

VISION



A TOUR OF FAMOUS AMERICAN HOMES

By Mrs. Wallace R. Carter

IN THE DAYS OF OLD NAUVOO

By Inez S. Davis

THE MARBLE-TOP TABLE

By Louise Rees

PARTING OF THE WAYS

By Dorothy M. Fugate

VERSAILLES

By Audentia Anderson

SANDY

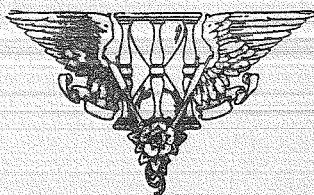
By Peter Lawrie

JANUARY, 1932

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We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—*Philip James Bailey.*



VISION

A Magazine for All Ages

Devoted to the needs and desires of the individual, the program of the church, and the activities of the social group.

LEONARD LEA, *Managing Editor*

For the Board of Editors

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Editorial



The Short-story Contest—

Forty-eight manuscript entries for the short-story contest! Again our best expectations have been surpassed, and we have been surprised at the quantity as well as the quality of the contributions. The three judges will have their hands full in going over these manuscripts and selecting the best. It is never hard to select the good ones, but when it comes to selecting the winner of first place, the choosing will be difficult.

We look forward to the time when there will be such an interest in writing among our church people that the entries for the contests will number hundreds and even thousands. Then the church papers will truly flourish and prosper, and will be able to do a great work in aiding the program of the church.

Look at the Good—

Look at the good things, and you will grow to be like them; look at the bad ones, and they will overcome you. The bird whose gaze is attracted by a snake becomes fascinated by it, and so stands fluttering and terrified until the snake kills it. If he could once look away he might escape. But he is overcome because of the fact that he looks at nothing else. Some people, standing on a high bridge, are tempted to jump into the water below, and have to look away. They have to fix their gaze on normal and wholesome objects. In the old mythology, the young Perseus dared not look into the face of the terrible Gorgon that he had so bravely gone to slay, lest he should have been turned to stone. He had been warned not to do that. It would have caused his destruction. What he did was to polish his shield, and look at the reflection of the terrible image while he cut the head from the creature.

Sin and wrongdoing are like that. If we look at them all the time they will overcome us. There is something terrible and yet fascinating in the repulsive nature of iniquity. It is so striking a thing that it takes the attention from all the normal things of life. But in the end

it destroys. What we need to do is to look at the normal things of life. Look at the good. Look at the *best*. And so doing, you will grow to be like that good ideal which should be uppermost in your thoughts.

Old Nauvoo—

We speak of "Old Nauvoo," not because of any change in location, but because we think of it that way with reference to the days of its early glory. Old Nauvoo ended in 1844. Since that time a new city has arisen, a city of present-day importance. But the Old Nauvoo was a city of stirring and memorable events. Accounts of its life, its manner of dress, its conversation, and its works are to be found in the yellowing letters and the aging documents that remain. Of the city itself the visible relics and mementoes are rapidly crumbling. . . . The services of the historian in preserving the knowledge of things of olden times are always to be respected, but when the historian can write in a manner to make the persons and scenes of the past seem to reappear, we are doubly grateful. Such a service is given us by Inez S. Davis in the article, "*In the Days of Old Nauvoo.*"

Another Centennial—

It will be a hundred years ago this December that the late Joseph Smith was born. From 1860 to 1914 he was the President and leading spirit of the Reorganization, and gave faithfully and tirelessly of his service. He probably met and influenced the lives of more people in the church over a longer period of time than any other man. The people of the church knew him in an official way, but they did not know so much of the man who loved his family, and regularly wrote to his children. One little girl treasured his shortest missives, and as a young woman continued to save the letters that he wrote to her. Out of those letters today Audentia Anderson selects and presents to the readers of *Vision* some of the most interesting ones. These letters, to be presented in this and ten following issues, constitute a loving memorial to their writer.

L. L.

In the Days of Old Nauvoo

By INEZ S. DAVIS

NEARLY a century ago, on the eastern bank of the Mississippi and not far above the mouth of the Des Moines River rose the phantom city of Nauvoo, growing in less than a half dozen years from a deserted experimental community of twenty empty farmhouses surrounded by unweeded farmlands to the largest metropolis in the State of Illinois, and declining just as rapidly to dust, decay and oblivion.

It was in the late winter of 1839 that Joseph Smith and his followers straggled across the Mississippi to Quincy, a ragged, poverty-stricken band, bitter with the memory of Haun's Mill and Crooked River, but burning with a religious zeal that persecution could not quench, and opposition only fanned into flame. Books have been written on the troubles between Mormon and Missourian, but present-day historians usually dismiss the whole subject with a sentence or two, as they write with the truer perspective of nearly a hundred years. "Missourians were afraid," says E. Douglas Branch in his *Westward* (1931) "that Mormons voting as a solid phalanx would sometime dictate the policies of the state; they were individuals profoundly suspicious of people who were dominated by group loyalties and group egotism."

But in the older State of Illinois, the game of politics was being played in earnest. A state which found itself almost evenly divided politically welcomed the host of Mormon voters with wide open arms. Stephen A. Douglas, "The Little Giant," cultivated the friendship of the prophet and became a welcome guest at Nauvoo and the Smith home. Lesser politicians followed his example. They saw what Joseph Smith himself either failed to see, or if he saw, scorned to use to his own advantage. They knew many of the church people had risen to such heights of adoration in their devo-

This article is a "request" contribution. Visiting the author one day, the editor expressed a desire for an article that would give a picture of life as it was lived in Nauvoo during the days of its rapid growth. The author responded with a manuscript that surpassed our high expectations. We commit it to the attention of our readers with the hope that they may enjoy it as its merit deserves.

tion to their leader, that he could use the vote of the church as a wedge to gain material advantage. Had Joseph Smith been more of the politician and less of the prophet, the whole history of the movement he started, would have been written quite differently.

IN THE brief period of a few weeks after his arrival in Illinois, Joseph Smith had made choice of the malaria-ridden lowland about the deserted village of Commerce, and begun to build a city there. The two great political parties vied in favors to the incoming tide of voters. The year 1840 was a presidential year. The Illinois Legislature, trembling on a hair-trigger balance between Whig and Democrat, gave the infant city, rechristened Nauvoo, a charter unique in the annals of city government. John C. Bennett, then quartermaster of the State of Illinois, lobbied the charter through political shoals with a suavety born of experience. Among those favoring the charter in the lower house was an aspiring young lawyer by the name of Abraham Lincoln, whose heart, notoriously tender towards all human suffering, was so deeply moved by the stories of massacre and suffering related, that he rushed forward to the bar at the final passing of the bill to congratulate Bennett personally, and wish the new city success.

Nauvoo was indeed a unique city, "one of the most romantic places in the West," said a Methodist minister, Reverend Pryor, who visited it in 1843. "I was almost willing to believe myself mistaken and instead of being in Nauvoo in Illinois, among Mormons, that I was in the city of Leghorn in Italy (the site of which Nauvoo much resembles) and among the eccentric Italians." Nauvoo in fact had more than a suggestion of the old world, with a hint, too, of Yankee New England and the

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Old South, for her population was most cosmopolitan.

In the meantime the building of the city went forward with almost incredible rapidity. "The blood of the martyrs" was then, as it has ever been, "the seed of the church." The people, hounded by their mutual suffering into group solidarity, assimilated eagerly the motley population that poured into the new city of the Saints. For missionaries, burning with ancient apostolic zeal, went out "without purse or scrip" into every corner and nook of the United States and even into foreign lands; and from every town where they raised their warning voice converts flowed into Nauvoo, over the famous old Cumberland stage route, down the Ohio from Cincinnati and up the river from Saint Louis in the gay steamboats of that day (for steamboating on the Mississippi was in its heyday then), through the Erie Canal and into Nauvoo from the northern stage route. From every direction and by every means of transportation known they "gathered" into Nauvoo.

IN THE FALL OF 1840 the first company of English immigrants arrived on the "North America," and with them, the church authorities became first informed of the abuse of immigrants by the ship companies, and set about with the characteristic Latter Day Saint passion for organization to correct matters. One fact only dominated the situation for the church. English Saints must be transported to Zion "before the consummation of all things." An agent for immigration was appointed in England, who managed outfitting Latter Day Saint companies by cooperative buying. Ships were chartered by the church when necessary. Each company met before sailing, and elected officers and adopted regulations to govern the trip. From morning prayer to "lights out," everything was managed with military regularity. Joseph Smith reported to a conference in Nauvoo that they were bringing European converts to Nauvoo at an average cost of from 3 pounds 15 shillings, to 4 pounds per person, depending upon the length of the voyage. The *Cambridge Independent Press* said, "There is one thing which in the opinion of the House of Commons, the Latter Day Saints can do, viz., teach Christian ship owners how to send poor

people, decently, cheaply and healthfully across the Atlantic."

Once in Nauvoo enthusiastic church members wrote to friends at home that they could live for one eighth what they had in Old England with beef and pork at a penny a pound, Indian meal, sixty pounds for a shilling, and butter four pence a pound. They needed to live for less, for the infant industries of Nauvoo were taxed to the utmost to provide employment for all who came. Skilled tradesmen found themselves in a strange country, dependent upon the charity of their brethren, but that charity was cheerfully given, and they were in Zion!

And so thousands of Saints came to Nauvoo, although it took their last shilling to pay their passage. With happy hearts they stood on the deck of the departing ship, and sang with their brethren, "Yes, my native land, I love thee," and "To Babylon, to Babylon, we bid thee farewell!" and saw the dear shores of home fade in the distance for ever as they embarked on strange adventures. As navigation closed for the winter, each year found a new load of immigrants in Nauvoo, trying to adapt themselves to changed conditions. Those who had no shillings to buy Indian meal, found "shorts" at Newell Knight's mill on the river, and tried to make bread and porridge of that.

Many were the homesick hearts in those days of readjustment, but the majority stayed on till the dawn of prosperity. Not a few found rest from the struggle in the growing cemetery east of Nauvoo. It was not always easy to be courageous. England might be "Babylon," but it was home, and many an English housewife sighed over her first shilling's worth of corn meal as she thought of the snowy white loaves of the jolly English bakers, and the cozy neighborliness of the snugly-built English towns, far from a wide frozen river, and a wilderness of woods. Just as fervently, the New England Saints in their rude log cabins thought of old elms tapping on many-paned windows, of rains whispering in the leaves of ancient lilac bushes; of winged armchairs in front of roaring fires on winter nights, and enormous kitchens with the black bulk of fragrant kettles against the red glow of embers.

Little wonder then, as Hortensia Merchant wrote in 1843, "there was almost every kind

of house" in Nauvoo; for when the new settler was at last able to build for himself, the long dreams of the homeland went into the wood and brick and stone. Old world houses of brick and stone filled with the finest examples of English cabinet makers art stood side by side with the green shuttered New England mansions of purest Colonial type.

JACOB SCOTT, who had been a school-teacher in Belfast, and made a fortune in early days in Canada, only to lose it in the troublous Missouri days, wrote to his daughter in Canada in script as clear-cut as the finest steel engraving, and told her of Nauvoo:

Nauvoo, *March 17, 1843*. We had a long and cold winter, pretty good sleighing for nearly four months. Isaac works occasionally at the cabinet and carpenter business; such as tables, pannel doors, window sash, frame sleighs, &c. Great preparations are made & making to prosecute with arduour the temple and the Nauvoo House this spring and ensuing summer. . . . The legislature of Illinois have granted the privilege to the citizens of Nauvoo, to make a canal through the city for merchantile & machinery purposes. There are two steam Grist and Saw mills, and one water mill, one iron foundery, one pottery, quite a number of stores (I do not know how many) cabinet makers, shoemakers, masons, taylers, silk-weavers, cotton ditto, white smiths, black ditto, doctors, lawyers, brick-layers, brick-makers, tin-smiths, watch-makers, barbers, bakers, stonecutters, labourers, &c. I think there is more than 100 handsome brick houses in Nauvoo now— . . . We planted last spring some corn, potatoes and garden vegetables, all of which did remarkably well, turnips also very good. We have sowed fall wheat last fall, which looks very promising. The boys have taken quite a number of saw logs to mill this winter. I intend building another dwelling house. Land is rising in price about Nauvoo, four-fold (the saints are gathering in so fast from different states & Europe). Provisions here are very cheap, corn as low as 12½c a bushel, potatoes 12c, wheat from 25c to 33c per bushel, flour \$2 a barrell, pork 25c per 100 lbs, bacon \$2 per 100 lbs, best hams 3 cts per lb, all other eatables in proportion. Perhaps there is not any city on this globe improving as fast as Nauvoo. It is supposed there are at present ten to twelve thousand inhabitants in the city alone, and the country around it and Montrose are swarming with the Saints. The Church has now *Rest* on every hand, & increasing in numbers daily. It is supposed there are at present two thousand from England, Scotland, Wales and the Isle of Man waiting between New Orleans and this place until navigation opens and two thousand more expected out next spring and summer from the same places.

THE PRIDE OF NAUVOO was the white stone temple, already visible for many miles up and down the Mississippi that circled the hill upon which it stood. Day by day, oxen plodded through the streets of Nauvoo and labored up the hill with the great blocks of stone to be put in place by eager workmen. There was no laborer in all Nauvoo, however poor, that was not proud to give his tenth day's work to the temple, feeling that in doing so he was handing down to his children a precious heritage of tradition. Elder Elijah Fordham of New York spent twelve long months carving with infinite patience the sixteen lifelike, wooden oxen which were to support temporarily the great baptismal bowl in the basement. "The temple," wrote Jacob Scott, "exceeds in splendor and magnificence any building I have ever seen."

Perhaps the greatest problem that confronted the Saints had been the reclamation of the swampy lowland upon which part of the city was built. Gradually the land was drained, the Saints were persuaded to use water from deep wells instead of the surface water, and the scourge of fever began to disappear. Advertisements for pills and powders that would surely cure "chills and fever" no longer appeared with such frequency on the last page of the *Times and Seasons*. Some strange ideas had been advanced. Doctor Bennett who was always fooling with laboratory experiments, had urged the people to eat raw "and use" for culinary purposes" a plant called tomato, which nearly everyone grew in their flower gardens. He declared there was some element in this strange fruit that would give health to those who used it, and even wrote articles upon its culture in the *Times and Seasons*. He pointed out the superiority of the plan of saving the fruit and drying it whole to obtain seed, rather than waiting for the plant to self-sow, and said that the plants could be raised in shallow boxes in their windows in early spring, thus insuring an early supply of this life-giving "fruit," but deplored vehemently the tendency of gardeners to train the tomato to a stake or frame, because the "God of Heaven" had quite apparently intended the tomato "for a procumbent plant."

ONE of the earliest treasures of the church was a printing press. The first press, purchased soon after the church had been organ-

ized, was destroyed in Independence; and in order that the next one might not meet a similar fate, it was buried one dark night in Far West, where only a few faithful ones knew of the spot where it lay. In Nauvoo, this press reappeared and the first issue of the new church paper, *Times and Seasons*, was published in November, 1839. It was to be printed monthly and the subscription price was a dollar a year, but as the subscriber often sent his dollar C. O. D., and postage was twenty-five cents, the profits were materially reduced. Sometimes a subscriber inclosed a silver dollar in a letter and failed to prepay it so the printers (who were also publishers and editors) had to pay fifty cents excess postage. Perhaps, after all, the most profitable subscribers were those who took advantage of the offer appearing in the *Times and Seasons* which informed the Saints that wood, flour, meal, pork, lard, cheese, and butter would be cheerfully received in payment of subscriptions to the church paper.

As was fitting in a religious periodical the news and editorials assumed the note of melancholy piety, so universal in that day. The headlines, "Melancholy Shipwreck" and "Awful Visitation of Providence," must have been kept ready set-up for frequent use, and even then the editors wearied of the hopeless task of recording every disaster. In February, 1841, the editor mourns, "In looking over the news of the day, it is plain that wickedness abounds. . . . Almost every paper is employed in giving detailed accounts of horrible murders, suicides, mail robberies, highway robbery, burglary, arson, &c., a particular account of which would occupy more space than a journal several times larger than ours could afford."

New Year's editorials were especially adapted to mourning for the good old times, and deploring the reckless speed of the eighteen thirties.

"In looking back over the year," says the *Times and Seasons* in January, 1840, "we see the world of mankind appear to grow worse and worse, wickeder and wickeder. They seem to be determined more than ever to build themselves up in wealth, and fame upon the ruin of each other. Steamboats and railroad cars are caused to strive, to outvie others in speed, that they may gain advantage over them, while thousands of lives are endangered

thereby, and accident after accident are happening in consequence thereof."

THERE was romance, too, in those old Nauvoo days, as the long column devoted to "Hymeneal" amply testified. If the happy couple inclosed a piece of wedding cake with their news item, they usually got special mention and more abundant and elaborate good wishes from the "printer." There was romance there, too, of which the "hymeneal" column took no notice, for it was concerned only with happiness. The old sorrow of old-time lovers lives for us again in the yellowed pages of old letters. Our old Irish schoolmaster writes to his daughter of her brother's love:

The pious, beautiful, and accomplished Miss Sarah Ann Chamberlain, aged 19 years & two months, lies in our burying ground, or lot. She was seized with a fever & inflammation in the head, which took her off in a few weeks. We esteemed her highly. She was everything that would have pleased you and she and Isaac loved each other tenderly. He composed & wrote himself some very pathetick and pretty verses on her premature death. I was afraid it would break down his constitution; for his health was very poor at the same time, but he bore it with the patience and fortitude of a Christian. He remaineth yet in single life.

But the majority of the young folk in Nauvoo were very much alive and constituted a problem of great anxiety to the priesthood, who hoped with many forebodings, that the young might carry on the work when they laid it down. It seemed a doubtful proposition. They neglected the study of the church books and gave themselves up to frivolity. Sometimes an elder felt strongly urged to remonstrate with mothers from the pulpit, and urge that their daughters be admonished not to neglect the spinning-wheel for the piano. The *Times and Seasons* plaintively asked, "What would our Pilgrim forefathers think of the effeminate luxury in which we live?"

The young people themselves were often stirred to contrition, and one night at the home of one of the apostles, Heber C. Kimball, "the follies of youth and the temptations to which they were exposed generally, and especially in our city, became the subject of conversation." According to account, this gathering of young folks had the good grace to "lament the frivolous manner in which they spent their time, and their too frequent attendance at balls, parties,

&c." At this Brother Kimball offered to call a meeting and "give them such instruction as the spirit of the Lord might suggest to him, which if followed would doubtless lead to a reformation in the conduct" of the young of the church. To the credit of the young people, if we may believe historical chronicles this suggestion was received "with delight and acted upon with alacrity." This was the origin of the "Young Gentlemen and Ladies Relief Society of Nauvoo" which undertook for its first project the building of a house for a lame English brother by the name of Maudsley.

THERE were many organizations in Nauvoo in those days, the Nauvoo Legion with its membership of over a thousand in 1840, and an enormous increase in membership as the church grew. The legion fostered many brilliant social events. There was the musical organization with its discussion over broad and flat notes, and the seventies, elders and high priests each had their own special meetings. Any seventy who sent his name and address *prepaid* might belong to the Seventies Quorum, and meet in the Seventies Hall in Nauvoo when he was in the city. The Seventies started a library, and also a museum, in which the missionaries from far parts of the world were to deposit their treasures. There was a Dramatic Society, too, which gave Shakespearean plays and other ambitious performances in the Masonic Hall.

The Dramatic Society had a right to be ambitious, for it was sponsored by Thomas A. Lyne, who had played second tragedian to some of the most famous actors of the day, and was an actor of no mean fame himself. At one time, suddenly become missionary, he and his brother-in-law, George J. Adams, an actor of the Yankee comedian type, known to the stage-world as "Mormon" Adams, put on a performance of Richard III in Philadelphia in order to get the money to hire a hall in which to preach. But it remained for future years to disclose the most brilliant flower of the old Nauvoo Dramatic Society, for the granddaughter of Barnabas Adams, so well known in Nauvoo days, was to immortalize herself as "Peter Pan" and "Babbie" on the American stage. Back behind the scenes of the "Mormon" theater in Salt Lake City, Annie Adams Kiskadden, daughter of old Barney Adams, early Mormon pioneer,

cradled her little daughter Maude, while she starred as the favorite of that day, and from that temporary cradle, Maude Adams was snatched hastily to make her first stage appearance when there was an emergency need for a baby in the play in which her mother was appearing.

As for Lyne, who loved Joseph Smith with all the intensity of an emotional nature, and who refused to leave as he rode away to Carthage on that long ago day in June, 1844, the curtain fell for ever on his brief religious experience with the tragedy of the death of the man he loved. Locking in his heart every tragic thought of that past, he went back to his old love, the stage, never again to mingle in fellowship with any band of Saints.

AND the pageant of history moved on. Nauvoo's brief part in the play was soon past. Only in the brittle parchment of old books, and the yellow pages of old letters they live again, the dead of long ago, causing us with Lizette Woodworth Reese to

... consider Life and its few short years—
 A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
 A call to battle, and the battle done
 Ere the last echo dies within our ears
 A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
 The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
 The burst of music down an unlistening street—
 I wonder at the idleness of years.
 Ye old, old dead and ye of yesternight,
 Chieftans and bards, and keepers of the sheep
 By every cup of sorrow that you had,
 Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
 How each has back what once he stayed to weep:
 Homer his sight, David his little lad!"

And the homesick immigrant lass, the hawthorne and may of long past English springs, the Irish school-teacher, the gentle Irish colleen mourned for such a few short years, and the Saints of old time, the boon of rest at last!



If you want to build up a strong, enduring, worth-while life, you must lay the right kind of foundations. Massive, noble, venerated structures can not be raised on faulty foundations. Shanties can.—*B. C. Forbes.*



The nature of a thing lies in its end—not in its origin.—*Aristotle.*

◆◆◆◆◆ Nothing Serious ◆◆◆◆◆

A Page for Fun

No Danger

City Camper: "What's this stuff?"

Country Cousin: "Man, that's poison ivy."

City Camper: "Well, don't worry. I just picked some; I haven't eaten any!"—*Pathfinder*.

No Hard Feelings

Lady: "Have you ever been offered work?"

Tramp: "Only once, madam. Aside from that, I've met with nothing but kindness."—*World News*.

Smiles

A five-year-old boy went with his mother to make a call. The lady of the house, being fond of children, told him she meant to ask his mother to let her keep him.

"Don't you think your mother would let me buy you?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," answered the little fellow; "you haven't got money enough."

"How much would it take?" she continued.

"A hundred dollars," said the boy promptly, as if that would settle the matter.

"Oh, well, then," said the lady, "I think I can manage it. If I can, will you come and stay with me?"

"No, ma'am," he said with decision. "Mamma wouldn't sell me, anyhow. There are five of us, and she wouldn't like to break the set."—*Selected*.

It Was the Wrong Way

Wrecked Motorist (opening his eyes): "I had the right of way, didn't I?"

Bystander: "Yeh, but the other fellow had a truck."—*Life*.

All Out of Tears

On one occasion, in a Boston court, a judge called out for the crier to open court.

"May it please your honor," announced an attendant, "the crier can not cry today, because his wife is dead."—*Morrison News*.

Or a Pock Mark—

I don't know anything about depressions, says J. P. Morgan. To him a depression is merely a dimple on the face of fortune.—*Morrison News*.

Variety

Deadbroke: "I hear you have all kinds of money."

Badlybent: "Yeah, pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters."—*Pathfinder*.

What's the Use?

A rooster leaned his head disconsolately against the barn door.

"What's the use of it all?" he said, sadly. "Eggs yesterday; chickens today; feather-dusters tomorrow."—*Tit-Bits*.

The Secret

Bertha: "And they are keeping their engagement a secret, aren't they?"

Mattie: "Well, that's what they are telling everybody."—*Toronto Goblin*.

Knows Her Job

Little Girl (to playmate): "So long, Elsie, mamma's giving a party and I gotta go home and make precocious remarks."—*College Humor*.

The Marble-top Table

By LOUISE REES

FLO EVANS raised her head from the sofa cushions on the davenport and looked at the dying embers in the fireplace. "Well, I suppose I cried myself to sleep." She pushed aside a couple of cushions and, reaching to the wood box near the hearth, took out paper and fuel to replenish the fire. She sat listlessly watching the wisp of smoke that rose from the smoldering paper; but when her keen ears heard an approaching footstep down the hall she sprang agilely on her slippered feet and with two noiseless strides reached her hall door and gently turned the key in the lock just as a light knock—one long and three short raps—sounded on the door. Flo hesitated. That was Aunt May's signal, but Aunt May lived twenty miles away. The code knock was repeated.

Flo turned the key and opened the door two inches.

"Aunt May?" she whispered.

"Yes, darling," was the reply.

Flo opened the door wider and a woman with a kind, intelligent face entered.

"Am I intruding, dearest?" she asked.

For reply Flo gave her an impulsive hug, and exclaimed, "I am so glad that you came, for I am very unhappy."

"I had no idea of coming here today, until I read the paper this afternoon, and I put on my wraps and left on the next stage. I can spend an hour with you for I must take the eight o'clock stage for home."

Flo helped Aunt May out of her wraps and then led her to the davenport, "Come, sit here on the soft cushions. It's much better than any chair, and we can watch the wavering flames in the fireplace."

Seated comfortably, Flo exclaimed, "Did you eat dinner before you left home?"

"That is of small consequence; I can have a

lunch after I return; but let me ask the same question, Have you eaten dinner today?"

"No. I didn't want any. I was here resting and reading the Sunday paper when I came across that bad news, and I began crying. By the time the dinner bell rang my eyes were swollen, my nose was red, and I was too unhappy to see anyone."

AUNT MAY put a loving arm about the younger woman's shoulders and said gently, "You were in my thoughts at that time. I know how you feel and it is surely a time of testing for you."

Flo's eyes filled with tears and crystal drops rolled down her cheeks. "Just to think how many, many times he has promised me that he would never, never touch liquor again," she sobbed.

The two women sat in silence for a time watching the flames dance and leap, and the sparks fly up the chimney. Then Flo related the circumstances of the various promises

made and broken by Walter during the four years of his college life; and now the newspaper report of the closing of a state university fraternity house because of the drinking of its members and the criticism against the house manager—her Walter.

Aunt May hugged her closer, "It is hard to bear, Flo; yet much better to lose confidence in him now while you are free than to have your trust in him shaken after you were married." Flo groaned.

"Your people for four generations on the maternal side have been opposed to intoxicating liquors; so it will be a union of diametrically opposing views if you and he marry."

"Why, do you know his family history for three or four generations?"

"Well," hesitatingly, "yes. When I read that newspaper report today, I took this from a box

What should she do? She loved him, and he cast all the strength of his appeal on that love. On the other hand, he was fond of liquor, he was stubborn, and he was selfish. He had promised before to leave the liquor alone, but he had broken the promise. Now he was promising again, and begging her not to break their engagement. What should she do? Read the story and tell us what you think about the right solution of this girl's problem.

of keepsakes," and she held before Flo's eyes a flat object three inches wide by four inches long.

Flo looking closely at it exclaimed, "Why it is a Daguerrotype of a man and a woman sitting beside a small table. Who are they?"

"You no doubt will be interested in them for they are the grandparents of Walter Lee."

"Are they?" and Flo took a second look at the picture.

"And look carefully at that piece of furniture, for it is the mysterious marble-top table. Many a time in my childhood days has that dear old lady," indicating the beautiful woman in the picture, "for she was old when I knew her, related the story of the tragic fate of that table. But I hesitate to wound your feelings by referring to the moral weakness of Walter's grandfather."

"Very thoughtful of you, Auntie; but better to know it now than to discover it years after we are married. Marriage is a very serious matter and I intend to enter it very carefully, and if you can tell me any predominating characteristics of the Lee family for three generations back I shall be interested to hear them."

Aunt May looked at the picture and sighed. "Flo, just as there are fixed laws in Nature which govern every plant in producing its kind, so there are laws in the moral and spiritual realm."

FLO was intently studying the picture of the grandfather and she noted with uneasiness that the facial features and general appearance were identical with those of the grandson.

"Yes, Aunt May," in a thoughtful tone, "I agree with you."

"Well, if you do agree with me you have no reason for surprise that Walter is addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors because many a time in days gone by wine glasses have stood on the polished surface of that marble-top table.

"It is a recognized fact that the majority of the young people of today who indulge in the use of intoxicating liquors come from homes where the Eighteenth Amendment is ridiculed. Now the question for you to decide is whether you, with your ancestral traits, will be able to combat Walter's inherited characteristics and have a peaceful married life."

"Yes, I know that is a weighty matter. Let's talk about the marble-top table tonight."

"So we will," assented Aunt May, as she held the picture so that both she and Flo could have a clear view of it. "You see, to outward appearances it was just an ordinary square center table made of walnut wood with a square of white marble veined with black fitted to the top of the table. The weight of the slab of stone kept it in place. It was an awkward piece of furniture, heavy to move about, and frequently Mrs. Lee received severe bruises by bumping against the sharp corners.

"When I was a child my home was next door to the house of the family with whom she was spending the declining years of her life. She was a charming old lady, but helplessly crippled. The children of the neighborhood delighted to gather about her wheel-chair and listen to the interesting stories of her personal experiences. We were very fond of the story of The Marble-top Table, and liked to have her begin it where the boat was waiting at the Kentucky landing."

"AUNT MAY, what had a boat to do with a marble-top table?" asked Flo, beginning to take an interest in her aunt's narrative, "and what kind of boat was it?"

"It was a Mississippi steamer that plied between Cincinnati, Ohio, and New Orleans, Louisiana. It carried passengers somewhat as ocean steamers do—serving meals and furnishing sleeping rooms. On the lower deck generally railroad iron, flour and other northern goods were transported to southern markets. Grandfather Lee was captain of the steamer and owned controlling stock in it.

"But Aunt May," Flo said in a weary tone, "what has the steamer to do with the story of the table?"

"Why, this article of furniture was in the captain's stateroom. Have you ever traveled on the water?"

"No," replied Flo, "I am utterly ignorant of steamers. How are the staterooms arranged?"

"According to Mrs. Lee's description of that vessel, they were quite small, and arranged on each side of the long room that extended the length of the boat.

"At the front, or bow end, of the steamer were the clerk's office, and the smoking room or

men's cabin which included the bar——" Flo's eye's turned to her aunt's in surprise, "A bar?" she asked.

"Yes, Flo, a bar. And you should have seen the pained expression on Grandmother Lee's face when she described the furnishings of that bar—its comfortable cushioned chairs, and polished tables; the sparkling cut-glass wine glasses and decanters; and the handsome, polite bartender who so graciously served the gentlemen with the high-priced liquors."

Flo raised her head defiantly and demanded, "Why didn't she object to the sale of intoxicating liquor on her husband's boat?"

"Object! Why, the poor soul begged and entreated him to banish it; but he was as hard to reform as Walter. A predominating strain of selfishness runs through all the Lee generations. The proceeds from the sale of liquor were lucrative, and Le Roy Lee intended to garner all the money within his reach." Flo sighed.

"Walter's disposition is quite similar."

AUNT MAY, realizing that they were near the painful subject of Walter's moral weaknesses, hastened to continued describing the steamer's cabin.

"At the opposite, or stern end of the boat the ladies' cabin was situated. Between these two cabins was a long, narrow dining room with staterooms on each side.

The captain's room was nearest to the ladies' cabin and was the best furnished and the largest, being fully twice the size of the other sleeping rooms. Grandfather Lee's was furnished with a bedstead, two chairs—one large and one small—and a square table with a *marble top*. The other staterooms had two double berths, one above the other, one chair, and a small stand.

"Frequently, Mrs. Lee traveled on her husband's steamer; for a trip from Cincinnati to New Orleans and return was most enjoyable; but during the last tour she made on the river the Marble-top Table seemed more than ever to be in the way. After receiving several bruises from bumping against the sharp corners of the hard marble, she took matters into her

own hands, and one day when the captain was busy at the clerk's office, she ordered the cabin-boy and the chambermaid to remove the table to an obscure corner of the promenade deck. Hardly had they finished disposing of it, when the Captain entered his stateroom and immediately noticed the absence of that piece of furniture. A scowl darkened his handsome face, and anger blazed in his black eyes as he demanded, 'Where is that marble-top table?'

"His wife told him that Minty and Sambo had taken it at her order.

"'Sambo!' he shouted so harshly to the disappearing Negro boy that he jumped with fright. 'Sambo!'

"'Yes, sah. I'se comin', he stammered. 'Yes, sah.'

"'Well, come and be quick about it,' growled the angry man. 'You get some one to help you and bring that marble-top table to this room. Do you hear?' he thundered.

"'Y-y-yes, sah, I heah,' stuttered the frightened boy. 'Y-y-yes, sah, I do.'

"After the Negro was out of hearing he spoke gently but firmly to his wife. 'That table is to be kept in *this* room. You may consider it ugly and in the way, but it is *not* to be taken from *here*.'

"She was surprised that he valued it so highly, and inquired if it had historic interest; but, he gave an evasive reply to her question and left the room; little thinking that before many days it would be valueless to him or anyone else."

"Did an accident happen? Did the steamer take fire?" asked Flo.

"Mrs. Lee," resumed the silver-haired aunt, "told me the story so many times that I can give her words verbatim. It had been an unusually cold winter and the Ohio River was frozen from Pittsburg to Cairo. In the early spring when the ice broke, his was the first boat to make a trip south starting from Cincinnati, taking a large number of passengers and a capacity load of freight.

"Late one afternoon the boat landed at the Paducah, Kentucky, wharf. It was a dismal day. The sky was leaden gray; the air was damp with a drizzling rain; a raw wind was

Liquor, stubbornness, and selfishness—can one imagine a worse combination? How many a woman has married in the face of a practical certainty that these three qualities of character in her husband would make her unhappy the rest of her life. Yet what woman heeds a warning when she wishes to marry?

blowing, and huge floating cakes of ice bumped against the sides of the steamer.

"After waiting five minutes at the wharf, Captain Lee consulted his watch; at the end of the next five minutes a scowl of impatience overspread his face; and when a quarter of an hour slipped by and no one crossed the gang-plank he began to pace the deck restlessly. It was then that a messenger boy appeared with a telegram. Captain Lee quickly tore open the envelope and read:

'DELAYED. WILL YOU WAIT HALF HOUR AT PADUCAH FOR NIGGERS?'

"The boy stood near respectfully waiting for a reply.

"Captain Lee hesitated, for the reading of that telegram had started a mental battle within his soul. Conscience was making an appeal to him to cancel the contract to transport some runaway slaves from Kentucky to New Orleans, Louisiana. In a still, small voice the plea came, *The slaver has failed to keep his part of the contract to be at Paducah on time. You are legally freed from your obligation.*

"No, no, protested the voice of selfishness. *Think of the profit their transportation will net you.*

"*Your boat is loaded to capacity now, urged conscience, and your profit will be large.*

"*Fool, said selfishness, to allow this money to go to the next downriver freight boat. Its captain will be glad to take them. You can make room for the niggers. Freight can be carried from the lower deck to the hurricane deck. It is illegal to carry freight there, but no one will report you. And selfishness won.*

"Captain Lee looked at the waiting messenger and hastily writing one word on the back of the envelope in his hand, gave it to the boy with the order, 'Hurry this to the telegrapher.'

