, especially when you think of what they may become under wise and inspired guidance.

Well now, these are a few of the elements of leadership that have occurred to me. The question has come to my mind, Have we such leadership as includes these elements that I have spoken of? In the main, I think we have. There may be cases where there are misfits, but in many of those cases may we not hope that we can make such corrections, may give such admonitions, and point out the way by which the qualities of leadership may be developed by those who may at the present time be somewhat deficient in the elements of leadership herein considered. I take it that all of us can improve by intensifying and emphasizing these elements of leadership in ourselves. I think we can. If, however, there should exist under your administration—and now I include in my thought, of course, your counselors and the members of your respective stake boards, and all the presidents of your associations—if you find there are hopeless cases, where there are constitutional defects as to leadership, such as we may not hope to overcome by admonition and instruction, then it becomes our duty to rid ourselves of that much timber, and bring into the work such young men that we can hope so to improve as to make our leadership efficient. But I am one who believes that it is quite possible, in the main, to so bring to pass repentance and effort along the lines of leadership, that we can practically hold the present leadership in our work to the line, and get the results that are desired.

Let me here emphasize by an anecdote the matter of leadership as I have so far presented it. I can remember from my boyhood reading of a work now obsolete, Rollin's Ancient History, a story about Cyrus, the founder of the Medio-Persian empire. He was called to the head of the Persian army when he was but twenty years of age, and he was to take this army into Media and join it with the Median forces, and so begin his great conquests in the world. His father, Cambyses, rather concluded to have a "father and son's outing" out of this expedition, and so the old gentleman rode along at the head of the army, with the young commander; and one day, as they were separated from the staff, riding along, old Cambyses said to his son, in substance,—My son, it will be necessary for you to make this army believe that you are the most alert man in camp; that you are first to awaken, that you are the last to retire; that you know
more about the science of war than any of your staff—any of your subordinate commanders. It is necessary for you to make them believe that you know clearly the objectives that you are aiming at, and that you also make them believe that you know the means you are employing will be adequate to attain the objectives; and you must impress with the conviction that you are superior to all other men connected with this great expedition. All this in greater detail than I have time to follow. After he got through the admonition there was a silence, and after a while the young commander said: "Father, how can I make them believe all that of me?" And the father's answer is golden: "By being all that!" I think very likely it is from that circumstance that we get the old motto—I forget the Latin phrase of it, but it is this in English—and I give it to you as your slogan in leadership—"To be, rather than to seem." You must be the leader. And you must be the leader by developing all these great elements of leadership, to which I have called your attention.

Carlyle, in his Heroes and Hero Worship, discusses this very interesting program: He calls attention to the fact that there are a set of thinkers who say that it is "opportunity," "the times," that call for a man, and the opportunity of the times develops the hero or leader—he is merely a "true child of the times." Then he goes on to say that he can pick out times that have called for their hero, for their leader, but the leader did not come. And in the discussion he rather inclines to the notion that it is the hero that creates the opportunities; that he brings to pass the conditions. Now there is much to be said, perhaps, on both sides of that controversy, but that need not concern us, for this reason, that the "times" with us are constant in our work, and the call is continuous. The problem of the boy is an everlasting problem; it never passes out of existence; he is always here. When the youth of this present day passes on to the men and to the men of middle age, his place is just as rapidly taken up by the incoming boy, and so it keeps our problem of the boy constantly before us. The opportunity for leadership with respect to him is always present. And now if we can only join the two, this ever present opportunity, and this ever-continuous call for efficient leadership, there will always be a job, and always men to do the job. Now then, are we the men, and will we take note of the great opportunity that is continuously before us?

My brethren, and fellow leaders, in this great cause of ours, it is hardly necessary for me to admonish you to diligence, to a determined effort to attain unto efficiency in leadership, and to gather inspiration from the occasion of this conference, to go back to our work as strengthened leaders of leaders. God bless you all. Amen.
College Training for Business

By K. B. Sauls, B. S., Secretary to the President, Brigham Young University

"The President of the Illinois Manufacturing Association, Mr. Hastings, tells of a stockholder who, from his own office window, seeing a department manager of the Standard Oil Company, a man who was drawing a five-figured salary, standing with his hands in his pockets gazing out upon the street, day after day, finally felt it his duty to notify the acting head of the company about it.

"The official merely smiled: 'Mr. Jones,' he finally replied, addressing the stockholder, 'I sincerely thank you for the interest you have shown in the maintenance of our efficiency. I appreciate the fact that, from your window, Mr. Smith appears every bit as idle as you say.

"'But from your window it is impossible for you to see what is going on inside of Mr. Smith's head. My experience with Mr. Smith has been such that I know it would be highly profitable to this company to hire a dozen other similar Smiths if we could get them and pay them similarly large salaries to stand with their hands in their pockets, looking out of their windows and thinking thoughts as valuable as those which Mr. Smith thinks and crystallizes.'"

The most difficult men for large business interests to locate today are the $10,000 and up executives. One of our own Utah companies recently spent much time and money trying to locate just such a man. There are plenty of clerks, stenographers, and bookkeepers, but men with executive ability, capable of properly guiding the interests and destinies of the gigantic industrial enterprises of the twentieth century, are at premium. Business has tried all kinds of methods and schemes, including astrology, phrenology, palmistry, character analysis, physical and mental tests, to locate men capable of taking hold of the work which the present executives must sooner or later leave, but a college education supplemented by a period of more intensive training in the particular business one expects to follow has proved to be the most satisfactory method of producing executives.

Scientific management in business is very recent and the importance of a college training for this field is just being realized. Each year now, sees the addition of hundreds of volumes
to our business literature. These books are the result of extensive scientific investigations in the business field, and people recognize that college offers the cheapest, quickest, and most satisfactory method of acquiring the important facts from this vast fund of information.

Our first book on business was not written until 1867, while as late as 1900—only twenty-one years ago—there were but 47 books on the subject. Since that time they have increased very rapidly, until today there are probably 20,000 volumes on the various phases of the subject. The growth of business schools of collegiate rank has likewise been very rapid. In 1908 six of the leading universities, which were maintaining schools of business, reported a total registration of only about 800 students. In the following ten years this number grew to over 8,000 in the same six schools, showing the rapidity with which the world is recognizing the importance of college training for business.

Of course, it is true that a young college graduate is not prepared immediately to occupy the desk of manager or some other executive position in a large business house, but at the same time business men recognize that he has passed through a long process of "intellectual weeding" and has a thorough grounding in the fundamental principles which, with a little intensive training in the particular business which he expects to follow, will make of him a very capable man for an executive position. This is the policy now followed by many companies in providing for their future executives.

The Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing Company, of East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for a number of years has maintained a company school for the training of their future executives. Practically every man admitted to this training school has been a college graduate; over 2,500 graduates of technical schools having been admitted during the past sixteen years. Representatives of the company each year visit the leading technical institutions with which relations have been established, where promising candidates in the senior class are interviewed upon the recommendation of the faculty, fellow classmates, and especially of the men in the company's training school who knew these applicants as under-classmen during their own college careers.

These young men begin at about twenty cents an hour and their period of graduate training covers about one year, during which time they pass through every department doing the actual work of the departments. Here they get the workman's point of view, and—an experience which proves especially valuable to them as managers—have an opportunity to "make good" with
many different foremen and managers. This experience in the shop is supplemented by the class training offered by the educational department. Each student reports for a three-hour recitation period each week at which time subjects such as general machine-shop practice, special processes of manufacturing, cost and pay systems, labor conditions, and methods of handling orders and materials with which he has just been dealing at first hand in the shop, are discussed systematically. It is estimated that over one-half of the company's leading officials today are college men who came up through this training school.

The young man who expects to achieve any noteworthy success in business today is taking a much longer and harder road when he chooses one which is not via a college education.

_Provo, Utah_

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**Autumn**

_Hazy mists hang o'er the valley,
Smoky veils the mountains hide;
Ripened fruits and yellow sunflowers,
Gorgeous tints on every side._

_Silv'ry frost gleams on the meadow,
In the light of early morn,
Like the gold in sands of ocean
Peep the ears from shocks of corn._

_In the stubble, quails are calling,
Cooling doves are whispering low,
Bees have stopped their honey storing
And oaks are feeding mistletoe._

_Crows caw from the blasted cedar,
Ants are hurrying here and there;
Housewives to their jams and jellies
Give an extra thought and care._

_Southward fly the birds of Summer,
Chilly winds sweep o'er the lea;
Bringing messages from Winter
To each bud and leaf and tree._

_Spring and Summer bring their gladness
Bluest skies and greenest sod;
But Autumn heaps the ripened fruitage
And crowns the year with Golden Rod._

_San Diego, Calif._

_D. C. Retsloff_
Sitting on a fallen log in Hoyt's Canyon, I was watching the sunrise on Hoyt's Peak—the sunrise of a spring morning. The great book of nature was open before me and I was slowly turning the leaves. The canyon gorge resounded with a multitude of strange, passionless melodies, tinkling from afar like little waterfalls that babble down the mountain side, and ringing close at hand, like the high strains of the piccolo.

On the surrounding flat a great largess of wild flowers raised their faces to the sun. Out above the timber line, in every opening between the drifts, the blue of the forget-me-nots contrasted with the pure gold of the alpine buttercups and the white of the marsh marigolds. The columbine and the harebell lifted shy heads in the timber, and the crimson of the painted cups flamed in relief against the silvery aspen trunks at the fringe of open parks. The shooting stars gladdened the glades with gold and the fire-weed splashed the hills with pink of coral. But over all dominated the wild rose, dancing everywhere and flinging its perfume to the joyful breeze.

All these things formed only a sitting or background for the wild life near by. The spotted breast of an Aubudon hermit thrush gleamed in the early sunlight at the spire of a tall, white balsam. A red-shafted flicker called out his "Wic-a-wac," his wooing song, from the forest. Then out of the tree-tops he flashed and hurtled past in a strong, bounding flight. A number of mountain chickadees flew about in the quaking-aspsens, singing their bright little whistling songs. A humming bird was taking his morning’s bath in the big dewdrops on the flowers—a tiny gem bathing in dewdrop jewels. A red-squirrel sat on a pine branch pouring down the wrath of squirrel heaven on all creation. At a distance the little friendly chipmunk sat motionless on his favorite stump, his coat blending perfectly with the sunshine and the wonderful forest colors. Log-cocks were drumming, kingfishers clattering, thrushes chiming their silver bells—everywhere animal life flourished.

As I sat there marveling at the wonderful profusion of spring riot before me, and at the wild life that swarmed about me, my eye caught a movement across the canyon. At first I could make out only a great fulvous form coming straight towards me.
I dropped to cover behind the log. Presently I could make out an individual elk coming at a wonderful trot—head high, muzzle up, ears alert to catch the slightest warning of any danger that may lurk in the shadows. He came on swiftly, magnificently, straight on towards the cover behind which I crouched with nerves thrilling as at a cavalry charge,—till he came to a small cliff. There he stopped for a moment and stood gazing across the narrow canyon—alert, motionless, a living statue glinted in the bright sunshine.

As I watched him, it swept over me suddenly that the big wilderness would be incomplete without him. Gradually a change came over me and I wanted to hunt him, not for his life, but for himself, to learn all about him. Never before had an elk seemed so great, so strong, so wonderful as did he standing there like a statue on the cliff, and coming across the mountain-side at his splendid trot—always strong, noble, magnificent in his freedom and lonelines, a perfect emblem of the great, lonely, magnificent wilderness.

Finally he turned to the west and started at his wonderful trot again, and kept on steadily along the mountain-side until he vanished among the shadows of the pines.

Kamas, Utah

Fatherhood

All people render homage
To the mothers of the race.
Each child can feel a mother’s love,
For none can fill her place;
But what about true fatherhood,
So noble, kind, yet strong—
The father who each day toils on,
Just where does he belong?

True motherhood means life and love,
A home and all things dear;
A mother labors day by day
To serve her children here:
But who is always by her side
To comfort and to cheer?
Would home mean what it does to us
Without a father dear?

Fail not to honor motherhood,
Love mother more each day,
For she will always be your friend
Through all life’s rugged way;
But don’t forget the weary hours
Your father toils for you;
He labors without thought of self
Because he loves you, too.

Mesa, Arizona

Ida R. Alldredge
Sandy sat in the doorway of his tent and watched the sheep restlessly wandering about upon the "hedground." It was dusk, and Sandy was tired with having followed the sheep all day. But worse than bodily tired, he was lonesome.

It had been two weeks since he had seen anybody, and almost ten months since he had seen anything but sheep, coyotes, big dusky moths, their cousins, the butterflies, a few birds, and miles and miles of rolling hills and flats covered with scrub pines, cedars and sage. Both kinds of sage were there, the bitter variety, and that known to sheepmen as white sage which is excellent feed for sheep.

There was something rather undecided in his manner, as he arose and began slowly to pace the distance around the outer edge of the herd. He was thinking deeply, and there could be no doubt about what he was thinking of. As he walked slowly he stopped, ever and anon, to gaze into the distance. He was watching for the boss. He had watched for him in this same manner for six days and nights, and so many disappointments were beginning to tell upon his "nerve."

He was not afraid, but he was lonesome. And, being but barely matured, he could hardly be expected to appear joyous while in that state. And being fifty miles from a home containing a family was not exactly a hindrance to the feeling that constantly kept growing.

As he finished his walking, he sat down once more to meditate. It was too dark to see very far, but it was just the right time to hear well. Far out upon a knoll an owl was frightening the smaller animals with its ghostly hooting; and farther still, but coming closer and closer, a series of dismal howls told of a band of coyotes out hunting.

Sandy shivered, but not with fear or cold. It was more with a certain dread. He dreaded the night, with its million sounds. He was not afraid of those voices of the night, but they seemed to be lonely like him. And that made him feel worse.

As it grew darker, he mechanically made a fire. He seemed to perform that simple task more as a duty, than as a necessity, for after the blaze became bright and warm, he returned to his seat in the doorway. He made no effort to prepare a meal, for
he was not bodily hungry. Had there been another man there, however, he would have feasted in quite another way. That was what he hungered for—companionship.

His face brightened for a tiny moment, as a star tumbled from its hiding place, and left a fiery trail behind. It reminded him that the Fourth of July was but five days off. Independence day had a double meaning to him.

Patriotism was directly in his line, but not so much as love. And he loved with a much more fervent devotion a certain girl, than he did his country. It was probably because he had never had cause to show as much love for country, as for the girl. And it had been Independence day when he had told his love. And the wedding was planned for the time when a home would be prepared for the bride, and some money laid aside in order that a honeymoon might be enjoyed.