"Thus the 'Floating Palace,' the riverman's nickname for the magnificent river steamer, lay motionless at the wharf for half an hour longer. And then a pitiable sight appeared. A number of men and women of varying ages from a grizzled old 'uncle' to a babe in arms; and of color ranging from the ebony black with features of the pure African native to the olive complexion of a beautiful octoroon whose regular features proclaimed her mixed blood.

"These human beings were chained two and

two, and they dejectedly plodded down the sloping road that led from the city street to the wharfboat. Their shoulders drooped with despair, their heads were bowed in grief.

"The overseer, a white man on horseback, with a pistol in his belt and a riding whip in his hand, urged them to a brisk walk; otherwise, the disheartened Negroes would have moved with lagging steps.

"When the first black foot trod the gang-plank of his steamer a still small voice whispered to Captain Lee's soul this warning, *For this heartless act of transporting these poor creatures into slavery you shall be punished.* But the proud man made an important gesture as if it were in his power to banish impending doom."

"I don't understand this," interrupted Flo. "Weren't these Negroes already in slavery?"

"This was an unusual case," replied Aunt May. "You remember in studying United States history, that a few years prior to the Civil War a Fugitive Slave Law was passed.

"Yes, Aunt May, I remember. And I recall hearing old people who lived about the time of the Civil War relating stories about the excitement that this law caused, some people declaring that it could not possibly be enforced, and others who favored it were determined to uphold it. At length several slave owners south of the Ohio River pooled their interests in a test case; and the decision of the Court was that Negroes who had escaped into free states still belonged to their masters, and could be captured in those free states and be returned to their owners."

"You remember history well, Flo."

"Were the Negroes," asked Flo, "whom Captain Lee allowed to take passage on his steamer runaway slaves?"

"Yes, these were runaway blacks who for a short time had breathed the air of freedom, but they had been captured and returned to their masters. The owners were shipping them to the New Orleans slave market, far, far away from free states.

"The man in charge of the enterprise arranged with Captain Lee to take them as he would cattle—that is to keep them on the lower deck and to provide food and shelter for them to New Orleans. An overseer supervised them."

"What did Mrs. Lee think of the transaction?"

"She was bitterly opposed to slavery, and she was very unwilling for these poor blacks to be taken south on her husband's boat; but, how could she bend the will of a Lee?"

"The selfish captain was more interested in collecting passage money for the slaves than he was in following the principle of altruism.

"The unhappy lady had gone to her room after seeing the slaves board the steamer, and there had shed bitter tears of disappointment that her husband's success was built on selfishness. The sight of those dejected slaves, and the thought that he sanctioned the dispensing of intoxicating drinks filled her soul with despair.

"Later when Captain Lee went to his dark stateroom to inquire why his wife had failed to appear at supper, he found that she had gone to bed with a nervous headache.

"After a few words of conversation he asked, 'Have you put your jewelry into the blue velvet jewel-bag?' She replied that she had.

"'Well, where is it?' he demanded. 'I can take better care of it than you can.'"

"Did he," asked Flo, "have a special hiding place for valuables?"

"Yes, and he kept it a secret. Every night after the light in his room was extinguished, he asked his wife for her jewel bag, and he stubbornly refused to reveal the place of concealment to her."

Flo sighed and said, "He surely bequeathed his stubbornness to Walter."

"THE NIGHT wore on. Captain Lee sat in the men's cabin and regaled himself by slowly sipping choice liquor from a cut-glass tumbler. 'Well, Captain,' said a passenger, 'you take life comfortably. Apparently, you are free from care.'

"The self-centered captain smiled complacently, and replied, 'Yes, I have evolved a perfect business system. I hold controlling interest in this steamer; the pilot, and the first and second mates are the other shareholders. In this way I am relieved of much care, because these men are working for their own interest and therefore, will exert their best efforts in handling the boat.' And thus they drank and talked late into the evening, until a great weariness

came over the captain, and forgetting his custom of inspecting the boat before retiring at night, he went at once to his stateroom.

"Outside the night was cold and dismal. A raw, penetrating wind blew over the floating ice, and in his chilly little house atop of the hurricane deck, the pilot peered into the black expanse before him. Frequently, for warmth and cheer, he drank from a flat flask.

"Total darkness enveloped land and water. The pilot knew that somewhere, and probably not many miles away, there was a dangerous place—Anderson's Point—where a long promontory jetted out into the river; and where boats descending the stream were in danger of colliding with those ascending the river should the upstream steamer be 'hugging the shore' in order to avoid the swift current of the main channel. Captain Lee's steamer majestically rode through the floating ice as though marching to victory. Her powerful headlights threw a shaft of light straight in advance of the steamer; but no light radiated sidewise, for it was shut off by an obstruction caused by the boxes and crates which had been hurriedly transferred from below to the hurricane deck after the steamer left the Paducah wharf in order to make a space on the lower deck for sleeping quarters for the Negroes."

"So the steamer was overloaded, Aunt May?" asked Flo.

"Yes, it was. The Captain's selfish greed had placed human lives in jeopardy."

"Well," commented Flo, "even if the headlights were obstructed a warning by blowing the whistle could be sounded when they approached Anderson Point."

"Yes, that was the pilot's intention, but the night was dark and his calculations were faulty. He took another comforting draught from the flat flask and then reached for the whistle; but he was violently thrown to his knees, and the sleeping passengers were hurled from their beds by the most terrific shock they had ever experienced.

"The sudden impact sobered the pilot; and, with great presence of mind he turned the course of the steamer toward a submerged island—at this time of year the Ohio River was at high water mark—and succeeded in getting the bow over the island before the engine's fire was extinguished by the water that was pour-

ing into the vessel's side where she had been rammed by the bow of a freightboat from New Orleans loaded with sugar and molasses.

"The barefooted, terrified passengers fled in panic to the elevated bow of the steamer from whence they were taken aboard the other boat and——"

Flo's eyes were glittering with excitement, and she exclaimed, "Oh, what a frightful accident!"

"It surely was, and above the confusion of pandemonium broken loose was heard the shrieks and howls of the panic-stricken slaves as the icy water flooded their sleeping quarters."

"But, Aunt May, what was the Captain doing? Was he able to enforce——?"

"Ah, the Captain. Where was the Captain? That question was on many a lip.

"Following the collision the damaged steamer suddenly tipped sidewise and the railroad rails on the lower deck slid into the Ohio River. Relieved of that weight the vessel settled back into normal position, and filling with water, began sinking.

"When a rescue party searching for missing passengers broke open the captain's stateroom door the mystery of the marble-top table was revealed. A space suitable for hiding small valuables was in the frame of the table under the marble slab, and now its secret was laid bare to public view!

"What a sight the rescuers beheld! Sprawled full length on the floor, flat on his back, lay the imperious captain in a state of unconsciousness. On the floor near him was his wife's blue velvet jewel bag, the silken cord of which encircled his left wrist. His right hand rested on a leather pouch filled with twenty-dollar gold pieces.

"The poor man was pinned to the floor by the slab of marble—the table top—which had slid from its place when the boat lurched sidewise. At that very moment he was on his knees beside the table in the act of removing the valuables from the hiding place. He lost his balance and fell backward at the time of the boat's sudden sidewise plunge. The heavy marble slab slipped from the tilted table, and slid to his chest, fitting close under his chin. And——"

"Oh, how tragic!" gasped Flo. "And just to

think, that half hour wasted in waiting at the Paducah Wharf was the cause of the accident."

"You are right, Flo. But for that lost time, Captain Lee's boat would have passed that dangerous Anderson's Point before the other one reached it."

"Yes," commented Flo, "if the intoxicated pilot was to avoid some other trouble."

Silence fell upon the two women for a few seconds as they meditated on the accident. Then Flo said, "I suppose Captain Lee sustained a heavy loss; but, no doubt the steamer was insured."

"Yes, it was a heavy loss to him. The marble-top table with all the other furniture was ruined by being soaked when the boat slowly sank. Poor Captain Lee was financially broken for the savings of his lifetime were lost that night in the Ohio River."

"Wasn't the boat insured?" asked Flo.

"Yes, it was well insured, but that was no benefit to him."

"Why not?"

"The insurance company proved that the boat was loaded above the legal limit, and that the light from the headlights was inadequate because of freight being on the hurricane deck thus partially obscuring the light. Also it was proved through the cabin boy, that the pilot had obtained intoxicating liquor from the bar of the steamer while he—the pilot—was on duty in the pilot house. Though no one had been eyewitness to the pilot's drinking, circumstantial evidence was against him.

"The court decided in favor of the insurance company."

FLO reached for the picture of two people sitting beside a marble-top table. She studied it thoughtfully for a short time and then asked, "Please, Aunt May, will you give me this picture?"

"Yes, dear, if it is any comfort to you, you may have it."

The following morning in the mail pouch of an eastbound train was a package addressed to Walter Lee. This package contained the picture of a marble-top table, and the story as Aunt May had related it to Flo. Beside the story and written in the same hand was a brief note from Flo, part of which read, "And so it is all over with us. I consider it unfair and

(Continued on page 27.)

Parting of the Ways

Could Jesus Be Invited to That Party?

By DOROTHY M. FUGATE

THE lodge rooms in Sandy Hill were just over the Oceanic Pacific Realty office. Some fraternal order had met in the hall on Saturday night and everyone admitted that it was very careless of some one to have left the water running in the kitchen, especially when Monday was Labor Day.

Tuesday morning Mr. Janisson had come into a flooded real estate office and loudly and profanely bemoaned the destruction by water of certain valuable papers. Things were cleared out as best could be and the day's work officially begun when Miss Barbara Lane had entered to take up her regular duties as Mr. Janisson's secretary.

"How come the flood?" was her greeting that morning rather than the customary "Good morning, Mr. Janisson."

"And now, Miss Lane," the big man had concluded his tale of woe, "I will be gone probably until after lunch. You may tell anyone except the beggars that I will see them at two thirty."

Bobs was tired this morning. There had been a gorgeous dance at the old hall last night and daylight had preceded her home. Her purse had been surprisingly empty as luck had been against her when they had played poker for comparatively high stakes the latter part of the night after the tired orchestra had left. Her nerves were not in perfect condition, which explained her sudden start at the sound of a pleasant, manly "Good morning." This interrupted her thoughts of a big date tonight. Tommy had said she must not fail him as it was very important that he see her.

THE voice of the stranger continued, "I'm glad to see you didn't drown along with the rest of the furniture. Looks like the office had had a wet week-end."

"Yes, it did get a trifle dampish," Miss Lane managed with dignity as she took the proffered card.

"Perhaps the old man will be wanting one of our new safes, now," he had said while his thoughts were centered on the young lady. *Not too well. Probably too much office work. She looks like a nice kid. Apparently quiet type. Wonder if I could date her? Humph! she's probably married, engaged or somethin'. I wouldn't have that luck. Believe I'll ask her to go to the show. Shucks!*

No ring of any kind. This, while his tongue rattled glibly of the value of Capital Safes. Once more he handed her a card.

Meanwhile, Miss Lane calmly informed him that Mr. Janisson would be back at two thirty and he could see him then. Her thoughts were complementing his—*He's even better looking than Tommy. I'll bet he is just too*

good to his wife. Maybe he hasn't any. I wonder. He looks different from Tommy somehow. Better, I guess. Here she almost giggled at the added thought. I'll bet he goes to church every Sunday.

"There is no better way to safeguard valuable papers. One knows that what is put into the Capital Safe is secure. It's really safe." Silently he continued, *I'll bet she just loves kids. Wouldn't it be fine to get her in as teacher of that primary class? I've exhausted all my 'safe' talk. Now how can I stall?* Once more he laid a card on the desk before her with the statement that he would return later.

Miss Lane had ever so much work to be done. There was a deed with a lengthy land description (which had to be retyped for the fourth time before it could be allowed to pass), a number of letters to write, certain persons to phone and remind that rent was again due. Mr. Janisson was due for a surprise when he

Frazzled nerves, bad tempers, cross words, the entering wedge of outside affections, and the threat of a broken home and destroyed love—these were the results of so-called "harmless amusements" for Bobs and Arthur. Then a day of realization, and a return to the ways in which they had known their greatest happiness. There is something to think about in this story.

returned to find that his more than efficient secretary had scarcely started her work but was busily engaged talking to a young fellow whom he had met once before. Arthur Sparton who represented the Capital Safe Company.

As money was slow to come in Mr. Janisson delayed the purchase of the safe. So, with a good prospect to work on, Mr. Sparton frequently dropped into the office and as the weeks passed Miss Lane became more dreamy eyed than ever, especially when the Capital Safe Car glided up to the curb.

SEVERAL times Art had tried to get Bobs to agree to go somewhere with him but she always laughed him out of the idea until one day when he was about discouraged with trying he suddenly changed the subject and asked her if she wouldn't like to go to church with him the following Sunday. Frequently Bobs, with other members of the family, went to church to some special services and occasionally she, and the boy friend of the moment, would go to a church social, but to ask her just to go to church—"What church do you go to?"

"The Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints in Higginville. I'd like to have you come down and meet my folks, too."

"I never even heard of that church. But—well—Sure, I'll go with you."

At home that night Mother was told of the plan for Sunday.

"Bobsie, child, You go 'way over to Higginville with some fellow your father and I have never even seen and to a church like that! You must be crazy. Don't you know that that is just another name for Mormons? Probably this nice young fellow has three or four women around now. And *you* want to go. You must be crazy."

Little doubts began entering the girl's mind. Maybe, as Mother said, he was just a smooth talker. But he did seem nicer than any of the Sandy Hill men or boys.

"Well, Mother, just going once can't hurt me any. I don't have to marry him just 'cause I go with him once. I'm big enough to take care of myself, anyway."

"Have it your own way, Bobsie. You're of age and I guess you can do as you please. But I never thought I'd live to be so disgraced. My daughter get mixed up with a church like that."

SUNDAY came and, early in the morning, came Art, also. Mother had to admit that he did *seem* like a nice enough young man. It was a pleasant ride for these two young people. Mother's fears were partially confided to Art who gravely tried to explain them away.

It was not an imposing church like others in the city, before which they stopped and Art's parents were not the long faced deacon-ish people Bobs had expected to see. Her first feeling upon entering the church was one of peace and quiet.

Plainly the girls liked Art but his eyes were only for the girl sitting so timidly beside him. The young people there were a jolly bunch and between Sunday School and church Art was requested by one of the girls to please bring Miss Lane the following Tuesday to the Temple Builders' meeting.

Then home to dinner with Brother and Sister Sparton who were a lively couple and made things so pleasant for the young lady that when asked to return again soon she gladly consented to come whenever Art should come for her.

Back in Sandy Hill that night vainly did the girl attempt to set her parents' minds at rest for she had had a lovely time she told them.

"Naturally, everything was all fixed up for your benefit," the mother had said.

"Anyway," Bobs announced, "I'm going again Tuesday night and also next Sunday."

FOLLOWED many week-day nights and Sunday mornings, Art and Bobs attended church or some organization of it. Never had church been so enjoyed by Bobs. Mother still continued to feel it a deep disgrace but was not surprised when the day came that Bobs proudly showed a dainty ring on her left hand. The engagement was not to be long.

Just previous to the engagement had come Bobs' entrance into the membership of the church. Wholly convinced was she that this was the true church but useless would it be to try to explain it to Mother. It had been necessary to choose clothing which was infrequently worn for the baptismal garb as they must be taken out without Mother's knowledge. Sister Sparton had offered to launder them ready for return on Bobs' next visit.

Then came the wedding. Father and Mother Lane debated long over whether or not they

should even go. "Yes," they had determined, "We'll go and see how they do things anyway."

Certain phrases in that simple ceremony had bothered them—"You both mutually agree to be each others companion, husband and wife, observing the legal rights belonging to this condition, that is, keeping yourselves wholly for each other and from all others during your lives?"

How could a people sound so devout and sincere saying such things when everyone knew that they were merely saying one thing and meaning another? How often Bobs had said, "Don't you understand that the laws of the United States will not tolerate polygamy? Then why worry about it?"

"Well," Mr. Lane had said on the way home, "we'll just save our money because it won't be long before Bobs will be coming home and wanting a divorce. She'll see we were right."

This sentiment was expressed many times in the next few months but it gradually lost force. Somehow, things had worked out differently than the Lanes had figured.

THE young people kept much to themselves, attending church regularly and sometimes parties. Then Tommy Dean who had married Ellen Daly, Bobs' bridesmaid, shortly after Bobs' wedding, moved to Higginville and the young Spartons naturally invited them to the house one evening. Pleasant memories were recalled and a visit to the Deans followed shortly.

"What about some poker?" Tommy asked Bobs.

"Oh, no, Art never plays cards. I guess he don't even know how. I've practically forgotten, too." Bobs added.

"That's too bad and you most always did have such luck. Royal flushes were downright common for you. What about a game of Hearts, then. I'll bet I could beat you with good old Black Bess in my hand."

Bobs grinned. "Now, Tommy, you are just bragging to get me interested. You know very well I'd beat you."

Art and Ellen had been listening to the radio and talking of the grand music they were hearing. At length Ellen could stand it no longer. "Come on Art, let's roll these rugs and dance a while. What! You don't know how to dance! Expect me to believe that Bobs would marry a man who couldn't dance. Why she was the best little dancer in our set. She used to say she simply couldn't stand it to go with any man who couldn't dance as well as she. That's why she and Tommy went together so long."

Ellen by this time had the rugs rolled and without listening to Art's protestations, whirled him out on the floor. Art had never danced before but, of course, had seen couples dancing. It was very easy to keep time to the swaying music. Why, this was fun. No wonder Bobs had enjoyed it. Bobs and Tommy ceased their talk of deuces and treys in wonder at the dancers. "Come on," said Tommy.

What fun this was! But the clock sped around and soon it was time for the Spartons to take their leave. That night they talked long about it. No, there was nothing really wrong about that, but perhaps they had better not see too much of the Deans. Sure, he liked Ellen and Tommy and he liked to dance but—

A few night later as they were about to say grace before supper the phone rang.

"Yes, hello, Ellen, Oh, that's all right, Oh, does Tommy know him? Yes, Art said he had talked to him about a safe—Well, yes you can bring him over. Seven-thirty? Okay. See you later." Returning to the table she explained, "Art, that young Mr. Donnel who has just opened that law office was talking to Tommy and mentioned you in connection with Capital Safes and he is coming over with them this evening."

Dominoes was the high note of the evening. That surely was tame after the dancing of the last evening together. James Donnel was a very amusing fellow and paid pretty little compliments to Mrs. Sparton. Some one suggested going over to the Deans to hear the

Do you lead your friends, or are you led by them? Are you an influence, or are you a social mocking bird that sings whatever kind of song the other birds sing? . . . Observe that the great mistakes of life are rarely made alone but are preceded by a number of little ones. One thing always leads to another, whether good or bad. There are few acts or occupations that do not ultimately point, either to a calamity, or to a great ideal.

President's words on the unemployment question to be broadcasted.

There, Tommy tried hard to get the President's voice intelligibly clear but only a word now and then could be understood for the static. "We are in no hurry," Art remarked, "maybe it will get clear soon."

"Oh, rats! Let's dance. Here's a swell orchestra. And is it hot?" Art and Bobs exchanged glances. After his last remark they couldn't well leave, then. A few dances with Ellen would be nice.

"I wonder," thought Bobs, "if Mr. Donnel is a good dancer?" Then she had occasion to learn that he danced marvelously. James would only grudgingly release her to either Art or Tommy and only once did he dance with Ellen but he would sit sulking until he might cut in again on Bobs.

THESE dancing evenings became more and more frequent until the night of the Dean's party. They had decided to celebrate Art's birthday which fell on a Wednesday with a surprise dancing party. Just as Art and Bobs had finished dressing for prayer meeting in came the gang and church was no more to be thought of for several hours. The Deans had brought a gay party and plenty of refreshments, cards and even their radio which was soon booming out the popular "*You Fry Somebody Else*," and soon groups of four gathered around the tables Ellen had been thoughtful enough to provide and most any game was to be found to suit any one's taste. There seemed to be no game that Art knew how to play. Well, he supposed he could learn. That funny looking board with the holes in it and the matches sticking up, looked interesting, so it was cribbage that he learned. There was some thrill to that. If he could learn to play so easily as that—beginner's luck, they called it.

No longer did Art and Mary talk of doctrinal questions. No more did they read aloud and discuss passages from the *Bible*. There simply wasn't time. Either James Donnel or the Deans were at their place or they were at the Deans. Anyway they didn't have so much to say to one another as a few months ago. There was another change. They had been so madly in love for the first few months of married life that they had scarcely ever called each other by their given names. Always it was

"Honey" and "Sweetheart." Then had come the night they had quarreled violently at the Deans over a play in the game of "Five Hundred." Thereafter "Honey" and "Sweetheart" began to call each other "Art" and "Bobs" which soon drifted into a formal "Arthur" and "Barbara." The riff was becoming greater day by day until Brother Sanders had come to hold a series of meetings.

Bobs loved the man the first time she saw him and heard him talk. The first night he preached a wonderful sermon. The next night Ellen simply begged them to make up a party and all go to China town. It had been a long time since they had had noodles together. Bobs suddenly grew brave and in turn implored Ellen and Tommy to go to church with them which they at last agreed to with Bobs' promise that they would go and have a hot time in China town Saturday night. First a movie at the New Princeton. No, they neither one knew what the show was to be, but—then on to China town to make "whoopee" with noodles and dancing and if not tired out then to go to Ellen's home for more dancing and cards. Anyway, Brother Sanders had said he would not speak Saturday night.

THURSDAY evening Bobs asked to have him come and eat dinner with them. Then in the midst of pie-making, frozen dessert preparation, salad making, and all such things that go to make up the getting of a "company" dinner, had come the telegram from Mother:

"ARRIVING HIGGINSVILLE THURSDAY AFTERNOON STOP MEET ONE-THIRTY TRAIN STOP LOVE STOP MOTHER."

Art was out of town and would not return until about five. What was she to do? The phone's insistent ringing finally aroused her. "Yes, Jim. I never was so glad to hear your voice. I'm in a terrible mess. I am having a very special guest for dinner this evening. A telegram from my mother says she is coming on the 1.30 and Art has the car and so I can't meet her—oh, I knew you would. Yes, I'll be ready when you come. Yes, but really you should not say such things. Sure, I like you but—oh, Jim, can't you see? No, we can't go to the show with you tonight. We are going to church. Well, laugh if you want to, but it would do you more good to come with us. Well, all right. Why, yes, we expect to go

Saturday night. Oh, Jim, my cake is burning. Bye."

Somehow the cake was rescued and the apron slipped off, powder replaced on the sweet young face and the hair freshened with a damp comb through the clinging curls.

Jim's battered old wreck noisily announced its approach and the door was locked and the machine, for once on its good behavior, they met the train and found Mother. Yes, she had checked her suitcases. Daddy said he couldn't get away, but she ought to get away to see Bobs for a few days. What was the matter with Bobs? She looked actually "peaked" as Grandmother Jones would have said. For the first few months after her marriage she had looked so much better. Maybe she was running around nights too much. Suddenly Bobs remembered that when she had been at home she had been out to a dance or a card party nearly every night and that was what they were doing now. She and Art were so cross every morning when it was time to get up because they were continually tired out. In the days following their marriage things had not been so. Rather they had spent many evenings at home alone studying the books of the church, sometimes singing the old hymns. How peaceful they had been. Gone was that peace and nearly gone also was their happiness. She was so nervous and irritable lately that frequently she burst out crying hysterically. Maybe they did run around too much. Now they were home.

"Thanks, a lot, Jim. I'll be seeing you Saturday night."

"Okay, Kid. Don't forget," he had flung back to her.

Mrs. Lane considered this, wondering if perhaps Art had girl friends who told him, "I'll be seeing you." Her doubts had been nearly set at rest until now. She and Daddy thought perhaps this church was different.

Bobs told Mother of the expected guest and Mother said that would be all right; she would be glad to help with the dinner. Now, hadn't Bobs better go and lie down a while to rest before time to set the table? No use arguing, she guessed she knew when her own little girl was tired out. Suddenly Bobs began weeping silently, apparently without reason, then louder and more wildly. Why? She couldn't have

told. "Sheer nervousness," Mrs. Lane said. When the hysterical girl had been induced to lie down for a while she fell into weak sleep, lying limp on her dainty little bed. Mother's hard, toil-worn hand caressed the smooth, well-shaped and prettily manicured hand. Soon the girl was up to set the table and then later to dress for dinner.

The dinner passed off rather successfully everything considered, and when Mother insisted that the dishes were her property for that evening the young people sat down for a few minutes' talk with the elder before time to go to the church.

The telephone called Art back to his daily work for a brief time and Bobs, who had been discussing recreations as set forth by the church with the elder, determined to satisfy her troubled mind on certain other matters.

Brother Sanders allowed her to empty her heart to him, telling of the harmless dancing, cards, etc., that they were in the habit of enjoying of late. "That can't really harm us, can it, Brother Sanders? Now, Saturday night a party of us are——"

Brother Sanders, good man that he was, had not taken this confidence lightly. He knew this had come from the bottom of her heart. Thoughtfully, he answered, "Sister Sparton, I am not preaching Saturday night, as of course your know. Your party sounds interesting. I wonder if you wouldn't invite me?"

Still more thoughtfully did Bobs consider this. Surely he was joking. Certainly he wouldn't go to a movie where perhaps the picture would be filthy with its suggestiveness—and on to China town with all its tawdry decorations—dancing and then on to Ellen's to dance some more and play cards—poker perhaps. No! Brother Sanders must be joking. But, no! A glance at his face showed him to be intensely serious. He wasn't joking. He had said he would go with them on this party. Glancing at the elder once more her face turned crimson and then blanched as quickly. Why, she was wondering, would it actually be worse for the good brother to go on this wild party than for them? But they simply could not go in such company. Turning, she saw Art standing behind her chair. Sitting down on the arm of her chair and flinging his arm around her

as of old he remarked, "Honey, we can't go Saturday night, can we?"

"No, Sweetheart, we just can't go with that crowd again."

"Honey, that job in East Linton is still open——"

"Yes, let's take it." And after a moment, "I'm going to call Ellen and Jim up now. It will make them mad because that is all they have in this life to live for but——"

"Honey, do you remember how we used to study our book of *Doctrinal References* night after night and how happy we were?"

Brother Sanders, completely forgotten, arose with the statement, "Well, I guess I'll run along and you can come on later if you wish."

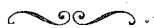
Scarcely was his departure noted as the couple remembered and continued remembering happinesses of long ago. Mother Lane stood in the kitchen doorway with the dishtowel still in her hands, little knowing that she was a spectator at a reunion in the life of a couple near parting.

"Well," she said, after returning that night following hearing one of Brother Sanders' best sermons, "I guess maybe this church is all right. I must not forget to take home some of those *Angel Messages* to Daddy."

Bobs, while locking the door, was softly humming to herself (or did her song reach the Everlasting Ears?).

This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And knows not beginning nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit will guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

In the bedroom Art was on his knees, "Lord, please forgive me and Bobs for these last few months. It's really all my fault. If I hadn't been such a weak-kneed Latter Day Saint this never would have happened. Wilt thou especially bless dear Brother Sanders and Bobs and me to do thy will in all things."



The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.—
R. L. Stevenson.

It is in the immediate or remote consequences of our own actions that we find the cause of almost all the things that hinder us.—*The Lamoni Chronicle*.



Morning Prayer

By DUTIE E. GOFF

Jesus our shepherd, Holy One,
Guide our frail bark o'er tempestuous seas.
Help, O our Father, and rule by Thy Spirit,
And calm the wild waves, as on Galilee.
We search in Thy scriptures
And find in the readings
That one who was merciful, loving and kind
Walked through the valley of sadness and sorrow,
But always submissive, and always sublime.

O give to us patience, love and endurance,
Always uplifting the soul of mankind,
Searching in byways and lifting the fallen.
Give us Thy Spirit of love so divine,
Lighten our eyes, Lord, to all of Thy glories.
Faith be secured and Thy will be done.
Increase our faith in the hope of bright glory,
To look in the eyes of Thy crucified Son.

Onward and upward
We pass through our trials,
Hoping to gain the celestial reward,
That we may come forth in the first resurrection
And feast at the supper of Jesus our Lord.



Peace and Good Will

Out of an ancient pageantry,
Playing along a midnight sky
Old words echo across the years,
Words that will never die.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men,"
Piercing the night, the sweet refrain
Sings itself, and the listening hear,
And the wise ones harken and heed,
Brothers they are to the sorrowing
Brothers to those in need;

Brothers to those who had not known
There was a Saviour born that night;
Brother to all who stumble and fall
Blindly seeking the light.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men,"
This is the song for the Christ-child's birth!
Out of that night will victory come;
Triumph of peace on earth.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

Perhaps you have traveled. But have you seen the country? . . . Some people have been all over the world, but have seen nothing except the railroads, and the first line of comfortable hotels. . . . It is wonderful to travel. But when you are anchored to your job and your own fireside, the next best thing is see through the eyes of others.

Versailles

By AUDENTIA ANDERSON

IT WAS LATE in the evening of Saturday when we said good-by to our good friends on the *Lancastria*, as the sturdy ship swung toward the port of Havre. Many last things had to be attended to before leaving the floating hotel which had been our home for six weeks—baggage to be packed, locked, strapped, and consigned to the care of porters, passports to be obtained from the purser, transportation to Paris secured from railroad representatives aboard, and last, but not least, final tips to be bestowed upon various individuals who had served us on the cruise. There are at least three people with whom a passenger comes in close contact on a voyage—room steward, bath steward and table steward. In our case, because both sexes were represented in our family party, this group was augmented by a room stewardess and a bath stewardess. The chief dining room steward comes in for a share of attention, especially if there have been some special menus ordered, though his good favor is quite uniformly in evidence, with or without gratuities. Then there is the deck steward, in charge of deck chairs and steamer rugs, and the lounge and library stewards who frequently extend appreciated services. Oh, it is quite a menage of attendants you acquire aboardship, I assure you! However, one feels resigned to the inescapable matter of tips when informed that these young men and women receive very meager pay for their long hours of daily service, and of necessity, depend for more adequate income upon the generosity of those whom they serve, expressed via this long-established custom. On ordinary ocean crossings, tipping is deferred until the passage is concluded; on this cruise, however, it was done weekly.

LONG before the gates were lifted and we were privileged to land, with hundreds of others we had milled about in the crowded companionways, exchanging countless good-bys

and smiling at the prevalent "wise-cracking" characteristic of Americans in good humor. The wait seemed quite interminable, but finally we found ourselves, a half hour after midnight, scurrying down to the dock. Through some sheds where baggage was claimed and "cleared through customs," we made our way into the railway station, expecting to board a train at once for the Capitol City. Imagine our dismay when we were informed that the last train to Paris that night had gone and there would be no other until morning!

Thus, within a few minutes of embarking "on our own," in this foreign travel we found ourselves in somewhat of a dilemma. Ben and I were utterly unfamiliar with the strange tongue spoken about us, and Rogene's contact with it was limited to a mere smattering acquired in earlier school days—the sort that contents itself with a distant, stilted *bowing* acquaintance rather than a *speaking* one! Thus it was quite difficult to arrive at a satisfactory adjustment. Our fellow-*Lancastrians* disappeared as if by magic, hither or yon, according to their own plans—and our bewilderment increased. Finally we hailed a taxi, and ordered it to a certain hotel, where some friends were heading. Alas, it was only to learn, upon arrival there, that "there was no room in the inn!"

Another wordy conflict, and again we rattled over the deserted streets of a strange city, which seemed terrifying enough as midnight moments merged into "wee sma' hours." After what seemed a long, long ride, to whither we knew not, we were landed at an odd hotel, sandwiched, with only a door and window in evidence, between other buildings. The harangue we staged, generously pantomimed, was rewarded by permission—grudgingly granted, it seemed—to enter. One would have thought we were asking, and being granted, a very great and unusual favor!

Then—*ouch!* That taxi fare! Ben expostulated over its extravagant size, declared it was an outrage, but it was all to no avail. The driver with shrugs and black looks merely said, "Oui—but I've my living to make!" Indignantly we thought *make* was a good word for it, for surely it was not *earned!* Had it been daylight, so we could have seen something of the lovely French city which we found so inhospitable at midnight, we might not have felt so abused. And—had we known what we discovered next morning, we might have felt worse!

A woman was at the hotel desk—sleepy-looking, but alert enough to get good American money plumped right down in front of her before allowing us to be shown to our rooms! A long, long wait, while preparations went forward, and then, through dimly-lighted, narrow passages, a woman porter dragging our luggage before us, we found our lodgings for the night, veritably a place of refuge, "be it ever so humble." Assuredly it was welcome. We went to rest realizing, as we pondered the experiences of the past hour or two, just how carefully hitherto our way had been "prepared before us," how comfortably it had been smoothed, and unerringly every difficulty removed, how unfailingly our needs had been anticipated and provided for; and how unnumbered were the difficulties and embarrassments which we had escaped during our visits to strange lands by having placed ourselves in the security of conducted travel rather than by going by ourselves.

Ascertaining the hour of departure for the first train Paris-ward, we went to sleep, thankful that we had good, clean and comfortable beds for that night at least (even though their pillows were the long bolster type to which we were unaccustomed), and that before other difficulties were apt to loom before us, it would be daylight. Strange how much more trivial perplexities seem in the morning than they do at midnight!

Rising betimes and asking direction to the railway station, what was our astonishment to discover that it was just across the street! Our taxi trip in the dead of night, had indeed been a circuitous one, and we found ourselves right where we had started, minus a good fat price for the joy-ride!

After obtaining some rolls and coffee—excrucially bad—we shortly encountered Mr. Trouble again, when Ben presented our tickets to the station agent. He was assured that they were not good that day, that the train for which they had been issued had gone to Paris in the middle of the night before—the very accommodation we had expected but of which the night officials had appeared to be profoundly ignorant! Imagine the irritation of the "gude mon" from Nebraska, who just had no relish for, nor any intention of, being swindled and hoodwinded in any such manner! Rogene and I watched the altercation with interest. The agent had the advantage of numbers, for an argument between a "native" and a tourist invariably attracts a mob within no time. The air seemed full of static, strange accents filling it with discords jingling to the accompaniment of excited gestures. It might have become quite blue had the American been addicted to vehement embellishments of language. At that, there is no telling what verbal swordplay *was* really being indulged in by those dark-eyed, insolent men who had the tourist on the squirm!

AT WHAT seemed long last, Ben returned to us accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as an angel in disguise, a Good Samaritan had interposed to save him from the brigands, to pour oil on foreign waters or to restore calm to troubled seas! Our relief knew no bounds, and a bit of real gratitude ascended from my heart, that in an hour of need, such a sympathetic fellow man had been directed our way.

Although he had first-class transportation, this new-found friend waived his privileges, and took a seat in the compartment with us, where his pleasant conversation and intelligent comments made the two-hours' journey to Paris very entertaining. Born in Boston, he had left the United States when he was but seven. He spoke five languages; was booking agent for an Orpheum circuit, and had a sister, a wife and a fifteen-year-old daughter who were members of a troupe of jugglers—called the Clovelly Girls, according to my notebook. He said they were to make a tour of American cities the following October. I wonder if that trip materialized, and if any of my readers might have seen the performing ladies!

He seemed to be unappreciative, to put it mildly, of French people. He told us we would hate them. "You'll see!" he declared, "you won't be in Paris until Wednesday without some Frenchman will do something to make you hate him! They all overcharge; they are shameless in the way they bleed the tourist. They hate Americans and English. I call Cook's Company in Paris, 'Crook's Company,' for they fleeced a friend of mine out of a large sum when they cashed his money order; besides they have lied to me, outright," etc., etc. He told us he had served the Government in the war, spending alternately six months in London and six in Paris, all through the conflict.



At Versailles

big bridge. "I have seen this river when it ran red with blood!" said the husband, father and brother of the Clovelly Girls.

Old stone cottage, glimpsed between the gateposts of a walled-in garden. Low brick dwellings, with roofs of sod or grass, and lean-tos of wood attached. Winding roads. Terraced gardens. An occasional tower or ruined castle. Mist and rain and sunshine. Nearer Paris, more truck patches and taller wheat—a crazy-quilt-like arrangement of outline line and color. Fishers along the streams. Small boats. Picnic parties. Loaded barges. Great railroad engines—

"left by Americans after the war." Crocheted doilies on backs of compartment seats, the word "Etat" in filet, indicating it as property of the state.

SOME observations *en route* to Paris! Boy going through train, ringing handbell to call attention to breakfast being served. A little town of one streets at the foot of a hill. An avenue of poplars. Historic Rouen, its cemetery seen before we entered the city; imposing statue of Joan of Arc in center, seen from train. (Would they burn her at the stake now, as they did five hundred years ago? I wonder?) Hilly country; long tunnels. Boy ringing a second invitation to breakfast in the dining car. Cathedrals, two of them, one above the other on a hillside. Flat valleys between hills wooded at top, green swards on slopes below, scarred by excavations for limestone or sand. Wheat uncut and in shocks, men and women working in the fields in spite of the Sabbath morning. Much unused lands.

"The French are very lazy," said our chance companion. "They leave all the hard work as servants to be done by naturalized Italians."

Fruit shipping. Tall, narrow houses. Covered wooden bridges over impoverished streams. Fields of turnips, peas, cabbage and potatoes. Much red clover. River Marne, with

PARIS was entered at ten fifteen. Our friend hailed a taxi, did the "dickering," entered it with us, and away we sped. He directed the driver to our hotel, on the way explaining that there would be no charge for us, for our hotel was right on his way, and that he had told the driver he was just dropping his family off on his way to his office! Ben tried to give him some money, but he promptly vetoed the idea, saying, "No, no; don't do that! That would spoil everything, for the driver would 'smell a rat!'" At the time I had some qualms of conscience about this procedure, but really, before our three days in Paris were over, we had been so repeatedly indignant at the shameless overcharges, that we began to feel it was, after all, merely a case of Greek meeting Greek, or, rather, French trickery allied against French trickery. Anyway, we were again placed under obligations to the lively acquaintance who had befriended us at Havre, when we had been so completely stranded in a swirling tide of unintelligible syllables and knavish overreaching.

After getting settled in our rooms at the pretty little hotel we had chosen, we ate a deli-

cious, though simple, lunch in its quiet dining room. There were perhaps ten or twelve other guests at the hotel, several of whom were English. Replying to a casual remark, intended as a friendly overture, I was amused when a Londoner exclaimed, "Ah; I *knew you were west!*"

IN THE early afternoon we took "passage" on a sight-seeing bus, bound for Versailles, our seat thereon being shared by a young tourist from New Orleans, who promptly attached himself to our group and made himself generally though unobtrusively useful as interpreter.

On the trip out: The famous Champs Elysees (Fields of Delight), fashionable promenade, "mile and quarter" long. The Arc de l'Etoile (Arch of the Star), the arch of triumph erected by Napoleon to memorialize his victories. (It shelters the tomb of the unknown soldier, which was recently "desecrated" by a speech from an American city mayor—the first in history there, utter silence having been considered the highest form of tribute.) One of the Gates of Paris, where a war tax was exacted from each sight-seer; in its expansion the city has enveloped many of its earlier boundaries and environs.

A street carnival, with carousal in full swing, hobby horses and automobiles filled with shouting youngsters. The River Seine. The village of Saint Cloud. Steep street up a hillside, with two iron rods in center to which pedestrians might cling in ascending or descending. Shutters at windows; no screens. Double-decked coaches in trains rattling on elevated tracks. Picardy Road with double rows of great trees arching over fine pavement. Groves on either hand. Picnickers. Bridle paths. A bicycle rider, lying on the grass reading a book. Well-worn cobblestones. Handsome homes on vast estates. "In Paris the people die of starvation; here they die of indigestion!" grimly remarked our guide.

VERSAILLES at last—that palace of luxury-loving rulers. It is said John D. Rockefeller gave two million dollars in gold to restore this memorial of a glorious but vanished past, said to be one of the most artistically perfect buildings in France. Certainly visitors find it one of the most interesting and instructive, for since the days of royal occupancy, it has

been used as an historical museum—"to the imperishable glories of France!"

Louis XIII first built upon the site; but his edifice was merely a "hunting-box" in the forest, and it was for his son to enlarge its confines to the present immense area. It remained a royal residence for later kings and emperors, who added to its beauty and magnificence as they pleased, or, in the attempt to do so, marred and despoiled much of the harmony which had existed. Wings and chapels, salons and corridors, colonnades and pavilions, groves and gardens combine to make it of labyrinthian charm and loveliness. Particularly has the use of terraces and fountains made it famous; there are literally scores of the latter. It is said the king desired to stand at his window and be able to gaze upon falling water as far as his eye could reach; and the wish, of course, took fulfillment in material form and beauty. There is the Fountain of Latone, with its green carpet stretching away to great distances; Apollo's Basin, with its Royal Alley, lined on both sides with marble statues; the Basin of Neptune, whose waters rise almost as high as the majestic trees which surround it; the Basin of Bacchus, with its Autumn Alley, a vista between trees narrowing to the vanishing point of perspective; and dozens of others whose names were not noted. It was a matter of disappointment to us that these fountains were not playing the Sunday we visited the palace. We were told the waters are set in motion on two Sundays each month and on special holidays. However, our guide tried to soften our disappointment by saying, "When you get to your hotel tonight, go down on your knees and thank God you are alive, for when the fountains are playing you are in danger out here of being trampled to death by the mobs."

THE reign of Louis XIV, the longest in human annals, was marked by dazzling magnificence. From his fourth year, when he ascended the throne, he was surrounded by subservient courtiers, and lived in the perfume of perpetual incense. He did not originate any of the permanent benefactions, nor was he responsible for any of the literary, artistic, or industrial triumphs, which marked his reign, yet he received credit therefor, securing the reputation of being one of the wisest and best of kings. He was surrounded by a coterie of

brilliant generals, able ministers, eminent jurists, lawyers, prelates, thinkers, writers, critics, and artists, which was most unique and remarkable, and greatly enhanced the brilliancy of the period.

From his predecessor and the able minister Richelieu, he inherited the policy of the concentration of all authority in the hands of the king. While this policy was a despotic one and its administrators often hated and hateful, it did much to promote the cause of law, order, industry, and the resources of the kingdom. Along with this unrestricted power, he inherited enormous wealth, and Louis XIV entered upon his long reign (seventy-two years) with every opportunity to become such a benefactor to his country that his name could have been written high upon the scroll of earthly honor. Instead, he became possessed by military ambition, and seeking to emulate the triumphs of Alexander the Great, wasted in many devastating and costly foreign campaigns the wealth and resources of his people.

While at the height of success in these conflicts and conquests, he entered upon a career of unexampled extravagance, of which perhaps this beautiful palace of Versailles stands as chief remaining evidence. It is said he spent a thousand million livres (a coin once valued at a pound of silver or gold) upon its enlargement and adornment. Certain it is that none of his courtiers could raise a voice or hand in protest, even had he desired to do so. The king was called the "Grand Monarch," and the adulatory people believed him to be the favored and anointed of heaven. Indeed he came to express the situation in the proud words, "L'etat c'est moi," or "The state, it is I."

A writer, referring to this policy, says: "We have, in the United States, but a feeble conception of the power of this principle of kingly rule as it was prevalent in Europe in the 17th century; it was nursed by all the chivalric sentiments of the Middle Ages. The person of a king was sacred; he was regarded as being divinely commissioned. The sacred oil poured on his head by the highest dignitary of the church at his coronation, imparted to him a sacred charm, and he became a consecrated monarch to rule the people. . . . Whatever the king decreed had the force of irresistible law; no one dared to disobey a royal mandate

but a rebel in actual hostilities. Resistance to royal authority was ruin. . . . In France there was a chivalric charm about the person of a king; he was not only sacred, of purer blood than other people, but the greatest nobles were proud to attend and wait upon his person . . . and deemed it but a religious and sentimental allegiance. . . . A king could dismiss his most powerful minister or his most triumphant general at the head of an army, by a stroke of the pen or by a word, without expostulation or resistance. To disobey the king was tantamount to defiance of Almighty power."

Looking upon such a picture of kingly rule, may not we, of America, rejoice deeply that God designed this land to be free from such oppression? And pondering the career of "Le Grand Monarch," are we not impressed with the truth that sooner or later all thrones must crumble, and all earthly power perish? At seventy-seven this proud ruler of France, the builder of sumptuous Versailles, faced death, a broken-hearted man.

OF THE original "little hunting-box" of the former sovereign, there remains a portion, forming three sides about a narrow area called the Marble Court. Its central facade and the decoration of its roof, however, were added by Louis XIV. In front of the palace is the huge parade ground where once imperious rulers reviewed their glorious armies. Down between the avenues are the Great Stables where once were kept the royal horses, and on the other side, the Little Stables where the gilded coaches and carriages of state were housed—all beautiful buildings, designed by the famous Mansart. Once they contained as many as twenty-five hundred horses; today the one group is used for artillery workshops and the other for barracks of state engineers.

Between the "wings of the ministers" where once lived the royal retinue and favorites, is the main entrance court, ornamented by sixteen marble statues, thirteen feet high. Some of these are of historical persons, various marshals of the empire and other notables. At the entrance to the Royal Court is an equestrian statue of Louis XIV.

IT IS impossible to do justice to Versailles. Our guide took us through countless chambers which vied with each other in magnificence

and splendor. To fully appreciate the wonders displayed one would need weeks where we had moments. My notebook yields but fragments, brief notations of that which attracted our attention, or was heard in passing. We saw the luxurious apartments of Madam DuBarry and other pampered and spendthrift associates of various French kings and emperors. We saw a window from which a despairing minister watched the mad approach of forty thousand ruthless "commoners" in the French Revolution, and from which a king and queen were dragged to a captivity which ended only in death on the guillotine.

A succession of rooms—nine—contain pictures and relics devoted to French history, from Clovis, founder of the monarchy (ruled from 481 to 511, A. D.) down to the Revolution. Here are great paintings by modern artists as well as priceless treasures from early collections. One room in this series has quite recently been adapted to a collection of souvenirs of American Independence. Among its contents is a reproduction in bronze of the marble statue of George Washington, executed in America by Houdon—a gift to the museum from the State of Virginia. It was surrounded by portraits of contemporary notables, painted by order of "Louie Sixteen."

Another series of rooms is devoted to souvenirs of the Crusades, in which in the 11th to 13th centuries, all Christian nations of Europe joined in the attempt to deliver Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre from the Moslems. The walls are hung with massive paintings depicting various of these struggles, while ceilings, friezes and pillars bear reproductions of the armour belonging to countless knights who took gallant part in those religious pilgrimages.

A number of galleries contain portraits of princes, ladies, rulers, and historical personages of various periods. To a student of physiognomy, French history might be traced in these faces and their setting of gilded ornaments. All about are relics of their times, exquisite laces, fans, jewels, dress and ornaments of every description. Marie Antoinette, for instance, looking haughtily out, though with a depth of tragedy in her eyes, her curls falling about shoulders clad in laces and fur, her silken dress bound by cord and tassel. I wonder—my notes are obscure, here—before the

portrait of just which royal lady it was that our guide stopped to inform us that she had had no children of her own but had raised ten of her husband's!

Another time, after pausing at some exhibit of royal extravagance, he remarked, "I never loved the king for his money or his titles or his estates—but for his books."

Of the hundreds of rooms in this vast palace, a few stand out in memory more clearly than others. One of these is the Hall of Mirrors, for in it the final treaty ending the World War was signed in 1919. It is a very long, comparatively narrow, and pillared hall, with mirrors from floor to ceiling on all sides, set between highly ornamented pilasters, an arched ceiling over all. The table upon which the famous compact was signed, stood in the center, the only piece of furniture in the vast room. It rested in dignified and solitary honor upon a platform, roped away from sacrilegious hands. The latter measure was taken, we were informed, because too many souvenir postcards were being written thereon by tourists who wished to send a thrill back home!

Then there was the Room of the Battles, the walls of which were hung with immense paintings, of uniform size, depicting the various battles in which France had engaged, from Clovis in 496, remarkable for primitive weapons of pikes, staves and flaming brands, down to the last terrific conflict in which the last of the French kings had been forced to yield to the victorious Emperor. One of the later pictures represented France's participation in our own War of the Revolution, showing General Lafayette, with Washington, receiving the sword of Lord Cornwallis at the surrender of Yorktown.

AFTER all, the most haunting memory I carried away from Versailles that August day, was that of the remarkable statue of Napoleon in his last days—an invalid, propped with pillows, a coverlet across his knees, scanty locks in disarray, and form shrunken. *But*—his eyes wide open, were looking straight ahead, full of the light and fire of an indomitable and unconquered soul, the while a wasted and wrinkled hand clutched with tenacious grip, a map of Europe upon which he had evidently been tracing further glorious invasions.

There was something more than pathos in the conception of the sculptor. It was as though he had succeeded in catching the spirit of the man who allowed nothing to daunt him, even when fortunes crumbled, projects failed, friends deserted, and tired Nature herself at last proved faithless. One could glimpse the iron will, the unflinching purpose, the unquenchable ambition which still smouldered in that clever and active brain, hurling defiance at hindrances and handicaps, even approaching dissolution itself. One could sense the immortality of the soul of man, its determination to recognize no defeat, its very imperviousness to attacks from without, even though that which was "of the earth, earthy," must, of necessity, return to its own. The memory of that solitary statue, its personification of the loneliness of physical defeat coupled with the glory and triumph of an unconquered spirit, remains with me still, and is one of inspiration.

Reluctantly leaving these enchanted grounds of an earthly paradise of beauty, with scores of others we found place, a little later, at one of the many tea tables which lined the walks, a few blocks away, and gratefully sat down in the shade for the "pause that refreshes"—as dear, apparently, to the hearts of French people as those under the sound of Graham MacNamee's enthusiastic voice! In the matter of computation and settlement for this repast, Mr. Currier, our young acquaintance from New Orleans, was of great assistance, for, notwithstanding the heroic efforts we had uniformly made to adjust ourselves to the varied and shifting scale of foreign money values, and reduce them to comprehensible terms of dollars and cents, our knowledge of centimes, sous, francs and livres was at that hour still very vague and elemental.

Then homeward by another route, the guide pointing out many scenes of beauty with true French ardor and appreciation. "All good Christians," he declared, "come to Paris some day, and here they live, and love, and never die!"

An incident of the return trip caused us some excitement; it was when we were stopped by a traffic cop, and fined for speeding. We could not, of course, understand the arguments which filled the air with such rapidity, nor did we learn what had to be paid in the final adjust-

ment, if anything, but the byplay afforded us much amused entertainment.

And so Versailles became but a pleasant memory. In dreams that night we wandered again through gorgeous gardens and regal halls of interminable length and indescribable beauty. We hobnobbed with haughty, powdered, silken-clad lords and ladies of a chivalrous and glory-loving past, with nobles, princes, kings, queens, mistresses, who sooner or later, one and all, had to face old age and death, sometimes accompanied by ignominy, torture, banishment and defeat. Transitory, in truth, is earthly pomp and circumstance, and tinsel its gold and glitter! Uneasy indeed, rests the crowned head upon its insecure pillow, so quickly, in those fearsome times, exchanged for the chopping block, the bed for the pillory, and the coverlets for the flames! Better, vastly better, to be the humble cottager toiling in the fields or shops by day, who comes home at night to a happy woman, singing lullabys and peans of praise from a grateful and overflowing heart.

The Marble-top Table

(Continued from page 14.)

unjust to innocent children to give them a drunkard for a father. Marriage is a serious matter, and I intend to do my best in making a wise choice of a husband."

Three days later Flo received the following telegram:

"WILL NOT RELEASE YOU. START REFORMATION TODAY. INTEND TO BE AS STRONG FOR GOOD AS I HAVE BEEN SELF-WILLED FOR BAD. WILL SERVE YEAR OR LONGER ON PROBATION. WIRE REPLY. WALTER."

Our lives are lived by days, not years. The days are our autobiography; they are the leaves folded back each night in the great volume which we write by our words, our thoughts, our deeds. Each day takes us not newly, but as a continued story. It finds us what yesterday left us; and as we go on living, each day is telling to every other day truths about us, showing the kind of being that is to be handed on to it, making of us something either better or worse as we decide.—*Selected.*

Where Three Centuries Meet

By J. W. PETERSON

IN THE Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina and the surrounding country, one meets three centuries side by side, and not only side by side but wide apart. Here colonies and states divide. Here live the hardy mountaineers and the modern flapper with only a mountain valley or a narrow ridge separating them. Only a short drive and one sees colleges and tracts of country with no schools at all, but churches abound everywhere. They are more numerous than schools. Even the colleges are operated by the churches.

More than one hundred years ago the Presbyterians built colleges in this "sky land." Other denominations not wishing their children to attend those schools, built colleges of their own. Every denomination tried to outdo the others to attract nonmembers. A great rivalry and prejudice sprang up. One man confided to me that for three generations none of his people had entered a Baptist Church, not even to attend a funeral. At such times they listened through the open windows or doors. They are willing to hear something new, but not that which they are set against.

Here and near here the Disciples of Christ had their beginning, likewise the self-styled Christian Church, the Cumberland Presbyterians, the first Methodist Church in America, and some others.

One may travel but a few miles and see the most modern mills and factories, and up the mountain valleys the overshot water wheel more than a hundred years old. The current press of this month is carrying the description of one at Moscow, Tennessee, over a hundred years old. But the article is in error when it declares they are about extinct. We saw many of them, and were scarcely off the main roads.

Side by side, or passing each other, were men on horseback with a small grist of corn going to one of these mills and a modern bread truck on its daily trip from some modern city.

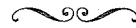
On the mountain slopes one may see the small log huts with stone chimneys and fireplaces. At the edge of a little hoe farm, while only a mile or two away in the valley are mod-

ern farms with up-to-date machinery, and all modern conveniences.

Only a few miles up in the mountains wild animals and fowls still have their abode. One not only never tires at the contrast of then and now, but is astonished to see America as it was in the making three centuries ago, and then to turn his gaze and see it today.



It is not what men eat but what they digest that makes them strong; not what we gain but what we save that makes us rich; not what men read but what they remember that makes them learned; and not what we profess but what we practice that makes us Christians. These are great but common truths, often forgotten by the glutton, the spendthrift, the book-worm, and the hypocrite.—*Bacon.*



It is easy to squander the present in the vain delusion that you are going to emerge into something fine and worth while in the future. Poor foundations do not promise good superstructures. You are weakening or strengthening character by what you do now.—*Detroit's Beacon Light.*



A man's ideal, like his horizon, is constantly receding from him as he advances toward it.—*Shedd.*



How Did You Play?

"How did you play when the game was on,
When the odds were great and hope was gone?
When the enemy team, with aim so true,
Was dragging the victory away from you?
When strength and speed and endurance quit,
Did honor keep pace with determined grit?
Did you keep the faith with the rules of the game?
Did you play up square without fear or shame?
Did your smile of cheer make the team your friend
As you fought it through to the bitter end?
Did your self-respect rise a notch or two?
Are you a bigger man, now the game is through?"

—*Onward.*

A Tour of Famous American Homes

By MRS. WALLACE R. CARTER

The author was one whose talents enabled her to win a month's trip to visit some of the finest homes in the country, with all expenses paid and a fine cash prize in addition. There was simply too much to tell, she said, when we asked her to write of her experience. But her summary of the trip is very interesting.

A NATION-WIDE competition or home style-ing contest was offered by the National Home Furnishings Industry of America. Entry blanks were given out by local furniture dealers. It was necessary to draw a floor plan of a room in your own home and then remodel or re-style that same room, showing choice of pieces, arrangement and color scheme. A letter of not over five hundred words, sincerely discussing what these changes would do for the home and family also was required to accompany the entry blank.

As a grand prize winner in this contest my award was a glorious thirty-day trip from coast to coast with all expenses paid and a liberal cash prize of a hundred and fifty dollars.

My railroad fare was paid from Boston to Chicago where the nation-wide tour began. The party included twenty-four grand prize winners, three local prize winners, one visitor, a tour manager and a transportation manager, making a total of thirty. The trip began Saturday, August 1, at Chicago. There we were welcomed by the mayor who presented us with a souvenir after wishing us a fine trip. We were then taken to view the World's Fair Buildings, the famous Jane Addams' "Hull House" and the National Broadcasting Company's Studios. A general good time was enjoyed that evening at the College Inn, Hotel Sherman, where special entertainment was provided. Following dinner, we took the night boat for Muskegon, Michigan. The next morning we were the guests of the furniture dealers of Muskegon. In private cars we were shown the beauty spots of this city and then took a thirty mile drive by bus to Grand Rapids. This city is the home of the furniture industry of the country and a number of furniture dealers opened their showrooms for our inspection even though it was Sunday.

At Grand Rapids we were taken to our chartered Pullman, which was to serve as our home

for the next thirty days. We then left for Detroit, Michigan. We circled the great city by bus, saw its huge automobile plants and Henry Ford's priceless collection of early American mementoes. Reservations had been made at the Book-Cadillac Hotel where we were served luncheon and dinner.

SUNDAY evening we left for Niagara Falls —known to all as one of the Seven Wonders of the World. We made a short stop Monday morning to view the falls and were provided with a suitable guide. That afternoon the train ran through the Mohawk Valley, passing homes built by the Dutch settlers two hundred years ago. After going through the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts, we arrived at Springfield, where a delegation of furniture dealers greeted us. They provided a special bus and took us to Storowton, where we saw a reproduction of an early American village.

Our Pullman arrived in Boston early Wednesday morning. Our headquarters were at the Hotel Lenox. A chartered bus, with an unusual guide, (a very fine young Harvard student, who quoted poetry like the real Bostonian that he was) started on its sightseeing trip across Harvard Bridge through Cambridge, Arlington, Lexington and Concord, then back to the Lenox for luncheon. The afternoon was free and the party divided to spend their time according to their own personal interests. Some visited the Museum of Fine Arts, one group went to Marblehead (never having seen the ocean before), but your writer naturally spent the afternoon in Somerville.

LATE that night we left South Station and arrived the next morning in New York City where we spent two delightful days. We visited Wall Street, Central Park, Greenwich Vil-

lage, the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum, with its noted exhibit of colonial furniture, the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, and many other points of interest. That evening we attended a theater party at Roxy's. The second day we went by bus to Long Island, saw many beautiful estates, and visited Theodore Roosevelt's grave, now a national shrine. A very elaborate luncheon was tendered the winners at the Empire State Building, by the leading educators of the different magazines, including the *Pictorial Review*, *McCall's*, *Women's Home Companion*, and *Delineator*. After luncheon we went up, up up—one hundred and two stories to the top of the highest skyscraper in New York City.

From there we went to the *Delineator* Institute and met Mr. Joseph Platt, one of the judges of the contest. Mr. Platt praised the winners in the highest terms, telling us a half million blanks had been sent out all over the country and twenty-five thousand had been returned and from this number we had been selected as the winners.

Friday morning, August 7, we spent in historic Philadelphia, where we visited Independence Hall, saw the Liberty Bell, the oldest street in Philadelphia with its gutter in the center, Wanamaker's store, the building where Benjamin Franklin's almanac was printed, the United States Mint, and the Betsy Ross House. Luncheon was served at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel and in the afternoon a special bus trip had been arranged to visit Valley Forge.

SATURDAY, August 8, was spent in Washington, District of Columbia. We visited the beautiful Pan-American Building, the Lincoln Memorial, Washington Monument and the United States National Museum. Here we saw Lindbergh's *Spirit of Saint Louis*, the famous collection of costumes, furniture and dishes, the first locomotive and many, many interesting exhibits too numerous to mention. From there we went to the White House, the home of the President, the Congressional Library, the Capitol, the Supreme Court of the United States and many other famous places. In the afternoon we visited beautiful Mount Vernon. A story in itself could be written of our impressions of this lovely spot and of our

visit to Arlington Cemetery and the grave of the Unknown Soldier.

Sunday morning we arrived in Charlottesville, Virginia, celebrated as the location of Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's beautiful estate, and the University of Virginia. We visited Ash Lawn, Monroe's home where we saw the famous box wood, the most beautiful in the country.

The next morning found us at Biltmore, North Carolina, where we visited the home of the late George Vanderbilt. Only recently opened to the public, countless millions were poured out in the furnishings of this American palace which contains art treasures of untold value.

Tuesday morning, August 11, we arrived in Nashville, Tennessee. We visited the "Parthenon," a most wonderful building, where the paintings in one room alone are valued at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. We made a very interesting trip to the "Hermitage," Andrew Jackson's home, where the lovely crepe myrtle was in full bloom.

FROM Nashville, Tennessee, our Pullman journeyed south to New Orleans. A sight-seeing bus took us through the quaint French and Spanish quarters, with its fascinating old-world atmosphere. So much interested us here! The handwrought iron balconies, the queer cemeteries where they bury their dead above the ground, the Pakenham live oaks, with hanging moss. A trip through the newer part with its palms and date trees growing in the center of every street, tended to make this one of the most fascinating places seen.

The next day was spent in Galveston, Texas. Surf bathing was enjoyed by our party in the Gulf of Mexico and a real Southern dinner was served us at the Buccaneer Hotel. We passed through Houston, Texas, and arrived in San Antonio Friday morning, the fourteenth. We visited the historic Alamo, rode through Brackenridge Park, and then left for El Paso. Here we left our own country and crossed the border to Juarez, Mexico. The narrow streets with their old buildings and many, many souvenir shops to attract the tourists, all had their effect on the group. On our return, we opened our packages, exhibited our sales slips and received an OK from the customs officers.

AT EL PASO our Pullman was attached to the Southern Pacific Line. This service was one of the finest we encountered. Every comfort and courtesy was extended to us. Our menus were prepared especially for us, our names printed on each and as we left the diner, copies were given to each as souvenirs. It was here we had a real thrill! Our car rocked and rocked back and forth on the track and in the paper the next morning we read about the "earthquake" in El Paso.

During that night we crossed the desert. At Yuma, Arizona, the thermometer registered a hundred and twenty at nine o'clock that night and from then on we had little sleep until we reached San Diego, California, and felt the cool breezes from the Pacific Ocean.

Our sight-seeing bus took us to the famous Ramona's Marriage Place. We loved the beautiful bogavilla, red, orange, and pink, as well as the lovely poinsettas. A ride to Point Loma and Sunset Point, where many moving pictures are taken, revealed the difference in the architecture between the East and the West, as the Spanish type is so different from the Colonial. The season at Tia Juana and Agua Cliente was at its height for those who wished to cross the border again to see these widely heralded resorts. We also had another opportunity to enjoy more surf bathing at the famous Coronado Beach.

ON TUESDAY, August 18, we arrived at Los Angeles for a three-day stay. Early in the morning we started on our sight-seeing trip through Pasadena and Lamando Park. We saw Sierra Madra, the mother range, two mountains—Mount Wilson and Mount Lowe, Flintredge Estate, Chevy Chase Drive, the Glendale Airport, the Curtis Wright Manufacturing Plant and the concrete take-off. We drove along Riverside Drive with its beautiful walnut trees and entered Universal City, or film-land. Here we had luncheon with some of the movie stars and witnessed two pictures in the making. Our special guide explained the use and purpose of each and every building and street, pointed out each spot of interest and on our return trip drove through lovely Beverly Hills, where we were shown each and every home of note.

Wednesday, the nineteenth, we went on an all-day trip to Catalina Island, exotic domain

of William Wrigley, with its curious marine gardens. The boat ride was very refreshing, and was followed by luncheon at Saint Catherine's Hotel. The glass-bottomed boat, through which we looked down to the bottom of the ocean bed and saw the many colored fishes, the sea weed, and last but not least the Hawaiian diver. On our ride back to the city we saw the "flying fish" we had read about so often.

The next day in Los Angeles was one long to be remembered, a visit to Mary Pickford's home. We were met by her secretary, Miss Elizabeth Lewis, and shown throughout the house. We were given the privilege of roaming at will. "Pickfair" is a lovely spot and we regretted the little lady herself had gone to her summer home at the beach.

LEAVING on Friday the twenty-first we arrived in San Francisco and were taken immediately to Mayor Angelo J. Rossi's office for a welcome. He personally presented us with beautiful yellow roses and gave us his picture. Here we were tendered a luncheon as guests of the furniture dealers and had the pleasure of listening to Judge Theresa Merkle of the Municipal Court speak in the highest terms of praise when she mentioned our own State of Massachusetts. After luncheon we visited their famous Chinatown. We then went on to the Golden Gate. This is truly a beauty spot on the Pacific Coast.

Our next stop was at Klamath Falls, Oregon, where a fine big bus was waiting at the station to take us to Crater Lake. This is an exquisite spot seven thousand miles above sea level. Luncheon was served at the Crater Lake Lodge and our special guides were the mountain rangers. Crater Lake has the bluest water we have ever seen. Our trip back that evening proved to be very thrilling as we passed through an immense forest fire. Only an experienced and careful bus driver, who seemed thoroughly able to cope with the situation, landed us safe and sound at the railroad platform at Klamath Falls. On both sides of the road such a spectacular sight against the dark sky!

SUNDAY, August 23, we arrived at Portland, Oregon, with headquarters at the Multnomah. The furniture dealers outdid themselves at this place. They met us with their private cars, divided the party into small groups and

after a sumptuous breakfast with even radio stars to entertain us, started for an all-day trip up the Columbia Highway. Luncheon was served at Multnomah Falls, and the furniture dealers will always retain a warm spot in our hearts for their fine hospitality. They came *en masse* to the station to bid us adieu as we left for Seattle, Washington. We spent Monday here visiting all points of interest. A fine set of college buildings and a market built on the side of a hill in seven tiers will always be remembered. And then started our journey back.

All day Tuesday was spent on board the train speeding along through gorgeous country heading for Salt Lake City, Utah. At the Utah metropolis, we experienced the thrill of bathing in salt-air. A bevy of young ladies, dressed in white, presented each of us with a large attractively decorated basket of home-grown fruit including Del Monte peaches, pears, and grapes. This was a gift from the Chamber of Commerce. By bus we were shown around this well-planned city. We saw the magnificent Mormon Temple. We had the pleasure of listening to that most wonderful organ, considered the "sweetest pipe organ" in the world, played by Edward P. Kimball. We rode down State Street, the longest, straightest, widest street for fifteen miles without a curve or turn. Their State Capitol is one of the most beautiful in the country. This city was laid out by Brigham Young and to date it has not been necessary to widen any street. We saw the University of Utah, the oldest co-ed college west of the Mississippi. One could well spend more time than we had at our disposal in such a pretty place, but our train was scheduled to leave at twelve thirty for Denver, Colorado.

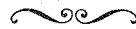
Here again we visited the furniture stores as guests of this industry. We located at the Hotel Antlers, Colorado Springs. We can only mention visiting the Garden of the Gods and entering the Cave of the Winds for these places alone speak volumes! Arrangements had been made for us to see the sunrise from the summit of Pike's Peak. Very sleepily we arose and dressed in the dark. In an open auto we ascended by the World's Highest Auto Road to an altitude of fourteen thousand, a hundred and nine feet. We were disappointed as to the sunrise because it was snowing. Although dressed in big sheepskin coats and wrapped in

our Pullman blankets, we shivered with the temperature at twenty-four degrees above zero. However, we wouldn't have missed it for anything.

Friday night, August 28, we rode all night by train and arrived late the next afternoon in Kansas City, Missouri. We had only a few hours' stay at the Hotel President, but saw much in this city to remember. The next day, Sunday, we spent sight-seeing around Saint Louis. We left there Sunday evening and Monday morning arrived in Springfield, Illinois, where we visited Abraham Lincoln's home and the Lincoln Memorial Monument. From Springfield we rode on to Chicago.

A seven-thousand-mile trip by train plus all the bus trips and extra excursions totaled a mileage estimated to be about fifteen thousand miles. From Chicago we were given tickets to our own home towns and I arrived back in Boston September 1.

A glorious adventure to be remembered for a lifetime!



A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making the first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risk and adjusting chance.—*Sydney Smith.*



Epigrams

Sturdy trees grow slowly.

The best way out of a difficulty is through it. Aspire—then perspire.

Diamonds are chunks of coal that stuck to their job.

Improvement begins with "I."

It costs a bee its life to sting. It costs mortals almost as much.

Work is what you make it, your best friend or your worst enemy.

—*B. C. Forbes.*

Sandy

A Temperance Story

An Old Tale Retold by Peter Lawrie

A LONG the north shore of the Firth of Forth in Scotland lies the county of Fife. In ancient times when the highland clans were clans, it was said to be a little mixed Saxon kingdom. Its sons are reputed to be more cunning than those of the neighboring counties. Its name, of course, is not so great as Aberdeen where it is said a Jew can not live, but Andrew Carnegie was born there in Fife, sometimes spelled Fly.

Sandy Sharp was a young Fifer who was just beginning to esteem himself quite capable of sustaining his county's reputation—just getting into manhood, he had been acquainted with the shrewds who gathered to swap ideas at the local "pub" for some time. Having a head that could stand drink better than most, he could sift his mates when their tongues were loosed beyond discretion. He soon was quite sure his old Sunday school ideas were only "dope," that parsons lived only to gull the common workers and "softies." The only thing that counted in life was money—the almighty dollar.

His mother, who was proud of her son, saw him turning to the left with dismay. Sandy was beginning to bewilder her. She was sure, at times, that she had not received money at the end of the week from her lad, but somehow there was nothing definite in her mind after a talk with him about it. Of one thing she was sure, however, and that was that Sandy was on the road to hell.

To this he said, "Bosh! Rot! The Devil is like Santa Claus—only your father!"

Time after time she warned him of hell and the evils of strong drink. Philosophically, calmly, he reasoned with her about the evil of tea drinking. He reminded her of what the doctor had said but how she still persisted in drinking it. "I have as much right to my booze as you to your tea," he often said. It was about as hopeless to tell her about the evil of tea drinking as it is to tell many a Saint that there is any wisdom in the Word of Wisdom. Dazed by his argument, his mother could only reiterate that he was on the road to hell.

A red letter day came in those bygone times. Sandy was to have a holiday from work. He had never before been to the capital city, Edinburgh, but he made no secret that he was going to celebrate the occasion when he got there. His mother warned him not to drink lest he get drowned getting through the docks of Leith on his way back to the boat on his return. He would land in hell if he was drowned, as he was getting to be a bad man.

With a knowing grin on his face, Sandy said, "I am going to have the time of my life." She stood at the gate and tearfully asked him to leave off the booze when he left. He lectured her about the nerve destroying tea. She told of hell; he waved a smiling good-bye.

Sandy got across the Firth all right and landed at the pier of Leith. There were plenty of pubs along the shore. The voices of sailors raised in song came from one of them. Sandy noted this as the finest ale house he had yet seen. Investigate he must.