No one but the lovers knew of this, however, and they knew it well enough for all. It was the remembrance of that other Fourth that had brought the light into Sandy's face. But afterward came the rebound. At first it was the tendency of a firm chin to quiver, and a certain pair of eyes tried manfully to keep back the tears. But they failed. And then came the deluge. It was a deluge of emotions that shook his whole being for a few minutes, and then the storm slowly subsided and left him calm and ready to go to bed. But first he made one more trip around the now quiet herd to make sure that no sheep were wandering off. He returned satisfied and entered the tent, sat down upon the hard bed and removed his shoes. They were the only part of his clothing he removed, so he was soon in bed.

He did not care particularly for sleep, but it was a quick way to kill time, if he could only manage it right. Sometimes of late, however, he had had a difficult time coaxing the dreams to come his way. And it seemed harder than ever this night.

For sometimes he kept his eyes tightly closed. But it grew tiresome to hold them so, and after several attempts he began to cease to try to keep them so. He tried to keep his thoughts upon the work of the following day. That of getting the sheep to the best feed. But it was useless for him to try for they insistently reverted back to loneliness. And then his throat got hard and his body began to shake as though shaken by some unseen hand. But it was only sobs. And then after a long time, so it seemed to him, he forgot to sob or think, but began to dream.

Those dreams must have been strange. But they could do no harm other than tire an already tired mind. And he kept muttering in his sleep, and the listening dog would sometimes growl way down in his throat, as he, with the help of a kind
God, kept guard over the herd. And finally only God was watching, for even a dog must have some sleep.

As daylight began to arrive, Sandy awoke. He was not exactly refreshed, but he was glad that the night was gone. The first thing he did was to feed Spitz. And then he ate some breakfast himself. He ate more from a sense of necessity than from any desire for food. It seemed to him that about the only satisfaction he got from eating was that of knowing he would be able to follow the sheep without getting faint. And then, after eating, he stirred up the sheep, and with the help of Spitz he started them toward the part of the country he had decided upon as their day’s feeding grounds.

Sandy followed the herd, or led it as necessity demanded, all through the long hours of daylight. Sometimes he would sit upon a knoll watching an unusually lively bunch of leaders bite off the tender shoots of sage. Or at other times he would lazily watch a large number huddling beneath the cool shade of a scrub pine or cedar. Then as dusk began to turn the heavens to bright colors, he drove the herd onto their sleeping ground, and once more sat in the doorway.

The day had been like a hundred others he had experienced. But there was something different about the evening.

At first he thought it was only a certain restlessness of the sheep. And then he laid it to the dog, that kept trotting restlessly from knoll to knoll looking out over the rolling hills, and sniffing the air uncertainly. And after reaching camp, and the sheep had quieted down, and after Sandy had about decided it was time to start a fire Spitz suddenly bounded away toward a distant cloud of dust that was barely visible in the dusk. And then the boss came.

It would be quite impossible to analyze Sandy’s feelings, but one thing is certain, they were joyous. And then he asked the boss so many questions that it was almost morning before they went to bed.

The boss had had some trouble in driving a small bunch of old sheep from town out to the dipping vat. And then he had lost them or part of them in another herd, and this had caused delay, and tomorrow and next day would see the finish of the job, and Sandy could, for his good work, have three holidays, beginning the day before the Fourth.

It was quite impossible for Sandy to express his joy, but the boss understood, and the next morning Sandy awoke feeling that the world was the best place to be in, after all.

All that day he planned many schemes to see his sweetheart without arousing the suspicion of anyone in regard to his wanting to take her out, until he discovered from her whether or not
she had another partner. For it was understood between them that it would be best for both to undergo a little jealousy and mix with others of their friends in order to avert suspicion, and make more sure the complete surprising of everybody.

He finally found a plan whereby he hoped to interest her mother. And then on the side he could learn all he wished. Thus, had one known his purpose, he would not have wondered what he intended to do with certain pretty shells and pebbles that he put into his pockets. And so all day he planned and was happy. And at night the lonely feeling was still low. And the hoot of owls and howls of coyotes failed to arouse it fully. But he missed Spitz when a puma began to mournfully rail at some misfortune that had come its way. But Spitz was more valuable to the boss helping with the small bunch of old sheep, than to Sandy with the main herd. Still Sandy felt that somehow he would be glad if Spitz were with him. But he had a good night, and was still happy the next morning.

All morning he expressed his feelings in different ways. Sometimes he would feel a surge of joy coming on and would race down a long gradual incline with huge bounds of pleasure. At other times he would be thoughtful and would think about the girl. Then his face would take on a tender expression, and his eyes would shine with anticipated joy. And once or twice the thought of what about the boss not getting back, crossed his mind. But he strongly put it aside for more pleasant ones. The boss would not fail. It would be impossible for him to. And yet what if he should! His heart beat to that rhythm—what-if-he-should, and even the trees seemed to sway by that same meter. But noon came and doubt was not present as strongly as assurance.

Dusk slowly painted the sky with a sunbeam brush. It put in all the colors that Sandy had ever seen. The sheep began to slowly work toward their nightly haunt. And doubt began to grow. He had looked out all day along the hard beaten trail, but no sign of a traveler had he seen.

And then after the sheep were again restlessly moving about upon their bed-ground, and after night had begun to draw the dark mantle over the bright painting of dusk, Sandy sat once more in the doorway of his tent thinking.

The owl out upon the knoll hooted louder than ever before, it seemed, and the long dismal howl or the coyotes seemed the most lonely sound ever heard. And then the puma began to mournfully protest against a certain thing that could not be analyzed, and Sandy once more wished for Spitz.

As it began to grow darker, and the fire was again lighting the place, and the big dusky moths began to come into the circle
of light and sometimes right into the fire, Sandy began to have thoughts with more doubt than assurance in them. And then he began to breathe harder and with greater effort. Once it seemed to him that the cry of the puma was getting nearer, but he made no move toward the place where his gun rested. He only sat in the doorway and thought bitter, bitter thoughts.

How he hated sheep. Once he even went so far as to think that he would give up the girl in order to get away from sheep. But he could not bring all of him to agree upon this. And debating upon whether or not he would leave the herd and start to walk the next morning, he slowly, and almost painfully, began his last nightly look at the position of the herd.

He meant it to be a short one; but the longing in his heart was too great. He went to a small knoll and sat down to listen. The cry of the panther sounded very near, but only half of him heard it. He was not listening for such a cry. He was listening for hoof-beats, upon a hard beaten trail, and he could not hear them. And then he wept. Silently for awhile, and then he slowly gave way to those body shaking sobs of disappointed youth, that seem to have no beginning nor end, but just keep coming and going in a ceaseless circle of anguish. And the puma came closer to the quiet herd.

Sandy did not know how long he had been upon the knoll. But it seemed a long, long time to him, after he started toward the tent and the almost dying fire. He gave the fire more fuel, and entered the tent intending to go to bed. But after his shoes had been removed it seemed impossible to lie down. He sat upon the edge of the hard bed and thought of all the bitter experiences he had ever had. He could think of none that in any way compared with the present one. He believed that he would be willing to live his whole life over again and take chances on its coming out as well as it had done to get away from that moment. But the moment had him in its grip, and seemed to intend to crush him.

And then some power seemed to take pity upon him. His mind rushed to meet the mad crowding and pushing of the sheep. For the puma had arrived. Sandy’s heart beat fast with excitement, and he forgot everything but the joy of battle! He knew it was a panther as soon as he saw the sheep, way back in the moonlight, parting into two bunches, crowding in opposite directions.

He seized his gun, and began quietly, and without any more disturbance of the sheep at his end than possible, to work toward the panther which he knew was there but which dust and many sheep were hiding. And then a tiny breeze blew the dust past and the moon shone her brightest, and he could see the
old southpaw

panther coming toward him, its huge paws sweeping a trail, and at the same time strewing it with dead and unconscious sheep. Sandy's aim was only fairly good, and a wild screech, and a mighty bound showed that the puma was not to be killed instantly by the first bullet. He was hit and was ready to fight, but he did not know what to fight yet, except the sheep, and Sandy knew that the poor sheep would pay dearly for that bad shot unless he could quickly remedy it, and that mysterious power that writers call "just as" came again, and as little later he dragged the lifeless body of the best warrior of American animals into the circle of fire-light. And then returned to the task of quieting the sheep.

It was not such a hard task, for the poor things seemed to put much confidence in him, and were soon ready to be left alone again. Sandy noted that there were not such a great number of dead ones. And he congratulated himself upon being fairly quick.

Back at the fire he began an examination of the kill. He turned the huge, supple body over, and then blew a long ejaculative whistle. Upon the right front leg was a tiny length of chain. And then he sat down and began to sharpen his knife. It was a pleasant task to sharpen a knife to skin such a magnificent beast, and Sandy thoroughly enjoyed it until the novelty of having killed a noted murderer began to wear off, and the stars and moon began to look lonely and far away.

They were for a light to see into the eyes of love, not for companions to a lonely sheepherder. And then the bitter thoughts began to come back. But he held to his task manfully and to test the sharpness of the knife he took up a huge leg and gently pushed the blade through the tough skin. It would work. And as Sandy laid the whetstone down upon a nearby log, a joyous bark set his heart to pounding joyously. And then the boss rode up.

When he saw what had happened he dismounted excitedly and began to examine the big body. He too whistled.

"You lucky boy. It's Old Southpaw, and there's fifteen hundred dollars for his scalp."

And Sandy stared a surprise, and began to skin the puma to the tune of, "There's a little spark of love still burning."
A section of the Utah Agricultural College Campus, where five hundred citizens of Utah played for four days as guests of the Institution. The tower of the Main Building is seen through the trees.
Entertaining the Farmers of an Entire State
How the Utah Agricultural College Cemented the Ties that Bind it to the Country Side

By D. E. Robinson, of the Utah Agricultural College

This year the Utah Agricultural College revised its slogan, "The whole state is the Campus of the U. A. C." to read, "The U. A. C. Campus is the Playground for the Whole State."

From August 2 to 5 the College entertained nearly fifteen hundred farmers, farmers' wives and farmers' children at the first annual summer encampment. The encampment was under the auspices of the Extension Division of the College. The farm bureaus of nearly every county of Utah, with their county agents, co-operated and did much to make the outing a success.

The idea was this—to bring as many farmers to the College, which is located in Logan, Cache county, Utah, as possible—to let them camp on the grounds—to afford them full opportunities

Making wagons, aeroplanes and tool boxes while their mothers and fathers are, as one enthusiastic farmer expressed it, "Having a second honeymoon."
Part of the Camping ground on the U. A. C. Campus where the farmers and their families lived while attending the farmers' summer encampment.
for play—to put on special exhibits and demonstrations for their instruction—and to conduct a few interesting assemblies at which nationally famous speakers would appear on the program. It was hoped by this means to give the farmers and their families a pleasant vacation and to give them a more complete understanding of the Utah Agricultural College and its work.

The encampment was a wonderful success. Nearly fifteen hundred visitors accepted the invitation of the college to romp on the campus. They enjoyed every minute of the four days there and went home only after requesting a similar opportunity next year. The visitors came from every corner of the

![A group of special guests of the Encampment sampling butter milk provided by the Department of Dairy Husbandry. Left to right—President Elmer G. Peterson, of the U. A. C.; Governor Charles R. Mabey of Utah; Attorney General Cluff of Utah; Secretary of State Crockett of Utah, and Hon. C. P. Cardon, member of the Board of Trustees of the U. A. C.](image-url)
Two hundred of the visitors stopped in their play for a minute during the "Fun Hour" to have their pictures taken.
A group visiting the College Dairy to see a demonstration in butter making.

state. Some motorized nearly four hundred miles, and took two days to make the trip.

Each day was filled with entertaining events. The program for Wednesday, August 3, is typical.

6:30 a.m.—All out.
6:30—7:30—Dress and swim (The college pool was at the disposal of the visitors).
7:00—8:00—Breakfast at the College Cafeteria. (Some families cooked over camp fires.)
8:00—9:00—Livestock judging contest.
8:30—10:15—Tour of grounds and buildings.
10:15—12:00—General assembly.
12:00—1:00 p.m.—Dinner at cafeteria.
1:00—6:00—For the men—An auto excursion to the College Experiment farms.
For the women—Open air meetings at which were discussed health standards, child psychology, music for the home, and recreation for the family.
6:00—7:00—Swimming. Supper at cafeteria.
7:30—8:30—The fun hour—dancing, games, singing.
8:30—A get acquainted social.

The College provided shady camp ground, electrically lighted and supplied with water, for the visitors. Tents, cots, and mattresses were supplied where the farmers came unprepared. The few who wished to sleep indoors were given rooms in one of the College buildings.

Over two hundred children, ranging in age from a few
months to sixteen years, were brought to the encampment. These
the College took full care of, thus leaving the parents free to
attend the lectures and demonstrations and go on the excursions.

The way the College cared for the children was remarkable.
They were divided into three groups. All from the smallest to
eight years of age were grouped together. The little boys were
furnished hammers, saw, nails and boards and allowed to be real
carpenters in an improvised carpentry shop. The little girls
were given water colors, paper to cut out, a sand pile, dolls and
other things dear to the child heart. Those who wanted to play
outside were taken to outdoor sand piles, swings, teeters and
slides. All of the time they were under constant supervision.

The children ate breakfast and supper with their parents
but during the day the College fed them. At ten o'clock each
little tot was given a half pint bottle of new milk from the Col-
lege herd, provided with straws, and two graham crackers. At
noon, they were all taken to the Cafeteria. At 3 o'clock the
children had milk and crackers again. A charge of twenty-
five cents a day for each child was made to cover the cost of
the food furnished.

A second group of children consisted of the boys from
eight to sixteen years old. These were taken upon hikes up Lo-
gan Canyon, to the swimming pool, and to moving picture shows

Fred L. Clegg (left) of Wasatch County, who made the highest score
in grain judging and C. G. Adney (right) of Box Elder County, who won
the live stock judging contest at the U. A. C. farmers' encampment.
A corner of the play room where the small children spent several happy days.
provided by the College right on the campus. The third group of girls from eight to sixteen, were cared for in a similar way.

During the entire encampment, the Department of Dairy Husbandry maintained a milk and butter-milk bar for the visitors.

Judging contests for the farm bureau championship of Utah in livestock and grain-judging were held, and a hat and dress making contest was conducted for the women. The encampment was brought to an exciting close on the afternoon of August 5 by a baseball game for the Farm Bureau Championship of the State.

A Record of the Mighty Dead on this Continent to be Preserved

By H. Newton Thornton, Member of American Institute of Architects, and President of the Idaho Society of Architects

And I will show unto this people that I had other sheep, and that they were a branch of the house of Jacob;
And I will bring to light their marvelous works, which they did in my name. (Doctrine and Covenants 10:60, 61.)