No sooner was he inside than he was hailed as shipmate and invited to sit down and join in the choruses. The singing was good, the drink warmed up his feelings of friendliness, and soon he was one of them. They were glad to have his hero worship and a listener to their tales of the sea. They were free with their money and good company. Stories they had of the seven seas. Sandy tried to find out about foreign lands and nations they had visited. He found that in every port they had been unable to go far. They had never got beyond the first line of pubs. Sandy thought them fools, but he spent the day with them, having a real joll-oh. When night fell, between song, yarn, and ale, they were beginning to feel "just it." When it was dark three powerful strangers joined them. Sandy was surprised to see his mates all lurch away as if things were wrong.

The strangers were nice fellows. One had been to western United States, fought Indians, and was just Sandy's ideal. He had to listen to the sailors, but these men were different. Nothing pleased them better than to listen to his stories. The lives of the gentry of the

home village, their wealth, and their homes—they liked to hear him tell these things. Their leader was a man of principle. He had been among the Mormons, seen an elder beguile a saintly English girl with religious dope, marry her and put her in his harem. He was above doing such an act. These men were just the worldly wise sort that Sandy wanted to associate with and learn of. He was beginning to feel a bit mixed, but he must pay for the next round of drinks.

"Oh, no. Oh, no. Sandy don't pay."

"Well, well, if you must, just finish off your glass first."

Sandy drank, then felt for his purse. It was gone. His companions looked different men. He must escape. He staggered to his feet, lurched out of the pub, and reeled along seeking refuge. He came to a high fence, a gate ajar. In he stumbled, a refugee. He forced himself forward in the inky darkness, and sank down dead drunk.

It seemed days to Sandy Sharp before he gained consciousness once more. He was very ill, his head queer and giddy. He must have been drugged. Where was he? The air rumbled. He opened his eyes with a struggle. Furnace fires glared all around. It was hot. He lifted his head with a great effort. He seemed to be lying on dirty bags, nicely spread out on a vile brick floor. Sandy wondered, nay wished he had the D. T.'s, but it was only too real. He knew where he was. He noticed demons around him. They minded the furnace. They, like him, had a struggle to breathe in the heat. It was fearfully hot and dry. The demon's breath seemed to go out with a long streak, then turn into a beer bottle. They were all males. One of them came up. Sandy instinctively felt that if there was a mischievous devil in all God's creation, this was one. He seemed to know and possess and understand all Sandy's make-up.

"Am I in hell?" humbly asked Sandy who was feeling very ill, giddy, and weak. "My mother always said I would get here."

The devil grinned from ear to ear and replied: "Yes, Sandy, you are here. We are shortly going to put you in the fire." He left and gathered all the other devils big and small. Over thirty leering devils gathered in a ring around poor Sandy.

Ill, helpless, hopeless, he awaited his fate.

The first devil was spokesman for the jeering lot: "Sandy, we are about to put you in the fire, but it is a rule here that if any make a good confession, we make his pains lighter." He seemed used to his job and prompted Sandy: "How many sweethearts have you, their names, and all about them?"

Sandy tried to explain that he had two. The poor one he liked best, but he was trying to catch the rich one for her money. The demons all were angry at his leaving the poor girl. Half a dozen grabbed him, raised him shoulder high, and moved towards the nearest furnace. Sandy screamed for mercy. There was not a pitying face there. All were grinning and the little ones were turning cart wheels for joy. Some could scarcely stand for laughing at his misery.

"Halt!" ordered the commander. Sandy was laid down on the floor. "Anything further to confess?"

"I cheated mother out of board money."

With a wild yell the demons again bore him aloft towards the furnace. Again they were halted.

"Confess."

"I knew a workmate would fall to a temptation to steal. I planned so he would be caught at a theft and the boss would fire him and keep me. It was so. He was fired."

Again he was borne aloft. The hot furnace smote him when they laid him down on the warm floor.

"Confess."

Sandy tried to speak but no words came. He was nearly crazed with fear.

The chief demon seemed to relent. "Sandy," he said, "we will let you go back to earth again provided you promise to be a good man ever after."

After a struggle, Sandy gasped: "I will."

The demons lifted him, carried him through the line of furnaces, and thrust him through the wicket door of a fence with a parting kick.

The cool air and the earth put new life into Sandy Sharp. Grim buildings were all around. Where was he? He was lost. Reluctantly, to get an idea of his whereabouts, he looked back from where he had come. He saw a door in a fence with the notice: "Trespassers will be

(Continued on page 48.)

This is the first of a series of articles based on the letters of the late President Joseph Smith to his daughter Audentia, who has selected, arranged, and annotated them. The reader will notice that we have preserved the writer's style, which has a charm and interest that might be lost if changes were made.

My Father's Letters

By AUDENTIA ANDERSON

Part One

THE YEAR 1932 marks the centennial anniversary of my father's birth. The thoughts of many church members will be frequently turned towards him, in varying degrees of appreciation of his character, his ministry, and his valued contribution to the integrity, vitality, and progress of the Reorganization.

That phase of his nature which was shown in his family relationships is, naturally, less familiar to the general membership than those which were manifest in his official ministry and public utterances. It has seemed fitting and desirable that there shall be thrown upon the screen of our church publications a series of such side-lights as shall give their readers a clearer perspective of the man whose life, beginning a century ago, meant so much to the church. That this series might include a picture of some of his home contacts—those circles wherein an individual is most likely to exhibit his true character—these intimate letters are offered.

My father seemed ever to recognize and respect the individuality of children. When a stranger came to our home, each one of us, no matter how young, would be introduced to the guest, with all the grace and courtesy which marked that formality when offered to adults. Too, he seemed able to put himself quite completely in the child's position, to view people and events through the child's eyes, and to understand the child's reactions to them. This ability caused him to avoid words and actions of thoughtless injustice such as too frequently mar the relations between child and parent.

From a prized collection of over one hundred and seventy-five letters written by my father to me, I have selected some from the earlier years, as being interesting, amusing, instructive or illuminating. Some passages show his ready sympathy in the problems of his children; some show his patient effort to counsel or instruct them. In others may be sensed his eager de-

sire for knowledge, his quick perceptions of beauty, his keen analyses of human conduct, his hearty reactions to humor, his unusual powers of observation, his retentive memory, his intuitive understanding of nature, his deep appreciation of friendships, his colorful and sparkling descriptions, his wise and loving counsel, his gentle reproofs and effective criticisms, and, through it all, his steady, affectionate and personal identification with the welfare and interests of the young lives so closely associated with his.

These old missives, with such comments as may seem necessary for a clearer comprehension of some allusions, are offered with the hope that the reader may enjoy their perusal, and find in them some measure of profit and encouragement.

* * *

The oldest letter in my prized collection is one written to my mother twelve days after my birth. He had gone to Nauvoo on his way to general conference, his eldest daughter, Emma, accompanying him that far, where she became a member of his mother's household—an arrangement that continued for the major part of the time thereafter until her marriage.

The envelope bears the following "return" directions: "If not delivered, return to True Latter Day Saints' Publishing House, Plano, Kendall Co., Ills. H. A. Stebbins, Business Manager."

"Davy" was David, my mother's first-born, then about nineteen months old. "Little Mary," of course, referred to myself, though it was a name I have seldom used. J. X. Allen was the maternal grandfather of our Church Historian, Samuel A. Burgess.

NAUVOO, ILL., April 4th, 1872

Bertha:

We, Emma Henry and myself, arrived safely at our journey's end, this old, loved spot, Monday night, 9:30. I was glad to get here. Tuesday I roamed all

VISION

over the place, unable to do anything 'til I saw what I could see, &c.

Yesterday—a cold, raw day—I accompanied Alexander to Carthage, our county seat, and there finished up the business of our trade. Alexander is now paid for our house in Plano.

Mother's health is comparatively good. Emma is quite cheerful and seems pleased to get here. Henry has had a sick spell, but I am quite well. We shall start for St. Louis to-day, and expect to arrive there Saturday morning.

Please kiss Davy and the little Mary for me. Also Carrie and Zaide. Write me at St. Louis, care of J. X. Allen, 1019 Morgan Street, until the 10th; then to Nauvoo until the 15th, after which I shall be on the road home, God willing.

Remember me to Grandma Stiles. Love to all at home.

Yours, Jos. Smith.

The next letter is dated five days later, but instead of being written on plain paper as was the other, he had used some he had carried with him from the office. The letterhead is interesting, historically. Inclosed within a fancy border in the upper left-hand corner is the announcement that "The Job Printing Department is supplied with Three Power Presses and a Steam Engine. New Type. Neat Work. Prompt Delivery by Mail or Express, and Reasonable Rates." Across the other space at the top are the words: "Publishing House of the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints, Joseph Smith, President. M. H. Forscutt, Secretary." The envelope has a "return" card inclosed in a lateral oval: "If not called for in 30 days return to the Steam Publishing House of the True Latter Day Saints, Plano, Kendall Co., Ill. Joseph Smith, pres." The date line "Plano, Kendall Co., Ills." of the letter has been crossed out, and the words "St. Louis, etc." written in.

St. Louis, Mo., April 9th, 1872.

Bertha, Wife:

I arrived at St. Louis Saturday morning at a little before seven o'clock.

Conference convened at 10 o'clock. We have had a very fair session, so far; whether it shall continue or not.

Enclosed please find a 5. \$ Please hand it to Mother Scott, to pay for her present of the "Mary Audentia," lately given to us.

I am well in health, better than for some months. I shall likely return home sooner than I at first expected. Mark will stop a while, and I will return home. I have not time to write much. Write me

at St. Louis, Mo. care of Wm. Anderson, 808 N. 7th St.

Your husband,
Joseph Smith.

The first letter from my father to me came in an envelope addressed in pencil to "Miss M. A. Smith, Box 50, Plano, Kendall Co., Illinois," with the word "Audie" in parentheses in the lower left-hand corner. The penciled communication was in the form of printed characters, full length capitals being interspersed with the "low case" letters, all very legibly and cleverly traced. The "J" in his signature shows some attempt at ornamentation. The lines of the letter run across the upper half of a full-size sheet, the lower half having been cut away in an attempt to make the missive appear diminutive and thus attractive to the child of four-and-a-half to whom it was addressed.

CARSON CITY, NEVADA, Nov. 4th, 1876

Dear Audie:

Your letter was a good one. Pa was glad to get it.

Be a good girl and learn fast, so that you can always write long letters to pa when he is away.

Your Pa,

Joseph Smith

Accompanying the above letter to me, was the following one to Fred, then not quite three years old. It was written instead of "printed," and was unsigned.

CARSON CITY, NEVADA, Nov. 4th, 76

Freddie,

What a nice letter that was, to pa. Write again, my little fellow, and it will be all right.

It must have been that postal facilities improved rather rapidly in those years. The envelope of 1872 requests the return of the letter *after 30 days*, if unclaimed, while the fourth one in my collection, dated midsummer 1885, sets the limit at 10 days!

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, July 19, 1885

Audie, daughter:

I was agreeably surprised yesterday, on my return to this city, to receive your pleasant letter; though I was grieved to learn of the death of Sr. Hansen; but not surprised at Mrs. Wood's death.

Yes, I had an exciting 4th. I am pleased to learn that the 4th with you was enjoyed so well as you write; and hope you did not suffer from too much singing. Am pleased to know you were capable of the effort to add to the pleasure of the day by en-

gaging in the singing. I expect that Sr. V. Blair was quite a help.

No, I think no war will result from the half-masting of the Flag here on the 4th. If any trouble occurs it will be either from an effort to arrest some leading man who may have shown himself that day, or from some drunken row. Whiskey is sold in several places in the city, which I am sorry to have to write. . . . There are many things in this country I wish you could see. If you could only go out on the lawn in front of our house there, and jump up high enough and stay up long enough to let the earth turn around under you until you were over Salt Lake City, and then jump down, stay until you wanted to go back, and then reverse the process, would not that be nice? And it would not cost a cent, either, you see!

I am glad you wrote the news. Did you learn that Mr. George Steward was shot and killed a few days ago?

Your pa,
J. Smith

SALT LAKE CITY, July 21, '85

Audie:

I send you two photo's, one of the King of Sweden and Denmark, and his family, including Prince of Wales and his wife Alexandra, the lady at the left, who is daughter to King Christian. The other photo you know.

Last night I received an excellent photo of Emma, Carrie and Zaide; I was glad to receive it. . .

Saw some of our cousins yesterday.

Yours in love,
Joseph Smith

SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 3rd, 1885

Audie:

I thank you and Freddie and Israel for the tintypes. The likenesses are fair, but the pictures themselves are execrable. Hale's is a splendid tintype. I was pleased to see your faces once more, if it was only on tin.

You asked about second cousins. I am second cousin to my father's cousins; he is second cousin to me. Duckie and Aunt Ellen are also right, I suppose. The children of cousins are second cousins. Second cousins are the second remove in cousinship and apply to cousins' children, both to cousins and their children; Duckie's children would be second cousins to you as well as to your children. Let that pass.

Am sorry you had such a storm. I have not seen rain enough to lay dust since I left home. It looks cloudy here this a. m. but I guess it will not rain. Dust! you can have no idea of it from our roads at home. Why, the street on which I am stopping is sprinkled by carts every day—all day long the carts are going—and yet toward night you would go over shoe top in dust, in places.

Be good children; help mama all you can; be good natured to each other, and be happy.

Your papa,
Joseph Smith

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Aug. 5, 1885

Audie:

The photo is of three second cousins,—Elias A. Smith, Lucy Elizabeth and Edith Ann Smith, born and raised in Utah.

There is not much to tell you, my daughter, and I am not in much humor to tell it. It has been very hot here; this afternoon just a trifle cooler, but still hot in the sun. A slight rain, just a sprinkle, last night served to cool the air a little.

Last Thursday I went with others out to Salt Lake to bathe in the salt water. It is *very* salt, but clear, so that one can see 'way down deep. It is hard to swim in it, though one can stand up, lie down in it, or float. Large as I am, I could hardly sink in it. It is considered the fashionable thing here to go to the lake. Hundreds go every day.

Monday we had "music by the band" all day. It was election day, and bands played at the polling places all day. Women vote here, and it was curious to see them coming and going, and standing around the polls like ordinary voters. One thing I noticed: I hear but little profane language. But beer is drank freely. Saloons are plenty.

Besides the Mormon, there are Catholic, Episcopalian (Church of England), Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist and Jewish congregations and places of meeting here.

Yours, Papa, in love,
Joseph Smith

SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 6th, 1885

My dear girl:

I send you a fragmentary *Juvenile Instructor*, for the sake of the music there is in it. I could do nothing with your piece "My Mountain Home," as there are no "singists" in the family where I board; and none nearby that I am acquainted with, of sufficient training to sing it. There is a young woman who plays the organ in church; but she plays so loud, and sings so loud, too, that her music is harsh, to my thinking. So I will wait till I get home for it. You may not like this piece; if not, put it in the Waste Basket.

Your papa,
J. Smith

As a tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and fallen leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial, and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.—
F. W. Robertson.

Word of Wisdom Menus

More Excellent Recipes From the Recent Contest

By RUTH BENSON

A.—The Menus

MONDAY

Breakfast

Half grapefruit
Corn flakes with top milk
Poached eggs on toast
Milk

Lunch

Vegetable soup Crackers
Whole wheat bread Jelly
Apple sauce

Dinner

Spanish loaf* Corn on the cob
Cabbage salad
Rolls Butter
Fruit whip*

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Orange juice
Oatmeal with dates Top milk
Tea rusk

Lunch

Buttered asparagus
Creamed eggs on toast
Baked apple

Dinner

Baked stuffed tomatoes*
Riced potatoes*
Stringless bean salad*
Bread Butter
Cantaloupe

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Prunes
Cheese omelet
Toast Milk

Lunch

Creamed peas Boiled potatoes
Buttered cauliflower
Bran muffins
Sliced pineapple Cookies

Dinner

Potatoes a la goldenrod*
Mashed turnips Buttered lima beans
Cole slaw and beet salad*
Chocolate blanc mange

THURSDAY

Breakfast

French toast
Sliced peaches
Milk Graham crackers

Lunch

Toasted cheese sandwiches
Black raspberries
Cookies Milk

Dinner

Carrot chowder*
Eggs in rice* Pickled beets
Whole wheat bread Butter
Pineapple salad Sponge cake

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Scrambled eggs on toast
Stewed apricots
Milk Sweet rolls

Lunch

Cream of celery soup Crackers
Cinnamon toast*
Baked custard

Dinner

Arkansas sweetheart potatoes*
Fried apples
Buttered parsnips
Lettuce and Thousand Island dressing

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Orange juice
Milk toast
Sliced bananas

Lunch

Mashed potatoes
Escalloped onions*
Picked beets
Pears

Dinner

Mashed potato patties
Spinach with hard cooked eggs
Cottage cheese
Banana and nut salad

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Waffles
Brown sugar syrup Butter.
Cantaloupe Milk

Dinner

Stuffed baked potatoes*
Buttered carrots Creamed string beans
Tomato salad jello*
Rolls and butter
Sliced peaches 1-2-3-4 cake*
Lemonade

Lunch

Fruit salad
Cheese toast strips*
Cake
Orange milk shake*

B.—The Recipes

SPANISH LOAF

1 cup macaroni (uncooked)
3/4 cup bread crumbs
3/4 cup grated cream cheese
3/4 cup milk
1 tbsp. butter (melted)
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 green pepper
1 small onion

Cook macaroni in boiling water. Melt butter in double boiler. Mix all ingredients. Heat until cheese melts. Add two beaten eggs. Pack in oblong loaf pan. Stand in pan of water while baking. Bake one hour. Serve with tomato sauce.

FRUIT WHIP

1 cup fruit pulp
2 tbsp. powdered sugar
White of one egg

Beat white of egg until stiff. Add pulp, sugar, and lemon juice to taste. Beat until stiff. Serve plain.

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES

Select six large, uniform, red tomatoes. Cut a slice from the top. With a teaspoon remove the pulp. To the pulp, which is allowed to partially drain, add a cup of canned or fresh corn, one medium-sized onion chopped and one half cup of finely diced celery or green pepper. Season with salt, pepper and a sprinkling of sugar. Stuff the tomatoes with the mixture, dot with butter and replace the tops. Arrange in a baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for about thirty minutes. Serve hot.

RICED POTATOES

Wash and peel potatoes. Boil in salted water. When thoroughly done place in potato ricer and rice into a hot dish. Dot with butter. Place in oven to brown on top and serve hot.

STRINGLESS BEAN SALAD

1 pint very small stringless beans cooked
1 small onion
Very small piece of pimento
1/3 cup vinegar
2 tsp. salad oil
Salt and pepper

Drain beans. Put onion and pimento through food chopper and add to the beans. Heat vinegar and salad oil to the boiling point, pour over the beans and season to taste with salt and pepper. Let stand several hours or over night and serve very cold.

POTATOES A LA GOLDENROD

Boil potatoes with their jackets on. When cold dice and mix with the diced whites of hard-cooked eggs. Make a medium white sauce as for creamed potatoes. Cover the eggs and potatoes and heat. Pour this into a hot dish. Sprinkle the grated egg yolks on the top. This looks like goldenrod.

COLE SLAW AND BEET SALAD

Shred cabbage very fine. Mix with diced cucumber, onion, diced cooked beets and a tart cream dressing. Arrange on lettuce and garnish with slices of beets and additional slices of cucumber.

CARROT CHOWDER

4 tbsp. butter
 1 medium onion
 2 cups diced potatoes
 2 cups diced carrots
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 1 pint hot milk
 1 tbsp. chopped parsley
 1 1/2 tsp. salt

If thickening is needed use:

1 tbsp. butter, and
 1 tbsp. flour.

Cook diced carrots until tender in boiling water to cover. Allow water to boil all away if possible. In chowder kettle melt butter and brown chopped onion. Add potatoes and boiling water. Cook until the potatoes are nearly done. Then add the cooked carrots, seasonings and hot milk. If not thick enough add flour and butter blended. Cook three minutes more. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve.

EGGS IN RICE

Cook 1 cup rice
 6 eggs
 1 can tomato soup
 1/2 cup water (to thin soup)
 1 tsp. salt

Cook rice until tender adding salt; drain if necessary; dry in a warm oven. Cook eggs until hard. Heat tomato soup; if too thick add the rice water; if not thick enough add flour and butter; when rice is done mold on a platter. Make several indentations to hold the eggs. Press eggs in. Pour over all the hot tomato soup. Decorate with parsley; serve hot.

CINNAMON TOAST

Cut bread in half slices and toast. Mix equal parts of sugar and cinnamon. Lightly butter the toast. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and return to oven. Let the sugar melt just a little bit. Serve immediately.

ARKANSAS SWEETHEART POTATOES

Scrub sweet potatoes with a brush until clean and boil until easily pierced with a fork. Peel, mash and season with salt, pepper and butter. Place in a baking dish and cover the top with marshmallows. Bake until the marshmallows are a golden brown.

ESCALLOPED ONIONS

1 cup cooked onions
 1/2 cup medium white sauce
 3 tbsp. bread crumbs
 2 tbsp. butter

Mix onions with white sauce, pour into buttered baking dish, place buttered bread crumbs on top and brown in oven.

STUFFED BAKED POTATOES

Select medium sized potatoes. Wash and bake. When they can be pierced with fork cut a slice from the top of each potato; take out the insides, put through a potato ricer or mash with a masher. Mix with milk, butter and season to taste. Fill the potato shells with this mixture and put in the refrigerator. When you return from church dot each potato with a lump of butter and sprinkle with paprika. Put in oven and bake approximately one half hour until they are heated through, butter melted and brown on top.

TOMATO SALAD JELLO

Cut top from each tomato. Cut out the insides and place shells upside down to drain. Make lemon jello and when it begins to thicken add the tomato pulp, raw carrots grated fine, peas and other fresh vegetables can be added. Fill the tomato shells with this mixture. Place in refrigerator and allow to set. When ready to use place lettuce on salad plate, cut the tomato in quarters and pour over this a mayonnaise boiled dressing thinned with cream or top milk.

1-2-3-4 CAKE

1 cup butter
 2 cups sugar
 3 cups flour
 4 eggs
 1 cup water
 4 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream butter, add sugar and cream together. Add beaten yolks. Sift together flour and baking powder and add alternately with the water. Add vanilla and fold in beaten whites. Bake in moderate oven. Use a white boiled frosting or fudge frosting.

CHEESE TOAST STRIPS

Slice bread in inch strips. Toast until light brown. Sprinkle with grated cheese or cheese sliced very thin. Place in oven until the cheese melts. Serve.

ORANGE MILK SHAKE

1/2 cup orange juice
 1/3 cup milk
 1 tsp. lemon juice
 Sugar to taste
 1/3 cup water

Add the milk slowly to the fruit juice. Sweeten to taste. Shake with cracked ice in a glass fruit jar.

NOTE: The menus I selected for Sunday were such that it would allow the mother to attend church and still serve dinner on time.

The stuffed baked potatoes are prepared sometime Saturday and remain in the refrigerator until after church on Sunday. The tomato salad jello is also made Saturday as is the cake. The carrots and beans are prepared before church and cooked until tender. Cover and leave until after church when they are simply reheated, buttered in the case of the carrots and creamed in the case of the beans. The children will enjoy getting Sunday evening lunch.

The Lady Next Door

As a Society Woman Sees Her

By MRS. RUTH WALLACE

LOOK from my window, and see her always busily engaged in some task for her family. From early morning until late in the evening, her only thought is for them. I sometimes wonder what the poor deluded creature can see in such a life of drudgery. For her, each day means only more work that is never finished, more toil that is never ended. Yet strangely enough, her countenance is surprisingly cheerful, and she really does not look a bit sad. Either the poor soul must possess great fortitude, or she has not the brain to appreciate things that are worth while, such as bridge, dancing, and the club. For her, the whole world is her home and family, and there the most simple things are of great importance. The baby's teeth, Harry's new shirt, or Pa's indigestion are indeed weighty matters.

I think I never saw any one so easily pleased over nothing. One morning after a heavy rain, I saw her outside gazing happily at her growing plants.

"You can water all you're min' to," she called, "but they wont grow like they do when

it rains." Then as she stooped to pull a few weeds, I could see her face fairly beaming with delight over the new shoots coming up. I was just getting into my new sport roadster with Dodo, but I paused to say a few kindly words to her. I felt that it was really my duty to help her get a broader view of life, so I talked to her about the new styled evening gowns, and the dance at the club the night before. Though I stood there for as much as ten minutes, giving her all the details, I couldn't seem to interest her. It was probably all so new and different to her, that she didn't even know what it was about. Finally I became a little impatient, and I asked her if she couldn't see what she was missing in life, and how she was wasting her time. Then she looked at me, and the strangest light came into her eyes as she said:

"No, I can't see it at all. You're welcome to your fine gowns, and your dog and your car, but as for me, I'm satisfied at home with my three splendid boys and my man."

Can you imagine it, my dear?

Helping the Juniors to Live the Story of Jesus

By FERN WEEDMARK

AS WE study the life of Jesus with our juniors, we long to be able to help them find the message that will live with them long after the course itself is forgotten. We wish to educate juniors in the paths of Christian living, and in educating we are engaged in changing life according to a grand and beautiful pattern.

We must consider carefully and prayerfully the curriculum to be used in this important study of Jesus. Since curriculum is no longer considered complete in the textbook used, but rather is recognized as the experiences of the child under guidance, our task is to guide him through the most valuable experiences pertaining to this study. Those experiences are the ones which help the child to grow from what he is to what we want him to be. The lesson quarterly is a guide. It furnishes a point of beginning and a line of procedure. But too often we finish our teaching with the last line in the lesson. Let us go farther and make this study of the Christ an expanding experience, or rather a series of experiences, of real value and joy to the juniors.

Many of our juniors have entered the "Notebook Contest" and are busily engaged in recording their best ideas and thoughts in these books. As the children illustrate their lessons the teachers have a splendid opportunity to make the story more vivid by the use of maps, posters, and pictures. Let us here consider carefully the value and use of maps in this study.

Maps

We find history interesting. It affords us valuable information concerning people, places, and events. Geography makes the story more vivid and real by showing where the history transpired. So let us make our study practical as well as interesting by studying geography in connection with the historical events which transpired in the Holy Land.

Every teacher should have a large map of Palestine. These may be purchased at a very reasonable price. This map will picture the country in detail; the provinces, cities, plains, mountains, rivers, seas, etc. The map should be hung on the wall and used by the teacher

to help the children to become familiar with the land, its relation to other lands, the locations of important places; and journeys and events may be traced by the children as the story progresses.

Small outline maps are valuable in notebook work. These may be obtained for one cent each and show the outline of Palestine on white paper of the proper size for notebook use. Or, these outline maps may be traced by the teacher from a good pattern, or drawn by the children. These maps are to be filled in by the junior and may be used in three ways. There are three kinds of maps and all three should be made at some time as they are very educational and interesting to make. Let us consider the three types.

1. Physical map: This map shows the character of the land, the mountains, seas, valleys, plains, etc. These maps may be made in relief to show the actual character of the land or may be made in color, each color representing a special character of the land. Blue might be water, green the low places, etc.

2. Political map: Show the boundaries of the provinces, the water lines, and most important places. Each province should be colored a different color. The names of the main places of interest should be written in.

3. Historical map: This map is made by marking, to show the sequence of events. This type of map is specific rather than general. The names of the places of special interest may be printed or written on the maps, then numbered as the events transpire in order. It is good training in memory work not to place the names on the maps at all but just number them. For example: place number one where Nazareth should be on the map as the first place of importance in this study, the place of the Annunciation to Mary. Bethlehem should be two, the place of the birth of Jesus, etc. This makes an interesting study if followed through the course and memorized.

In making the physical geography maps, relief work provides an interesting project. Each child may make a small map or the entire class may work on one large one. The location of a certain valley, river or city will never be forgot-

ten by the children once they fashion it with their own fingers.

A model map pattern should be used in relief work. The pattern should be transferred to heavy cardboard of desired size. Then both sides should be shellacked to make the board strong and to keep it from warping. When the shellac is dry the modeling mixture may be placed on the pattern of the map and smoothed out with the fingers. The pupils must be well acquainted with the character of the land so they will know where to build up the mountain ranges, where to make the low places, sink the seas, etc.

There are three mixtures which may be used in modeling: modeling clay, salt, and plasticine.

Modeling clay is easily handled and makes a very nice map but can not be colored and is not very clean to have around as it is very sticky and rather greasy. A very satisfactory mixture is obtained by mixing two parts salt and one part flour with water to form a stiff dough. This becomes hard and may be painted and written upon. Plasticine is an ideal modeling

substance but it is a little more expensive than the others. It must be purchased by the box and is one dollar a box. This amount will furnish an ordinary class modeling material for about one year, so it is not too expensive in the long run. This also becomes very hard and is very white. Maps made of plasticine may also be painted or colored and written upon.

Another interesting project in *Bible* geography is modeling a large figure of Palestine in wet sand. We think of the sand table as a project of the beginning or primary departments but the older children enjoy an occasional illustration in the sand also. A very realistic figure of the Holy Land may be fashioned in the sand by a junior class.

Small raised outline maps may be obtained for three cents each. These are nice for class use. Also, small colored maps in detail, notebook size sell for two and one half cents each.

(Any map mentioned above may be obtained from the David C. Cook Company, Elgin, Illinois. This company will mail a free catalog upon request.)

The Church School

Worship Program for February

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "HEROIC LIVES"

THE following suggested programs are offered for church-wide use by workers in the branch at Buffalo, New York. In most cases they will need changes or modifications to suit local needs. They should be helpful to others who are building worship programs.

FIRST SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7

Theme: "Our Idea of a Hero"

Instrumental Prelude.

Call to Worship:

"God send us men with hearts ablaze,
All truth to love, all wrong to hate;
These are the patriots nations need,
These are the bulwarks of the state."

—F. J. Gelman.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 321; *Saints' Hymnal*, 4.

Prayer: That our lives may be blessed and sanctified by the influence and example of noble lives gone before us.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 102, or *Saints' Hymnal*, 366.

Sermon Talk: "Our Idea of a Hero."

A hero is a person who has the courage to stand for right under any and all circumstances. Joseph was a hero (Genesis 39:10-20). Gideon was a hero (Judges 7). David was a hero. (1 Samuel 17:45). Jonathan was a hero (1 Samuel 18:3, 4). Nephi was a hero (*Book of Mormon*, 1 Nephi 1:65; also 5:186, 187). Stephen, the first Christian martyr, was a hero (Acts 7:59, 60). Paul was a hero (2 Timothy 4:5-8). Christ was the greatest of all heroes (Luke 23:34). Joseph Smith was a hero (*Doctrine and Covenants* 113:4).

Heroism is not possible without self-mastery; therefore, he who masters himself becomes the greatest hero. The higher the ideal, and the truer the soul, the greater the hero. Socrates, the noble Greek, was a real hero for he chose to die unjustly rather than to resort to cowardly methods and means to escape.

Reading: *Doctrine and Covenants* 113:3.

Quartet: "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning."

VISION

Story of the assassination of Joseph and Hyrum Smith (*Doctrine and Covenants* 113: 4-7).
Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 430, "The Breaking Waves Dashed High."
Offering.
Concluding Thought:
"If they have not charity, it mattereth not unto thee, thou has been faithful; wherefore thy garments shall be made clean."
Prayer.
Class work.

SECOND SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14

Theme: "Lincoln, a National Hero"

Organ Prelude: "Onward Christian Soldiers."
Call to Worship: "All that I am, all that I ever hope to be, I owe to my mother."—*Abraham Lincoln*.
Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 212; *Zion's Praises*, 141.
Prayer: Thanks for all brave and noble men (Church, National, World).
Theme Talk: This month we are reminded of some of our great national figures, men who have given much for the freedom of our people and country. In this class we have Lincoln, who lived and died to give liberty to those who were less fortunate than himself. Lincoln once said: "The church that will hang this motto over its door—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself"—that church will I join with all my might."
When the struggle was severe during the Civil War, some of the men who felt the weight of responsibility, came to him and said: "Do you not think it would be a good idea to have a season of fasting and prayer that the Lord might be on our side?" and Lincoln answered, "Yes, it no doubt would be a good thing, but I will tell you what would be much better, that we have a season of fasting and prayer that we may be on the Lord's side."

John Paul Jones was a hero. He could not be moved from his course.

Joseph Smith was a hero, *Doctrine and Covenants* 113: 4.

E. C. Briggs was a hero: At one time he was the only man in the missionary field of the church, and he walked with bare feet in the snow to carry the gospel to men.

Emma Smith was a real heroine for she stood alone with God when the masses of the church deserted her and went west with Brigham Young. She preserved the Holy Scriptures and raised her sons to become servants of the church and of the Lord.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 420; or *Zion's Praises*, 232.

Reading: "My Father adventured his life far."
(Judges 9: 17.)

"I want my hills! Hills!
The trail that scorns the hollows,
So let me hold my way, by nothing halted,
Until at close of day, I stand exalted
High on my hills to dream;
Dear hills that knew me:
And then how fair will seem
The land below me!
How pure at vesper time,
The far bells chiming!
God! Give me hills to climb,
Hills! Hills!
And strength for climbing!"

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 418, "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies."

Offering.

Prayer.

Class work.

THIRD SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21

Theme: "Washington, a National Hero"

Prelude: Selection of national songs.

Call to Worship:

"Lord while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most."

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 421, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

Prayer: That we may be true to the faith and ideals of our forefathers.

Quartet: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 436, "Onward to Zion."

Bible Reading: From the sermon on the mount (Washington's favorite scripture). Matthew 6: 1-15.

Theme Talk: At this time the father of our country is brought prominently before the people, and it is well that we think of him as one of the heroes of the world to whom we owe much.

Washington was a humble man, one who feared God and loved humanity. He was a praying man, and these things go a long way in making heroes of men. By believing in God and right he was able to lead his countrymen into peace and liberty.

The wise man said, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." (Proverbs 16: 7.) This might be truthfully said of Washington, for he is admired by all nations.

Washington was a man of truth, and this contributed to his strength. No man can become strong and invincible who is not true to the highest within him.

"This above all to thine own self be true,
Then it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
—*Shakespeare*.

"In Him I see the light of life;
His love surpassing all,
Can life me from the pits of sin,
And save me from the fall.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 291, "Faith of Our Fathers."

"Divinely pure his message is,
It cheers the heart and mind;
It purifies my life for me,
And makes my spirit kind."

Reading: (By a young man.)

"True greatness fadeth not with fading years,
Nor crumbleth with the wreckage of time;
By age, fame's acid test, its form appears,
More rugged, and its grandeur more sublime
So Washington and Lincoln heavenward rise,
Like Alpine peaks that pierce our nation's skies!"
—*J. C. Booth*.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 124, "The Lord Is My Shepherd."

Story: "The Ninety and Nine."

Duet: "There Were Ninety and Nine That Safely Lay."

Concluding Thought: No effort is too great to save the lost.

Concluding Thought: "Give your support to a righteous cause and then fight courageously."

Offering.

Prayer.

Class work.

Offering.

Doxology and prayer.

Class work.

FOURTH SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28

Theme Talk: "Christ Universal.

Prelude: Soft organ music.

Call to Worship: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me."

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 31, "O Jesus the Giver of All We Enjoy."

Lord's prayer in unison. (Matthew 6: 10-15. Inspired Version.)

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 272, "Jesus My Savior."

Bible Reading: John 19: 1-11.

Theme Talk: *Christ Universal*.

There are national heroes and class men, but Christ is universally the hero of all true men. It matters not how high or how low one may be, he is still in need of the Christ life and teaching.