More external evidence of the historical credibility and truth of the Book of Mormon is seen in the fact that an appropriation of $50,000 has been approved by the Mexican Government through President Obregon for the reconstruction of the Ruins of San Juan De Teotihuacan.

San Juan is the site of the two great pyramids in Mexico, one to the sun and the other to the moon. Adjacent to these pyramids scientists have discovered a buried city which is said to have flourished probably three or four thousand years ago.

The reconstruction of these great pyramids built by ancient civilizations around San Juan has more than passing significance to the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in that the boy prophet Joseph Smith made record of the existence of extensive and highly developed civilizations on this continent long before modern research and scientists definitely came to these conclusions.

Increasing evidence continues to come forth, declaring the authenticity and inspiration of the Book of Mormon, showing that the population of Central America was at one time very dense, and a high degree of civilization attained, by some experts declared to be higher even than that of Europe in the time of Columbus, and as in the old world, empire succeeded empire, until the last great battles extinguished them. Today
the remnants of the tribes of the American Indians are part of what is left to tell the story.

Modern research declares that the great pyramids of San Juan now to be repaired by the Mexican Government furnish matter of admiration to all intelligent persons, in that they together with nearly all the ancient works found in this country are built pointing to the four cardinal points and that these great pyramids were used exclusively for astronomical observations as were the pyramids of Egypt.

We are over-joyed in confirmation of these facts when we read in the Book of Mormon evidence that the Nephites had a knowledge of modern astronomy concerning the movement of the earth and the planetary system, and we feel to concur with the noted scientists of today that the ancients had a knowledge of many of the scientific facts that were later discovered by Copernicus, Kepler and others.

Congratulations to the Mexican government for its desire to preserve a record of the mighty dead on this continent; and, in the words of Ruskin, "The time has come when those building stones are to be held sacred because their hands have touched them."

Idaho Falls, Idaho

Alphabet of Suggestive Definitions

Accuracy—very often means honesty
Brilliance—flashlight knowledge.
Concentration—directed attention.
Diligence—constant exertion.
Enthusiasm—torchlight animation.
Faith—an awakener of duty.
Gumption—active energy.
Honor—right, not sidetracked.
Intelligence—knowledge made useful.
Judgment—adaptable knowledge.
Know—to comprehend and remember.
Learning—the bare facts.
Manners—usually rightful passport.
Nowhere—a place to get away from.
Opportunity—chance made good.
Perseverance—taking hold, holding on, and never letting go.
Qualification—thorough preparation.
Resourceful—what to do next.
Successful—doers not sayers only.
Tact—best way of performance.
Useful—ability to do what needs to be done.
Valiant—enthusiastically obedient.
Wisdom—judicious judgment.
Exertion—moving power that counts.
Yearning—longing, active desire.
Zest—the power that accomplishes.

—James D. Todd
The End of the Feud

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

The row started over water. Van Noordan looked with sullen eyes at his neighbor’s waving fields and intimated that they were kept green with stolen water.

Being called a thief, roused Hamilton’s Celtic blood, and he angrily raised his shovel and struck the Dutchman with the handle.

“I’ll have the law on you,” yelled Van Noordan, stinging under the blow.

This he proceeded to do. When the case was finally fought out, according to old water rights, Van Noordan had the lion’s share of the water. This he proceeded to thriftily appropriate. If the Celt was quick to anger, the Teuton was slow to forget, and there began a feud as bitter as that between the Montagues and the Capulets, two families of Florence, who also had a son and a daughter.

So it became Hamilton’s turn to watch his fields parch and die while with burning hatred his eyes drank in his neighbor’s succulent greenness. The two farms lay side by side at the mouth of Dry Canyon, where it widened out to sweep to the valley below. The land was rich and produced choice fruit because the pocket of the mountains protected it from cold winds and early frosts.

Hamilton gazed at his seared fields much as a mother would look at her sick child, then with true Irish resource, he planned to checkmate his neighbor. He watered only a small portion of his land and in this he practiced intensive cultivation. The rest he turned into pasture. Then he imported thoroughbred Durhams to graze therein. In time his blooded stock became as famous as the Dutchman’s grain fields.

Van Noordan built an ice house; Hamilton added a screened-in porch to his dwelling. To shut out the obnoxious view of this, the former planted a row of Poplar trees between the farms. The latter placed on the dividing line a stone wall built out of the rocks that his plow had overturned in the field. These along with the bitterness of two stubborn old men, served as a barrier between two lonely children. Nature, which has a way of compensating, brought Hamilton a son, while in the Van Noordan household it left a daughter.
As he exultantly watched Jim grow to longlimbed man
hood, old Hamilton cunningly schemed how, with his boy’s
strength, he would win back the beauty of his fields.

Van Noordan, oblivious of his enemy’s advantage, bathed
with delight in the sunshine of his small Dutch daughter.

Jim Hamilton had been two years at the Agricultural Col-
lege, and Magdalene Van Noordan was training to become a
urse at the hospital in the city when she was suddenly called
home by the death of her mother. It was vacation time and
she used to watch through a gap in the fence the dark head
glistening in the sun as the young man toiled in the beet field.
Jim, who was tall, sometimes glanced over the wall to behold a
trim, blue-clad figure, with a dimpled forearm, hanging out
the wash.

One noon as he came up with his hoe over his shoulder, he
heard a piercing scream. This was followed by several more,
which lapsed into sobs. Lithely he leaped the fence and plunged
into the tall corn from whence the sound came.

He had gone some distance when he spied between the rows
the body of Amos Van Noordan. His daughter held his head
in her lap as she wildly chaffed his hand. Young Hamilton
dropped beside the rigid form and put his head to his heart.

“Looks like he has been dead some time,” he said gently.

“Then there is nothing we can do for him,” she wailed.
Hysterically she told him:

“He ran out this morning to chase boys who were stealing
roasting ears in the corn patch. I never thought any more of it
until lunch time when I called him. He didn’t answer. I waited
the dinner half an hour and then I got worried. I hunted for
him all over the place and finally came down here.”

She gulped, “He was lying on his face. When I spoke to
him he didn’t answer. Oh my father!” The red-gold head cried
over the gray one.

Jim examined the old man’s eyes. “Looks like apoplexy.
The hot sun and the exertion of chasing the boys probably
brought on a stroke. We’ll see what the doctor says.”

“He died out here alone—with no one to care for him,”
moaned his daughter.

“He probably knew nothing about it. Those things come
on so suddenly.”

“Do you think so?” asked Magdalene, wiping her eyes on
her apron.

She stood up while the man picked up the body of his
father’s enemy and staggered to the house with it. It was Jim
Hamilton who summoned the doctor, the coroner, the under-
taker. He sent telegrams to distant relatives and met them when
they arrived. This left the daughter free, between fits of weeping, to prepare the house which Van Noordan had builded so well, for the master's last departure from it.

On the return from the cemetery, Magdalene kindly but firmly declined the offers of friends to stay with her, but her young neighbor resolutely followed her to the door. When she entered the empty house she sank into a chair, but as soon as she perceived that it was her father's arm chair, she shivered and moved. She leaned back wanly and closed her white hand between his two rough brown ones.

"The only light I can see in the whole thing is that father is with mother," she murmured miserably. "My loss is mother's gain. They were companions, as well as lovers. Father never seemed the same after mother went."

"Life isn't much without companionship—Magdalene, I want you for my companion—my wife. I believe I have loved you always." He raised her hand to his lips.

"Jim, I want to thank you for all that you have done since our trouble. You can't know what it means to me at this time. About that other,—you will have to talk some other time." By the look in her eyes he knew that he would come back.

As she gravely shook hands with him, the first little glow of comfort that she had felt since her father's death crept round her heart.

Don't Give Up

When the trail ahead looks gloomy, and the sun seems mighty dim,
When the sky is overshadowed, and you feel that you won't win,
Just keep yourself a move'n, don't give up the game,
The chap with sand is sure to land, he'll get there just the same.

When the snow is still a snow'n, or the rain is pour'n down,
When the cold North wind's a blow'n, 'til you can't stick to the ground,
Just set yer teeth and bear it, don't make the slightest wail,
The lad with pluck, is never stuck, there's no such thing as fail.
When your mighty tired and hungry, and your almost down and out,
When your friends begin to shun-ye, and your mind, seems full of doubt
Don't ever think of failure, lad, it's the worse thing you can do;
Make up your mind that you're the kind that's go-na stick,—LIKE GLUE.

Moab, Utah               Francis M. Shafer
Conversion

By Professor Enoch Jorgensen

Conversion in its broadest sense, according to Webster, is "a changing from one state or condition to another;" but in the commonly accepted sense it is "A spiritual and moral change from the service of the world to the service of God." Professor James says: "Conversion is a sudden conviction that comes to the individual, of previous inadequacy." This agrees in the main with Starbuck's notion that "Conversion is characterized by more or less sudden changes of character from evil to goodness, from sinfulness to righteousness, from indifference to spiritual insight and activity."

These views seem to be borne out by fact in the main, so far as the conversion of mature men and women is concerned; but by far the greater number of converts is among the young during the period of adolescence. When young people are brought up in religious environment, true conversion seems to be a natural growth, "a state of certitude through a knowledge of God plus an acquaintance with God. This is not the putting on of a patch but the weaving in of new fiber in the makeup of the individual."

Conviction is not conversion.

Conviction, or the sense of sin, usually precedes conversion. This sense of sin does not necessarily imply real sin, but a feeling of imperfection, of unworthiness, of having made mistakes. There is a great difference, however, between sins and mistakes, between conviction and conversion. Humility is a great factor for making the one reach into the other.

James, Starbuck, Coe, and other religious psychologists speak of an ultra-marginal consciousness in our lives which brings to us visions, dreams, or other manifestations of the super-human, of God. To the Latter-day Saint this is the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who makes known to us the past, the present, and the future when we are worthy. He brings real conversion to the soul. The Spirit of God who is a guide to all men when they do right, may influence similarly those on whom the Holy Ghost has not been conferred.

Starbuck places the age of conversion at from 10 to 25 years, though with many children it begins as early as 7 or 8 years of age. In females conversion is most common from 13 to 16 years,
and in males at 17 years. Natural or gradual-growth conversion rarely occurs after the 20th year.

Among the motives and forces that lead to conversion, Starbuck gives the following: 1. Fear; 2. Other self-regarding motives; 3. Altruistic motives; 4. Following out a moral ideal; 5. Remorse and conviction of sin; 6. Response to teachings; 7. Example and imitation; 8. Urging and social pleasure.

Fear is a common cause with both sexes; fear of the sectarian "Hell-fire," fear of the future, of death, of meeting parents or other loved ones gone before whose injunctions have not been followed. This last state implies partial conversion earlier. Following out a moral ideal, and remorse and conviction of sin are common motives among males, while urging and social pleasures are among the most common motives that lead to conversion among females.

Many and varied are the preconversion experiences given by the different authors who have made a study of this question. If the ideal life is dominant there may be a feeling of estrangement from God, doubts and misgivings followed by a desire for a better life. Under normal conditions there is usually a feeling of helplessness, humility, restlessness, anxiety, uncertainty. If a sinful life is dominant in consciousness, there may be depression, sadness, sense of sin, tendency to resist conviction.

Conviction may continue for weeks and months, even for years before it is marked. Starbuck finds that the average time for conviction for females is 24 weeks, for males 69 weeks. We Latter-day Saints who have had experience as missionaries know how this varies with the individuals. Some know the gospel as soon as they hear it, others study it, think and pray about it, for weeks, months, or years. I have in mind a good brother, prominent in ward and stake affairs in Salt Lake, whom I met in Copenhagen twenty-four years ago. He was president of a Temperance Society, and the well-to-do landlord of a great tenement house. Opportunity presented itself for me to appear on a musical program given by the society, and in this way I began preaching the gospel to him. An invitation to take dinner at his home was followed by a standing invitation to dine with the family regularly every Thursday. Then came the request to bring other missionaries; finally every Latter-day Saint missionary in that great city knew that dinner would be served each Thursday at 6 o'clock at Herr C's, and welcome. This continued for thirteen years after I left Denmark, and always our investigating friend made it a point to have one or more strangers at table to meet the "Mormons." Yet he held off from baptism; when the brethren urged it he would say he was not quite converted; or, he would jocularly remark that he'd better wait.
until the elder returned, who first brought him the gospel. In the meantime, many souls were brought to a knowledge of the truth through his generous efforts. Fourteen years after our first meeting he and all his household embraced the gospel. Who can say that God did not stay his conversion for a wise purpose?

The psychological steps in conversion seem to be: first a sense of perplexity and conviction of sin, second, satisfaction and temporary relaxation, third, a spur to renewed activity and better living. One authority says: “Conversion consists in yielding or self-surrender, determination, forgiveness, God’s help, public confession, spontaneous awakening, and a feeling of one-ness with God.” However we word it, Latter-day Saints know that if any one be truly converted he will eschew evil and turn to God with all his heart. He will lay aside the past, and with the poet will say:

“Arise, if the past detain you,
   Her sunshine and sorrow forget.
No chains so unworthy to bind you
As those of useless regret.”

Revivals as a means of conversion were formerly much employed; but it is now generally conceded that revival converts “do not stick,” education, therefore, is taking the place of revivals. The lecture platform, the lyceum, the chautauqua do much to stir men to better living. The Church Schools, among us, have been the means of saving thousands of young men and women from straying afield during the adolescent period. The new move to establish seminaries in connection with the state high schools is, and will continue to be one of the greatest factors for the saving of our young people that has been developed so far within the Church.

We seminary teachers must be prepared to grasp the opportunity of “becoming saviors on Mount Zion.” We must know our field, know adolescent youth, understand that “God and nature have wrought an indissoluble bond between love and religion,” that the age of religion and that of sexual maturity coincide, “that religion is at its best when its earthly image is most spotless, that a church as an institution is at its best when it has the highest ideals, that sex-love is at its best when religion is most pure and undefiled.”

G. Stanley Hall gives twelve statements of parallelism between sex-love and religion:

1. “Both affect the ego.” (I’ll live, I’ll die for you.)
2. “Both make the soul sensitive to nature.”
3. “Both have dangers of fanaticism.”
4. “Both are nest builders.”—The home, the church.
5. "Both ebb and flow like the sea."—Teachers must learn to appreciate flood tide.
6. "The soul is especially cadenced in love and religion."
7. "Both exhibit the self in ecstatic love."
8. "Both have accurately prescribed forms and ceremonies."
9. "Both demand an object on which to rest."
10. The object of each modifies its subject."
11. "Both demand resignation and acquiescence."
12. "Religion and love are alike in that each vivifies our whole life, and the absence of either is followed by a shadowing of existence. Sex-love provides for the perpetuity of the individual."

How very important that we understand both and their relation to adolescence.

Eden

Under a tree we sat,
   My love, and I.
Under a tree we sat,
   And heav'n was nigh!
Shades of leaves on her face,
Sunflecks, and dainty grace,
And in her eyes a trace,
   Of the blue sky!

Leaves rustled tenderly,
   Wind passing by.
Leaves rustled tenderly,
   Like a soft sigh.
Sweet were the words she said,
Bending her pretty head:
With her cheeks rosie red:—
   "Just you and I."

Loving her voice, and sweet,
   Red lips apart.
Loving her voice, and sweet,
   Moving my heart.
Soft were her clinging hands,
Holding the golden strands,
Of love's dear silken bands,
   Close round my heart!

Thus love should ever be,
   If it has worth.
Thus love should ever be,
   Like a new birth.
A balm for every pain,
Sunshine through winter's rain,
God's Eden back again,
   Heaven on earth!

Hobart, Tasmania

A. C. A. Van Hewer
BOY SCOUTS ON THE WAY TO YELLOWSTONE

In front of the Logan, Utah, Tabernacle. Why not a campaign in your stake to enlist boys in the great scout program of character building?
Sources of Joy and Factors of Happiness

A Study for the Advanced Senior Classes of the M. I. A., 1921-1922.

By Dr. George H. Brimhall

Lesson IV.—Health

Introduction.—Optimism, self correction and health make thrift worth while. To the pessimist self correction is almost out of the question; he is so absorbed with outside evils that the necessity for inner improvement is either not seen or not thought to be worth while.

The unrepentant individual becomes content with carelessness, conjures excuses, condones crime, and finally commits it. Such a one becomes estranged to the joy of character and cleanliness; and, granted time and opportunity, the individual degenerates into an environment that will coordinate with his conduct, and he acquires the ability to enjoy idleness, iniquity and squalor. It is the case of the individual taking the same downward steps that are followed by races from civilization to savagery.

The inescapable parallelism between the fate of the individual and the fate of the group, in their climb or decent along the pathway of life, is seen at every turn.

Physical Health.—We now come to a consideration of health as a factor of happiness, and, calling to mind the fact that most diseases are filth diseases, we see the close relationship between cleanliness and health. In the baccalaureate sermon, to the students of the Brigham Young University, delivered in May, 1921, Bishop Charles W. Nibley made health the first great essential of success.

Herbert Spencer held to the theory that the first essential in national greatness is the production of a race of strong human animals. The ancient Greeks recognized the importance of health in the expression: "A strong mind in a strong body."

Dr. James E. Talmage, in a lecture delivered several years ago, defined health as a condition of freedom from disease, fulness of energy, and a desire to constructively expend that energy. This definition would place the indolent person on the sick list, where he doubtless belongs. No person is well who does not desire to work.

Webster defines health as a state of being hale, sound, or whole in body, mind or soul. It appears safe to say that health is a state of wholeness, and the term is coming to mean a state of fitness, fit for service, fit for business, fit for travel, so that it has come to be a common expression to speak of one who is in good health as one who is physically fit.

In the broad sense, the saying that he who wants health wants everything, is true; it is also true that he who has health has everything. The person who has physical health is at ease with his physical organism, he is valid, full of physical strength, he wants to be up and doing, he is not reminded of his physical existence by that
morning-tired feeling which is nature's announcement of the commission of one of three sins: dissipation, overwork, or overeating. The healthful person faces the day with a feeling possessed by the sturdy inhabitant of one of our mountain valleys, who exclaimed while facing a canyon breeze, before sun up, "I feel so good, so good, I could just jump over the mountain." This was the meeting of two rising suns, the King of Day and a Healthy Man.

Physical health is not only a source of happiness to the individual, it is a source of happiness to the group. Illness of one member of a household cuts down the joy of the entire family. The extent to which public health is a factor of happiness, will be comprehended in part by considering what happens when an epidemic is permitted to strike a community. First, safety calls for quarantine to the individuals affected; second, public gatherings including all forms of recreation are often discontinued; third, productiveness is cut down by interference with industry, and through it all apprehension instead of joyous anticipation pervades the entire social atmosphere, to say nothing of the distress coming from bereavement.

**Intellectual Health.**—A person is mentally fit and intellectually helpful when he is at ease with truth. He knows and he knows that he knows, and he is ambitious to know more. The morally healthful person is at ease with right. He has convictions and conduct that match. He is conscious of ethical insight and enjoys ethical activity.

**Spiritual Health.**—To have spiritual health one must be "At rest with Christ," and possess a God-reaching faith, and a religious fervor impelling him to enjoyable doing of religious duties.

Unteachableness is a symptom of intellectual unhealth, no matter whether it manifests itself in a sort of know-it-all egotism, grey-matter stagnation, or subnormal capacity. Distrust of the final triumph of right, dislike for the inconvenience of ethical heroism, and a willingness to recklessly run the chances of an infinite remoteness of the day of reckoning, are symptoms of moral unhealthfulness. Entertaining skepticism indulging in iniquity, omitting duties, are the three great symptoms of spiritual sickness. When we have a complication of physical disorder, intellectual lassitude, moral laxity, spiritual faithlessness, we have a case of all-round soul sickness, which is both in part and in whole the very opposite of heaven, the very negative of happiness: but when there exists a condition of physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual health, the man and the multitude thus conditioned feel the impulse to exclaim life is heaven.

**Literary Lights**

A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world.—**Locke.**

Life is not mere living but the enjoyment of health.—**Martial.**

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.—**Pope.**

Oh! health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying the world without thee.—**Ben Johnson.**

**Reading References**

Gospel Doctrine, Jos. F. Smith, pages 300 to 303.

Questions and Problems

1. What is auto intoxication and how is it related to overwork?
2. At what point in our eating do we begin to take poison?
3. Discuss this proposition; Next to the drink habit and the drug habit (including coca-cola), stands the patent medicine habit, as a health destroyer.
4. Substituting the word health for the word love in that beautiful hymn, “Love at home,” which statement would contain the most truth?
5. Why should disease smuggling be made a misdemeanor?
6. In considering a place to locate, for the building of a home, which do you consider the most important, the matter of livelihood, education, or health?
7. Which is the better health advice, don’t worry; or don’t hurry? Give reasons.
8. What happens when we grow tired, and then work on until weariness disappears?
9. In what miracle performed by the Savior did he indicate the relationship of sin to sickness?
10. What sort of sickness is referred to in I Cor. 11:30?
11. Health being a prime factor of happiness, why are people so careless with it?
12. Discuss the advantages of physical examination (a) in the home, (b) in the schools.
13. Have some one read a five-minute paper on “The Work of Public Health Associations.”
14. See if you can improve by substitution on this list of twelve health-habits:

Physical Health:
1. The habit of eating plain, wholesome food, including a good deal of milk.
2. The habit of exercise that demands deep breathing and perspiration.
3. The habit of being cheerful.

Intellectual Health:
1. The habit of close observation.
2. The habit of studying books.
3. The habit of accuracy of expression.

Moral Health:
1. The habit of sincerity.
2. The habit of keeping one’s word.
3. The habit of doing a square deal.

Spiritual Health:
1. The habit of prayer.
2. The habit of attending religious service.
3. The habit of paying tithes and offerings.

15. What is the difference in reaching a man through his stomach and reaching manhood through his stomach?

Lesson V.—Thrift

Thrift, in this case, should mean financial prosperity through industry and economical management. The slogan of the ages has been, Spend less than you make. The late President Francis M. Lyman, who may fittingly be remembered as an apostle of thrift, held to the belief that persons who would save ten per cent on every dollar would escape want and have sufficient competence for old age.

One of our most successful business men speaks of thrift as the second great essential to success, and holds to the thought that penury is the result of people not being willing to pay the price for thrift. They operate under the delusion that one may eat his pie and have it, too.

It is certain that productiveness is at the foundation of all thrift. The over-expenditure habit prevents productiveness from reaching over into the field of margins, by driving it into the ditch of deficit. It was pointed out in lesson three that a feeling of safety is a fundamental of happiness; the habit of saving places within the reach of the masses the consciousness of security against want; while the spendthrift habit sacrifices to the present the possibilities of any sense of security for the future.

The economist advances exultingly looking ever forward with
judicious optimism and backward with consistent satisfaction: saying of his sacrifices, “It was worth them all.” The epicurean recedes with embarrassment, faces the future with fading hope, looks upon the past with a wish for its return, condolingly preaching his own financial funeral sermon, the climax of which is, “It was worth it all.”

Thrift promotes self confidence, which is a form of strength; and a sense of strength is another fundamental of happiness. Wrestling with an unnecessary want—is a fine form of intellectual athletics. Thrift wins the confidence of others, and this elevates our social selves. A social self is your idea of what another person thinks of you. Honest thrift is accompanied by a consciousness of being straight. Every thrifty man is a village blacksmith, in character, who,

“Looks the whole world in the face
    For he owes not any man,”
beyond his willingness and ability to pay.

Among the Latter-day Saints thrift carries with it the consciousness of square dealing with the Lord. A man’s reputation as he knows it is the sum total of his social selves, and thrift makes this sum total enjoyable, while its opposite makes the same sum total unenjoyable.

Thrift, unadulterated by greed, increases one’s helpfulness. To want to help and can’t is accompanied by a consciousness of weakness which is always a condition of unhappiness, and without thrift our helpfulness is reduced to mere good intentions.

I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow, who used to say, Take care of the pence; for the pounds will take care of themselves.—Lord Chesterfield.

Economy, the poor man’s mint.—Tupper.

There are but two ways of paying debt—increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying out.—Carlyle.

Problems and Questions

1. Wherein is tithe paying a good thrift habit?
2. Discuss the doctrine contained in the following:
   - Not mine to spend,
   - Not mine to keep,
   - Not mine to give,
   - Not mine to lend

’Tis the Lord’s part, a tenth of all I earn.

3. Wherein is buying without asking the price indicative of lack of thrift?
4. Illustrate the lack of thrift in curtailing expenditures at the expense of production.
5. What about the policy of cutting the milk bill to increase the gasoline supply, or to pay for fan-y footwear?
7. Aside from the unethical element involved, how does the wasting of an employer’s time by the employee affect the thrift of the community?
8. How does telephone gossiping affect community thrift?
9. Name what you think the three most valuable thrift habits.
10. Wherein does unwise curtailment of food supply, interfere with production, and thereby become an unthrifty procedure?
11. In which will the thrifty man be more concerned, in producing or saving?
12. Are there any other thrift habits entitled to rank before these, and are these in their order the habit of producing, the habit of saving, the habit of investing?
13. Make a list of your thrift habits, and of the things that are making for the thrift of your community.
14. Have a successful business man give some specific direction in regard to safe investments.
15. Formulate some rules of safety against wild cat schemes.

Literary Lights

Live with a thrifty, not a needy fate; small shots paid often waste a vast estate.—Herrick.
Lesson VI.—Helpfulness

The philosopher was right when he said there is evidently a parallel between the length of the period of helplessness in the offspring and the height of intelligence of the parent. The new born mosquito is ready for self support immediately; the child of civilization requires more than a decade of care from its parents, and revelation points to an uncounted number of years of man’s need of help from God.

The helplessness of offspring provides for a corresponding helpfulness of parents. Helplessness is that helpfulness may be, and both are that there may be joy. Out of helplessness comes the possibility of gratitude. Underlying helpfulness is the emotion of sympathy and gratitude.

The Relation of Helplessness to Helpfulness.—We hear of destitution, we witness want, our sympathy is aroused, we are pained with the thoughts of suffering, but are pleased with the contemplation of relieving it, and thus the desire of helpfulness brings happiness. We send relief, and gratitude gushes forth from the hearts of those we help; they are made happy. These two streams, sympathy and gratitude, come together, and at their confluence love is formed. The two great laws of love have been lived, first, we grow to love that which we appreciate, second, we grow to love the objects of our willing service.

Mercy.—Even an injudicious act of mercy blesses the merciful, and when the Master said, “Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,” he evidently understood that it was not merely a question of receiving back in kind from someone else, but though cruelty were returned the merciful expanded mercy from within; and the great beatitude included the truth, blessed are the merciful for they shall grow in mercy, and with that growth of mercy as with the growth of all helpfulness comes a corresponding love, not only of the object of the helpfulness, but of the helpfulness itself. To love the object of our acts is happiness, but to love the act itself is joy.

All unselfish helpfulness is merciful, consequently we recognize with the immortal Shakespeare, that “The quality of mercy is not strained.”

Self Help as Related to Helpfulness of Others as a Factor of Happiness.—The consciousness of being self helpful, is one of the fundamentals of individuality; we all enjoy it, even the contemplation of doing for one’s self is happiness, and this stream of joy widens and deepens unless it leaves its course and plunges off into the abyss of arrogance and self sufficiency, and the individual subconsciously revels in the error of having in mind no need of help from God or his fellow man, a state of inglorious glory. It may be a state of pleasure but not of profit, for joy is always profitable.

But self-help, savored with the recognition of some helplessness, is

References

Man of Tomorrow, by Claude Richards, chapter 32.

Poor Richard’s Almanac, Benjamin Franklin.
Thrift, Samuel Smiles. Read James Psychology, chapter on Selves.
a source of satisfaction to the individual and encouragement to others. Self helpfulness is a mark of greatness. Sublimity of life in one person inspires sublimity in many. To be royally self helpful, then, means to be helpful to others. The fall of a chieftain sends fear to the legion, the conquest of a captain encourages the whole company, and encouragement is a high form of happiness.

It was said by Algernon Sidney that God helps those that help themselves. This idea has cropped out in many forms in literature.

There is a beautiful recognition of divine application of self-helpfulness as a source of happiness when coupled with the recognition of helpfulness from God, in Revelation 7:13-17. "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him: ""These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Some Illustrations.—Some years ago there sat at a mountain spring two persons; they were in the canyon for loads of wood, one was a middle-aged man, the other a boy in his later teens. During the meal time an awkward Scandinavian emigrant, reeking with perspiration, and panting with exhaustion, came for a drink.

Drinking his fill, he sat down in the shade of a maple to rest. The younger of the two men lunching said, "Come, have a bite," the older one ate on in grim and greedy silence.

The wood craft recruit said with considerable culture, "I ought not to eat your dinner, but I lost mine on the way up." "O come, and eat," said the young host, "a half is often better than the whole."