He has said, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man will open unto me I will come in unto him and sup with him and he with me." (Revelation 3:10.)

God is no respecter of persons. (Acts 10: 38, 17: 26.)

Jesus taught us to pray, "Our Father," (Matthew 6: 9, 13.)

He is the life and the light of the world. (John 1: 12, 8: 12.)

Christ is the light and life of all things. (Doctrine and Covenants 85: 2, 12.)

He is the only universal Savior. (Isaiah 43: 11.)

"My hope is built on Jesus Christ,

His law to me is pure;

His character is excellence,

His word is strong and sure.

The Master Workman

By CORA NASH HILLMAN

The air is hushed, oppressive.
Quiet lies o'er every hill,
While high above, in cloud-land
The storm-god feels the thrill
Of forces, vast and mighty,
Of spaces wide and deep;
These, a master-workman's tools,
His to use and keep.

He shuttles all the lightnings
To decorate the sky;
Then he pounds with thunder
In vacant places nigh.
He hangs the low, fringed wind clouds
To menace, in his mirth.
And then the heavy, black clouds
To water all the earth.

No more we feel the hush—
The silence on the hill.
The flash, the crash, the whipping
Bring to us here a thrill.
We contemplate with wonder
The sublime display now made,
And know by this great miracle
That the storm-god plies his trade.

Minors

The harvest comes, the harvest passes,
Dry leaves finger the rustling grasses.

The sun swings north, the wind turns east,
The day goes mumbling, like a priest.

Ten thousand Springs have died before,
Ten thousand Summers—and one more.

—*Wilfred J. Funk*.

The Children's Division

Worship Programs for February

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "COURAGE"

THE following programs, as well as those for January, were furnished us by church school workers of Mount Washington, Kansas City, Missouri.

Most of the story materials will be found in one of the three following books. One or more should be purchased by each school:

Knights of Service, Bradshaw, \$0.85.

Stories for the Junior Hour, Demorest, \$1.35.

Seventy-five Stories for the Worship Hour, Eggleston, \$1.50.

Order from the Herald Publishing House.

On the first Sunday juniors will participate in the sacrament service with the adult group.

SECOND SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1932

Theme: "Courage to Be Kind"

Prelude.

Call to Worship:

Strength, courage, wisdom,
These are good;
Yet one thing more comes to our minds,
A little prayer of brotherhood;
More, more than all,
God make us kind.

Hymn: "Be Pure in Heart," *Zion's Praises*, 103.

Prayer: For courage to be thoughtful and kind even though our friends laugh.

Story: The story as shown here is adapted from Myra Batchelder's story, "Dare to Be True." The complete story may be found in *Junior Program Materials*, by Carriabel Blankenship.

In the city where Jane lived there was a queer little old lady, whom all the boys and girls had nicknamed Silly-Tilly. Even in church the little old lady was apt to do and say things which were so unusual that the children laughed at her.

Jane didn't like to hear the little old lady called "Silly-Tilly," but she never mentioned it to anyone, because the others would only have thought of her as a "goody-goody" and it wouldn't have helped Tilly. But Jane had been taught to respect older people and she noticed that Tilly's smile always faded when the others laughed at her. So Jane tried to help her by always being kind.

Can you guess what happened? The little old lady would go out of her way to be near Jane. She would change her seat in the street car or in church just to be near Jane, and often the other girls and boys would tease Jane about her queer friend.

One Sunday the minister asked the young people if they would sing in the choir. He especially urged Jane because she had such a sweet voice.

When Tilly heard what they were to do, of course she wanted to go along. No one would stop her for fear of making a disturbance in the church.

At first Jane felt badly and wanted to cry, then she wanted to laugh, but of course did neither. She had never heard Tilly sing, but she held the book for her even though she was afraid all the time that Tilly might do something queer. It took all of Jane's courage to sit through the service, up in front of everyone, with poor little Tilly at her side.

For some strange reason once the service started, everything seemed especially beautiful and peaceful. The people seemed to smile more kindly; the boys and girls who had been laughing at her, now seemed to be encouraging her; when Jane glanced at her father and mother their faces were radiant with some hidden joy, and even the minister chose for his sermon the lesson of reverence for old age, and thoughtfulness for the less fortunate. Jane began to feel happy again and even tender toward poor little Tilly, so she reached over and laid her hand over the little lady's. Big tears welled up in Tilly's eyes, as she whispered, "You blessed child."

Hymn: "Never Be Afraid," *Zion's Praises*, 170.

Scripture Reading: Ephesians 4: 31, 32.

Sermon Talk: "Be ye kind one to another." (Ephesians 4: 32.) The Apostle Paul wrote a beautiful letter to the saints at Ephesus. He tried to instruct them in the ways of God. Many had just been baptized into the church and they needed his fatherly counsel. He told them they must be clean in word and thought and deed if they wished to have the Spirit and blessing of God with them. People of the world who do not know God's truth are likely to be selfish, mean, hateful, unholy and unkind. But children of God's kingdom are to live as Jesus lived. Jesus was always kind, thoughtful of others in need, and helpful. Paul wrote the Ephesians, "Be ye kind one to another."

It often takes courage to be truly kind, for one has to go out of his way. Always he must forget his own comfort, or ease, or convenience while he brings comfort and help to those in need. And that is exactly what Jesus did as he went about comforting the sorrowful, healing the sick and teaching the people to be kind and good. Sometimes it will take courage to do one's duty in being thoughtful of the father and mother at home, respectful to their wishes, mindful of their hopes and ambitions for us, and thoughtful of the ideals they have tried to live and to establish in our lives.

Concluding Thought:

God, who touches earth with beauty,
Make me lovely too,
Keep me ever by thy Spirit,
Pure and strong and true.

Hymn: "Take My Life and Let It Be," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 307.
Benediction.

THIRD SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1932

Theme: "Courage to Be Strong"

Prelude: "America," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 423.
Call to Worship:

God of the strong, God of the weak,
Lord of all lands, and our own land,
Teach us that lowliest duty done,
Is highest service unto Thee.

Hymn: "I'm Not Too Young," *Rainbow Songs*, page 48, or "Dare to Do Right," *Praises*, 79.

Prayer: For courage to be strong in the face of evil or of danger.

Story: "Samson a Man of Strength," *Knights of Service*, page 13, or "Theodore Roosevelt's Fight for Strength," *Knights of Service*, page 106.

Reading: This reading may be substituted for the story: it is taken from *Our Patriot Fathers*.

Long, long ago, when first our flag
In freedom's land unfurled,
Our fathers stood, a homespun band,
And fired with rough and toil-worn hand
The "shot heard 'round the world."

From simple homes, from lives of toil
The gallant farmers came,
From field and forest, barn and fold,
With rugged hearts and temper bold,
To win a deathless name.

They knew no way but courage high,
They had no skill, but how to die;
Their arms were pitchfork, crow and spade,
And yet a glorious stand they made.

It is not ships nor armies strong,
Nor stores of minted gold,
It is not these our country needs,
But hearts attuned to noble deeds,
And spirits as of old.

Hymn: "Never Be Afraid," *Rainbow Songs*, page 16, or *Praises*, 170.

Never be afraid to speak for Jesus,
Think how much a word can do,
Never be afraid to own your Savior,
He who loves and cares for you.

Scripture Reading: 2 Chronicles 32: 7, 8.

Sermon Talk: "Be strong and courageous." Our scripture lesson is taken from a part of the history of Judah. Sennacherib, the king of Assyria, had come up to battle against Judah and had laid siege to Jerusalem. This king had conquered many nations round about, for his armies were very strong

and his leaders were skillful. It is no wonder that the Jews trembled with fear, for the Assyrian armies were great, and Sennacherib sent messages into the city, boasting of his strength and cursing the God of the Jews.

But Hezekiah, the king in Jerusalem, had learned to trust in God, for he knew that if they were righteous God would not forsake them, but he would help them against their enemies. So he said to the people: "Be strong and courageous, be not afraid nor dismayed for the king of Assyria . . . for there be more with us than with him: With him is an arm of flesh, but with us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles."

And it was so. The Jews had courage and faith and God was with them. The Assyrian armies were driven back and almost destroyed. Always God proves himself true when his people really do his will. But if we would have God's help we must be sure we are on the Lord's side.

Today we need to be strong and courageous in all our effort to build the kingdom of God, in our personal lives, with our companions, in our homes, and in our church. There is more "with us" than can be "against us" if we are faithful and true, strong and courageous.

Concluding Thought:

God make me strong, for life demands
Youth's eager challenge day by day,
With steady purpose, willing hands,
Unflinching steps along the way,
Be the way short or long,
God make me strong.

Hymn: "True-hearted, whole-hearted," *Living Hymns*, 57.

True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives by thy grace we will be,
Under thy standard exalted and royal,
Strong in thy strength we will battle for thee.

Benediction.

FOURTH SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1932

Theme: "The Courage to Choose the Right."

Prelude: "Dare to Do Right," *Praises*, 79.
Call to Worship:

Who is on the Lord's side,
Who will serve the King,
Who will be his helpers,
Other lives to bring?

Prayer: For wisdom and courage to choose the right and to do the right when tempted to do wrong.

Hymn: "Dare to Do Right," *Praises*, 79.

Reading: "Dare to Be a Daniel."

Standing by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few,
All hail to Daniel's band.

Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host,
By joining Daniel's band.

Hold the gospel banner high,
On to victory grand,
Satan and his host defy,
And shout for Daniel's band.

* Scripture Reading: Daniel 6: 5-11, 16.

Hymn: "Savior, Teach Me Day by Day," new Saints' Hymnal, 338.

Story: "The Prince Who Sought Happiness," or "The Knights of the Silver Shield," both to be found in *Knights of Service*; or "Sidney's Recommendation," in *Stories for the Junior Hour*; or "The Lucky Girl," in *Seventy-five Stories for the Worship Hour*, by Eggleston.

Sermon Talk: "Dare to be a Daniel." (Daniel 4: 4.) Tell the story of Daniel. His choice as a promising young Hebrew when in bondage in Babylon; his refusal to eat meat sacrificed to idols; his interpretation of the king's dream; the jealousy of the heathen rulers; the king's decree; Daniel's practice of the worship of Jehovah; in the lion's den; God's protection and blessing.

Daniel was true to his faith and trust in God. He had learned to trust God in his Hebrew home, back in the land of Judea. He had seen abundant proof that God knows and answers prayer. He did not fear the king's decree; he only feared to disobey God and to give up his worship.

Daniel continued his habit of prayer, and he was thrown into a den of fierce lions. But Daniel's God was there. An angel stopped the mouths of the hungry lions and they did Daniel no harm.

We, too, when tempted, may choose to do right, and we can expect God to be with us. This is his promise and covenant with us. At home, at play, at school, at work, when we choose to do right, Jesus will go with us all the way.

Concluding Thought:

God, make me wise, to know the right,
To choose that right in all I do,
That I may wage a goodly fight,
And reach the goal I vision too;
Nothing of worth may I despise,
God make me wise.

Hymn: "Father, Lead Me Day by Day," new Saints' Hymnal, 262.

Prayer.

Four things a man must learn to do,
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To act from honest motives purely;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.

—Van Dyke.

"Evening's First Star"

By PRESTON D. MCINTOSH

A star comes forth at evening;
To shine half-blushingly,
And twilight dons a purple robe—
To make the night more kingly!

Timidly, as if afraid,
The evening star the myriad leads;
Forth from the azure atmosphere,
A thousand starlets, golden deeds.

Ah! Twilight star, shine first!
At night, when stars are rare;
Let me look to you in hope—
As I breathe my evening prayer?

Beautiful evening star,
Faith has made you so!
Shine loves forgiveness here
As did a star in the long ago!

Michael Angelo knows how to bring the angel out of the rough stone. But somebody must quarry the marble, fashion the chisel, temper the hammer. The tool and the task are related. The instrument-maker and the instrument-user are partners. The life of the patient depends on the skill of the physician, but the success of the practitioner is dependent upon the honesty of the manufacturer and jobber of the ingredient and accessory of the laboratory.—Richard Braunstein, in *Church Management*.

Jerky minds say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rock you to death.—Holmes.

Sandy

(Continued from page 34.)

prosecuted." On the top of the fence was a row of grinning faces. On a big brick building behind was a sign, "Glass and Bottle Works."

Sandy returned home to be a better man. If anyone tried to entice him to have a drink, he would say, "I was a d— fool once, and once is enough."

How to Make 1932 a Year of Growth

It is not how much money you make, but how you are growing that counts.

What is growth in the lives of people? Increased personal power, improved self-control, an expanding fund of knowledge, greater human sympathy, and a clearer definition of high ideals.

How to obtain this growth? Select a few tasks and work at them with all your might; govern all your actions as you would if you were an employer and had the power to “boss” yourself; spend more time in reading and in studying your problems than you do in having a “good time”; be as kind to everyone as you would wish them to be to you; think of the best things you can imagine in life, and then strive for them.

Other suggestions will be found throughout the year in

VISION

See That Your Friends Are Taking It

MAKE

1932

A YEAR OF GROWTH

HOW?

(Look Inside the Cover.)

Sept 30
Mrs J F Franier
724 Proctor Place
Indep Mo



VISION



MOVEMENTS FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE

By Mitchel M. Carter

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE

THE FIRST PRIZE STORY

By Della B. Haberlein

CONQUERING TIME AND SPACE

By Howard Cook

PAREE—THE CITY OF LIGHT

By Audentia Anderson

THE CHRYSALIS

By Vesta Stevenson

JANE

By Gladys Mae Smith

FEBRUARY, 1932

THE WINNERS
of the
"Vision" Short-story Contest

FIRST PRIZE

DELLA B. HABERLEIN Independence, Missouri
"The Still, Small Voice"

SECOND PRIZE

WINIFRED M. MILNER Lomita, California
"Smiley's Lady"

THIRD PRIZE

GRACE B. KEAIRNES Logan, Iowa
"A Star and a Cloud"

* * * * *

HONORABLE MENTION

GUSSIE ROSS JOBE.....*"Two Easter Dresses"*
ELSIE SMITH MANN.....*"Pot of Gold"*
VINCENT R. SCHULTZ.....*"In Dees a Country"*
MABEL A. SANFORD.....*"The Awakening"*
GERTRUDE M. BOGUE.....*"Valley of Dreams"*
GLADYS MAE SMITH.....*"Jane"*

VISION

A Magazine for All Ages

*Devoted to the needs and desires of the individual, the program
of the church, and the activities of the social group.*

LEONARD LEA, *Managing Editor*

For the Board of Editors

Volume 45

Independence, Missouri, February, 1932

Number 2

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Editorial



Two Anniversaries—

Two important anniversaries come in February. After the whirl of festivities in the holiday season, the bare calendar of bleak January gives us a welcome rest. But in February we are happy to celebrate the birthdays of two of the nation's great men, who are, we also believe, among the world's great.

With the passing of time the greatness of Washington and Lincoln increases. There is no rivalry between him who helped to shape our government and guide its beginning affairs, and him who helped to preserve it and give an answer for all time as to its unity.

Immortal Goodness—

One learns of the bad men of history from books, but one hears of the good and great men from the lips of his friends. There is something immortal about goodness, but evil carries the cause of its own destruction.

Shakespeare caused Mark Antony to say, in that moment of bitterness and grief when he faced the Roman mob over the body of the murdered Cæsar:

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Yet he spoke to goad the mob to a consciousness of its own wrong, and we know that the saying was not and is not true. We would rather think that—

Old wrongs must perish, all evils pass away;
Time and men's hearts conspire that ever
The tyrant's hand must cease, his memory die:
Only the great and good can live forever.

The Washington Bicentennial—

The whole year of 1932 is devoted to the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth.

In celebration of this event, addresses, pageants, and services are being planned in all the principal cities of the country. Newspapers and magazines are publishing all the known pictures of him, and quantities of information,

both old and newly discovered. Public libraries and museums are featuring exhibits of mementoes of his life and works, early biographies, etc. And he is always a subject of some biographer's pen, especially this year.

Lincoln—

This beloved president and leader, too, has survived easily the assaults of the jackals among the *litterateurs*. Not fully appreciated in his time even by his friends or his own party, and hated by others, the passing of the years has only served to clarify his meaning to the world, and to reveal from the perspective of distance the greatness of his stature.

Our Contest Winners—

The winner of the first prize in our recent short-story contest, Mrs. Della B. Haberlein, wrote "*The Still Small Voice*," which appears in this issue. Other prize winning stories will appear in later issues. The winners are to be congratulated. Yet those who did not win also did worthy work; and there were many excellent manuscripts, even beyond the list of "honorable mention" stories named in the announcement elsewhere in this issue. Out of their effort for the contest they are the recipients of benefit not expressed in terms of reward, but in terms of development and progress.

The Judges—

The contestants will be interested in the names of the judges: Mrs. S. A. Burgess, Mr. Roy F. Davey, and Miss Leta Moriarty. They literally waded through reams of manuscript in order to select the best, but they say that they enjoyed the experience. The names of the authors did not appear on the manuscripts during the judging process: these were carefully removed before the papers went to the judges, in order that all stories could be judged absolutely on their own merits. This fact will reassure those who entered the contest.

The Still Small Voice

By DELLA BRAIDWOOD HABERLEIN

EVERYTHING about Joan Warwick was expressive of rebellion, the very way she clipped her words and the set of her auburn crowned head. Even as her sister Glenna's heavy soled shoes scuffed comfortably along through the carpet of crisp leaves that October had laid in the park, Joan's shabby toes kicked viciously to right and left.

Everybody had said, "Poor Glenna," when Joan Hamilton married Peter Warwick; for Glenna had cast her lot, the previous year, with Charlie Deane whom they had all known from boyhood, and Charlie did nothing more romantic than clerk in a drug store—part of the time.

It was different with Peter Warwick. He had hypnotized the inhabitants of Carlton. Dropping into their midst like a shooting star, he had opened a store the like of which they had never seen before. He had used money lavishly, married the prettiest of the Hamilton twins; and then, as though his force had spent itself, he died sitting bolt upright alongside the bed where his young wife lay with a baby girl nestled at her breast.

JOAN had closed out the shop in order to pay the hospital and the doctor bills. It had left her with very little except the child, and a spirit of defiance that grew in intensity as time went by.

Glenna handed the letter she had been reading back to her sister.

"Don't be so bitter, Joan. Doctor Murphy says there that the operation wouldn't cost over a hundred or so. The baby can't be allowed to limp through life for want of that small an amount. Aren't there any old accounts left from the store that you could collect?"

Joan laughed, but her laugh lacked mirth.

"Yes and no. There are plenty of them left, but none I could collect. That old skinflint of a Jim Potter owes over a hundred himself, and any number of others, born under the same star, owe dribs of ten dollars and up."

"Let's try to think of some way you can *earn* it then, like—like——"

"Yes? Like what?" Joan's tone barely con-

cealed a sneer. "You're a dear, Glenna, but I've gone over all that. Why, the only idea that filters through my foggy brain is to raise flowers for sale. Flowers! And with winter coming on. You wouldn't believe I'd won my scholarship to the university, being dumb like that. Would you?"

"Joan! That's the very thing. Dumb! I'll say you are. So dumb you don't realize how smart you are. Don't you know that flowers come from bulbs as well as from seed; bulbs that are fairly clamoring to be raised in that sunny room of yours? And winter! When no one else has flowers. Why, they'll be forced to buy yours. Think of that wonderful row of south windows filled with shelves of tulips and narcissus and lilies."

She checked them off on her finger tips.

Joan's face softened.

"Lilies," she breathed. "I hadn't thought of them. Easter lilies. Mother used to love them so. Maybe they'll bring me luck. I'll specialize with Easter lilies, Glenna. They always sell high."

ARMED with a sheaf of bills covering some of the smaller accounts still outstanding on her husband's books, Joan forced herself to assume an attitude of optimism she was far from feeling, as she started out that evening on an orgy of collecting.

"Now, dearie, if I had it I'd be only too glad to pay you," Miss Amelia Stephens said in her most sanctimonious voice. "But——"

"I know the rest of it," Joan broke in. "I've heard it five times already this evening."

Her tone changed from one of challenge to one of entreaty.

"You could scare up twenty-five dollars as a loan, couldn't you? Just as a loan, with interest?"

Little Miss Stephens' face sharpened.

"Well—maybe I could get it for you from somewhere; a loan, you know. If I could borrow it I'd be glad to let you have it for—seven per cent, or maybe six, dearie, six."

Joan swallowed her anger. She knew well

enough where Miss Stephens would borrow it; from some old stocking tucked away in a secret hiding place, mostly likely.

But the one thing that really mattered was the money. That, she felt she must have in order to purchase her stock.

Some weeks later, as Joan lifted the unattractive brown bulbs from their packing of moss, her hands lingered over them. They seemed like children to her. They were so full of promise.

"I suppose most people would say, 'the ugly little things,' but to me they're beautiful," she said to herself.

And in the weeks that followed, she bestowed no less loving care on them than she gave to her own crippled baby whose welfare was so at stake.

ONCE during a prolonged spell of dull, sunless weather, Glenna came in unexpectedly.

Joan did not hear the door open and kept busily at work. She would cup a pot with both shapely hands, bend over it smilingly, and then with a tender little pat, she would murmur, "Sun's out, Sweetheart."

"Why, what in the world are you up to, Joan Warwick? Have you lost your mind?"

Joan straightened up, flushed but still smiling.

"I wonder that myself sometimes. You see it's been dark for so long I was beginning to feel desperate. So now, every day, I try talking to them and smiling at them just to cheer them up a bit.

"Nothing alive can keep on growing into beauty, buried in gloom from its very roots.

"Oh, Glenna, they just must get ready for Easter and it's coming so fast.

"I'm not worried over the money for Betty's operation, alone, but I grow absolutely panicky whenever I think about that penurious, penny-pinching old maid who is giving me such a special bargain in loans at 'six per cent, Dearie.'"

As the first lilies began to open, Joan's courage came back.

She knew the very moment each new bloom started to spread.

The advertising posters, on which she had spent many long hours, were put into places of advantage in the windows; and another card,

so beautifully worked out that only Joan could have done it, was hung in a conspicuous place on the wall over the sink. It read:

"Let no one in this little room
So filled with sacred lily bloom,
Think aught of ill, or evil do
To crucify his Lord anew."

When Glenna saw it her heart throbbed with sympathy and understanding. She alone knew what it would mean for Joan to think no ill.

"Oh, how lovely that is, dear. You made it, didn't you?"

Joan nodded.

"I was thinking everything mean I could possibly think about everybody one night while I've been so worried, and the very next morning one of the buds burst. It seemed nothing in the world could be so snowy white. Why, Glenna, I never saw anything so absolutely pure looking. I wondered how it ever could have bloomed in air so foul with ugly thoughts, and I resolved to give the rest of the lovely things a better chance."

That resolution tested Joan to her limit during the week previous to Easter.

The last few days it required every bit of will power she could muster to keep from slipping back into the old bitterness of spirit.

NOTHING had ever been seen in Carlton to equal those lily-filled windows on High Street.

People would stop on the walk outside to marvel at them, while Joan sat within and held her breath; her hopes giving way to despair as the hours passed and no one showed any interest in buying.

Of course there was the depression to consider, and Joan fell back on it determinedly whenever she felt tempted to say spiteful things at their backs as they passed on.

By the time Saturday morning came her nerves were on edge.

She washed and polished every window until it shone. She wiped infinitesimal particles of dust from sills and posters. She turned each plant to exhibit its best points to prospective buyers; and then, to her dismay, there was nothing more to be done, nothing but to wait through long, dragging hours.

"Here I am to help you with the rush,"

Glenna called gaily, as she came in during the afternoon.

Joan sat in a low rocker near the window, where she could watch the passersby.

One look at the tragic face, and Glenna gathered her sister in her arms.

"You didn't sleep last night. I know it. Now I'm going to tend store and you're going to rest."

Without protest, Joan lay down on the bed, but she could not sleep. Every creak of timber, every footfall on the walk outside, and her nerves tightened.

Maybe it would be a customer. But none came.

The lilies stood straight and fair on their decorated shelves. There were no broken ranks.

Glenna stayed as long as there was any hope, and even then she could not bring herself to make the start for home.

Finally, when it was quite dark, she said, "I'll just have to be going but I do hate to leave you, dear. Try to get some sleep tonight. Maybe you'll sell some of them tomorrow, even."

"Yes, maybe." The words came without conviction. "Thank you, Glenna, anyway."

The thought of food sickened Joan.

She fed the baby and rocked it to sleep for the comfort it gave to her own sore heart.

Afterward, she drew her chair to where she could look out upon the street.

She was not watching for buyers any more. All hope of sales had died hours ago.

Then—she saw Miss Stephens.

The shabby, shawl-wrapped figure walked from one window to the next and back again.

Joan got up, her heart pounding.

Miss Stephens was going to buy a lily! She knew by the look on the pinched, saffron-colored face that she wanted one.

The girl could scarcely believe her eyes when the woman turned away.

AS JOAN watched her down the street she became aware of the beauty of the night.

Silver white moonlight glorified even the most uninteresting details of the scene; and threw into highlight the spirit of the old, run-down church on the next corner.

A peace she had not known for days enveloped her.

She lifted a pot in each arm and stepped out into the night. Almost on a run she made her way to the church.

Even inside it was quite light and she hastily set the lilies before the altar.

Trip followed trip, and as she looked at the lovely blossoms in her arms, they nodded and bobbed happily in the moonlight.

The dingy interior of the church began to take on a new glow.

As Joan placed a plant she would whisper to it lovingly. "Oh, you must make every one of them feel as I feel." And to the next, "Be sure to put it across, dear, won't you? Banish every bit of hate from every heart that comes here to worship tomorrow."

The last pot seemed one too many.

She held it close while she stood back to get a better view. There seemed to be no logical home for it.

Then she thought of Miss Stephens, and of the expression on her face as she had looked in the windows.

It came to Joan that there had been very little of beauty in the parsimonious life of the lonely woman.

On tiptoe she made her way up the steps of the unpainted cottage where Miss Stephens lived. She pulled a rickety table to the center of the porch, threw the scarf from her shoulders across it, and set the lily where it would nod a gay good morning as soon as the front door opened.

The night was unseasonably warm and she walked slowly, realizing for the first time how very tired she was. It was late when she crept softly into the house. Her room seemed deserted, but the crepe paper decorations which had been torn in her haste, and were hanging in dilapidated ribbons from the tiers of empty shelves, appeared to her exalted fancy, like banners of victory.

Some way even the money she owed to Miss Stephens faded into the background. Money seemed the most unimportant thing in the world just then.

Her head had scarcely settled into the comfortable little hollow of her pillow before she was asleep; and only the church bells, late in the morning, succeeded in arousing her.

Joan did not want to go to church. She felt she could not face the battery of questioning

glances that would be directed her way, so she settled down to a lazy morning at home.

She dropped into the low chair that had rocked her through so many hours of agony during the past few days. Her strong, smooth hand felt its way over the crooked little leg of the child in her arms. Hot tears rolled slowly over her cheeks.

HER MIND traveled back over the weariness of time behind her; and then, suddenly, church was out, and people were coming down the street.

Joan watched them as she rocked. Mrs. Lauder and Janet. Tom Harris. Mr. Potter.

It did not occur to her to think of them as "that cat, Janet Lauder," or "Skinflint Potter," as she would have done a month ago. She just watched them idly. She felt so spent, so let down with the days of anxiety she had endured.

Even Mr. Potter, hesitating a moment on the outer walk, and then turning in between the two silver spruces which served for a gate, failed to arouse her curiosity.

There was a knock on the door.

"Are you in, Joan? Mr. Potter to see you."

"Mr. Potter! Me?" she echoed as she went into the hall.

The man stood twisting his hat in his hands.

"I reckon as how ye *are* surprised a might." He swallowed with effort, and then, as though all obstacles had been removed, went straight to the point.

"I come to pay ye that hundred 'n ten I owed yer husband." He drew a slip of paper from under the inner band of his hat. "Wrote it in church," he added, with a friendly wink, "so I know as how it's good."

Joan began to cry.

"Well, now, would you ever! I'll be takin' it back agin if ye hate it s'much as all that."

He laughed in embarrassment and hurried away.

"I never dreamed they would tell *him* that," Joan said under her breath as she watched him out of sight.

Just then Miss Stephens came along.

Joan ran out to meet her, flourishing the little green slip in her hand.

"I can pay you tomorrow when I cash this," she called, her voice ringing with relief and happiness.

"You needn't, dearie. I owed Peter that, and I was just comin' to tell you to keep it. And thanks for the lily, dearie. When I took it in this mornin' the flowers was right again my ear, and plain as anything, they said, 'Blessed are the pure in heart.'

"That's why I come.

"The white hearts of 'em showed they was practicin' what they preached; and it seemed that me goin' to church was preachin' and owin' money I could pay wasn't practicin'.

"I think you could mebbe sell some of 'em today. I heard folks askin' was they for sale."

The old childhood love for all mankind surged into Joan's heart. She closed her fingers over the blue-veined hand of the older woman.

"No, Miss Stephens. They're not for sale. But you may tell folks after church tonight that anybody who really wants one may have it."



Migration

In the night I woke up listening,—
For I heard a strange, far cry
As if winds and birds called to me
From the clear, cold autumn sky.

Soon my door was softly opened
And I knew 'twas Mother-dear.
" 'Tis the wild geese flying southward,—
That strange, far-off cry you hear."

Then we both looked from the window;
And she told how God would care
For those brave birds flying, crying
Through the pathless midnight air.

"Why of course!" I looked up quickly,
Sort of wondering at her words;
"If he watches all the sparrows
He'll remember those big birds!"

Mother rose and gently tucked me
In my cozy bed again,
And I prayed, "God bless those birdies!"
Guide them safely home. Amen."

—Alice Pauline Clark, in *The Young Catholic Messenger*.

Jane

By GLADYS MAE SMITH

“OH, HELEN, you didn’t!” protested Jane. “Surely you didn’t drink spiked punch!”

Fresh from her bath, encompassed by the luxurious odor of scented bath salts, Helen was busy with tweezers and mirror at the kitchen window. She laughed airily but avoided Jane’s scandalized stare. Helen had learned that the honest, direct glance of Jane’s brown eyes was often disconcerting.

“Of course,” she replied easily enough, though a slightly defensive note edged her tone. “I never wet-blanket a party, Jane. It doesn’t pay. Besides everyone drinks now days — moderately.”

“Everyone doesn’t,” expostulated Jane hotly. The exquisite bloom of healthful youth in her cheeks deepened. “Our young folks don’t, not even the boys. And we are not a dead bunch either. We have corking good times.”

Silence. Helen was glad to waive the matter. For some reason the worldly sophistication that she liked to affect lost its savor in the face of Jane’s opposition. Under her skillful fingers the arched eyebrows took distracting shape.

“What is your young folks’ form of amusement here?” she asked presently.

“Everything,” responded Jane brightly. “Everything that’s jolly good fun and—” she paused to whisk a pan of cinnamon buns from the oven, then added significantly, “—decent.” Helen flushed as the thrust found its mark in a guilty conscience but held her peace.

“In the summer we have picnics, hikes, and bathing. Winters we skate and have indoor parties and taffy pulls. The winters here are not dull, you’ll discover.”

“I’m sure I’m going to be perfectly thrilled,” murmured Helen. But the remark which smacked of ennui was lost on the imperturbable Jane.

For that young person had grown unusually thoughtful. The fun-loving spontaneity of girlhood receded, and the maternal instinct that had mothered the Huston household for five years pre-empted her mind. The practical common sense with which she had mastered each arising difficulty in family life, warned her now that she was facing a brand new type of problem in this attractive school-teacher across the room.

JANE, who in addition to her other duties also boarded the district teacher, had been pleased to learn the identity of the new teacher a few weeks ago. Not that the name meant anything to her; she had neither met nor known of Helen Sills, who claimed a distant county as her residence, prior to her appointment. But Jane was delighted with the prospect of the daily companionship of a girl her exact age.

“Oh, Dad,” she exclaimed the night after Miss Sills was hired by the board. “Won’t it be fun having a young girl here after such old fossils as

Miss Webb and Miss Lucas? Oh,” she amended, instantly rebuked by the inquiring lifted eyebrow of her parent, “not that they weren’t dears. But you have to admit they were both rather—uncompromising.” Her father laughed. The one dissenting member of the school board, he was still skeptical of the wisdom of their choice.

“Well, take care that this one is not too compromising to suit you.”

Nothing daunted, Jane was agreeably impressed with the new teacher. She won Jane’s warm responsiveness that first day when she said:

“Since you and I are to share the same home for months, why be formal? Call me Helen, Jane.”

Undoubtedly it was Helen’s all-including

One girl would not be like a sheep. She dared to defy the crowd when she knew the crowd was wrong. She would not sell herself to the fad of being in style. She knew the terrible cost of wrong from seeing its effect on others. She bated wrong, because she feared its effects, not only on herself, but also on those that she loved.

Girl — yes, woman — she knew the value of a free and clean individuality. And in the end she won with rectitude greater joy than sin could promise or deliver.

smile and long lazy glance that sent Bubs, Jane's fourteen-year-old brother, scurrying to the bathroom three times daily from which he emerged as sleek and shining as a new dime.

Even Buck, the twenty-year-old young man of the family, who was experiencing the raptures of his first love affair and was therefore inclined to look askance at other fair maidens, grudgingly admitted the young teacher's charm.

Mr. Huston alone reserved comment. In the light of his broader experience, he considered kindly the impressions of his children and fervently hoped for the best.

SOON, however, Jane was to sense that beneath a carefully maintained veneer of personality, an inadequate character development was hidden. Tripping downstairs earlier than usual one morning in Mr. Huston's absence, Helen had come unexpectedly upon the family at morning worship.

"I was disappointed, Jane, to discover you in your father's place burning incense before the family altar," she chided later. Jane looked up quickly.

"Disappointed?" she repeated amazed.

Helen nodded cheerfully and added another piece of cake to her lunch basket.

"I thought you belonged to an enlightened generation. Why do you do it, Jane?"

"I do it because I believe prayer is essential to rightful, harmonious living," replied Jane coolly. "Does that enlighten you, Helen?"

With tact and good nature, Helen threw her arm around the other girl.

"I'm jealous of you, Jane," she apologized contritely, and Jane forgave her.

"Poor kid," she sympathized mentally, "she's probably never had a chance to learn the value of sacred things." Thus, in spite of a growing disappointment, Jane clung with tenacious loyalty to her first impression.

Now in less than five days, Helen's prattling conversation had led her to reveal still further an unstable character.

"If she's like that," thought Jane, her hurrying feet carrying her to and fro while her mind grappled with her latest problem, "if she's like that, she's a bad influence for her pupils."

IN THE YEARS that Jane had mothered a younger brother and sister, she had learned to weigh well the possible resulting effects of a

granted request before she dared deny or concur to their wishes. For Jane sought always the ultimate good of all; with purely unselfish motives, she desired to be fair to all. What would the result of daily association with a teacher of unscrupulous ideas be to the children of the community? To Bubs—? To Jill—?

Thought of the five-year-old baby sister, whom her dying mother had intrusted to her care, brought Jane's fighting spirit to the fore.

"Helen," she began, groping for the right words. No need to hurt unreasonably another's feelings.

"Your private life is your own affair, I'll admit—but about drinking—you certainly must know that alcohol is detrimental to society. A girl can not do those things and keep her health and self-respect."

To her surprise, Helen agreed.

"I know it, Jane. I wouldn't think of indulging to excess. It's just that the rest do, and one has to keep step with one's friends or be ostracized."