The second invitation was accepted, and the young man who furnished the half dinner had so much joy in witnessing the happiness of his guest, that the mere recollection of the incident called forth the following lines:

"The joy of sharing a dinner,
Of lending a helping hand,
Is the joy of being a winner,
In the race to the heavenly land."

A young man sat on a platform of a western railway station watching a herd of cattle that had been unloaded to feed. Much to his surprise three young women, gaudily dressed, approached and began chattering and giggling. As they came close one of them stopped and confronting him almost brazenly said,

"You look good to me."
"I am glad," said he, "If I look good to any one in this rough garb."

"Aren't you lonely?" said she.
"No," he replied, "I have been here but a short time, but the place is surely lonely enough."

"Come over and lunch with me at the Red Lark," she responded.
"And where is the Red Lark?" he asked.
"Over there just beyond the meadow," she replied.

He looked and saw the building, and knew what the Red Lark meant.

"No I cannot go with you to the Red Lark."
"Why not?" she asked. "It will cost you nothing, and I promise you a good time."
"Well, I cannot go."
"Where are you from?"
"I am from Utah," came the reply.
"Are you a 'Mormon?'" she asked.
"Why do you ask?" said he.
"Oh, I just thought you were a 'Mormon.'"
"Well, I am. What do you know about the 'Mormons?'"
At this question she turned pale, exclaiming, "Heavens, man, I was reared by a good 'Mormon' father and mother."
"Do you believe in 'Mormonism'?"
"Merciful heavens, yes. I attended the Brigham Young University, got a testimony there, and how I wish I had never received that testimony." And she wept.
"Do you mind telling me how it all happened?" asked her interviewer.
She calmed herself and said, "When I discontinued school, I went to my country home, happy and hopeful. There came to our town a traveling man. I became acquainted with him, and through his influence against the wish of my parents, I went to one of our large cities where I had agreed to meet him. I trusted and loved the brute. He took me to Saltair and showed me a good time. He brought me back to the city where we went to a rooming house together. I spent the night there, and when I awoke next day, I was alone, lost—lost to my girlhood, my good name, everything!"
I dressed and attempted to leave the building, but was told I could not do so. Later on I was presented with a ticket to Omaha and some spending money. What could I do?" I was unfit to go home, and the place where I was seemed a prison. It was a case of anywhere for freedom for me, so I went to Omaha. At the station there I was unexpectedly met by persons who seemed to know that I was coming. They were kind to me, but kept me going on the trail on which I started when I left my home. From Omaha they brought me here where they keep close watch on me."
"Would you like to go home?" the gentleman asked.
"I don't know," she replied, "but I do know that I should like to get away from this place and these people."
"You accepted a ticket away from the 'Mormons,' would you accept one back? If I will get you transportation, furnish you with suitable clothes, and provide for your needs and comfort during the journey, will you go back to your parents?"
At this question she rushed towards him as if she would embrace him, but he waived her off and said, "Will you go?"
Gazing into his face, she exclaimed, "You are the first man I have met in two long years. All the others were vultures. You are interested in helping me, they have all been interested in destroying me."
Then, hesitatingly, she said, "I must have my suitcase. There are some things in it that I cannot leave at the Red Lark, and I know the people there will not let me have my things."
"Yes, they will, I will go with you and we will get your suitcase."
They went to the Red Lark together and were met at the entrance with a most cordial welcome by the keeper. The girl went in. The man remained outside. The girl asked for her suitcase. Then the friendliness of the keeper changed to fury, but the youth said, "Give the girl her suitcase,
and let her go, or I will bring authority here that will move the entire place."

The keeper said to the girl, "Take your 'trash' and go." The "Mormon" took her to a furnishing house where she changed her costume at his expense. Attired as a lady, she stood before the glass and said, "Something like myself again."

That afternoon the train carried her toward her mountain home. Her rescuer loaded the cattle and proceeded eastward on his way. She was met with the welcome of the returned prodigal, and is living the life, though marred, for which she was created, while her benefactor drinks deep of joy through the memory of his helpfulness.

The hero of this incident at the time of its opening was relatively poor; he had no money for luxuries. Now he has in his employ scores of men and women happily developing one of the industries of our state. His employees all know he is full of helpfulness.

Helpfulness makes for happiness in making us more like God. It is the hymn, "Nearer my God to thee" in action. Nearness to God without a corresponding likeness to God is the antipodes of happiness.

To neglect or refuse to be helpful is to miss the tree of life; it is to come under the law animality; grow by taking. To seek and embrace opportunities to be helpful is to partake of the fruits of the tree of life; it is to come under the law of humanity and divinity. To grow by giving. It is the application of the great doctrine taught by the Master when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." President Francis M. Lyman once said, "The Savior had to be saved before he could save other people," and the Savior as all others was saved through his own helpfulness and the helpfulness of his Father.

The helpfulness of help to the helper is in proportion to the sacrifice made in the helping. The upreach of helplessness and the uplift of helpfulness are the fundamental sources of sympathy and gratitude, either of which in action is happiness; and these two give birth to unalloyed love which is the apex of joy, the reaching of which is the great purpose of the atonement, the greatest act of helpfulness ever performed on earth.

"If you can't help a lot, don't refuse to help a little;" remember the widow's mite.

Helpfulness is the basis of exaltation. "He that would be greatest of all, let him be the servant of all." Who serves most rules best. Helpfulness is strength in the highest form of expenditure. Unselfish helpfulness produces one hundred per cent happiness, which is a fulness of joy.

Literary Lights
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up
But to support him after.—Shakespeare.

Help refused
Is hindrance sought and found.—Browning.

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand.—Edward Everett Hale.

Help yourself and heaven will help you.—La Fontaine.

I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
And laid him on my couch to rest,
And made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Reading References
A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief.
Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal.
Questions and Problems

1. Which gives the greater joy, being merciful or receiving mercy?
2. Which is the greater happiness, a consciousness of mercy growth, or the expectation of mercy gift?
3. In which should we be more concerned in being helpful or in receiving help? Why?
4. On what grounds may we consistently say, “Thank God for the helplessness of children?”
5. Wherein are the needy an uplifting force to those who provide for them?
6. What are the conditions that make gratitude possible?
7. If there were no need of help, what would become of sympathy?
8. Discuss this proposition: “The purest love finds its highest expression in helpfulness.”
9. Show that the object of the atonement was the greatest act of helpfulness known to earth.
10. How can self-helpfulness be helpful to others?
11. How does one man’s thrift become helpful in the thrift of other people?
12. At what point may self-helpfulness become a hindrance to self growth?
13. Repeat the law of growth in the physical world.
14. What is the law of growth in the spiritual world?

My Daddy Rainbow

Sometime in the summer, if your legs are good and strong,
Hook right on to a vacation, go off and leave the throng,
Haul out your rod and tackle, rub them quickly into shape,
Pack your last year’s duds, and for a trout stream make.
Go way up in the mountains, where the peaks are peaking snow
And the stream keeps getting smaller, and the boulders boldner grow,
There may be no great whoppers, like some fellows brag about,
But there’s lots of sport in catching little gamey, speckled trout.
Took a trip last summer like I’m telling you about
Filled my soul with satisfaction, and my creel with speckled trout.
And right well do I remember the last hour of my stay
I hooked the Daddy Rainbow, but he flopped and got away.
He sure set me to thinking of some lives most nigh done,
And I wondered long and plenty, if they’d had their share of fun,
Or if they’d put off till Winter, the joys of Life’s young May
Then like my Daddy Rainbow, they’d flopped and got away?
There’s nothing like a fishing trip, with rod and reel and things
To make one thank the Lord above, for health and what it brings.
I’m not a-preaching righteousness, for I couldn’t if I’d try,
But it hurts to see a fellow man, let pleasures all slip by.
Of course, we’ve got to work some, while in this vale of sin,
And live plumb square and honest, so’s not to hurt our kin,
But there’s lots of wholesome pleasure, writ out in Nature’s book,
And the one best way to read it, is with a rod and hook.

San Diego, Calif.

D. C. Retsloff
The Girl

By Nephi Anderson, Author of "Added Upon," etc.

I saw her for the first time as I unexpectedly went around to the back door of the house where she lived. She was scrubbing the kitchen floor. As she arose to answer my greeting, the scrub water dripped from her shapely arms. Her face flushed for just a moment, and then resumed the expression fitting the task she had in hand. I introduced myself, and inquired for the father or the mother.

"Mother is out," she replied. "She will not be long. Please step around to the front door, and I will let you in. You see, it is quite impossible for you to get past my scrubbing pail." She smiled.

I did as I was bidden, and was given a chair. I had business with her parents, but I was also interested in a girl who could be so at her ease and so unruffled before "company" in the performing of so menial but so necessary a task as the scrubbing of the kitchen floor; and so I watched her go about her work just as if there were no "dressed-up" individual about.

It was haying time on the farm. Father and brother were crowded to the limit from daylight to dark to gather in the harvest.

"I fear the men-folks will be too busy to milk, this evening," said the mother to the girl. "I guess we'd better do it."

"All right, I'll see to it," answered the daughter.

I caught a glimpse of her in enveloping apron and old shoes as she drove the cows home from the nearby pasture. The mother brought the pails to the yard and would have helped in the milking, but she was "ordered" into the house to finish getting supper. I lingered in the yard, watching the girl go about milking those cows in a strictly business-like way. Carefully, she cleaned away all dirt which might contaminate, and soon, under the pressure of the strong fingers the milk arose in foaming whiteness to the top of the pail. I talked "knowingly" of cows and milking, and was permitted to carry one of the full pails to the house.

The next morning the girl tripped lightly down stairs dressed in gray blouse and khaki suit, wrapped leggings and heavy shoes, with an old straw hat pressed well down over the ear puffs. She was ready for haying; and after breakfast she rode with her brother on the jolting rack out into the hayfield. At
the coming of the second load into the yard, I could not resist
the longing to go out with them and take a hand myself. It was
an inspiration to see the girl deftly stick her fork into a pile of
hay and easily lift it to the rack. Then when someone was
needed to stamp and build the rising load, freed from entangling
skirts, she performed that task well.

It was Saturday afternoon. The hay was all in, thank good-
ness, for there was a storm coming and the weather was cold.
The girl was busy finishing a dress, a dress which I learned by
questioning which had been "made over" by the girl herself.
Deftly and skilfully the not too delicate fingers folded and
stitched and fitted until the dress was complete. I saw it next
morning on the owner and it gracefully and neatly and amply
clothed the shapely figure of the girl.

Early Sunday morning the girl was busy with her books.
She was a teacher in the Sunday school, and she was preparing
her lesson. In due time I joined her, and we discussed the sub-
ject matter of the text. Our talk led to other topics in which the
girl was well versed. I brought up the subject of "boys." She
smiled in a way which would indicate that she was not keenly
interested. This, of course, was only subtle subterfuge: all girls
are interested in boys.

"I suppose I'll see the boys this evening?" I ventured.
"Oh, yes, some of them come to meeting," she said.
"And then they come here?"
She just smiled, and dipped again into her book.
I would not be put off so lightly, so I continued:
"I should think the parlor would be full of boys Sunday
evening—after meeting."
"Boy's don't like my kind," she replied without looking up.
"What do you mean?"
"I can't do the butterfly stunts."
"But you can do so many wonderful things."
"Wonderful?" She seemed to be really surprised, as she
closed her book. Which led to a real heart to heart talk, from
which I learned the girl's ideas of what an acceptable young
man should be: not necessarily brilliant nor rich, but first a true
Latter-day Saint, a good, clean, sensible fellow.

"And are there not plenty of such boys in the town?"
But before she could answer, we were called to prayers and
to breakfast. At the table I could not help looking admiringly
at her. I noticed that her face was somewhat irregular and not
beautiful after the doll-like pattern; but the face was one
through which the fair spirit could shine, unhindered by any
artificial coating!

There were a few minutes to spare before Sunday school
time, which were spent about the piano. The girl played without hesitancy any of the common songs, and her untrained voice had great possibilities.

I had an appointment at the meeting in the stake tabernacle. This building is one of the finest in the Church. A pipe organ adds to the excellency of the choir. The audience was large that day. The presiding officer announced the hymn, and then the organ pealed forth, clear and true. I had not noticed who was sitting at the keyboard. I turned and looked. It was the girl. She was the tabernacle organist.

The girl is not a creation of the imagination. She is real flesh and blood and spirit. I know her name and address. Is there not hope for Zion?

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A Letter from Home

I just got a letter from Utah,
"Twas written by dear old Dad;
He told me of the party,
He said that he and mother,
And the dandy time they had.
Had been to the "Lake" that day;
Said the stork had brought a boy
To the folks across the way.
He told me of the weather,
And said they'd had a rain;
He told me of his business,
And, too, of his monthly gain.
Wrote about my brothers' babes,
Of the childish pranks they play,
And a lot of other things
That were happening day by day.
He ended it by saying
"Our constant prayer's for thee,
And God will bless and keep you
If but you will faithful be."
I tell you, when you leave your folks,
And go far away to roam;
There's nothing brings such comfort,
As a note from "Home, Sweet Home."

The Hague, Holland

Leona C. Walton
An Angel Came Down.

Written for Sacred Song Service, "The Plan of Salvation."

Words by W. W. Phelps.

Music by Evan Stephens.

Moderato marcato.

1st and 2nd Tenor.

1. An angel came down from the mansions of glory, And
2. A heaven-ly treasure, a book full of merit, It
3. O listen, ye isles, and give ear every nation, For

1st and 2nd Bass.

told that a rec ord was hid in Cu mor ah,
speaks from the dust by the pow'r of the Spir it;
great things a wait you in this gen er a tion,

Cont a in ing our Savior's most glor i ous Gospel.—And
A voice from the Savior that Saints can re ly on, To
The kingdom of Je sus in Zi on shall flourish, The
AN ANGEL CAME DOWN

also the cov'nant to gather His people.
watch for the day when He brings again Zion.
righteous will gather, the wicked must perish.

O Israel! O Israel! in all your abidings, Prepare for your Lord, When you hear these glad tidings.

Name the Inference

The principal of a grade school at Long Beach, Calif., recently made this statement to his pupils: “In our family are nine brothers. Five of us are school teachers and have never used tobacco in any way. The other four all use tobacco. Two began it in grammar school, and never finished their grades. One began in high school, and did not finish his second year there. One did not begin smoking until his first year in college, and he did not finish his second year in college. The five of us who are teachers all graduated from grammar school, from high school and from college. All nine of us brothers had the same chance for schooling, and all enjoyed the same home privileges.”—Will H. Brown, Oakland, Calif.
How Theodore Seabring Made Restitution

By Everett Spring

Bessie Price paced up and down the long room restlessly. She had vacillated for thirty minutes between the mantel, where the gilt pendulum of the clock swung tediously behind its crystal casing, and the richly curtained windows, which looked out upon Connecticut avenue. She was waiting for her mother to return. It was insufferable to Bessie to wait in such uncertainty. At last, as she turned impatiently from the windows, the portieres parted and Mrs. Price appeared. She sent a fleeting smile at Bessie, and then dropped into the nearest chair. She was white and trembling, but Bessie did not notice that. She moved toward her swiftly.