"Piffle," retorted Jane, inelegantly. "You've chosen the wrong kind of friends. Think of the consequences."

Helen arose languidly from her chair and stretched, lifting her slender arms high above her head. The tassel of her silk quilted bathrobe trailed the linoleum.

"Consequences?" she asked, smothering a yawn. "To whom—for instance?"

A direct brown glance clashed with a cold blue one.

"To Jill—for instance." Helen's eyes fell.

Just then Jill pirouetted into the room bringing with her a breath of the fresh outdoor air. She stood poised on one toe, a glowing, mysteriously quiet little girl.

"Come here, Jill," invited Helen and drew the child into her arms.

"Never fear that I'd teach Jill anything she ought not to know. It's readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic that we learn down there, isn't it, honey?"

Jill nodded shyly and squirmed away.

"Janie," she told her older sister importantly, "Karl stopped to tell you he'd be over tonight."

The squawk of an auto horn rent the stillness as a sport roadster shot by the kitchen window.

"That is Karl?" questioned Helen, her nose

against the pane. She caught a glimpse of a hatless head and laughing face as the car swept past.

"Um-m," she mused, "Latest model car. Perfect profile. Karl is worth cultivating."

Jane's throat tightened. Must her problem also include Karl?

"Karl is worth cultivating for reasons more important than the ones you mention," she said sharply and was instantly ashamed of her resentment. "He is one of the finest boys in the country."

COMING down the upper hall a few hours later—after Jill's mumbled prayer had been heard and the child tucked into her little bed—Jane paused at the door that had served as the district teacher's private sanctum for three years. But never before had such gay creations adorned its closet and shelves as now. The light from the hall played upon the disorder within. A closet door stood ajar, and in its shadowy interior, Jane could see rows of shimmering finery on hangers.

Occupying a position of prominence among dainty accessories and numberless squat little jars on the dresser, stood a picture of Helen's mother. At sight of it, desire for her own mother permeated Jane's being—a feeling that countless times before she had fought into submission. If only her mother had lived, she might be teaching somewhere herself this year. All this might have been hers—these luxuries so dear to a girl's heart—made possible by the generous salary such a calling warranted.

From childhood when as a girl she had read aloud to her dolls, Jane had clung to her determination to become a teacher. The death of her mother, which occurred during her junior high school year, and the heavy responsibility that followed had not entirely crushed out that long suppressed desire.

In the remote regions of her mind and heart, pushed by necessity and duty into the background, lived even yet the hope that some day, in some way, this craving that had dominated her earlier life might materialize. Some day she would take up the broken threads of her

own life's pattern. Some day when Bubs was safely through high school—some day when Jill was older—

"Life has challenged you, Janie ole thing," she soliloquized, shaking herself out of her gloom. "Are you going to moon around and let it defeat you, or are you going to meet it with chin up, eyes shining."

BUCK came bounding up the stairs, taking them two at a time in his usual stride.

"Better be getting down there," he accosted her laughingly. "Karl is here, and believe you me, Miss Sills isn't losing any time showing off her arts and graces. She's a fast worker if you ask me. Besides she's a knockout for looks."

"She's pretty," acquiesced Jane, "but I'm afraid she'd break in a pinch."

"Don't turn catty, Jane," admonished her brother and disappeared whistling into his own room.

Buck's advice was timely, reflected Jane descending. She could not afford to be unkind either in thought or deed. When thoughts of Karl flooded her mind, humble

happiness filled her heart.

Harmony of ideals and aspirations had drawn them together in a beautiful friendship. Their life problems were similar; their devotion to the church and its program identical. The call to sacrifice that the church offering might be increased met with a ready and whole-hearted response from Karl and Jane.

For several months now, all amusements with an admittance charge had been "taboo" to them. Because of the enjoyment that each found in the company of the other, this was after all not so much of a sacrifice as it might seem. They had kept their pledge implicitly, and their offering grew.

A PLEASANT home scene greeted Jane as she approached the living room. Deep in his favorite chair, her father sat reading wholly oblivious to the merriment around him. Bubs, his rotund face shining with recent soap applications in the mellow light, grinned from one to the other.

*"Everybody does it!"
How often this statement serves people as an excuse for violating common sense or doing something wrong.
Does everybody "do it"?
If you look into the matter you will probably see that "everybody doesn't."
And suppose that they should—what of it? You don't have to follow their example.*

Helen was at the piano, her nimble fingers skimming softly over the keys in a tuneless rambling melody. Karl was thumbing through the sheet music. Tall, wholesome, and faultlessly attired, his white teeth flashing when he smiled, he was a figure to stay any wandering eye.

Jane saw at once that Helen was exerting her charms for his benefit. From time to time, she raised her eyes to his in quick, provocative glances. And though her laughing repartee seemed to include all, Jane was not mislead.

"Is Buck going out tonight?" inquired Mr. Huston. He was a father who had kept the confidence of his children through their growing-up years. Avoiding much advice, he held a tight rein upon his household in a velvet glove.

Jane nodded, but before she could reply Bubs chimed in.

"Sure. He's got a heavy date with Inez. There's an aviation picture on at the Empress. You might know he couldn't miss it."

"They say it's good," murmured Helen. "It was billed at home but I just missed it." Her hands fell away listlessly from the keys. She cupped her chin in her palm and continued dreamily. "I wonder what the bunch at home is doing tonight? Going to a show of course—Having fun—I'm going to miss our Saturday night good times. We were a jolly gang—" A pathetic droop appeared at the corner of her mouth. She raised her eyes to Karl's. They were wistful and a little lonely.

"What an actress," marveled Jane, not at all deceived and waited to see how the subtle hint was going to effect Karl. He hesitated, glanced quickly at Jane, and rose chivalrously to the bait.

"Let's go, girls."

Before Jane could protest, Helen had twirled her from the room.

"So it's going to be like this," thought Jane, getting into her jacket. "Karl and I both are going to let her wrap us around her little finger."

The evening air was typical of Indian summer nights—tart but not unpleasant. As the breeze fanned her cheek, Jane's spirits revived. No use spoiling the whole evening by being disagreeable about circumstances which had got-

ten beyond her control, she reasoned. Might as well make the best of it now.

Strangely enough, after the car was under way, Helen was silent. In vain Jane and Karl attempted to wheedle her into conversation. Finally they gave it up, and relapsed into the happy companionship that characterized their dates. Nevertheless, Jane was uneasy. Some seventh sense told her that something was amiss.

"She's planning some other line of attack," she reminded herself, observing the brooding girl from one corner of her eye.

When they came out of the theater for the return trip, Jane realized that her worst fears had been justified. Helen drew her jacket tight, caught Jane's arm close and shivered.

"Jane, I don't feel very well. I'm c-cold. It's this jacket. I should have worn my coat."

Prepared as she was for further subterfuge, the trend this had taken, however, left Jane aghast. Did Helen really think them so gullible as to take that in?

"Better put this young lady between us, Jane," suggested Karl in concern. "We don't want her to catch cold."

When she had obtained her objective, Helen promptly forgot the state of her health. She became talkative, witty, vivacious. Snuggling down with her little chin near Karl's shoulder, she seemed to forget Jane's presence.

Jane's head was proudly erect. Resentment and fear disappeared as her resolution took shape. Here was competition she refused to meet. She would not stoop to fight a sneak. Karl could make his own estimate of values. He was free to choose.

In the end, without making any effort to do so, Jane scored. When he was leaving, Karl turned to where Jane sat proudly aloof leaving an open field to Helen's sparkling animation.

"Well, Janie," he said with a smile, "going to put me in the car?"

She walked with him to the door. A moon hung in the heavens.

"It's smiling on you, Jane," said Karl. Jane shook her head. "It's frowning on both of us, Karl. We broke our sacrifice pledge."

"I know," he assented, "I'll make it up some other way." He gazed down at Jane's sweet, solemn face and put his hands on her shoulders.

"Don't try to carry all the responsibility on your slender shoulders, Jane," he whispered. "Remember, a reasonable service is all that's expected of you." Stooping he touched her forehead tenderly with his lips.

"That's mine," exalted Jane after the sound of the motor had died away. Joy and peace enveloped her.

IT WAS therefore unnatural that Monday morning should find her in a state of unrest. A growing premonition of impending evil strengthened as the morning wore away. Afternoon found her still going around in circles, as it were, accomplishing just nothing.

"It's because I'm all alone today," she tried to reconcile herself and went out into the yard.

The day was not unpleasant, though a heaviness lay in the atmosphere. The air was still—seemed to press down with stifling intensity. Far to the southward the horizon looked like a blur of smoke.

"Looks like rain," Jane shivered and swept the skyline with a speculative eye, increasing alarm involuntarily growing upon her. "I hope Dad and Buck get home before it begins."

Glancing off in direction of the schoolhouse, her eye glued upon a cloud, dark, terrifying, sinister in aspect—it seemed to dip—to rise again—it seemed to whirl as it crept slowly but steadily onward, and out from the rear ran that tell-tale line of twisting tail.

"It's coming right toward the schoolhouse," Jane whispered hoarsely through dry lips and her heart seemed to stop beating. Twenty helpless children trapped without a storm cave—a teacher who might "break in a pinch—"

Suddenly Jane found herself running swiftly, frantically, toward that white outline. Fighting wearily for breath and composure outside the schoolhouse door, she was literally blown into the room.

INSIDE a horrified silence held the children in its grip. Helen was at the window. Her lips were white and working and the gaze she turned to Jane was one of stark terror. The tense wondering faces of those small boys and girls clutched like a vise upon Jane's heart.

Helen grasped her arm. "Pray, for heaven's sake, pray," she pleaded, her voice rising in hysteria. A small child whimpered. A tall girl with curly hair walked to the window and

back again to her seat. Jill scampered into Jane's arms and clung with her face pressed into her sister's neck.

"Be still," whispered Jane fiercely. "Get over there to the piano and play."

"I c-can't." Jane gave her a shove.

"Go on, Helen," she whispered with authority. "Can't you see they are frightened?"

"Now, children," she strove to make her voice natural and matter-of-fact as the trembling chords struck, "Let's sing." In relief, childish voices took up the familiar song in a faltering off key.

Lips singing, a prayer in her heart, Jane hugged Jill close and waited.

Through a din of chaos, Jane had a feeling of flying through space; she felt the warm, precious body leaving her arms. In vain she clutched at the wresting air, and the wind sucked the breath from her nostrils. Oblivion.

Shifting shadows; flickering lights. Whirligigs before her eyes. She raised a hand to brush them away but the pain in her shoulder made her cry out. A figure was bending over her, chaffing her hands, pushing back the tangled mat of hair.

"Jane," reiterated a voice, "Jane."

Then with returning consciousness came memory. Jill—little Jill—

"Karl, where is Jill?" she gasped through swollen and muddy lips. When he did not answer, she knew that Jill was dead. The piano had struck her, they told Jane later—that battered mass of splintered wood under which the nearly lifeless body of Helen had also been discovered.

Jane lay in her white bed and fought valiantly for courage to face this latest blow that fate had dealt her.

"This is life," she thought sadly. "Apply your faith, Jane. It's the only source of comfort now."

THREE weeks later, she stood by Helen's white hospital bed, and stooping, kissed the patient tenderly. The pretty face was swathed in bandages. There was a wistfulness, real now, in the wide eyes. She opened her lips, but Jane placed a finger over them.

"You're not to talk," she warned.

"I must. I want you to know how sorry I am that it was little Jill—I want you to know that lying here so close to death has changed

the value of things to me. If by the grace of God, I do recover, will you—Jane help me to be like—you?”

She was so broken, so pitiful lying there that Jane was touched. She tried to turn the issue lightly.

“Like me? Why, I’ve always wanted to be just what you are—a teacher.” Helen’s hand closed tightly over Jane’s.

“You are a teacher. Not like me, no, thank goodness. Like the Great Teacher, you teach by example.”

These words were still warming Jane’s heart when Karl helped her into the car a few minutes later. Humbly, she thought, “I must strive to be worthy of that comparison.”

Karl stood with his hat in his hand regarding her seriously. In that look—deeper than friendship—was something that made Jane’s breath suddenly burn her throat. Then she turned squarely, and smiling into his eyes gave up for all time her ambition to teach.

“This is life,” she thought, joy and sorrow mingling in her breast.

“It takes faith to meet it—faith and love.”

◆◆◆◆◆ Nothing Serious ◆◆◆◆◆

A Page for Fun

Small Enough

“No, we don’t shave our prices to any one,” explained the salesman for the new bantam car, “but have you anything you would like to trade in?”

Customer (doubtfully): “Well, I’ve got a baby carriage and my son’s kiddy car.”

Soft

“Jimmy,” said a mother to her quick-tempered small boy, “you must not grow angry and say naughty things. You should always give a soft answer.”

When his little brother provoked him an hour afterward, Jimmy clenched his little fist and said, “Mush!”

A Bargain

Mrs. (entering hubby’s den): “Here’s my new dress, dear. I bought it for a song.”

Mr.: “All right, send in the collector and I’ll sing to him.”—*World’s News*.

By the Light of a Match

An Irishman, while walking down the street, was stopped by a gentleman who asked him for a match.

“Thank you,” responded the gentleman. “You know, I am a man of importance at home. I am Sir John Bally-Burley, Knight of

the Garter, Knight of the Iron Cross, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and Knight of the Eagle. And what’s your name, my man?”

“Me name’s Michael Murphy, night before last, last night, tonight and tomorrow night, and every other night.”—*Exchange*.

All of Us Have It Sometime

Laundress: “I couldn’t come yesterday, Miss Jones, I had such a pain.”

Mistress: “What was it, Melissa? Dyspepsia?”

Laundress: “Well, ma’am, it was something I eat; the doctor called it acute indiscretion.”

A Tale of a Tail

Astronomy Professor: “Can you name a star with a tail?”

Ardent Student: “Rin-Tin-Tin.”

Practiced Daily

Padget: “So you were graduated from a barber college. What is your college yell?”

Gadget: “Cut his lip, cut his jaw, leave his face, raw, raw, raw!”

Talkie

“Don’t you despise people who talk behind your back?”

“I should say so; especially at a concert or the movies.”—*Onward*.

Paree—

The City of Light

By AUDENTIA ANDERSON

THE hotel which was our home for the few days we were in Paris, so-called "City of Light," proved to be a very quiet and attractive place, its refined charm and restfulness being shared by but a dozen or so others, who were in evidence only at mealtimes. Its front door opened directly upon the sidewalk, and was flush with its neighbors, nothing but the name on a tiny plate on the jamb, one large window, and a great knocker to distinguish it from them. As we would return to that haven late in the evenings, how odd it seemed to have to knock before we could gain admittance! The first time it happened, we were almost terrified, thinking we had been shut out for the night, and it was with genuine relief we heard the bolts drawn and saw the portal opened by the sleepy-eyed attendant.

The interior was finished in white enamel throughout, furnishings and hangings in red velvet, gilded chandeliers and mirrors affording further touches of ornate French elegance. The Madame at the desk spoke English quite readily, though with pronounced French accent and animation. She was a very handsome woman, seemingly with a splendid penchant for business. She was quick to recognize and verify the arrangements made before leaving home for rooms, and appeared anxious to please. Whether this anxiety was real or assumed we could not determine, though later incidents inclined us to the latter opinion. Her stolid husband was in the background most of the time, except when rustling baggage or some other service brought him into the limelight.

It was not long after our installment in this pleasant hostelry that we had our first experience in connection with that which we had been told was the most annoying feature of a sojourn in Paris—tipping. An electric light bulb in one of our rooms was "on the blink," we discovered, which we promptly reported to the

An elevator that wouldn't take you down—the light that demanded a tip—the screaming taxicab driver—having to knock at your own hotel door to get in—these were some of the wonders of Paris, (never advertised!) that were encountered by the author. But she found some beauty spots, too.

lady at the desk. Almost before we had turned from the phone, the dumpy husband-host stood at the door, smilingly assuring us, with gestures and unintelligible words, that he was very, very sorry, but would fix it at once. He pattered about it a bit, and when through seemed in no hurry to leave. We thanked him appreciatively, "but still he lingered near," in a way we did not understand. Finally, with most dour looks, he went away. It did not occur to us that he was expecting a tip for rendering a service so plainly within his duty to perform and the hotel to provide!

It happened that whatever he did to the light was ineffectual, for we discovered it behaved no better than before—a fact promptly reported, via the phone, to the Madame. We received a polite enough answer, and plenty of assurances, but time passed and no round, fat Frenchy came to our rescue, with either smiles or frowns. Wishing to do some writing and needing that light at the desk, we made several successive appeals, which proved equally unavailing. And, believe it or not, when we left that hostelry several days later, that light was still on a vacation! It became quite clear that they simply had no use for Americans who were not ready to "grease their palms" generously, every time they turned around! Indeed, we had a strong suspicion that a defective bulb was kept on hand for the very purpose of extracting extra coins from the purses of unwary guests under their roof!

Another odd thing. Our rooms were on the fifth floor, to which we were hoisted by means of an automatic elevator rising from the lobby. After a brief interval in getting settled, changing our apparel and resting a bit, we emerged to go down to lunch. To our surprise, and some annoyance, we found that pushing the button failed to bring the conveyance up to our floor. Concluding that something was out of

order with its mechanism, we walked down the four carpeted flights and said nothing about it. However, succeeding experiments with the contraction convinced us that French *elevators*, in that hotel at least, were in truth what their name implied! We would use them in going up to our rooms, and then some one below would "button" them down again, and no amount of patient efforts on our part could bring it aloft to us for use in descending. An appeal to the Madame brought the shrugging explanation that they were not obtainable for descents! It is quite possible that this was an arbitrary rule made for the benefit of certain guests who disappointed them in the matter of ready tips in a first encounter. Anyway—can you fancy that!

WE LEARNED that a post card could be mailed for thirty-five centimes, providing it bore no more than five words, including the signature; if there were more than five words, it took ninety centimes. Do you suppose it costs the French government more to carry that much excess *ink*? A letter could be posted for one franc and fifty centimes. The franc, once worth around twenty cents in our money, was worth only four or five at the time of our visit. Most of the money in circulation was made of paper, even in small denominations, and it seemed odd to see great handfuls of "bills" changing hands in the payment of trifling transactions.

It was disappointing on Monday morning to learn that shops, stores, museums, public buildings and places of interest were always closed on that day of the week—for purposes of cleaning up after the Sunday throngs, we were told. Most of the stores, however, opened in the afternoon, though sight-seeing places did not. So there seemed little to do in the forenoon, except to stroll about and "see what we could see." We went down to the Cunard office and the American Express Company's headquarters, which latter served as quite a center for the gathering of American tourists. There we saw numbers of our fellow passengers from the *Lancastria*, and, unexpectedly, met an acquaintance from our home city, who had been spending the summer in France. The Beach family, Lancastrians, told us they were going to fly to London. That put an idea into the feminine

heads of our party, which was promptly put out by the masculine one. Flying across the Channel can be done for about one third more passage money, and in about one fourth the time, than to go by boat. But our Ben prefers to keep his feet on *terra firma*, even if that foundation is no *firmer* nor more *terror-inspiring* than the deck of a channel steamer!

WANDERING about the various "rues," window-shopping where windows were undraped, entering two or three interesting old churches, getting a little idea of the main streets and building, and finally taxi-ing back to our hotel for lunch, we spent the hours of the forenoon. In the afternoon, leaving Ben to the enjoyment of a longed-for nap, Rogene and I sallied forth again, and spent several delightful hours in the Parisian shops, though it was not much we purchased—a hat for her, a dangle for our "memory-chain", some quaint little painted coin purses, a beaded bag for a chum back home. We did not find the same courtesy extended to us in all these Paris shops as we had encountered in Berlin. If no one was in attendance who could speak English—which happened in a surprising number of places—there was no eager offer to get some one who did; we were simply bowed out, and treated to half-supercillious stares as we departed. This almost antagonistic attitude seems strange indeed, when one considers what a tremendous sum of money flows into French coffers through the annual tourist trade. We are glad to add, however, that this lack of courtesy was in the minority of places, and that, especially in the larger stores such as the Lafayette Galleries or the Printemps, gracious consideration was extended us.

When we were at last thoroughly tired, we hailed a taxi to return to our hotel. We had, by that time, become fairly well orientated—or Rogene had; I am never "straight with the world!"—and soon recognized the fact that the crafty driver we had picked, doubtless thinking we would be none the wiser, was taking us to our destination by a long and very circuitous route. At first, when we found he was going much too far in one direction, we were alarmed, but when at last, he began twisting and turning back in the general direction of our hotel, we grew indignant. When he finally stopped be-

fore that door, glanced at his meter, and shamelessly named a fare far in excess of what it should have been, our indignation gave place to "justifiable anger." Knowing how useless argument would have been, we simply ignored that extra and unsolicited ride he had given us, paid him the amount we had been charged in the forenoon for the proper distance, added a small tip, and walked into the hotel, in spite of his voluble expostulations. He was very much excited and angry, and followed us into the hotel, accompanying his rapid-fire harangue with expressive gestures and scowls—all of which availed him exactly nothing, even though he poured out his complaints into the probably sympathetic ears of "mein host." As if unaware of the gibbering tumult in the lobby, we passed on up to our rooms, determined not to yield to what was plainly "highway" robbery. To our surprise and amusement that driver did not go away for over an hour, sitting stubbornly and sullenly in his taxi out in front of the hotel. What was his object, we can only surmise; possibly he thought we would soon venture forth again, and, by renewing his demands, he might finally be successful in his attempt to fleece the woolly American lambs!

WE had a good rest, and after a delicious dinner, clad in the "gladdest rags" we had with us, we fared forth to the famous L'Opera, the home of the National Academy of Music. It is a very elaborate building, huge as to foyer and marble staircases, but somewhat restricted and uncomfortable as to seating capacity. Everything was gaily ornamented in gilt and glitter, tiled floors and red plush upholstery. We were fortunate that the opera presented that evening was Richard Wagner's *Die Walkure* a favorite with us, though upon this occasion it was *La Valkyrie*, was sung entirely in the French language, and presented by French musicians. There were between eighty and ninety pieces in the orchestra, and many lovely voices in the cast; the acoustic properties of the

opera hall were excellent, and the evening proved one of ravishing musical enjoyment for all of us.

The role of Brunnhilde was sung by Madame Jeanne Bourdon, and that of Siegmund by Eric Audouin—if these names means anything to American devotees of opera.

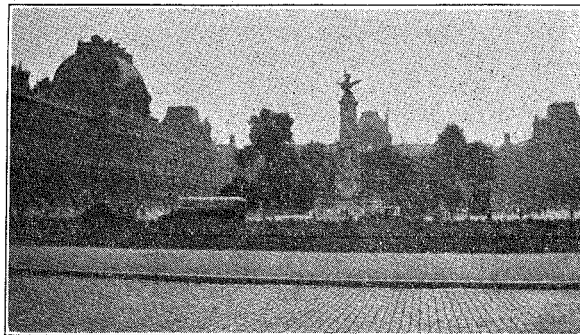
It is in the second act that Brunnhilde, daughter of the god Wotan and the personification of his will, gives her famous battle-cry, often heard by American radio listeners as interpreted by splendid orchestras here and there. It was one of the thrilling offerings of the evening. Then, when ordered by her father to destroy Siegmund, her brother, she is aghast. Terrified she undertakes to disobey the mandate, and covers the hero with her shining shield. For this act of defiance she incurs the wrath of her father and has to flee. In the midst of weird orchestral clashes,

Grunnhilde's sisters, the Valkyries, are seen galloping through the clouds on their steeds, having suspended from their saddles the dead warriors whom they are carrying to Valhalla. At the top of the mountain they meet their fleeing, rebel sister, who begs them to save her, but they turn deaf ears to her entreaties.

Determined to punish his guilty daughter, Wotan passes sentence that

she must sleep a deep sleep, high on a lonely rock, her slumber to continue until a day when some mortal will find and rescue her. The conquered Valkyrie implores her father to allow only a hero to approach her couch, in response to which plea the god, moved to pity, raises a rampart of fire about the rock on which his daughter lies down to sleep. This is indeed a terrifying climax, for balls of fire and smoke play constantly upon the stage, amidst deafening thunder, the orchestra all the while adding to the tumult by its crashes of musical clangor. You could feel quite certain that any impending moment everything in sight would explode with a bang, and everybody in the vicinity be sent skyward in a burst of flame and glory!

Our box or stall was shared by three young college boys from North Carolina, in correct evening dress, apparently determined to appreciate and enjoy the musical offering. At that, they spent quite a bit of time out in the lobby, kindly offering to exchange their better seats with us. The stalls were arranged at such angle and with such high partitions between them, that those sitting in the back seats have no



The Court and Palace of the Louvre

adequate view of the stage, and must depend mostly upon their ears for a conception of what was going on. After all, to some, that is the very best way to listen to and enjoy music, from which, too frequently, sight is apt to detract.

Taken all in all, we shall not soon forget the evening we Americans heard German opera in French. By the way, it should be noted that the idea of presenting opera here in English is receiving impetus in many American cities. Germany, France, Italy, and other foreign countries would not think of having opera or drama produced on their stages in any foreign tongue; why should Americans? This winter (1931-32) Doctor Walter Damrosch, in a series of monthly Sunday afternoon concerts, is presenting the best operas in English, which may be heard over the radio. It is a step in the right direction, we believe, and the movement should receive the enthusiastic support of all loyal Americans.

TUESDAY was a day of sight-seeing for us. After an early breakfast, we taxied to Eiffel Tower, only to learn that the elevators which take passengers to the top, would not be running until ten o'clock—an hour when we were due at Cook's, to begin a tour of the city by auto. So we contented ourselves with walking about the spacious grounds, which occupy four large blocks, a "leg" of the tremendous structure broadly planted in each corner. Passing near, later in the day, a guide gave us some information about it. It was erected about forty years ago by Gustav Eiffel, a noted bridge builder, for a great exhibition held in Paris, it is 984 feet high, and was considered, when built, to be the highest building in the world. Less than halfway up is a great restaurant, popular with those who love to eat amidst unique surroundings. From its windows, and the observation platforms at the top, a wonderful panoramic view of the French capitol and its environs may be obtained. These include the beautiful Seine with its many artistic bridges, and some neighboring villages, one being Sevres, from whose far-famed porcelain factories comes the celebrated chinaware of that name.

We paused by the monument of M. Eiffel, topped rather grotesquely by a bronze bust of the gentleman. As we paused, we watched with interest a bevy of small girls, who, shepherded

by a group of nuns, made their way, in two-by-two formation, across the greensward, their gray-blue gingham dresses in marked contrast to the black swirling robes of their attendants. Were we of the initiated, we might have been able to tell, by the cut of the long black dresses and the white flopping caps of the nuns, just what order they represented. We confess to a throb of pity for the youngsters; doubtless they were orphans, and must have had drab enough lives, even though they were thus taken for a "constitutional" beneath the spreading arches of steel, on a glorious August morning!

AT COOK'S many tourists were waiting to take the forenoon trip about the city, and a number of great omnibuses were pressed into service. Some scrambling was in evidence as some of the later vehicles were filled. As we sat watching, the guide in our bus remarked, "Times are changing; old-time courtesy has disappeared. The old generation was all right, and the new one will be all right, but the present one is all wrong!"

Thus we set out. Soon passing down a street called *Boulevard des Capucines*, the site of an ancient fortification was pointed out, erected in the middle of the fourteenth century, but later demolished by Louis XIV. As we rode on, we were told that all on our right represented the new part of the city, and all on our left, the old part. In the *Rue de la Paix*, is the *Column Vendome*, a monument first erected to mark the place where long ago Cæsar conquered the French. Later it displayed a statue of Louis XIV, which gave place, in turn, to the present column bearing a figure of Napoleon and containing in the material of its construction, twelve hundred captured pieces of Austrian cannon. Many of the buildings about the square, called *Place Vendome*, were designed by the famous architect Mansart.

We were shown the house in which Chopin died "of consumption," said the guide. Curiously we gazed at its carved wooden door, and thought of all the classical music left as a priceless heritage to the world by the genius of the man who had, in that humble retreat, ended his earthly labors.

PERHAPS one of the most typical, and certainly one of the oldest, of the streets through which we passed was *Rue de Rivoli*

where stretches an amazing line of shops, arranged in a series of attractive arcades. This block or blocks was begun in 1811, we were told, to commemorate the Battle of Rivoli, an occasion when, early in 1797, Napoleon had wrung a victory from Austria.

Just off that street, is the great *Place de la Concorde*, and the *Tuileries* gardens, where in August of 1792 the mobs attacked the royal residence, killed the guards, and imprisoned the reigning family. *Tuileries* means *tile kilns*, which originally occupied the site. From 1871 to 1895 this place was a veritable "guillotine square," for here over 2800 people were executed, mostly members of the aristocracy and nobility victims of the commoners during the French Reign of Terror. Here the king and queen were executed, the first in January and the other in October of 1893. Here, too, may be seen the Egyptian Obelisk, which dates from the time of Rameses II, in the fourteenth century before Christ, and in 1836 was presented to King Philip of France.

We passed through the *Place du Carrousel*, with its arch of triumph remarkably like the one at Berlin, even to its three great arched gateways beneath. It is adorned by a group of statuary, a number of horses abreast drawing a chariot, and being driven by a towering warrior representing Victory.

Avenue de la Bois (Trees) has been renamed since the World War, *Avenue Foch*, we were told. "A reech American," said our guide, "beelt a home here, but ees now selling eet, because he does not care to leeve on Avenue Foch." We were told it is a common custom to rechristen streets in Paris, in order to honor eminent persons. One has had as many as eighteen different names. There is an *Avenue du President Wilson*.

Near the beautiful gardens of *Champs Elysees* (Elysian Fields), begun in the eighteenth century, was a magnificent building, once the residence of Madame Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV, but now the home of the President of France. There was considerable repairing being done to the streets along quite a stretch of this famous promenade. We learned it has of late been invaded by a number of auto industries, and the scant and brown foliage of the trees in the vicinity were attributed to the fumes from the gas and benzine used in those enter-

prises. "Eet ees a great pitee," said our guide, "to destroy ze atmosphaire lak zat!"

The monument erected in honor of Victor Hugo was pointed out, but brought an aside from the guide—"Not of arteestic value. Except for being that of the great writaire, eet ees one of the less eenteresting we have een Paree."

At the Museum of the Louvre we left the bus, receiving careful instructions from the guide to stay close to him as he would undertake to conduct us about its great galleries. "Now you could spend thirty weeks een thees mairvelous place, and nevaire get tired of eets wondairs. And we have zhust thirty meenutes! But here air some few t'ings wheech air known all t'rough ze world. Your friends weel ask you about them when you get back home. Eef you weel keep close to me, I weel try to tak' you to them; we weel see as many eenteresting t'ings as posseible in ze time we have."

The Louvre was originally a royal castle in the time of the Goths. In the sixteenth century it was replaced by a palace of much magnificence, built about a court four hundred feet square. There is a wonderful colonnade of Corinthian pillars, built by *Le Grand Monarch* who made Versailles such a dream of beauty. Various additions were made by succeeding rulers, the last by Napoleon III. Today it is considered one of the longest connected groups of buildings in the world, being nearly nineteen hundred feet in length. And does it not seem strange that in traversing those interminable corridors, threading our way in and out between countless sight-seers, we should suddenly meet, face to face, an Omaha friend of Rogene's! There was only time for the exchange of astonished greetings, a hurried word or two, and then the girls had to separate, Rogene to scurry after her rapidly disappearing guide!

As soon as possible, that agile gentleman made his way to the celebrated statue, Venus de Milo, which he evidently considered the "piece de resistance" of the whole show. It is a marble of Greek origin, found on the Island of Melos. How that man adored that statue! He would have us get in just the right position to view it most advantageously, and rapidly call our attention to its many perfections of line and feeling.

VENUS was an ancient Roman goddess, originally presiding over the destinies of

bloom and beauty, and thought the protectress of gardens and fruit. In later worship she assumed varying forms, being at times the personification of fortune, of victory, of heavenly or spiritual love, of penance, or of fecundity. Cæsar, in 46 B. C., erected a temple to her, as mother of his family. European museums, including the Vatican, contain many statues and paintings of this popular subject, presenting her in various ways, such as at the bath, rising at birth from the sea, accompanied by dolphins, etc. The Louvre contains a fine example of her as Genetrix, the goddess of fecundity, represented with clinging draperies almost transparent in the delicate marble, and holding an apple in her hand. Another one is the Venus of Arles, so called from the place where it was found, a marble showing the goddess with body undraped above the thighs, and head turned towards her left hand, extended.

As in the case of the Arles, the Venus of Milo is nude above the thighs, but her arms are missing. Sculptors have had various theories about what original position they may have occupied, but nearly all agree that to attempt to restore them now would be to destroy much of the interest in the marvelous relic itself, one which dates from the last part of the fourth or the early part of the third century before Christ. The statues which have been unearthed through the effort of archæologists are extremely interesting, as they give visible expressions of the high development of art attained in a far-away past. Some of them can hardly be rivaled by the best products of today, and are considered standards towards which all artists strive. The proportions of the "Venus de Melos" have been accepted as the ideal of physical perfection for women, though they are vastly more voluptuous and generous of curves than the scrawny, flat-breasted type so eagerly sought by the young women of today!

IN CONTRAST to the antiquity of the statues just mentioned, the mosaic floor nearby was termed "modern" by the guide, having been laid in the time of Napoleon. Another mosaic floor noted, however, was of ancient Byzantine origin, and was wholly symbolical in design.

The largest statue in the Louvre was said to be that of Melpomene, the Muse of Tragedy and Song. Hers is a figure frequently seen in the decoration of theaters. Since it is mani-

festly impossible to describe adequately even the small number of art treasures we saw in our brief visit to the Louvre, we must be content to glean from hurried notes.

"Here aire heroes," said the guide, referring to the "Fight of the Gladiators," a piece of sculpture from the fourth century. Another interesting group was "River Tiber," representing Tiberius, the god of that river, in heroic size, lying amidst fish and other symbolic denizens of the stream. Near was the she-wolf that nourished the infant Paris when abandoned by his royal parents of legendary renown. It was Paris who carried off the lovely Helen of Troy, acknowledge as the perfection of womanly grace and beauty—an abduction which brought on the Trojan War.

One remarkable piece of ancient sculpture was the "Victory of Samothrace," a lovely human figure, with graceful wings intact, but, through the ravages of time, headless. It originated near the close of the fourth century, or in the beginning of the fifth, and was discovered in 1863 on the Isle of Samothrace, in the Ægean Sea.

We saw some curious "egg painting" with watercolor; the "Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine in 1804," in the cathedral of Notre Dame; and Apollo Hall, one of the finest in France. Its marvelous ceiling, done under Louis XIV, was painted by Charles LeBrun, the man who so marvelously decorated Versailles Palace. We were told he was director, also, of the early Gobelin factories, from whence have come the world's most famous tapestries.

Then there was "*La Golgotha*," a painting of remarkable composition, whose very realism brought pain to a Christian beholder. It was the work of Andrea Mantegna, an Italian, who died in 1506. Equally pathetic was his "*Saint Sebastian*," showing a cruel death by arrows. Van Dyck's "*Christ on the Cross*," and Caravaggio's "*Death of the Holy Virgin*." Of many religious subjects an outstanding one was "*La Pieta*," representing the mourning of the mother of Jesus at his crucifixion. It was also from the Italian school, which seems to have abounded in such pictures, and was attributed to the latter half of the fifteenth century.

Three paintings by the noted Dutch artist, Rembrandt Van Ryn, born 1606, stand out in memory—the first one, called "*Bethsabee at the*

Bath," because the color of the flesh was amazingly lifelike; the second, because its subject, "Meat," hardly prepared one to see the *interior* of a butchered animal; and the third, a "*Portrait of Hendrickje Stoffels*," because the guide said it was a picture of the painter's second wife, that he had lost his first one and a cherished son by death, that he knew nothing but debts, debts, all his life, and when he died at last he "left only a box of colors!"

We were glad to see Rubens' well-known "*Adoration of the Magi*." He was a Flemish painter who lived from 1577 to 1640. There was a portrait of *his* second wife, also, and two children. "He married her when he was fifty-four and she not quite seventeen," said our well-posted guide. His "*Kirmis*," or Peasant Fair, was intriguing with its gay and colorful movement; and we remember his "*Virgin*," as one whose sweet face and shoulders were surrounded by happy, chubby little angels.

Of Titian's paintings we saw "*The Sainted Family*," and "*The Man With the Glove*"—just a mere fragment, indeed, of the many productions of that notable Florentine artist who, when he died in 1576, lacked but one year of being a century old. He is famed for the red-haired women of his canvases.

Raphael's "*Virgin of the Garden*," was the only one we saw by this famous Italian painter, born nine years before Columbus discovered our country; while of the work of his brother artist, Corregio, born two years after that—to us— notable event, we saw but "*Saint Catherine*," and of the equally famous Murillo, born 1616, only "*The Young Medium*"—truly an interesting subject. One canvas, called "*The Reunion of the Family*," showed the interior of the home of peasants, and had some marvelous detail and lighting effects. It was the work of a French artist, Louis Le Nain, born 1596.

And last to be mentioned, but in the consideration of many by far from the least interesting, was the portrait of Mona Lisa, by Leonardo da Vinci, born in 1452, who was not only a famous painter, but sculptor, architect and engineer as well. Though an Italian, he died in France, we were told. Personally, I have never been enthusiastic over that face. There seems to be a secretive cunning hidden in those half-shut eyes and a cruelty disclosed by the softly smiling lips. It must be confessed

that the gifted artist has caught something vital, however, which will last through the ages, though beholders will interpret its meaning as diversely as they interpret life itself. The smile of Mona Lisa has been termed mysterious, and students of art have eagerly tried to reproduce it upon their canvases.

As we stood gazing at the small picture and, in the brief time allotted to us, tried to remember all we had heard about it, the guide remarked:

"Her smile? Mysterious? Oui, you aire right; she does smile—*now*; but you can't eemagine how she laughs at night, at all the stupeedity she listens to by day!"

We had no time to linger before da Vinci's famous "*Last Supper*," nor the interesting "*La Annunciata*," which he painted when in his youth. The latter is a tiny canvas, being only about five by twenty-four inches, but is extremely beautiful, portraying a girlish Madonna listening to the heavenly voice which told her what was to be the divine mission of her life.

Rapidly we passed through the museum halls where crown jewels were pointed out to us; and the Regent diamond, one hundred and thirty-six carats, worn by the wife of Louis XV in 1739; and the crown of Louis XV (in imitation stones); and the crown of Napoleon I, doubtless ditto; and the sword of Charles X, with its ruby, shaped like a dragon, the exquisite work of Jacques, a jeweler who served the extravagant and pampered Madame Pompadour.

As we emerged into the sunshine and sought our places in the "autocar" we felt that our vivacious guide had richly fulfilled his promise to us, and that in the thirty minutes' allotted time we had been privileged to see many of the world's masterpieces of art, even though that sight was brief and of necessity could afford but a modicum of instruction and satisfaction. We could but reflect how little we could have seen in that time by ourselves, going about that mammoth place, where, even with the help of guidebooks, we might have wandered hours trying to locate particular pictures and statuary we wished to see. At that, we are conscious that we only "scratched the surface" of that great mine of art treasure, and saw but a fractional part of its marvels. The young Omaha art stu-

The Father of Our Country

And the Shrines Which Commemorate His Memory

By L. B. M.

A MAN'S greatness consists not alone in the achievements of his own life, but in the effect that he has on the lives of others. If he continues to be an example of greatness and an inspiration to goodness for succeeding generations, he is great, he is noble. Such a man was George Washington. Of him it can be said as it was of another: "You will live for ever in the hearts of just and good men." It is natural, therefore, that we build shrines to his memory.

This year America commemorates the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Washington. And every loyal and thoughtful citizen of the United States has been asked by the George Washington Bicentennial Commission to visit the shrine of his own heart, to learn again the good qualities of our great patriot and first President.

Back in school-day times in the heart of each one of us there was erected a shrine of reverence and honor to the boy with the hatchet and cherry tree, the young fellow with the colt, the scout who picked his way westward through the mountains, and the surveyor. Each one of us recalls the thrill of the stories of his generalship—Valley Forge and the cold, the losing of White Plains, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The account of his parting with his soldiers and officers still brings a throb into our souls. Today we hear much of this great Virginian, the gentleman, and the "engineer president" who visioned the city of Washington. We learn that it was during his administration that plans for the city were formulated; that he appointed his friend, L'Enfant, a French army engineer, to make the plans. And added to all these things, Mr. Coolidge informs us

dent we met in one of the corridors was spending her entire summer in that one place, making such careful observations as the opportunity afforded her.

But I have reached the limits of a magazine article, and have not finished our tour of Paris. Will the rest of the story be acceptable another time? I wonder.

in this time of economic depression that George Washington was the man who showed us how far a dollar could go—he threw one across the Potomac River at its widest point!

And so because we love and respect him and teach our children also to love and respect him, we are constantly building heart shrines to the man Washington who was not only great but good.

OUTSTANDING among national memorials is the giant obelisk of Washington Monument which thrusts into the clouds its more than five hundred feet of white marble shaft. It is very near the Potomac River and just across the Tidal Basin from the Lincoln Memorial. The erection of the mammoth shaft was a stupendous engineering feat, and yet the monument is so great and so simple that it seems to be almost a work of nature. It has been described as one of the "most beautiful of human creations." The history of this memorial goes back to the time of Washington himself. It is recorded that L'Enfant picked the location for an equestrian statue of General Washington, authorized by the Continental Congress, in 1791. The actions of many statesmen as well as engineers affected the building of the monument which was opened to the public in the fall of 1888. The total cost of this shrine of \$1,300,000 seems almost insignificant when we think of the thousands of people who have gazed from its height at the glorious view of river and capital city.

Then there is Mount Vernon, the estate which was the home and now contains the tomb of George and Martha Washington. Only a man with a wonderful imagination could have picked such a location for a home, a swell of hills in the bend of the Potomac, a sweep of fields and trees. Some one has named it "the most venerated private home in America." Each year hundreds of tourists drive through the grounds, enjoying the fine old formal flower gardens of Martha Washington and the huge southern mansion with its white-pillared veranda facing river-ward. Unique among the pil-

grimaces to Mount Vernon are those of hundreds of children resembling the children's crusades of old days.

BUT greatest of all physical shrines to the father of our country is the City of Washington itself, the home of our national government. In distinction and beauty it stands alone, this "Mecca of America." Into its citizenry it draws men from all states, from all nations. It shelters almost one hundred thousand men and women who are national or municipal servants, and yet it is the city without an industry.

Besides the magnificent Capital Building, the White House and grounds, and the large number of other governmental buildings, Washington boasts headquarters of more than fifty foreign diplomatic services, many huge office structures, more than six hundred parks, many stately monuments, two hundred libraries, seven recognized universities, seventy-seven hotels, and six hundred eating plans.

Laid out on the plans of L'Enfant, Washington continues to expand. Its tree-fringed avenues embrace a metropolitan area almost thirty miles in diameter. New buildings now house the United States Supreme Court, the Municipal Center, the House officers. The Commerce Building is just being occupied. The United States Botanical Gardens are under construction. Approaches to the Capital and to Arlington Memorial Bridge are being completed. The Arlington Memorial Highway is being opened. Here also we see the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the Cathedral on Mount Albans, and the magnificent Library of Congress.



Responsibility

We can not escape responsibility. Pilate washing his hands is the pitiful, ever-recurring picture of man consenting to the crucifixion but wishing to escape the responsibility. Free agency is not so easily washed away. It is at once the glory and the condemnation of men. Adam, saying to the Lord, "The woman thou gavest me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat," is the old picture of man ever trying to put the blame on some one else. Blame is not so easily shifted.—*Detroit's Beacon Light.*

It's the Brain That Counts

You can get along with a wooden leg, but you can't get along with a wooden head. The physical value of man is not so much. Man as analyzed in our laboratories is worth about ninety-eight cents. Seven bars of soap, lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop, phosphorus enough to cover the heads of a thousand matches, is not so much, you see. It is the brain that counts, but in order that your brain may be kept clear you must keep your body fit and well. That can not be done if one drinks liquor. A man who has to drag around a habit that is a danger and a menace to society ought to go off to the woods and live alone. We do not tolerate the obvious use of morphine or cocaine or opium and we should not tolerate intoxicating liquor because I tell you these things are what break down the command of the individual over his own life and his own destiny. Through alcoholic stimulation a man loses his coordination. That is why liquor is no advantage to the brain. You hear people tell how they had their wits quickened for the first half hour by liquor but they don't tell you how later their body could not act in coordination with their brain. You will hear on every side men bewail the loss of their drink, of their personal rights, but the rights of the few who can not see ahead or have the future of their nation at heart must be regulated to safeguard that great body of future citizens who are now ready to step into the ranks. You boys have something ahead of you in the problem of preventing the return of liquor. We have not lived up to our laws, but I repeat, education is what we need to combat this condition. When we have our younger generation completely educated we will not have types who say: "Why should I not have my rights as a citizen?" It is through the boys of today that we hope to see a sound and everlasting prohibition worked out in this country. If there ever was any great man who accomplished anything through the use of alcohol I would like to have the fact pointed out. We in the United States of America have tried to give you a field of action free from the barricades which used to be set up by the legalized traffic. Keep yourselves free from all entangling habits. Remember, it's the brain that counts.—*Doctor Charles Mayo, noted scientist, physician, and surgeon.*

Conquering Time and Space

*The Story of How Modern
Communication Developed*

By HOWARD COOK

SINCE time immemorial people have endeavored to conquer time and space. So accustomed have we of this generation become to the wonderful things that have been and are being accomplished in all lines of human endeavor and especially in the line of message communication, that it becomes necessary for us to stop and think to fully realize what a great era we are living in. Few people realize what the modern communications systems of today mean to the world in happiness, comfort, and efficiency.

These systems permit us to keep in daily contact with loved ones at a great distance from us. They help us to rush prompt aid to scenes of disasters. Through them we acquaint ourselves with the important affairs of the world almost as soon as they happen; we receive flood warnings in time to avoid disaster and save lives, weather changes, in time to protect growing crops. They aid in the administration of justice, overtaking the criminal in his flight. Our government is able, through such communications, to exercise authority over its great domain, the various departments keeping in constant touch with one another. These systems daily serve us in ways of which we are hardly conscious; they conduct the transactions of broker, merchant, tradesman, and many others.

A survey of the benefits we enjoy from these communications, enables us to better appreciate the men responsible for their development—the conquerors of time and space.

EARLY METHODS OF COMMUNICATIONS

Very early in the history of the world man began to feel the need for communicating with his fellows at a distance, and since a time considerably before the Christian era, he has worked to improve his methods of so communicating. When village came into friendly

This interesting story of the romance of modern communication and its development is written by a young man who is in a position to know something about the subject. It was first given as a talk to the Athenaeum of Kansas City, Missouri. We like it. How do you feel about it?

contact with village and kingdoms grew into nations, the necessity for sending intelligence rapidly and effectively was felt, and yet years passed before an effective system was discovered.

The most used forms of communications in primitive times were fire, smoke, and flag signals. The Greeks and Romans used the courier relay system, each courier running the length of his own route to pass the message to the next runner who in turn sped on his way. An ancient Persian king developed what he considered an improvement in the courier system, which was to shout the message from person to person. Imagine the reliability of a message after it had passed through several “shoutings”!

The American Indians transmitted news by means of smoke rings and puffs during the day and fire arrows at night. The smoke puffs were obtained by placing a blanket or robe over the fire, withdrawing it for an instant, then replacing it. This was used extensively to notify members of their tribe of the approach of the enemy. In the early days of the nineteenth century of American history, East and West communicated by means of the pony express riders.

THE MODERN GENII—ELECTRICITY

But it was left for the present century to produce an effective means of communication, and this was done when man discovered and harnessed a new servant—electricity.

One hundred and forty years ago Samuel F. B. Morse was born. He was a man born with a vision and a determination to see that vision become a reality. When forty years of age, having faced difficulties and trials too numerous to mention, he flashed the first message sent over a wire. “What God hath wrought” was the code message which sped over the wire

between Washington, District of Columbia, and Baltimore, Maryland. This line was for a time operated as a branch of the post office as mere curiosity to the public, no charge being made for its use. The expense of maintaining it was paid by an appropriation from Congress.

Morse offered to sell his invention to the Government for one hundred thousand dollars, giving the government the right to control the nation's communications, but the offer was rejected. It was thought that this could never be made a paying proposition. Today the telegraph is paying private capital more than one hundred million dollars a year.

SPANNING VAST DISTANCES

Soon after the Washington to Baltimore line had been demonstrated as practical, a line was started across the continent and completed within five months. This line played an important part in the development of the West.

The growth of the telegraph was rapid. Soon it practically covered the earth. A story is told of the construction of an early line in British India. The natives were very much concerned with the construction of the line and began to make inquiries as to its purpose. The head man puzzled a moment then asked them: "If there were a dog with a tail long enough to reach from here to Calcutta, and you pinched his tail here, wouldn't he howl in Calcutta?"

Samuel F. B. Morse passed into another life April 2, 1872, but the world continues to pay him tribute for his great contribution to civilization.

TALKING UNDER THE OCEAN

Man had practically conquered time and space on land, and he turned his thought and energy towards conquering the mighty Atlantic Ocean, which would connect him with other parts of the world. It was not until 1854, however, that real headway was made in the development of the submarine telegraph. Cyrus W. Field, a retired New York merchant of means, was to play an important part in the accomplishment of this great task. In 1857 the work of building a cable and laying it across the Atlantic was started with Field at the head of the expedition. The largest warships of the day were used. All went well for six days. About four hundred miles of the cable had been laid

when it parted, and was lost. The loss in money amounted to half a million dollars.

Undaunted, the expedition set about raising money for a second attempt. Many difficulties faced them. On the second trip out, the ship had gone but a short distance when it ran into a terrible gale. The great load of cable overbalanced the vessel and threatened to break loose at any time. The storm continued more than a week, and when it had blown itself out, the ship was almost a complete wreck, but they had been able to save the cable. So on they went, laying the cable. But when they had covered about the same distance as the first expedition, the cable again parted. Imagine the discouragement of this group of communications pioneers! But they were not the kind to give up; they immediately began plans to start again. And the third attempt was successful.

Because of Field's failures, people had grown to consider the laying of the cable impossible, but when the news spread that it had been successfully laid, there was much rejoicing in Great Britain and America. Queen Victoria immediately sent a message of congratulation to President Buchanan, expressing the hope that the electric cable which connected Great Britain and the United States would prove an additional link between the two nations, bringing about closer interest and friendship.

In the midst of their celebration and happiness, you can imagine the tremendous shock and disappointment to the people when they received news that the cable had again parted. Certainly it must have been trying to Mr. Field.

The Civil War was gripping the attention of our nation, and it seemed almost impossible to raise money sufficient for another attempt—it required about three million dollars to construct a cable of the kind the engineers considered necessary—but somehow the money was raised, and the project again started. This time almost two thirds of the cable had been laid when for the fourth time, it parted and was a total loss; they were unable to recover any part of it. Can you imagine anyone having the courage to make another attempt after these disappointments? But that is just what Field did, and this time he was successful. His cable was completed and kept in operation a number of years.

Stories of this kind help us to believe that

there is no such thing as failure if a man has the nerve and determination to keep on. Field was another man who had a vision of a human need, another who turned failure into success, another conqueror.

CARRYING THE HUMAN VOICE ON A WIRE

Thirty-two years after Morse flashed his first message over a wire, Alexander Graham Bell, another inventive genius, spoke from the third floor of his Boston home, these words to his assistant in the basement: "Mr. Watson, come here. I want you." This was the first time the human voice had been carried over a wire. Another brother was born in the communications system, a brother destined to play an important part in the conquering of time and space.

Thus far in our story of conquering time and space, the contributions have been made mostly by men of our own country. The story of the telephone is also a story of American enterprise, for although some of the most powerful governments in Europe have devoted attention towards its development and operation, the best that is used in the telephone has been contributed by American workers.

The telephone, like the telegraph and cable, met with public opposition. The people failed to see the value of it even after it had been demonstrated as practical, but Bell and his associations with foresight and determination, carried it forward. And forty years from the time Bell spoke to his assistant in his Boston home, he again spoke to the same man at a distance of thirty-six hundred miles, over a line connecting New York and San Francisco. America has continued to develop the telephone until to day it has sixteen telephones to each hundred of its population. All other parts of the world as a whole, have only one telephone to each hundred population.

Great as was the service now being rendered the public, the field of communications was yet limited since it was necessary to have wires. Where wires could not be strung, there could be no communication.

THE HUMAN VOICE THROUGH THE AIR

By the close of the nineteenth century man had discovered that electric waves would travel through the ether, but no one had been able to give this discovery practical application. No one had been able to apply it in sending mes-

sages. Many scientists were devoting time to this, but the problem was solved by an Italian youth, Guglielmo Marconi. Marconi, like other pioneers in communications, met with many difficulties in making his wireless invention a success. It was especially difficult for him to make it a financial success at that time because of the big headway gained by the telegraph and telephone, but where wires could not be strung, the wireless had a field all its own. Through this medium of communication ships at sea were to receive a great service. The wireless made progress. Man was fast conquering time and space.

EXTENT OF COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEMS

Today the world is worked by wires. Approximately one hundred million miles of wire serve the American people. Telegraph companies in the United States each year handle about 26,414,403,000 telegrams. The public has graduated from the state of mind which saw in the telegraph something to be resorted to only in an emergency. We can remember when people always associated a telegram with bad news, and even today there are those who, upon receipt of a telegram, make a rapid mental survey of the roster of their relations and wonder whose illness or death the fateful message announces.

The most recent use to be made of the telegram is that of greeting, used on such occasions as birthdays, Mother's Day, and, of late, even father has been given a day on which he may receive greetings telegrams. It is also popular on Easter, Valentine Day, Thanksgiving, but its greatest use comes on Christmas and New Year.

Time always has been considered precious, and this is especially true in modern America. With all lines of business driven by the lash of competition and only ten per cent of those who enter the business world succeeding because they are unable to keep up, we do not wonder at the increased use of the fastest methods of communications. And few things are faster than the speed of telegraphy which is about one hundred and eighty thousand miles per second.

SPEED!

To give you an idea of the swiftness with which business is transacted today, let me draw

you a word picture of the Kansas City Board of Trade in operation. A group of men stands in the pit, located in the center of a spacious room. On the wall on one side of the pit a blackboard runs the length of the room, and here young men, chalk in hand, are erasing and replacing prices as the market fluctuates. The faces of the men in the pit are haggard and tense, for these men are involved in deals mounting to thousands of dollars. Let us suppose a man wishes to place an order to buy or sell on the Chicago market at the price just marked on the board. He rushes to the telegraph counter only a few feet in front of the pit, and files a telegram to his broker or own office in the Chicago Board of Trade. Within the space of *one minute*, the deal has been closed in Chicago and the sender of the message has a confirmation wire back and delivered to him in Kansas City. Many hundreds of such transactions are handled each day.

THE GREAT NETWORK

The cable is one of the wonders of our communication network. Today approximately four hundred and forty thousand miles of cable lie under the seas, linking the nations together with the speed of lightning, 186,000 miles per second. There is something religious about that statement. We find the word *Religion* comes from the Latin *Religio* which means to bind together, and there are few things of greater adhesive quality than the submarine cable which makes of all nations one neighborhood.

We know how easy it is to send a cablegram to anyone anywhere, but few have the vaguest notion what happens after our message has been turned over to a telegraph or cable company for transmission.

When a cablegram is being prepared for transmission, a paper strip similar to the paper rolls containing the ribbons mother buys, perforated by the operation of a typewriter keyboard, is passed through an automatic transmitter into dots and dashes which shoot under the sea to the other side, where almost instantly the signals are recorded on another tape. Cablegrams are regularly sent from New York to London and an answer received in less than four minutes. As many as four cablegrams may be sent and received at the same time over the same cable.

ARTERIES IN THE OCEAN DEPTHS

Submarine cables are composed of first the copper wire conductors covered by wire strands, gutta percha insulation and alternating layers of jute yarn and galvanized iron wire. The shore end of the cable measures about four and one half inches in diameter and weighs approximately sixty tons a mile. The deep sea cable is only one inch in diameter with a weight of about two and one half tons a mile.

Before a cable is laid, an exhaustive survey must be made of the bottom of the ocean, for it is essential that the cable be at the bottom all the way across its span. If it is not, it would take only a short time for it to chafe through and be destroyed. There are hills and valleys in the ocean floor and the cablegrams traveling under the sea go up hill and down dale. The survey before mentioned consists of a series of soundings telling the depth and temperature of the water and producing specimens of the ocean bottom. If there be mineral deposits on the ocean bed which will injuriously affect the cable, if the depth be too great, or if the temperature indicates volcanic action in the vicinity, the place is avoided. Some cables are laid at a depth of three miles.

When a break or an interruption occurs, it is possible to determine the location of the trouble by instruments which measure the resistance of the cable. The actual resistance of the conductor of the cable is known and is measured in terms of ohms per nautical mile. By balancing the broken cable against the measuring instrument, the number of ohms resistance is shown, and by dividing by the number of ohms per nautical mile, it may be discovered how many miles from shore the break is. With this information the captain of the cable repairing ship determines by his charts the latitude and longitude in which the break has occurred, and proceeds to the spot to make the repair.

Joining the broken ends of a cable is an operation of great delicacy. Not only skill and precision are required, but the cable joiner must be a man of temperate habits and in good health. Numerous joints made by skilled but intemperate or unhealthy joiners, have proved faulty through what was believed to be the injurious exudations from the pores of the fingers.

(Continued on page 96.)

Movements for International Peace

The following article was prepared and read by a sophomore of Graceland College for one of the recent chapel programs in anticipation of the coming February Disarmament Conference. The author is a student of political science, and is especially interested in disarmament and world peace.

By MITCHELL M. CARTER

THE nations of the world have been vainly trying to reach a state of civilization wherein the settlement of disputes could be accomplished by peaceful methods. That state has never been reached, but there have been certain definite movements toward that end. We shall briefly trace some of these movements in this article.

The Hague Convention

One of the oldest institutions for the furthering of peace is the Hague Convention for the Settlement of International Disputes which was established in 1899 and is still in existence. Countries belonging to this convention agree to settle their disputes by arbitrary methods as specified by the convention, but it has lost its power and influence.

Versailles Peace Treaty

The World War interrupted all peace movements and when the Armistice was signed on that memorable morning in November, 1918, the world faced the tremendous task of reconstruction. The people of the world entertained the fondest and most glorious expectations that the world leaders meeting at Versailles would lay broad and deep the foundations of a new world order, recognizing to the fullest degree the right of every people to decide its own fate; but conditions were not to be such, however, for Germany was charged with so many terrible deeds that vengeance was as powerful in dictating the terms of peace as justice was. Some of the allied nations had also entered the war with the purpose of taking the possessions which they desired and a number of secret treaties had been made between nations in order that their help could be secured by the promise of certain territorial gains. When the conference met January 18, 1919, it was confronted with a host of disagreeable facts which did not

smack of idealism. Conditions were quite conducive for the opposite, for just forty-eight years before this conference the German Emperor with his iron Chancellor, Bismark, had stood in the Hall of Mirrors, where the Versailles Conference was being held, and there dictated his will to the French people after a victorious war.

The meeting of 1919 was a brilliant assemblage of the foremost men of many nations who endeavored to make a treaty which would lay down the principles of lasting peace. The main responsibility resolved itself upon three men who became known as the "big three"—Wilson, who as President of the United States had set an unheard-of precedent by going to Europe; Clemenceau, the "tiger" of France; and Lloyd George, the "little Welsh attorney" from Great Britain. All of these men were imbued with an indomitable spirit to make lasting peace based upon practical institutions.

After four months a peace treaty consisting of eighty thousand words was presented to a humiliated German delegation to sign. This treaty made provisions for a League of Nations composed of all the allied powers and their associates with a definite organization consisting of an Assembly made up of the members of the League, a Council comprised of representatives of the five great powers, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and the United States, and a permanent secretary with headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland. It made provisions for the establishing of a permanent World Court of International Justice and for a permanent world organization of labor, besides the provisions for territorial, economic, and military readjustments.

The majority of the nations ratified the treaty, but not so the United States even though Woodrow Wilson lost his health and died a broken man fighting for what he believed to be

paramount. The United States remained technically at war until July 2, 1921, when Congress passed a joint resolution declaring the state of war at an end and signed separate treaties with Germany, Austria, and Hungary.

The Washington Conference

Even though the United States' attitude seemed disinterested and aloof, President Harding called for delegates from Great Britain, Italy, France, Japan, and the United States to meet in conference over disarmaments and the establishing of firmer relations between these nations. From this conference came several important treaties besides a general good feeling of understanding.

The Locarno Peace Pacts

On October 16, 1925, the principal European powers met at Locarno, Italy, and drew up peace treaties which recognized Germany as a world power and restored her to a place of equality with the other nations in order that she might meet her obligations. These treaties are known as the Locarno Peace Pacts and mark another step forward in the movement for international understanding. At the same time the League of Nations is asserting its power and the World Court is functioning and finding favor, especially in the United States where certain reservations have now been met through the efforts of Elihu Root and it appears to be certain that the United States will become a member.

The Kellogg-Briand Peace Treaty

In 1928 one of the outstanding events in the interests of world peace was brought about through what is known as the Kellogg-Briand Treaty. This treaty was the result of more than a year's work by representatives of the different nations. It was the outgrowth of recommendations by Premier Briand of France and was carried through by the untiring efforts of Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State of the United States. It was signed August 27, 1928, in Paris, by a few more than sixty nations including Germany. It contained two short articles as follows:

Article 1. The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of in-

ternational controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

Article 2. The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.

This treaty was ratified by the United States Senate and by this action the United States bound itself more closely with the other great nations of the world.

All of these movements have had a tendency to cause the world to go through a transition in which the old ideas of the so-called patriotic nationalism have been replaced to some extent by the broader and firmer bonds of international brotherhood, an ideal whose importance the church has long sought to impress upon the world. With this transition there also comes a new and greater opportunity for the Latter Day Saints to engage actively in the directing of opinion for the future of world peace and universal brotherhood.



To Youth

This I say to you
 Be arrogant! Be true!
 True to April lust that sings
 Through your veins. These sharp springs
 Matter most. . . . Afteryears
 Will be time enough for sleep. . . .
 Carefulness . . . and tears . . .

Now, while life is raw and new,
 Drink it clear, drink it deep!
 Let the moonlight's lunacy
 Tear away your cautions. Be
 Proud, and mad, and young, and free!
 Grasp a comet! Kick at stars
 Laughingly! Fight! Dare!
 Arms are soft, breasts are white,
 Magic's in the April night—
 Never fear. Age will catch you,
 Slow you down, ere it dispatch you
 To you long and solemn quiet. . . .

What will matter then the riot
 Of the lilacs in the wind?
 What will mean—then—the crush
 Of lips at hours when birds hush?

Purple, green and flame will end
 In a calm, gray blend.
 Only . . . Graven in your soul
 After all the rest is gone
 There will be the ecstasies. . . .
 Those alone. . . .

—John V. A. Weaver.

The Chrysalis

A Story of Punishments

By VESTA STEVENSON

“OH, I SEE something!”
“Where?”

“Right there! coming down the walk to meet us. Isn’t it funny? It looks just like a stick,” and Barbara squatted down on her hands and knees in order to obtain a better look at the stranger.

“Come right on, Mr. Caterpillar. You’re a funny caterpillar, though,” said Carol as she followed her sister’s example and took the same position in the path of the little creature.

“You’re not a fuzzy-wuzzy, are you? Look how fast he goes. Whoa, there!” Barbara took a branch of yellow goldenrod from the large bouquet which was now lying on the ground beside her and poked it in front of the swiftly moving caterpillar.

“Don’t hurt him, Barbara! Well, look at him! Oh, Barbara, doesn’t he look fierce? See how he lifts up his head just like a snake. Look at his big eyes! but he won’t hurt you a bit. Listen, and I’ll tell you all about him.” Carol took the branch of goldenrod in her hand and in her eight-year-old maternal way explained to her sister about the curious creature before them.

“Miss Bertha told us all about him at school last year. We had a caterpillar to look at, too. It was just exactly like this one. See his great big eyes. Well, they aren’t eyes at all. They are just spots. See—his real eyes are these little tiny things right down here on his head. God made his great big eyes so that he could scare things. He did scare you a little bit when you saw his eyes, didn’t he? Well, he scares birds and chickens and thinks like that, too. Sometimes birds just go a-scootin’ away when they see those big eyes. They are too scared of him to eat him up.”

“Huh!” grunted the six-year-old in surprise. “Let’s take him home. Let me have that goldenrod. Now, Mr. Caterpillar, you crawl right up this stick. Come on! Don’t be a bad little caterpillar or I’ll ‘pat-pat.’ There you are! Now, hold tight and Barbara will carry you ever so nice and we’ll go and see my Mamma.”

Carol and Barbara were on their way home

after spending a delightful afternoon in the woods. Carol’s arms were loaded with wild asters. As she tripped along with her golden hair blowing in the breeze and the bright colors of the evening sun reflecting on her happy childish face, she seemed to be in reality what her name symbolized—“a song of joy.”

Barbara was stepping more cautiously. Her dark eyes were intently fixed upon the precious object attached to the goldenrod stem. She was taking it home to mother.

“Carol, don’t go so fast. I’m afraid I’ll drop the caterpillar.” Barbara stopped abruptly and gave a disgusted, sisterly look at Carol who was tripping along enjoying the gorgeous sunset.

“The sky is so pretty it just makes me want to skip. We’re almost home, Sister. Oh, look who’s going in our gate!” and Carol skipped all the faster.

“Oh, Aunt Lem! Wait a minute!” Barbara shouted as she tried both to run and carefully carry her treasure.

“Fer lan’ sakes! Wha’ cha got there, child?” Hepzibah Lemon exclaimed as both little girls ran eagerly to her side. They were bubbling over with information about the caterpillar.

HEPZIBAH LEMON was large and robust. Her wealth of dark hair was coiled in a large knot on the very top of her head. Her sharp eyes snapped from under her high forehead. An exaggerated nose was attached between two large wrinkles on either cheek; and below that nose was the most important part of Hepzibah’s face—her mouth. It showed the effects of much usage; a statement, the truth of which, all the neighborhood could affirm. Everyone knew her as “Aunt Lem.” They anticipated her coming daily and they were not often disappointed in that respect. They always knew that she would bring with her some juicy bit of gossip. She seemed to feel that this amply repaid for the half-cups of sugar and cups of lard that were so often the excuse for her coming.

After the children had told her all they knew

and imagined about the caterpillar, Barbara suddenly had a bright idea.

"Sh-h! Let's be real quiet and 'sprise Mother and Daddy." She and Carol began walking cautiously and quietly toward the house. Hepzibah walked rather noisily, party because she thought Barbara's idea foolish, and party because it was impossible for her to walk on tip-toe.

As they neared the house Hepzibah heard words. Yes, she had heard those words before. She perfectly agreed with James Alden in the principle of "spare the rod and spoil the child." She never had been able to understand Elaine's point of view. Elaine had been a kindergarten teacher before her marriage to James Alden. Training in a kindergarten school and rich in experience with child life she had hoped to apply these same principles in her home. But it was not such a happy experience as she had dreamed.

SHE HAD MET James Alden, the youth of her dreams, soon after his arrival in this country from England. He was handsome, a brilliant scholar and an entertaining conversationalist. Their friendship had become more intimate and within a year they were married.

Elaine was happy. They rented a small home in the suburbs. The months passed by. A baby girl came to gladden their home.

And then, trouble had come. Carol was not yet two years old. One evening when James came home from work he met Carol coming from the bedroom with one of his best neckties. One end was dragging on the floor. It showed evidence of having been stepped on a number of times. Immediately, James became angry and gave Baby Carol, for the first time, a little "spanking." Elaine came just then, and there was, for the first time, a family "scene." James blamed Carol's behavior to Elaine's new-fangled kindergarten methods and, furthermore, made the statement that his policy from then on would *not* be, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Elaine disagreed and told James that his policy had been modified somewhat by modern methods and that his growing up in a strict Puritanical English home was responsible for his analysis of the situation.

Then the smoke of the battle cleared and both James Alden and his wife repented for their hasty conduct. However, at the same

time they made each other a promise which was to prevent the occurrence of similar situations.

The vow was something like this: Since it was impossible for them to agree upon what should be done, they would divide the managing of future situations that might occur. Of course, they planned for an increase in the family as the years went by. It was to be James' job to manage the boys and Elaine would manage the girls. They hoped that in using this method they might prevent displays of temperament for which they afterwards felt repentant.

A few months passed and Barbara was born. It was beginning to seem that Elaine was to direct most of the managing. However, several more years passed and James found his responsibility appearing in the form of James Alden, jr., who was usually called, "Sonny."

So Hepzibah agreed with James. Yes, that had been what her mother had always told her, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." That had been her method in bringing up her son, Adolphus. He was now such a successful ice-truck driver that the righteousness of her method had been thoroughly proved to her. Since it had worked so well in her family she daily seasoned her choice bits of gossip with samples of her "spare the rod, spoil the child" doctrine.

"Sh-h!" Barbara was repeating. She was followed by Carol who was in turn followed by Hepzibah.

Hepzibah was hearing every word that was being said inside that house.

"Now, Sonny! Daddy'll have to get the 'pat-pat.' Put Mamma's pretty dish back on the table or Daddy'll 'pat-pat'!"

"Pat-pat! Pat-pat!" a wee, childish voice was mocking.

"Sonny, you must or Daddy'll——" A loud crash intruded itself upon James Alden's well-intentioned threat.

"All don! All don! Pitty dish don!" Sonny chuckled gleefully.

"Son, Daddy must 'pat-pat.' You've broken Mamma's pretty dish. Daddy must 'pat-pat,' so it won't happen again," and James Alden stepped out upon the back porch. High upon the wall on a large nail hung a small bamboo switch about two feet in length—the "pat-pat." Without a moment's hesitation he reached for it and carried it back into the house. As he en-

tered the dining room Sonny toddled rapidly across the floor in the opposite direction.

"Daddy, 'pat-pat'! 'Pat-pat'!" he cried cheerily. Then he led his daddy a merry chase around the room. Daddy, however, soon caught him and administered the "pat-pat." Ordinarily the ordeal was a painless one because it was given for the sake of principle rather than for direct effect. Thus Sonny had come to enjoy the novel experience. On this particular evening, however, it was given with more force than usual and Sonny really cried with pain.