“What happened?” she cried eagerly. “Have we got the money back?”

Mrs. Price put her frail, white hand gently on her daughter’s arm. Her soft, brown eyes were filled with trouble. This was hardest of all, that Bessie must be told. One could not prepare Bessie for disagreeable facts. She did not take them very well, but she must be told, but Mrs. Price faltered before she put the facts into words.


“We shall not get the money back,” said Mrs. Price, and her voice, though low, was firm.

“Not get the money back?” echoed Bessie incredulously. The color fled from her brilliant, young face and her eyes flashed imperiously. Then she spoke in a dull, muffled voice.

“Poor; we’re poor! It means we’ll have to give up this house, live in a stuffy little flat; no automobiles, no money for new clothes or theaters or travel. Poor.”

“But we’ll still be happy, Bessie. We’ve got each other. We can make a home out of even a little flat.” The mother’s eyes and voice pleaded for reassurance from the girl, and her slender fingers closed lovingly over her outstretched palm.

Bessie, half unconscious of the light touch, brushed her hand aside as she flung back both arms in a fierce gesture. “Oh, why did father leave all our money for Theodore Van Emmons to manage? He might have known.”
“Mr. Van Emmons was an old business and social friend of your father’s, Bessie. There was no one in whom he felt he could place greater confidence. He spoke of it the night before he died—in his last conscious moments. He had talked it over with me before.”

“You knew it, then, before father died?” Bessie turned half accusingly toward her mother.

“Yes, of course.”

“Oh, it’s all too hideous,” the girl burst out fiercely. “It does seem as if father might have known enough to pick out an honest man as administrator of his estate.”

“My poor Bessie!” Mrs. Price’s eyes grew dim. Her delicate, wan face showed no self-concern; all her feeling was for the girl and the way in which this terrible catastrophe would affect her. She had not remembered the changes which this sudden fading of a fortune would make in her own habits of a life-time. It was harder for Bessie; she was young and beautiful; it was right that she should never know money troubles. Her hand sought Bessie’s again in silent consolation; but the girl held her face averted and bit her scarlet lips to keep back her tears. Somehow, her mother seemed to share the blame of her father’s ill judgment.

They did not look alike, this mother and daughter. The girl, in her mature, young womanhood, was of medium height, and finely built, with brilliant coloring and assured bearing; the mother, softly tinted and slender, with eyes and lips that might be merry if not so sad.

“This morning it was agreed,” began Bessie suddenly, “that Van Emmons’ friends would refund the money. What has happened? Have they backed out?”

“No, they were still willing to do so till—till the disclosure came this afternoon. We had met the judge, and he agreed to it, provided Mr. Van Emmons’ past record was clear. That seemed a mere formality; everybody knew of his position socially and financially. Oh, Bessie, I was so happy, then; the money was almost back into my hands; all this dreadful worry over—”

“And then?” prompted Bessie impatiently.

Mrs. Price wound her slender, white fingers closely together. “And then, just at the point of recovery, the dreadful disclosure came; it was not his first offense.”

“What!” exclaimed Bessie breathlessly.

“Fifteen years ago he did the same thing; he had charge of trust funds and misappropriated them. A friend refunded all the money. He took an oath never to handle trust funds again, and was released. The matter was hushed up; your father
never knew it; nobody heard of it but the people concerned, and this friend."

The girl sprang to her feet fiercely. "Father should have known it! He should have known everything about the man he made his trustee!" She buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Price bent over her, her pale face lovely in its yearning. An artist might have given half his fortune for the power to transfer to his canvas the sweetness of her eyes and lips, and ventured all his hope of immortality in a portrait of her as the modern Madonna of loving sacrifice. But Bessie did not look at her mother. When she lifted her face, her eyes were hard and bright and her voice was even.

"Theodore Seabring was here this afternoon. I sent him away. He's coming back later. I think he meant to ask me to marry him. If he does, I shall say, yes."

Mrs. Price's eyelids fell and hid the amazement that leaped into her soft brown eyes. She dropped into the nearest chair with a little smothered exclamation. It might have been the exhaustion of the afternoon's ordeal conquering her self-control, or the too fragrant warmth of the big room, with its many flowers and crackling wood fire. Bessie did not notice. She was staring hard at the flames on the hearth.

"He is much older than you, Bessie," said Mrs. Price at last.

"Yes," returned Bessie indifferently; "two years older than you are. But he's rich and he's generous. And I am not willing to be poor."

"Then you think he loves you?" Mrs. Price's voice was very low.

"Why should he come here so much if he doesn't?" queried Bessie with a little laugh of assurance. "Wherever we've been this winter, he's appeared on the scene, by magic. It isn't all chance, mother. You can't expect me to believe that. And then, this afternoon, the first thing he asked was if you were out; he wanted to make sure I was alone."

"Yes," said Mrs. Price quietly.

"I sent him away. I knew what was coming, but I didn't want to answer him till I knew how this thing was to come out. I told him to come back later." Bessie's voice was hard. "Now we know, and my mind is settled."

"You'll take him now because we're poor?"

"Yes."

"No pride, Bessie?"

"Pride is a luxury which poor people can't afford," returned the girl.

Mrs. Price's cheeks flamed, and a sudden scorn conquered
the gentleness of her voice. "You'll accept him now, when symp-
athy or pity may make him speak? I would not."

"Fortunately, it isn't you he wants to marry," said Bessie
dryly. There was silence in the room till the sound of a dis-
tant ringing bell roused the girl's attention.

"It's Mr. Seabring!" she exclaimed. "He's come now."

Mrs. Price arose, her slender, black-robed figure showed
short and frail against the splendid lines of Bessie's youth. But
there was disdain in her gentle eyes and an immeasurable dig-
nity in her motions as she crossed the room.

"I'll go, Bessie. He will wish to see you alone."

"No, stay!" the girl cried. "He'll have to know about this;
I want you to tell him."

II.
The shadows deepened in Mrs. Price's brown eyes and her
lips quivered. Then she sat down again, and they waited till a
maid announced Mr. Seabring. He was a tall, sparely built man
in the middle forties, carrying with him a sense of outdoor fresh-
ness and unaggressive independence. He greeted Bessie warmly,
with a gay compliment and admiring eyes. Then he came across
the room and held out his hand quietly to the mother.

"You're not well!" he exclaimed with quick concern.

"Just a little tired," she acknowledged, summoning a bright
cheerfulness to her eyes and voice.

"I'm going to presume upon my position as a friend of the
family to demand the reason," he declared, taking the chair
which Bessie motioned to him by her side. His eyes, of a
pleasant gray, rested kindly on Mrs. Price. "What have you
been doing to yourself?"

"Mother has had a most trying afternoon," began Bessie,
in her clear, colorless voice.

And then, after a slight pause, Mrs. Price girded herself to
her task. "We have been in great trouble lately."

"Why haven't I known it?" asked Mr. Seabring warmly.
"You should have told me at once."

"It is for Bessie that it is harder. We have lost our fortune,
Mr. Seabring. The last hope went this afternoon."

"Tell me everything," he said quietly.

"The old story," she continued, smiling faintly; "trust funds
misappropriated; absolute confidence suddenly, ruthlessly
shaken, and then, the revelation, and the money irrevocably
gone."

"Has he taken much?" demanded Seabring.

"Practically everything." 

"Outrageous!" His hand clenched in involuntary anger
against the unknown defaulter. "Has the fellow nothing? Is there no way of recovery?"

"The last hope went this afternoon," answered Mrs. Price. "Friends of the man were willing to make up the deficit and refund the money. They stood by him loyally; were ready to do anything to save him, and then—"

"Then?" queried Seabring sharply.

"They discovered it was not his first offense. He has held an enviable position in the community, respected and trusted by every one; but fifteen years ago he stole from the funds of another estate. A friend, he seems never to have lacked friends, stood by him, refunded all the money, and saved him from public disgrace. He was let off under oath that he would never again accept such a position of responsibility." She smiled bravely. "It's rather unfortunate for us. You see, we thought we were the first ones; that we should get our money back. Just at the last moment this all came out. His friends were aghast at the discovery and withdrew their offer. The judge refused to consider leniency a second time."

Mrs. Page did not look up as she told her little story; her slender hands were folded in her lap, and her eyes rested quietly upon them. Seabring's face was grave and deep lines stood out about his mouth.

"The man's name?" he demanded sharply.

"Theodore Van Emmons," she replied, without lifting her eyes.

Seabring sprang to his feet. "My God!" he cried passionately.

He came and stood in front of her chair. "You know?" he asked, in a thin voice.

Mrs. Price lifted her eyes, and they rested an instant on his, clear and gentle and tender. "Yes, I know," she said simply. "What do you know?" demanded Bessie, in amazement. "You have not told her?" asked Seabring, astonished.

"No."

Seabring's eyes grew tender as they met hers. Then he turned quickly to the impatient girl.

"It means, Bessie, that I was the man who covered up Theodore Van Emmon's theft fifteen years ago, refunded the money, and kept his reputation clear."

For an instant Bessie stared at him; then the vivid color spread over her animated face. "What right had you to conceal his crime?" she cried passionately. "What right had you to turn him loose to steal from innocent people, to take the money that belongs to mother and me? You've made us poor. It's all your fault that this has happened."

"It is my fault," said Seabring humbly.
Mrs. Price bent her head upon her hand. The room was reeling before her tired eyes. Something roared dully in her ears—poverty, poverty for Bessie.” But Bessie was young and beautiful; Seabring loved her; Bessie would not be poor.

III.

Bessie was standing erect, defiant and angry; her bright eyes were hard as they rested on Seabring’s white face and remorseful eyes.

“You’ve made us poor,” she repeated bitterly. “My father would never have made that man his trustee if you hadn’t shielded him from justice.”

“It is my fault,” said Seabring quietly; “but I should like to tell you why I did it. I loved that man; we grew up together and were close friends. When he went wrong, my one thought was to save him. He swore it was his misfortune rather than his crime, and I believed him. He promised me never again to accept such a position. I couldn’t let him sink, a young fellow with all his life before him. I couldn’t have his name blackened at the very start. I refunded the money. I thought I had saved him.”

“What right had you to be the judge?” cried Bessie in low-voiced passion. “You’ve ruined our lives, perhaps others, through your arrogance. I hate you. Oh, I hate you.”

“Stop, Bessie!” cried Mrs. Price, with flaming eyes. Her slender body was trembling with emotion and two crimson spots flared in her cheeks. The girl fell back instinctively, abashed. “Oh, I’m ashamed of you. How dare you speak like that to Mr. Seabring? You were willing, and I was willing, to let these other men refund the money that Van Emmons took from us. We were eager to get it back in any way we could. What thought had we of others whom it might imperil if he was saved? We’ve no right to criticize. We thought only of saving our fortune—she turned impulsively to Seabring—you thought of saving a friend.”

A well of gratitude shone from Seabring’s eyes. He turned and clasped her hand almost lovingly. “That’s like your dear reasoning, Ruth. You’re all that’s sweet and tender and forgiving. But Bessie’s right. I did do wrong. I was arrogant in my interference. God grant no other lives have been ruined through my action. I thought he’d keep straight. I’ve been away for many years and have not seen him. I never dreamed he had charge of your affairs. That he should make you—you of all people—his victims. Forgive me, if you can.”

“You’re not to blame,” said Mrs. Price, firmly.

He held her hand fast in his, and then he looked across at
Bessie. "I came here this afternoon to ask a question. You'll both believe me when I tell you that—you've known what's brought me here so much this winter."

He paused an instant. Bessie's passion, subsiding, left her half unconscious of the bitter things she might have said in her anger. It would all come out well. Seabring was rich; they would have money. She had been foolish to lose her temper as she had. But she knelt her brows in growing anger as her mother's voice, quiet and gentle, broke in.

"Don't say what you mean to, Theodore," she said quietly. "You're good and generous. We appreciate your sympathy, but we can't accept your money."

Bessie's eyes flashed in anger at the chance her mother would let slip. "It isn't Theodore's money he's offering, mother. It's himself," she interrupted.

"Bessie's right again," said Seabring gravely. "It's myself. Will you take me, Ruth?"

And then, while Mrs. Price lifted amazed eyes and Bessie's face grew white, Seabring bent with unmistakable passion over the frail, slender woman and breathlessly waited for her answer.

"But Bessie!" gasped Mrs. Price in dismay.

"Bessie hates me for what I did," said Seabring, not taking his eyes from her face. "And you, Ruth?"

"I—I love you for it," whispered Mrs. Price.

And with that he gathered her in his arms.

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Sunbeams

Be sure to gather up the sunbeams,
    That's strewn along your way;
For they were put there just to bless you;
    And help you on your way.
While walking in the slippery pathway
    Of life, we're apt to fall;
We need those shining little sunbeams,
    To help us, one and all.

How blessed are those little sunbeams,
    Each day they bring a ray,
And when life seems so dark and dreary,
    They drive all cares away.

Joseco, Nevada

Matilda Mathews
Religion of Body and Mind

By Dr. Elmer G. Petersen, President Utah Agricultural College

Many people desire only a "nice" religion, a religion which will not interfere with their whims and pleasures. They enjoy such a religion much as deliberately childless women enjoy a lap dog which they bathe, perfume, beribbon, and fondle. They resent child bearing and child rearing because of the discomfort which they entail. Likewise they resent a religion which says what they should eat and drink, how in a measure they should clothe their bodies, how they should employ their time and what shall, within reason, be their social standard. Furthermore they resent conformity to the established good attributes of family conduct. Many prefer a religion which does not interfere with their taking fully out of life its passing pleasures of body and mind. They wish to indulge the senses during the week and then coat over with a semblance of sanctimony the affairs of the week by a formal saintliness on Sunday. Much as they bathe the body of its accumulated excreta so they desire to spiritually and morally bathe themselves.

A religion which does not impose restraints on appetite, on last, and on the social indulgences appeals to them. How vain it is! A religion which does not go down to bed rock in the primitive personal qualities is a religion of evasion. Christ spoke clearly on many subjects and on none more strongly than this. The formal saintliness of the Pharisee he abhorred. The man or woman who embodied faith, charity, or brotherly love he sanctified. "They draw near to me with their lips but their hearts are far from me," expressed his opinion of those who were not inwardly clean. How impossible it is to make of religion a candy diet. Its principles exact a personal, bodily and mental allegiance, or they are worthless.

Christ was crucified because he embodied righteousness and he denounced evil. The world today is little improved in many things over the world of 1900 years ago. Christ would be a very unwelcome visitor to the earth today. His doctrine would be resented and he would be crucified again, because he would not condone evil. He would denounce hypocrites and he would impose right living upon those who would prefer only to profess righteousness. He would interfere with the comforts of men and women and they would drive him out, because, still
much as do swine, we wallow in the swill and filth of mere physical and mental indulgence. Take from us these indulgences and we growl as do animals.

To do right fully is not possible for humans. To try to do right is the opportunity of every one. To cease to try to do right is to surrender to evil. To do wrong deliberately and constantly without attempt at restraint is to serve hell. To love to do evil constantly is to be an acknowledged worker against Christ. It is a valiant act to take upon us the obligation to continually try to do works of righteousness. To serve the Master is the task difficult beyond all else. We shall be judged, I presume, not upon the possibility of a perfect achievement but upon the consistency of our effort.

Too many believe that righteousness is a sickly, sentimental thing with its own particular garment of solemnity and sadness. Too many believe that Christ, and those who try to follow him, are anaemic, sallow, mournful. Quite the contrary, righteousness is robust, virtue is strong. Cheerfulness is an outstanding attribute of Christianity. To be sure it is a joyousness based upon refinement rather than upon coarseness. It is the pleasure which comes from exquisite violin music, as opposed to the vulgarity of jazz. It does not include mere bestial pleasure, although a higher physical enjoyment it does include.

It is a long and hard road to travel from the enjoyment of the man who makes of his body and mind a mere receptacle for easy filth, whether of food or thought, to the satisfaction based upon refinement of body and mind. To put the lash on one's back and go along this road constantly is to court the only real and lasting satisfaction of life. To have achieved in this is to have been exalted to the degree of achievement. Our satisfaction is commensurate with our effort. Nothing else in life is worth while. How pitiful the spectacle of the young or old who surrender to the easy ways of living. To the man who refuses to give up in the world-fight for supremacy over indulgence, the real joys of life are always at hand.

Here is the essence of religion. If we can but cleanse ourselves and strengthen the fibre of which we are made we become at once fit instruments for the action of every agency of good. Then begins upward our greater battle of achievement. After accomplishing inward cleanliness and moral strength we go on to the great conquest which awaits us in the realm of the spirit of man.

Logan, Utah
Dawn

By Harrison R. Merrill

Dawn!
Glowing with promise,
Smiling, serene,
Backed by thin sunlight
Thy beauties are seen;
Flecked with the white-caps
Of God's azure sea
Flung from the headlands
In dim witchery!
Dawn!
How his glory
Shines through the thin veil
And haloes each mountain
And hallows each vale!

And Haloes Each Mountain and Hallows Each Vale
Consider the Lilies

By A. C. A. Dean Hewer

Thank you for awaking me, said a lily, among mignonette, to the sunshine. I have slept a long sleep, and I have had a beautiful dream. You remember how dissatisfied I was last year, because I was not a rose? Everyone called the rose queen of flowers. One day I heard a sweet girl saying—"Oh, I do love roses! They are most beautiful!" She did not look at me; yet I loved her more than I could say.

I was very sad as I went to sleep. Presently I began to dream,—at first it was only confusion, but as I dreamt on I heard a voice, saying—

"Consider the lilies."

Ah! dear sunshine, I cannot tell you how sweet and soft that voice was as it said those words.

"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," the gentle voice went on ("Arrayed!" but I was only white.)

Still, somehow, as I listened all my sadness fell away, and a great joy filled my heart instead.

Then a beautiful picture passed before my sight.

In a lovely garden filled with odors of rare, sweet spices, I saw one walking among beds of flowers; and as he satisfied his hunger, I saw that he gathered lilies until his hands were filled with the white blossoms. On a purple band fastened over one shoulder and tied beneath the arm on the other side, I could see embroidered in scarlet and blue, with gold bells along the edges, these words: "I am the lily of the valleys."

The colors were royal to show who he was, I suppose; for he, himself, had praised the simple clothing of the lilies of the field.

As he passed by I saw his eyes were lit with a light too divine for any one to gaze upon.

I heard his voice again, as he spoke to one who walked at his side: "And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."

He gave the snow-white lilies he held in his hands, to her, and said in accents tenderer and sweeter far than any I had ever heard: "Consider the lilies."

Then I saw they were no longer flowers; but the pure, white souls of saints.

Sunshine! dear, warm sunshine, do you wonder that I said
my dream was beautiful, and that I say, I am very glad I am a lily? The roses are lovely indeed, but I am content.

The sun shone under the bent boughs of the old apple tree to show that it had listened to what the lily said, and then smiled serenely over all the garden in a flood of springtime love.

The brown bees hummed among the flowers in drowsy, sweet content; and the mignonette near the lilies perfumed all the air with its fragrant breath.

Then I prayed that I, too, might be a lily, so that he could gather me from among the scents and spices, when he walked at evening in his garden, which is also the garden of God.

Hobart, Tasmania

Lop-Sided Appropriations

By Will H. Brown

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, formerly Government Chemist, deserves the thanks of all thoughtful and loyal citizens for these words: "If the same agricultural care were given to food crops that tobacco demands, the yield per acre of foodstuffs in this country would be three times as large as it is today."

The Government has spent tens of thousands of dollars in experiments in tobacco culture, and also for instruction along this line in some of the great Universities—money far worse than wasted. So much official attention has been given to tobacco that many farmers have resorted to tobacco raising as their principal crop. Discussing the injury which has resulted from this, L. R. Keel, in the Southern Agriculturist says: "The farm rotation must be complete without it: there must be plenty of other good things to do with the land besides putting it into tobacco, and the farm must be able to run and meet its obligations without the income from tobacco. The tobacco money must not be a necessity to pay our taxes, fertilizer bill, feed and food bills and essential labor."

The United States Government appropriated $280,000, in 1920, for the National Children's Bureau, and in 1919 appropriated $446,000 for the eradication of hog cholera. If cholera or any other disease injured one-tenth as many hogs or other four-footed creatures as tobacco is injuring boys and men, there would be such an uprising of farmers that the Government would be compelled to spend millions, if necessary, to check the ravages of the disease. It is high time that sane Americans were putting a greater valuation upon our boys and men than upon hogs.

Oakland, Calif.
Close of Volume Twenty-four

With the November number the Improvement Era enters its 25th year, this number closing the 24th volume. We thank our patrons for their interest in the magazine, and solicit a renewal from all our subscribers, and trust that many additional subscribers may be added to our family of readers. We extend our thanks to the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. whose faithful labor has enabled us to increase our circulation steadily. Without their efficient help it would not be possible to print a magazine like the Era for the price of $2.00 per annum. We ask them to continue their valuable services in soliciting readers for the Era, so that every family throughout the Church may be visited and invited to subscribe. In this number there is a blank order on the 4th page of the announcement of the new volume, upon which we invite each present reader to renew his subscription without further solicitation. A personal letter, however, is sent in addition. As in the past, we can promise excellent subject-matter, consisting of sermons, doctrinal essays and literary articles, the best that can be had from a corps of leading men and women of the Church. Attention will specially be paid, in the departments, to the Priesthood Quorums and their labor and study, to Mutual Improvement work, to Church schools and education, and to missionaries in the missionary field and at home. Good stories will also appear; and, on the whole, we promise every member of the family a wealth of faith-promoting and interesting reading. With thanks to all who have aided us in any way, we enter upon the quarter-century year of the Improvement Era with full faith and confidence in the success of our efforts, and with thanks and blessings to those who have so nobly aided us.

A Standard of Action for the Lesser Priesthood

It is the love of God and man, as declared by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, * * * and thy neighbor as thyself." (Matthew 22:37.)

These commandments are reiterated to the Prophet Joseph Smith in our own day, in these words:
“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy might, mind, and strength; and in the name of Jesus Christ thou shalt serve him. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” (Doctrine and Covenants 59:5-6.)

In order that we may put these commandments into practice, we will try to

Think and act a loving thought each day.

And that we may fit this instruction into our characters, we will try to cultivate in our daily actions the love which Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, so beautifully analyzed (I Cor. 13:4-6):

(1) Love suffereth long, (2) and is kind; (3) love envieth not; (4) love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.
(5) Doth not behave itself unseemly, (6) seeketh not her own, (7) is not easily provoked, (8) thinketh no evil;
(9) Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.

From this analysis the following elements of love long since have been deduced:


From these spring a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues which all may practice daily. So shall we learn to love God and our fellow men with all our hearts, souls, minds, and strength. Further analysis may be made from month to month in the Era to aid the young men bearing the Priesthood to put into practice these wonderful elements of love. Let it not be said that love is effeminate and impractical of application to the ordinary daily life. These nine ingredients of love are very capable of being turned to account in any person's daily acts. By these he would be brought much closer to the first and second great commandments upon which "hang all the law and the prophets." And the nearer one is to them the better citizen, neighbor, man, and Latter-day Saint he will be. Let us try how to practice patience to start with.—A.

Instructions to Bishops and Counselors

The Presiding Bishopric of the Church have issued circular number thirteen, giving instructions to bishops and counselors, and stake and ward clerks in the Church, intended to aid these officers in transacting the business of the Church within their jurisdiction. The circular is sent out with a hope that those having business with the Presiding Bishopric will become familiar with the instructions, and further that the Presiding Bishopric will have the faithful cooperation and assistance of the stake and ward authorities.
One of the valuable instructions relating to ward teachers is that they are advised that all who are called to labor as acting teachers are requested to attend the teacher-training class in the ward.

Another instruction relates to candidates prepared to receive the Aaronic Priesthood. Their names should be submitted to the congregation of the Saints for approval, and the ordination should take place before the body of the Saints at some stated period, preferably once a month.

A very interesting feature relating to the foreign missionaries, their departure and return, reads as follows:

When persons are sent on missions it is a pleasing custom to hold a ward entertainment for them. This is a general practice. When they come back, having completed a noble mission, it would be a deserved mark of respect to give them a public reception to show our joy at their return, and let them know their coming home is as greatly appreciated as their going away.

We think this is a step in the right direction. Certainly when missionaries return to their homes, full of faith and the spirit of the gospel, having labored from two to four years in the mission field in behalf of the great cause for which we are all striving, their return home should not be left unnoticed as has often been the case. Generally when they leave they are given an entertainment and often means to aid them in their journey. On their return it is to be hoped that every ward will pay as much attention to them, as they did on their going into the mission field, and, furthermore, place them where they may have some work to do, both temporal and spiritual.

On the whole, the pamphlet, containing some 72 pages of matter, with an index, is of great value to the authorities of the wards, and will be found a worthy aid in producing concerted action, unity and harmony, in the labors of the priesthood.—A

Messages from the Missions

New Meeting House in Australia

Elder Milton B. Jensen, writing from Melbourne, Australia, August 1, says: "We are to have a meetinghouse in Melbourne, the capital of Australia. It has three-quarters of a million population and a multitude of churches. The Latter-day Saints are to erect this meetinghouse, and have already 300 feet of concrete foundation on a $3,000 building site in East Melbourne. This may not mean much to the casual reader, but to the people here it means a great deal, and is a partial fulfilment of the dream of the Saints who have watched and worked for the establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints upon a permanent basis in the city of Melbourne. Besides, it represents the hopes of other scores of elders who have labored in this Conference during the past quarter of a century. In November, 1919, a benefit concert was given under direction of President Calvin B. Robbins, resulting in the obtaining of $100 as a nest egg in the treasury."
In December of that year a building committee was organized consisting of Conference President M. B. Jensen, chairman; Raymond Kneale, Secretary; Ernest Burness, John Caley and Arthur Butler. Numerous entertainments have since been held for the benefit of the fund. The elders and friends have donated both time and money, and the Church authorities in Zion have been very generous in rendering assistance. Besides, we have just received a substantial sum from the Australian Society comprising Australian Saints of Zion and elders who have labored in the Australian mission. Architect Leonard F. Hocking, though not a member of the Church, has drawn the plan for us and assisted in the numerous difficulties which have arisen, and besides, stands ready to donate his service as overseer of the building. The work has taken on new life and activity since the recent grant of the Government permitting the entrance of twenty-four missionaries into the Commonwealth. A Relief Society has been organized in Melbourne. The elders are being received with kindness and respect, and frequently the acceptance of the gospel is a result; and many are waiting for the truth of the gospel and salvation as offered by the Latter-day Saints. Five elders are laboring in Melbourne at present, and we are praying for the removal of the restrictions that limit the number of elders in Australia."

Successful Branch Conference in Virginia

President John B. Magleby of the Virginia conference, Southern States mission, writes that the Saints and missionaries of the Haron branch recently enjoyed the best branch conference ever held there. Large numbers attended all sessions. Many of the Saints from Roanoke and Boonsville branches were present. President John B. Magleby presided and conducted the meeting on Saturday evening. Three meetings were held during Sunday, also a Priesthood meeting, on Monday morning. A feature of
the conference was the beautiful singing and music. In the third session Sisters Ruth and Rachael Henderson and Ruby Wade sang "Love at Home" accompanied by Sister Mamie Goins on the violin. Elders Magleby, Sant, and Wood sang "Arise, my soul, arise." Several thoughtful addresses were delivered by the elders on principles of the gospel, which were inspirations to all who attended. Many new homes churches, and school houses, are being opened to the elders. Seventy-five baptisms have been performed since May 1 in Virginia. Elders of the Virginia conference, left to right: Walter B. Waldron, Morgan; James I. Batty, Wallsburg; Allan G. Wood, Salt Lake City; Raymond H. Ward, Ogden; John B. Magleby, Monroe, Conference President; and Dewey Sanford, Delta, all of Utah.

Mission Conference presidents, missionaries and Saints at the Presidents' convention, held July 9-11, 1921, at Durham House, Liverpool. Center row: Thos. M. Wheeler, secretary European mission; Sister Lillywhite, John P. Lillywhite, president Netherland's mission; Sister Smith, President

George Albert Smith, President Orson F. Whitney, Sister Whitney, Carl E. Peterson, president Danish mission; Serge T. Ballif, president Swiss and German mission; Elder Junius F. Wells, Elder William A. Morton, and Conference presidents, missionaries and Saints.
Melvin Freebairn, Los Angeles, California, writes under date of August 15: "My missionary experience has taught me the value of the Improvement Era, and I place it above any other current publication in assisting us to preach the gospel in the mission field. I had the opportunity some evenings ago of preaching the gospel to the famous pianist Jaroslaw de Zielinski. He became very much interested in the Era, a copy of which I left with him. Since last April, Elder Wayne C. Gardner and I have held Sunday School and preaching services regularly in Hollywood, California. We have over seventy-eight families in this district."

Doings in the Northern States Mission


The Wisconsin Conference June 18-19, was the big event of the month for the Saints and missionaries of Wisconsin, and was one of the best quarterly conferences held in years. There was a large attendance of members from all parts of the state, as well as many interested friends and investigators. Three meetings were held in Milwaukee, and a fourth meeting was held in Racine. Prominent among those who spoke at the different sessions were President W. F. Smith, President Heber Q. Hale, of the Boise stake of Zion, and Nicholas G. Morgan of the Church Board of
Y. M. M. I. A. The scouts of Troop 10, Logan Square Branch, Chicago, spent the period, July 25 to August 6, at Camp Checaugau, which is a large Boy Scout camp located in the Deer Grove Forest Preserve near Palatine, Illinois. There are only thirteen boys in the troop, but every one is alive and great interest is shown in scouting. Of the nine boys who went to camp as Tenderfoot scouts, seven of them successfully passed their Second Class tests. Honors were won by several of the boys individually; and the flag shown in the picture was awarded to them at the last inspection before leaving camp for having the highest score. Interest among the boys is keen, and the prospects are bright for much good leader; Whitney Smith, patrol leader; Albert Bristricky; Elder H. Harries Lloyd, scoutmaster. 

**Baptisms in Samoa**

A. L. Huntsman, of the Samoan Mission, reports a very successful baptismal service, held July 24, at Pesega, at which six people were baptized by Elder Huntsman. He says: "We have organized a new branch in Matootua, the residential part of Samoa's business men, and near the Government hospital. Three of the new converts were of this branch, and they were Ma'atuse, a very prominent clerk of the High Court; Talu, his sister; and Talassa. The confirmation was performed in the afternoon. Some 120 Saints and investigators were in attendance at the meeting and were greatly impressed with the simplicity of our mode of confirmation. We are encouraged with the prospects of this branch—to be one of Samoa's best, owing to the prominence of its members and the sincerity which now exists. The native Saints are very true to the gospel and we are very proud to employ their diligence."

**Mission to Palestine**

Professor Booth, of the Brigham Young University, has been released from school duties and is to go on a mission to Asia Minor, including Palestine, where there is now religious freedom.

**Mutual Work Thriving in Illinois**

Elder Oliver Hansen writing from Springfield, Illinois, reports success in the labors of the missionaries in that branch achieved through diligent and consistent effort. "Our Mutual work is thriving under the leadership of our branch officers. We think the Era is an efficient missionary. In placing the gospel before investigators, we find that the Improvement Era stimulates the desire to read our other literature. It furnishes us with food for thought, and we thank you for the work you are doing and for
the magazine." Missionaries: Standing, left to right: Joseph E. Tracy, Oliver Hansen, presiding elder; Selma Lee, President Oswald L. Pearson, South Illinois conference; Hilda Knudsen.

Sixteen Baptisms in Manchester

Elder George H. Hansen, Manchester, England, reports that the missionary work is progressing well in the Manchester Conference. There have been nineteen baptisms since January 1. Missionaries of the Man-

chester Conference are as follows: Top row, left to right; F. N. Nish, Garland; Glen A. Finlayson, Provo; Alex Criddle, Kaysville; Leo V. Worsley, Centerville, Utah; C. W. Fossey, Alberta, Canada; Bottom row: Luke Briggs, Rexburg; John A. Donaldson, Salt Lake City; Claudius W. Hinckley, Ogden; Conference President George H. Hansen, Richfield, Utah.
Work for October

To stake and ward officers Y. M. M. I. A.: The following are the most important items for immediate consideration in October:

1. Careful checking on instructions given at annual conventions to see if the wards are observing them.

2. The opening social. (See folder on "Special Activities" for suggestions.) A good start means a great deal towards the success of the season's work. Many associations use this social in which to obtain the annual fund.

3. Organization and membership. See that stake and ward organizations are complete and ready for work, and that effort is made to get and hold present membership. Increase it just a bit over last year, in some wards very materially. The Church average was 11.16 last year. Let's make our enrollment at least twelve percent of the Church population this year in each ward and stake of the Church, more if possible.

4. Order Manuals. Check with the wards and let presidents order senior and junior manuals at once. Price 25c each. (Senior, or Junior.)

5. See that each ward is supplied with efficiency blanks and that each ward shall report promptly by the end of each month. Of course, we shall expect a prompt report from each stake no later than the 10th of November covering the October study and activities.

6. Check on the preparation of class leaders, and their attendance at teacher-training class.

Changes in ward officers, August, 1921.—New Bishops, etc.—Panaca ward, Moapa stake, F. E. Wadsworth succeeded Wm. H. Edwards, address same. Lanark ward, Bear Lake stake, Frederick W. Passey died and none appointed. Sandy First ward, Jordan stake, August M. Nelson succeeded Alva J. Butler, address same. Riverton ward, Jordan stake, David Bills succeeded Gordon S. Bills, address same. Richfield First ward, Sevier stake, Frank M. Ogden succeeded Nels C. Poulson, address same. Kilgore ward, Yellowstone stake, A. F. Rasmussen succeeded Deloss C. Waters, address same. Provo Third ward, Utah stake, George Powelson succeeded Thatcher C. Jones, address same. Milford ward, Beaver stake, Edward H. Bird succeeded William J. Burns, address same. Churchill branch, Cassia stake, John H. Hill, address Churchill, Idaho. Rockport ward, Summit stake, Robert Siddoway died and none appointed. Fielding ward, Bear River stake, John Garn succeeded Ole Petersen, address same. Leland ward, Nebo stake, Stephen D. Markham succeeded Lars P. Larsen, address same.
A Disastrous Flood swept over part of San Antonio, Texas, Sept. 11. The dead and missing are estimated at 250, and the loss of property is said to be no less than $5,000,000.

Members of the Russian relief commission were arrested, August 30, by the soviet government. They were charged with fomenting revolution against the government. Maxim Gorky was the leading spirit in the commission.

One hundred and thirty-three years is the age claimed by "Uncle" John Shell, whose home is on Grassy Creek, Leslie Co., Kentucky. He says he was born in 1788. If his claim can be substantiated, he has the distinction, probably, of being the oldest man living.

The Twelfth-Thirteenth ward chapel, Salt Lake City, was dedicated at the regular ward services, Sept. 11. President Charles W. Penrose delivered an impressive sermon, dwelling principally on the doctrine of resurrection and life hereafter, and then he offered the dedicatory prayer.

Serious riots in Belfast occurred on August 29 and 30. In the fighting that took place in the streets between civilians and the military, fifteen persons were killed and about 100 injured. As a result of representations of the Lord Mayor as to the necessity of affording protection to the city, the military assumed control of affairs.

Bounteous gifts for famine sufferers have reached the stricken districts in Russia from American sources. Word of the first shipment of food for children was received in New York, August 23, by the American relief administration, from Walker L. Browne, its European director in Riga. One thousand tons of balanced rations were shipped from Riga August 20, to the Petrograd district and 2500 tons to the Moscow district.

General Karl von Buelow, German field marshal, died at Berlin, August 31, at the age of 76 years. He was one of Germany's leading commanders during the war, and he was among the Germans whose surrender for trial was demanded by the treaty of Versailles. After his name was published, he declared that extradition was an ignominy to which "no German would voluntarily submit."

The vast estates of the Hapsburgs, situated in Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Poland, Rumania, and Italy and valued at $200,000,000 have been brought by an American syndicate of business men. The property includes the great steel works and mines in Teschen, partly in Czecho-Slovakia and partly in Poland; also other industries such as the dairies near Vienna's sugar plantations, factories, apartment houses, palaces and other private properties in Vienna, castles, about 1,000,000 acres of land, and the Albertina museum in Vienna.

The American delegates to the armament conference, appointed by President Harding, are, Charles Evan Hughes, secretary of state; Henry
Close of Volume Twenty-four

With the November number the Improvement Era enters its 25th year, this number closing the 24th volume. We thank our patrons for their interest in the magazine, and solicit a renewal from all our subscribers, and trust that many additional subscribers may be added to our family of readers. We extend our thanks to the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. whose faithful labor has enabled us to increase our circulation steadily. Without their efficient help it would not be possible to print a magazine like the Era for the price of $2.00 per annum. We ask them to continue their valuable services in soliciting readers for the Era, so that every family throughout the Church may be visited and invited to subscribe. In this number there is a blank order on the 4th page of the announcement of the new volume, upon which we invite each present reader to renew his subscription without further solicitation. A personal letter, however, is sent in addition. As in the past, we can promise excellent subject-matter, consisting of sermons, doctrinal essays and literary articles, the best that can be had from a corps of leading men and women of the Church. Attention will specially be paid, in the departments, to the Priesthood Quorums and their labor and study, to Mutual Improvement work, to Church schools and education, and to missionaries in the missionary field and at home. Good stories will also appear; and, on the whole, we promise every member of the family a wealth of faith-promoting and interesting reading. With thanks to all who have aided us in any way, we enter upon the quarter-century year of the Improvement Era with full faith and confidence in the success of our efforts, and with thanks and blessings to those who have so nobly aided us.

A Standard of Action for the Lesser Priesthood

It is the love of God and man, as declared by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, * * * and thy neighbor as thyself." (Matthew 22:37.)

These commandments are reiterated to the Prophet Joseph Smith in our own day, in these words:
"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy might, mind, and strength; and in the name of Jesus Christ thou shalt serve him. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (Doctrine and Covenants 59:5-6.)

In order that we may put these commandments into practice, we will try to

Think and act a loving thought each day.

And that we may fit this instruction into our characters, we will try to cultivate in our daily actions the love which Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, so beautifully analyzed (I Cor. 13:4-6):

(1) Love suffereth long, (2) and is kind; (3) love envieth not; (4) love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

(5) Doth not behave itself unseemly, (6) seeketh not her own, (7) is not easily provoked, (8) thinketh no evil;

(9) Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.

From this analysis the following elements of love long since have been deduced:


From these spring a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues which all may practice daily. So shall we learn to love God and our fellow men with all our hearts, souls, minds, and strength. Further analysis may be made from month to month in the Era to aid the young men bearing the Priesthood to put into practice these wonderful elements of love. Let it not be said that love is effeminate and impractical of application to the ordinary daily life. These nine ingredients of love are very capable of being turned to account in any person's daily acts. By these he would be brought much closer to the first and second great commandments upon which "hang all the law and the prophets." And the nearer one is to them the better citizen, neighbor, man, and Latter-day Saint he will be. Let us try how to practice patience to start with.—A.

Instructions to Bishops and Counselors

The Presiding Bishopric of the Church have issued circular number thirteen, giving instructions to bishops and counselors, and stake and ward clerks in the Church, intended to aid these officers in transacting the business of the Church within their jurisdiction. The circular is sent out with a hope that those having business with the Presiding Bishopric will become familiar with the instructions, and further that the Presiding Bishopric will have the faithful cooperation and assistance of the stake and ward authorities.
to organize. The situation has been aggravated by mutual antagonisms of long standing. On September 5, it was reported that quiet had been restored.

The M. I. A. a Live Organization in England

Elder C. Douglas Barnes, clerk of the Norwich Conference, England, writes under date of May 18: "This Conference is under the direction of William H. Wilson, and there are five other elders laboring in various parts of it. The photo shows the Y. L. M. I. A., one of the organizations carried on by the women during the war. It accomplished much in holding the branch together. The leaders did much of the missionary work during that critical period and succeeded in gathering many new friends, who are now investigating the gospel. The Mutual is one of the live auxiliaries of the Norwich Conference." Back row: Frank Wilkin, Hannah Crotch, Anna Wilkin, Arthur Crotch, Emma Howes. Center row: Ethel Wilkin; conference president William H. Wilkin, Edith Appleton, Mayble Moyses, May Wilkin, Elder C. Douglas Barnes, Elsie Wilmot. Front row: Frederick Tuttle, Edith Southgate, Beatrice P. Carey, Lily Crotch, Eva Wilkin, Rosa Wilkin, Herbert Browne.
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CONTENTS

Portrait of George Albert Smith .................................................. Frontispiece
George Albert Smith, Genl. Supt. Y. M. M. I. A. .......................... 1051
Why Fear Death? ........................................................................ 1053
Enthusiasm in Preaching ......................................................... Joseph S. Peery 1058
Qualifications in Leadership ....................................................... Brigham H. Roberts 1059
College Training for Business ..................................................... K. B. Sauls, B. S. 1065
Autumn. A Poem ........................................................................ 1067
Glimpses of Nature ................................................................. Wreno Bowers 1068
Fatherhood. A Poem ............................................................... Ida R. Allldridge 1069
Old Southpaw. A Story .......................................................... Orville S. Johnson 1070
Entertaining the Farmers of an Entire State, Illustrated .............. D. E. Robinson 1077
A Record of the Mighty Dead on this Continent to be Preserved ........................................................................ 1084
Alphabet of Suggestive Definitions .............................................. James D. Todd 1085
The End of the Feud. A Story ..................................................... Elizabeth Cannon Porter 1086
Don’t Give Up. A Poem ............................................................ Francis M. Shafer 1088
Conversion ................................................................................. Prof. Enoch Jorgensen 1089
Eden. A Poem ............................................................................. A. C. A. Dean Hewer 1092
Boy Scouts on the Way to Yellowstone. Illustration ...................... 1096
SOURCES OF JOY AND FACTORS OF HAPPINESS IV-VI .......... Dr George H. Brimhall 1094
My Daddy Rainbow. A Poem ..................................................... D. C. Retsloff 1095
The Girl ..................................................................................... Nephi Anderson 1095
A Letter from Home. A Poem .................................................... Leon C. Walton 1096
An Angel Came Down. Hymn, with Music ................................. Evan Stephens 1096
Name the Inference ................................................................... Will H. Brown 1077
How Theodore Seabring Made Restitution. A Story ...................... Everett Spring 1106
Sunbeams. A Poem ................................................................. Matilda Mathews 1114
Religion of Body and Mind ....................................................... Dr. Elmer G. Petersen 1115
Dawn. A Poem .......................................................................... Harrison R. Merrill 1117
Consider the Lilies .................................................................... A. C. A. Dean Hewer 1118
Lop-Sided Appropriations ......................................................... Will H. Brown 1119
Editors’ Table—Close of Volume Twenty-Four ............................
A Standard of Action for the Lesser Priesthood ........................ 1120
Instructions to Bishops and Counselors .................................... 1121
Messages from the Missions ...................................................... 1122
Mutual Work ............................................................................. 1128
Passing Events .......................................................................... 1129
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