Sonny's cries reached Elaine who was in the garden watering the flowers that had suffered during the heat of the scorching August sun. She hastily put down the hose and ran into the house. As she stepped into the dining room two sights met her eyes. At the farther side of the room sat James Alden, her husband, with Sonny across his knees. He was applying the "pat-pat" as she had never before seen it used and Sonny was screaming loudly. At the door on the side of the room stood two happy, but surprised little girls. One little girl's arms were filled with purple asters and the other carefully carried a long spray of yellow goldenrod. Behind them stood Hepzibah Lemon smiling benignly upon the proceedings.

Elaine turned and walked out again to her flowers. She knew that when James and "Aunt Lem" were together that her presence only aggravated the scene. As the drops of cool water fell from the hose upon the thirsty flowers and dry earth, they were accompanied by her hot tears which fell upon the hard clods and melted them into soft, black earth. She very easily could imagine what was happening inside the house and she knew that it would be far better for her to wait until "Aunt Lem" was gone before she tried to direct the situation.

"Carol, honey, I just came over to borrow a half cup of sugar. Can you run and get it for me? I'll just sit and talk to your father," and Hepzibah Lemon deposited herself in the biggest rocking chair in the room.

"Did you bring a cup, Aunt Lem?" queried Carol.

"Lan' sakes, no, child! I forgot all about a cup. You can just put it in a sack for me or let me borrow one of your cups. It doesn't make any difference," and she motioned Carol out of

the room. Barbara followed, remarking that she was going to show the funny caterpillar to her "dear Mamma."

"Now, Mr. Alden, that's what I call a real demonstration of child fetchin' up. Many's the time I recollect doin' the same thing to Adolphus. And see what a man it's made o' him. It's just terrible the way children's bein' raised nowadays without a bit of trainin'. Why, a lot of 'em don't even know what a good old-fashioned thrashin' is. I think you'll always be glad because you raised your son that way, Mr. Alden," advised Hepzibah Lemon authoritatively.

"Yes, Mrs. Lemon, those are my most serious conviction. All my life I have been surrounded by just such a philosophy. There, there, Sonny, you won't touch Mamma's pretty dishes again, will you?" James Alden placed a consoling arm around the little boy who was shaking with sobs. "Yes, Mrs. Lemon, I think my convictions are so firmly implanted that they can not be easily changed."

At this point in the conversation Carol entered with the sugar.

"Thank you, dear," Hepzibah Lemon said as she ceremoniously arose from her chair. "Well, Mr. Alden, I must be a-hurryin' home to get Pete and Adolphus their supper. And remember, whenever you need any help about fetchin' up the children, I'll be anxious to talk to you about it."

"Yes, Mrs. Lemon, I thank you," James Alden was always courteous to neighbors and strangers, even though their personalities were offensive to him.

When Hepzibah Lemon had left, James Alden found himself alone. Sonny had forgotten his troubles and had slipped out the back door.

Then James wondered. He wondered if perhaps Elaine might be right after all. She always had a sweet way with the children and seemed to be able to avoid anything unpleasant such as he had just caused. He had noticed, too, that Elaine always preferred to be absent when he was disciplining Sonny. His methods seemed to be offensive to her. Often when she reappeared her eyes were moist and there was something in them that made him feel penitent. He and Elaine had always been happy until—when was it? Yes, he believed he knew when it was. It was when the "pat-pat" first ap-

peared. Then a breach had seemed to grow between them and it seemed to him that each time the "pat-pat" became a necessary means of discipline that the breach continued to grow wider.

Then his mind turned back farther into his childhood days in a country far across the sea. He remembered the frequent occurrence of the same event in his young life. He could not remember that he had ever felt very happy about it, but yet what would he have been had it not been for the strict discipline of his father and mother? Sonny, too, must have this same training. But, what of the little girls, Carol and Barbara? It didn't seem quite fair that their training should be so different from Sonny's, but that was up to Elaine. Elaine was seeming to be quite successful, but her methods *surely* were not right. Then he wondered, "Could it be possible that I am mistaken and Elaine is right?"

His soliloquy was interrupted by childish voices. Elaine and the children were coming in from the flower garden. He glanced at the table. It gave him an uncomfortable feeling, for there in plain sight lay the "pat-pat." He arose, picked it up and started for the back porch. There he found an interested group of children and their mother bending over a long branch of goldenrod. He hung the "pat-pat" on the wall and joined the group. Elaine was telling the story of the successive stages of metamorphosis of the caterpillar.

"Mother, let's get a fruit jar like we did at school. Then we'll break off a piece of the goldenrod stem and put Mr. Caterpillar on it and put him in the jar. Then next spring we can have a butterfly," Carol said enthusiastically after the story was finished.

She had hardly said the words before Barbara bounded down the basement steps and came back with a fruit jar in her hands. They broke off a piece of the goldenrod, placed the caterpillar on it and put it in the jar.

In a few days the first change came. The caterpillar had made its cocoon. When the children discovered that their pet was gone they had to look thoroughly to find it in its changed state. Hanging on the piece of goldenrod stem was a very queer object. It didn't look like the caterpillar at all, but very closely resembled a piece of an old stick. The upper end was at-

tached by a fine silken thread which let the chrysalis hang down a short distance from the goldenrod stem. The lower end was firmly attached. The caterpillar had prepared for itself a protecting winter home. With Elaine's help the children hung the goldenrod stem with its attached treasure on a nail high up on the wall of the back porch where it would remain undisturbed for the winter.

The winter passed and spring arrived. Events in the Alden household remained practically the same with Hepzibah Lemon's daily visit and the frequent use of the "pat-pat."

One Sunday morning—it was Easter Sunday—spring seemed really to have come. The snow was melting rapidly and Carol had seen a robin in the maple tree. Everyone was feeling joyous. The tones of the church bell pealed joyously across the waking earth. In the Alden household all was bustle and hurry as they made their preparations for church. The girls had new dresses; Sonny had a new suit.

"Mother, must we wear our rubbers?" Barbara asked.

"Yes, dear, the walks are wet with the melting snow. I think we should all wear our rubbers," answered Elaine.

Then there was a rush to the back porch, to see who could get their rubbers on first. At this moment James Alden stepped out of the kitchen.

"Sonny, just look at Daddy's hat. It's all sticky where you put your sticky fingers. Sonny, you're a bad boy and Daddy'll have to 'pat-pat'," James Alden scolded his young son vigorously.

At that instant the porch door was pushed open and in stepped Hepzibah Lemon.

"Fer lan' sakes, Elaine; you know, I went to get Pete some sugar for her coffee this morning and there wasn't a speck in the house. Do you suppose——?"

Just then she saw what was about to happen and she stopped abruptly.

James Alden reached for the "pat-pat" but he drew down his hand in surprise. There was a moment of silence. Elaine looked at James. Then her eyes followed his gaze. At the same time Carol exclaimed, "Oh, Daddy! It's our beautiful butterfly."

For there in the warm, morning sun on the

(Continued on page 85.)

"The Upstart"

By EDWARD MOORE

NEDDIE sat on one of the big moss covered rocks as he waited. His eyes followed every ship as it passed the point. It would soon be time for Captain Ned to be coming by; and to little Ned the *Southern Star* and his seaman father were the biggest and best that sailed the Pacific.

Week after week Neddie climbed down the rocky coast and out on the rocks of Portugese Point to wait for his father. He knew his father would be on the forward bridge, and would wave to him. Ever since Neddie had been able to climb down the rocky shore he had been there. Even "Old Ned," hard sailor as he was, looked forward to the greeting and could always be found on the forward bridge with his sea glasses on the point.

When the sea was heavy and fog made the point invisible he gave the steamer whistle several sharp "toots" to let little Ned know they were coming in all right. On these foggy days little Ned waited for the whistles; and when he heard them, he would climb the rocks and run home. He would hurry as fast as he could to tell his mother daddy was home again.

Neddie loved the rocks of Portugese Point. Hardly a day passed without his going out on them. The big waves that pounded on the coast and the hundreds of crystal pools among the rocks were his joy and amusement. When the tides came in he would sit on a high rock and watch the foam-white water swirl in and out. And when the waters receded he would get down and wade about in the pools. Every pool was a "glory hole" to him; with their hundreds of little fish, shells, and forms of sea life. Neddie had even named many of them himself.

NEDDIE climbed down from the big rock, where he had been sitting, and waded about in one of the shallow pools. He picked up a long whip-like piece of bulb-kelp; and, lifting it the best he could, swung it about in large circles.

"Sea-horse stick," he shouted as he went through all the motions of riding a horse.

He pulled the big piece of kelp along behind, and placed it in a pool where he could

get it another time. A starfish attracted his attention, and as he was using all of his youthful strength in trying to pull it loose he heard the whistle of the steamer. Neddie turned quickly and waved to his father, who stood on the bridge waving his cap. Neddie continued to wave as he climbed up the rocks. When he reached the top he waved once more, then ran towards home.

Neddie reached home out of breath and rushed to his mother; where she was hanging several of his white blouses to dry.

"Captain Daddy's comin', Mamma. Daddy's comin'," he shouted with what power he had left after his homeward run.

Neddie's mother picked him up and brushed his long, curly, hair from his eyes and said, "Skipper, you're all tired out. We'd better go in and get daddy some supper." She put him down, and together they walked into the vine-covered, weather-beaten cottage.

ON MONDAY morning Captain Ned awoke Neddie to say good-bye. As he walked out he clicked his heels together in a quick salute, and said, "See you Saturday, Skipper; and be a good boy at school."

Neddie had never been in school; he was only six. Suddenly the realization came to him that he was going to a new place; and only on Saturday could he go to the rocks. His mother had told him of this before, but he had forgotten it. Neddie even decided he didn't want to go to school. His mother only laughed at his refusals as she dressed him.

Neddie didn't like that first week of school; it was the longest week he had ever known. Saturday seemed so far away. He had even planned on running away, but Captain Ned wouldn't have done that. Why, Captain Ned had asked him to be a good boy. With the captain's good-bye in his mind, Neddie completed his first week of school, and finally Saturday came.

He arose early that Saturday. He wanted to be on the rocks all day. Neddie didn't forget to kiss his mother good-bye as he hurried away.

At the usual place, where he climbed down, Neddie stopped with a puzzled look. An iron fence extended up and down the ocean bluff. He began to think he was in the wrong place; but then decided he was right. He had climbed down here so many times that he couldn't be wrong. Neddie looked up and down the shore but the fence was as far as he could see. Why did some one want to fence off his rocks, Neddie thought, and who was building a castle out on the point? He couldn't figure it out at all. No, he didn't want a fence there; and the big castle made everything look bad. Why did some one put the fence where he didn't want it; and how was he going to get out on the rocks?

Neddie decided that going to school had something to do with all the change. But an iron fence was not enough to stop him. He was a strong little fellow; so he climbed right over. He soon forgot the fence and castle as he watched the many new things in the pools. He was carefully examining a purple flower, in one of the pools, when he was startled by a shout.

"Hey, there, how did you get in here?"

Neddie was afraid and could hardly keep from crying; for he had never had anyone shout at him like that. He looked at the man and backed away. Neddie had never seen a man like this before, dressed with white things over his shoes, and a long coat that came way down to his knees behind. And the little ring he wore in one of his eyes, frightened Neddie, as he glared down at him.

Neddie stammered out his answer, "I—I just climbed over up there," and he pointed up the bluff. "Captain Ned expects me here, and I got to let mamma know when he comes in."

"What are you talking about anyway? Come on with me, and don't let me catch you climbing in here again."

The stranger took Neddie by the arm and pulled him along with him. Little Neddie started crying; he had never been treated so roughly. He was pushed and pulled up hundreds of rock steps until they reached the top of the point. The man set him on a large rock, and stood directly in front of him glaring upon him.

"Well, son, so you wanted to fish on my point, and you just climbed over. I own this

point, now, and I'm not going to have any of you young upstarts climbing in over my fence, even if I have to get a dog or two to stop you."

Neddie cried.

"Well, son, talk for yourself. What do you mean, the captain expects you? There's no captain on my point, that wants to see you young ruffians around here. Come on, stop your whimpering and tell me. What do you mean?"

Neddie tried hard to stop crying. He wondered why the man wanted all the rocks for himself. He was afraid. With an effort he stopped crying; and through his sobs fearfully said, "I don't catch fish, I just look at 'em. Gee, Mister, don't you ever look at the puff-balls, the roses, star-fish, and goldfish down there?" And Neddie pointed at the foaming surf and mirror-like pools far below. "And my daddy waves to me every Saturday from the bridge; and I go let mamma know he's come."

"I don't understand you. That's the first I knew of any roses on this point. I want you to show me these things you are talking about."

Little Neddie wanted to run, but he was afraid to try. So, down the big rock steps he followed.

When they reached the bottom the man turned to Neddie and said, "Son, my name is Thomas—Lord Thomas of England; and I'm building my summer home here. Such extraordinary marine views helped me to make my choice."

Neddie listened, and watched the stranger carefully; hardly understanding all he told him.

"Now you can show me the roses and puff-bogs; or whatever you were trying to tell me about up there."

Neddie led the way among the pools; stopping at the one where he had left the large piece of bulb-kelp. He reached down and pulled the long plant out of the pool.

"Sea-horse whip," Neddie said, "Captain Ned told me it was kelp; and grows awful big, and long, way out in the ocean."

Lord Thomas smiled.

NEDDIE dropped the big piece of kelp, and pointed to one of the star-fish in the bottom of the pool. "Star-fish getting bigger," he said. "I tried to pull him loose, but he hold on too tight. Daddy got a big one loose with an

iron bar, and mamma boiled it all day, and we keep it in the front room up home. Star-fish die if you boil 'em but I like 'em down here in the rocks best."

Neddie walked over to another pool, and pointed to an object in the bottom. "Puff-ball," he said. "See its mouth open waiting to catch a bug. Looks like an apple with fur on it, doesn't it, Mister?" Neddie smiled, beginning to be somewhat braver.

The Lord laughed and in doing so dropped his monocle.

"Watch me make it close up," Neddie shouted.

Lord Thomas kneeled beside Neddie to watch the procedure.

"Just touch it on the side but don't get your finger in its mouth, or he'll shut up on it," Neddie said.

Lord Thomas put his hand in the pool; and pushed his forefinger into the side of the so-called puff-ball. Immediately it became alive, the mouth closed, and its globular body moved, and the muscles tightened.

"Very interesting, son, very interesting."

"Look at the roses, Mister——" and Neddie hesitated; not remembering the stranger's name. He pointed to the other side of the pool.

Lord Thomas's eyes followed the boy's finger. And in the bottom of the pool he saw the most beautiful form of sea life he had ever seen. A plant, yes, it appeared to be a purple flower.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed.

"Roses," Neddie said. "Mamma says they're sea violets, but she's never been down here on the rocks."

"Well, son, you've shown me something I never noticed before; but what's this about the captain expecting you?"

"He comes by there," said Neddie with his hand lifted towards the point. "He's the best captain on the ocean, and the *Southern Star* is the biggest boat in the whole world. I wait here on the rocks every time he comes, and he waves to me from the bridge. The bridge on the ship, way up high; you know, Mister, the captains always stand on the bridge."

"Yes, son, I know. So your daddy's a captain on the *Southern Star*, and you wave to him

every time. And you tell your mother he's coming."

"Yes, sir," Neddie answered.

"Come on, son, we had better be going," Lord Thomas said. He took Neddie by the hand and started up the steps.

"Gee, Mister, I didn't show you the goldfish in the ocean. Daddy says they're garibaldi perch."

"Never mind, we can look at them some other time."

At the top of the stone flight Lord Thomas stopped, turned to Neddie and sternly said, "Son, I don't want to catch you climbing my fence again."

"But, Mister, can't I wave to captain Ned, just today, please, just today? He expects me. If I don't wave today, he'll think somethin's wrong with mamma or me."

"Sonny, you may not understand, but today, you have given me a greater realization of life. Yes, go and wait for your father."

"Thanks," Neddie said gratefully, "I won't come down on the rocks again."

"Sonny, I've changed my mind, come any time you wish. But next time use my front gate."



Do We Still Need Jesus?

Two years ago I went up to Jerusalem in a high-powered motor. Nineteen hundred years ago a Man of Galilee went up to the same city on a donkey. Does the fact that I can drive an automobile, and Jesus could not, mean that I have passed beyond the need of inspiration and guidance from Him? Does it mean that I have a truer insight into human experience or a purer motive in the use of the new power that science has given me? The question dies on one's lips. The abiding issue still is what ends are worth living for, for what purpose our power (be it much or little) is to be used. At this point, now, as then, He still has the words of eternal life. Ours is the task of making them pulse with fresh meaning in relation to our modern civilization.—*Samuel McCrea Cavert, in Religious Education Journal.*

My Father's Letters

By AUDENTIA ANDERSON

Part Two

UPON the occasions of his first visits to the West, my father was greatly impressed by the many characteristics of the flora, fauna, terrain, soil and other physical aspects to be noticed that differed so greatly from those that he found in the Mississippi valley region, with which he was familiar. This interest frequently found expression in his inclosing pressed flowers in his letters or in his sending home occasionally a box of stones, shells, or other heavier specimens which had attracted his attention. It is well known that he was "color blind." Red and green, for instance, did not mean much to him, as they presented to his perception only varying degrees of the same color; but flowers that were yellow or blue invariably called forth his admiration, especially if accompanied by noticeable perfume. He considered the striking California poppies the most gorgeous of blossoms, and seemed not to tire of admiring them.

Malad, Idaho, Aug. 8th, 1885

Audie:

I send you some specimens of stones picked up on the mountain near Malad, when Brother Luff and I went out this morning for a ramble, away up. The dark ones are allied to the moss agate, I expect.

This valley is a most beautiful one. Just across on the other side are the cities of Samaria and St. John. All the valley for forty miles up and down, and ten to twelve miles wide, is covered with wheat, oats and grass, including the alfalfa (or lucerne), a sort of tall clover with a purple flower. Looked at from the mountain top the valley made a wonderful picture, like a map in colors.

Yours in Love, Joseph Smith

Oats, 25 cts, wheat 30 to 35c per bushel. They feed horses on wheat.

I can not be certain, but I fancy the humorous salutation in the following letter was called forth by some closing signature of my own. It may be I had recently stepped on some scales and had been rather aghast at its disclosures!

This second installment of the letters of Joseph Smith to his daughter grows in breadth and interest as the writer was conscious that the little girl to whom he had begun writing was developing in understanding and appreciation of beautiful things.

Soda Springs, Idaho, Aug. 15th, 1885

Dear—though fat—daughter:

This morning at a little after 5:30, Captain John Codman, Brother Luff and I drove out to Sulphur Lake. It lies at the mouth of a canyon, as the mountain gorges are called, about five miles from town. Before we were within a mile we began to smell the sulphur; and when we reached the lake, we found a spot as big as our barnyard, or larger, covered with water, bubbling and boiling, and giving off sulphurous smells. The water looked hot, but was cold.

We dipped and drank. The nasty stuff smelt and tasted like rotten eggs! The sulphur, red, blue, purple and yellow, lies all around the edges of the lake. Grass grows thick around it and in one place the rushes are thick and tall.

We drove back in 30 minutes the five miles, a pair of ponies doing the work. Our breakfast was composed of egg on toast, with bacon; chicken done in brown gravy; coffee; bread and butter, batter cakes and syrup. A finer breakfast one would not want. The mountain air had given us keen appetites. Captain Codman had taken his gun with him. We saw a lot of chickens, but could not get to shoot any. The Capt. got three turtle doves, however. Saw a heron, but too far away to shoot.

There was no dew on the grass, though the air was cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Codman have traveled all over the world, almost, and they say that these springs are the finest anywhere. I drank a quart of water this morning, before breakfast, and yet enjoyed my coffee and toast thoroughly.

Your father—fat,

J. Smith

Bozeman, Montana, August 26th, 1885

Audie:

Enclosed, I send you a few more flints and, what is a more curious thing if it gets to you safely, a couple of twigs or roots, covered over with an encrustation of soda, or lime, from the Formation Springs, near Soda. It is soft and friable and may not stand the trip. Grasses, weeds, roots and limbs that grow or fall into this water take on the lime, as do plants, &c, immersed in alum water; the wood finally decays and leaves the lime. In some instances it turns into harder stone, but I have seen none. The flints are from Malad Valley, Idaho.

I am now fifteen, yes 25 miles north, almost 40 miles north of the head of the Missouri river. Get your map, find Bozeman, and 15 miles north of that I am now.

We had peas for dinner. I saw raspberries and ripe, black gooseberries on the bushes this morning.

Thank you for letters and news. Funny about the calf, though.

I send Hale a few flints also.

Brother Joseph Clapp and Brother Luff are gone "trouting," or trout-fishing. Tell Mother that here within forty miles are Madison, Jefferson and two Gallatin (East and West) rivers, besides Willow, Reese and other creeks, all abounding in trout.

Brother J. J. Reese was at our house in 1871, on his way to Wales; he slept at Brother Forscutt's, however. She will remember him.

Find Ross' Peak on the map, and think that I am within 8 miles from its top, and it is away up, high; but bald mountains are yet higher and farther off. I can see the other side of the Valley; about halfway over is the afternoon freight on the Northern Pacific, creeping towards Bozeman; about six or eight miles straight southwest to where the long black streak, called the train, is moving.

Wheat and oat shocks dot the fields, like spots in a "polka dot" dress, "thick as spatter," or thicker!

Love to all. Write all the news.

Yours in love, Jos. Smith

During these years my father was a great sufferer from facial neuralgia. Indeed it was an affliction which began soon after his taking up church work, and from which he was never wholly free thereafter.

Bozeman, September 5, 1885

Audie:

My face is better, thank you. For two days now, I have had comparative quiet in that region of my anatomy. And for this, I am extremely thankful.

I would like this valley for a summer residence; but for a home I do not like it. It is, however, the "garden spot" of Montana; so say those with whom I have talked and who are well acquainted with other parts.

One peculiarity of the mountainous country is that *altitude* (height from the level of the sea), has much to do with the coldness or warmth of the atmosphere. Lamoni is, for instance, 700 feet above sea level; Bozeman is some 5000, Soda Springs 5830. Five thousand, two hundred and eighty feet are a mile. Hence Lamoni is about an eighth of a mile up in the air, Bozeman about a mile, and Soda Springs over a mile. Schleswig Holstein, Germany, is in latitude 54, north; Bozeman in 46, north; and though the former is 8 degrees, or about 480 miles further toward the north pole, the latter is by far the colder place of the two; the winter in Holstein being mild as compared with Bozeman. One reason for this is that Holstein is low in altitude, and near the ocean current, running northward toward Norway, which modifies the atmosphere.

Snow fell on the mountains to-day. One could see the clouds hanging heavily over the valley and around the mountain tops; and could see the snow storm as

it was passing. It was chilly in the valley; but it seemed curious to sit with the door open and be able to see all around under the canopy of clouds, for 40 to 50 miles; and yet these same clouds hiding a part of the mountains from the sight; and then to see, under the clouds as they rolled in the wind you neither saw nor heard, the ground getting gray with the snow that you could see was falling on these tops.

It seems cold enough for frost to-night; but while there may be, lower down in the valley, we at Bro. T. Reese's may not get any; just as the frost may fall on the bridge at the foot of the hill at home and be none at the house—do you see?

I found a little yellow flower in a hollow to-day, and plucked it to send you; but it looked so pitiful, with its drooping petals and almost leafless stem, that I threw it down, as I feared it would not show when it would reach you.

Bro. Luff and I were at a Mr. Ben Hamilton's, in Bozeman, night before last and yesterday. Mrs. Hamilton is dark skinned and has eyes blacker than Maggie Crick's. She has a boy 4 years old, whose name is Vivian, and a little girl whose name is Audrey. How's that?

If Willie Scott would name his boy Joseph Hudson, it would do; but no one need to tell him that I said so.

We are three Joseph-ite elders here—Joseph C. Clapp, Joseph Luff, Joseph Smith.

They have a small band of good singers here, but no organist. Sr. Clapp, it is said, can play, but I think not readily, from an effort I heard her make on Sunday last.

Sunday, Sept. 6th. The highest peaks this a. m. are clad in a light robe of gray, from the snow and the green foliage of the cedar and the pine. All below is fresh and green, except where here and there the white rock shows out. We can see clear across the valley. The mist and smoke are cleared off; the air is cool and clear; only overhead is the same sombre curtain of cloud that was there yesterday, lifted a little higher, that is all.

We have had a fire in the sitting room every morning and evening for over a week, and yesterday all day.

I took supper at Bro. Joseph Clapp's last night; had a fine visit. They have three boys, Carlos, Holly and George Adams. If you see Bro. & Sr. George Adams at church, tell them that Bro. Joseph Clapp has named his youngest boy, a fine little fellow just running alone, after him.

We were to hold meetings outdoors to-day; but I expect that is played out—too cold.

Yours &c, Joseph Smith

Many of his letters at this period were encased in long envelopes, in order that he might inclose whatever of flowers or plants caught his fancy. On the outside of the cover of the next letter, besides the inscription, "Pressed flowers and plants," is the line, "The Cedar is the Juni-

per," a classification name which had escaped him until the envelope was sealed.

Bozeman, Sept. 7th, 1885

Audie:

I send you a batch of the flora of Montana, gathered on one of the mountains and in one of the canyons. Among them is a sprig of aromatic cedar, with berries; pinch one of the riper ones and you will discover the fragrance; it is very nice.

And there is a branch of "Oregon grapes," two sprigs of the leaves attached. These berries grow on quite low bushes. This bunch I send you had three or more little branches of "grapes" like the two now on it, but I was afraid the grapes would mash and stain the mail.

There is a sprig of evergreen called "larb" which the Indians smoke with tobacco; it is fragrant. There are some yellow flowers, one a wild sunflower. The small pale blue flower on top of a pod is "cockle," that grows here among the wheat.

Bro. Luff and I were up on the mountain, but it was too smoky to see far.

Yours,

Jos. Smith

Ross' Peak, Smart's Ranch,
Sept. 10th, 1885

Audie:

Enclosed find a few flowers, and two sprigs of a parasitical plant growing on the trees here, called clematis, or "old man's beard," as it is vulgarly called. The other flowers are from a woman's garden here who was once "Belle Chamberlain," now the wife of Judge Davis. You will know their names.

Bro. Luff and I spoke in the city last night and night before. The first night about 50 were out, last night 17 by count. It rained.

Yours,

Joseph Smith

The cedar I sent is juniper, or cedar.

September 11th, 1885

Yesterday I forgot to enclose a curiosity which I had for you. They are three letters, or communications, from living Chinese to dead friends, which I took from a grave in the cemetery at Bozeman, in the Chinese quarter. There are quite a number of Chinese buried there. Nearly all of the graves had these papers, or similar ones, on, held from blowing away by clods of dirt. I took two from one grave and picked up a loose one from another. Perhaps you and the boys can figure out what these letters say!

The clouds gathered day before yesterday and at night it rained quite a bit in the valley. Yesterday all day it was raining on the foothills in spots, and snowing on the higher levels. So that this morning, to the east, south and west, the valley is fringed with a whitened border of peaks and edges of land.

It was a cold night; ice formed in places, and frost lies pretty thick everywhere. The air in the valley is clear, and for the first time we can see all around to

the edges of this big basin. To the west one can hardly tell where the mountains end and the clouds begin, so much do the snow-capped peaks resemble clouds, and the clouds, snow-hills.

Steam is rising in places in the valley, where busy threshers are at work. We are at Bro. James S. Smart's, ten miles from Bozeman and five from Reese Creek, almost under the direct western shadow of Ross' Peak. This Peak and a creek which flows from a canyon close by it are named for an old brother in the church, Melvin Ross, an eccentric old fellow who got away from Utah, came into this valley, and settled at the foot of the peak which was named for him; raised horses and cattle until he was worth from 40 to 50 thousand dollars. He sold out here and went to Kansas. I think he is dead now.

The grass in the valley and on the mountains is dead and dry, yet the cattle are round, sleek and fat; they come up at night full as ticks, blowing, and chewing the cud, as if the grass were green and luscious.

Bro. Smart has threshed 3000 bushels of wheat off 60 acres of land, 50 bushels to the acre. Mr. Story, the miller here, says that the wheat of this region will not make as good flour as that raised in the states, because there is too much starch and not enough gluten or albumen in it. The climate and soil are too dry. Yet the wheat is fine and the bread splendid. They feed chickens and hogs wheat.

Yours,

J. Smith



It is peculiarly important that all education should clearly bring out the fact that no one in this world *can* live unto himself, that one person alone is no person, that every individual is like the half of a return ticket, "no good if detached."—*Dr. Rufus M. Jones, in World Unity Magazine.*



The Chrysalis

(Continued from page 79.)

"pat-pat" was perched a beautiful yellow and black Tiger Swallow-tail Butterfly. Its wings were slowly opening and closing, revealing a bit of bright velvety blue.

"Well, fer lan' sakes," murmured Hepzibah Lemon.

The butterfly spread its wings and flew out the open window and the "pat-pat" hung on the wall.

[The End.]

Merry Menu Makers' Meatless Meals

Arranged by a class of young people taught by Ruth Compton, Belleville, Illinois.

Sunday

Breakfast

Iced cantaloupe
Crisp fried corn meal mush with honey
Toast Butter Honey
Chocolate milk shake

Dinner

Cream of tomato soup
Nut loaf hot tomato sauce Relish
Mashed potatoes Buttered onions
Nut, date and apple salad Cheese fingers
Lemon pie
Barley tea

Supper

Creamed butter sandwiches Potato chips
Pickles
Orange and peach frozen salad
Lemonade White cake

RECIPES

Date, Nut, and Apple Salad

2 firm apples
2 teaspoons lemon juice
2-3 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon paprika
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nut meats broken
12 dates, stoned and diced
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiled salad dressing or mayonnaise
Lettuce
Peel, core, and cut apples coarsely, squeeze lemon juice over them, and add salt and paprika. Toss together with nut meats and dates and mix with one-half cup dressing. Serve on lettuce. Serves five.

Barley Tea

$\frac{1}{4}$ pint almonds, blanched
2 teaspoons sugar
2 pints water, boiling
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint pearl barley.
Pound almonds until fine, put into sauce pan with barley, water, and sugar. Boil until liquid is about the consistency of cream. Strain and serve hot or cold. Serves four to six.

Monday

Breakfast

Sliced peaches
Shredded wheat Cream
Soft cooked egg
Toast Milk Butter

Luncheon

Peanut butter sandwiches
Tomato salad Rolls
Barley tea Cookies

Dinner

Macaroni and cheese timbales
Buttered beets Spinach
Orange and tomato salad Cornbread
Rice pudding
Iced postum

RECIPES

Macaroni and Cheese Timbales

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups American cheese grated
 $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk
3 eggs well beaten Salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups macaroni broken and cooked
Blend the cheese, milk, eggs, and seasonings. Divide the macaroni equally among nine custard cups and fill cups with cheese mixture. Set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven until firm. Serves nine.

Tuesday

Breakfast

Puffed wheat with dates
Coddled eggs
Toast Butter Jelly
Chocolate milk shake

Luncheon

Baked potato
Bran bread Butter
Cauliflower salad
Cookies Grape juice

Dinner

Nut and cheese roast Mashed potatoes
 Sweet sour string beans Stewed tomatoes
 Whole wheat bread Butter
 Peach pie
 Lemonade

RECIPES

Cauliflower Salad

Cauliflower flowerets
 Salt
 Head lettuce
 Lemon juice
 French dressing

Wash flowerets thoroughly, shred lettuce, and toss the cauliflower and lettuce together with French dressing. Serve on slices of head lettuce that have been slightly salted and seasoned with lemon juice.

Nut and Cheese Roast

2 small onions, chopped fine
 2 tablespoons butter
 1/2 cup water
 1 1/2 cups whole wheat bread crumbs
 2 cups cheese grated
 Salt
 1 1/2 cups walnut meats chopped
 1 lemon, juice only
 3 eggs well beaten
 1 cup white sauce
 1 tablespoon peanut butter

Brown onions in butter, add water, and mix with bread crumbs. Add cheese, nuts, lemon juice, salt, and eggs and mix well. Add seasoning. Turn in buttered casserole, top with crumbs, and bake in oven of 400 degrees Fahrenheit until brown. Serve with white sauce flavored with peanut butter. Serves five.

Sweet Sour String Beans

1 quart green beans
 2 cups white sauce
 1 tablespoon sugar
 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Blanch beans, boil twenty minutes, drain, and serve with hot white sauce to which sugar and lemon juice have been added. Serves six to eight.

Wednesday

Breakfast

Fried peaches
 Scotch porridge Cream
 Whole wheat toast Butter Jam
 Spiced milk

Dinner

Cream of tomato soup
 Nut loaf hot tomato sauce Fried potatoes
 Creamed turnips
 Pear salad
 Sour cream pie Mint tea

Picnic Supper

Baked bean sandwiches
 Creamed butter sandwiches
 Pickles Olives Deviled eggs
 Potato salad
 Peaches Cookies Apples
 Orangeade

RECIPES

Scotch Porridge

1 cup quick oats
 2 cups water
 2 cups milk
 2 tablespoons salt

Mix oats, water, and milk. Cover and let stand overnight. In the morning heat to boiling point, stirring constantly, and boil directly over the fire for ten or fifteen minutes; or cook in a double boiler for half an hour. Serves eight to ten.

Spiced Milk

Chill milk and add
 Few gratings nutmeg
 Cinnamon or mace
 Chipped ice
 5 tablespoons sugar
 4 cups milk

Nut Loaf, Tomato Sauce

1 cup nut meats chopped
 2 cups tomato sauce
 2 cups bread crumbs
 1 teaspoon mixed herbs
 1 tablespoon salt
 1 egg beaten

Combine all ingredients and mix well, using about 3/4 cup of sauce. Pack in a greased cup,

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or mold and bake in a moderate oven from thirty to thirty-five minutes. Serve hot or cold with remaining sauce. Serves five.

Baked Bean Sandwiches

- 1 cup baked beans
- 1 tablespoon celery, minced
- 1 tablespoon onion juice
- 1 tablespoon chili sauce or mayonnaise
- ½ teaspoon salt

Mash the baked beans and add other ingredients. Spread on buttered Boston brown bread. Makes six sandwiches.

Thursday

Breakfast

- Baked apples
- Cooked whole wheat Cream
- Scrambled eggs Graham toast
- Milk

Luncheon

- Eggs a la goldenrod
- Apple and cheese gelatin salad
- Iced tomato juice

Dinner

- Bean timbales
- Baked sweet potatoes Spinach
- Combination salad Muffins
- Cup custard Cookies
- Milk shake

RECIPES

Eggs a la Goldenrod

- 3 eggs hard-boiled
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 cup milk
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 5 slices toast
- Parsley chopped

Separate yolks and whites of eggs; cut up whites, press yolks through a sieve. Make a thin white sauce from flour, butter, milk, salt, and pepper, add egg whites, cut each slice of toast in half, pour the mixture over the slices, and garnish with egg yolks and parsley. Serves five.

Apple and Cheese Gelatin Salad

- 1 package lemon gelatin
- 1 tablespoon water, cold
- 1 pint boiling water
- 2 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 package cream cheese
- ½ cup walnut meats broken
- 1 red apple, diced

Soak gelatin in cold water and then dissolve in boiling water. Add one tablespoon of lemon juice and salt. Chill. Combine apples, sugar and remaining salt and lemon juice. When the gelatin is slightly thickened, fold apple mixture into one half of gelatin and chill until firm. Beat remaining gelatin with rotary egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Fold in cheese and nut meats and pour over firm first layer. Chill for one to one and one half hours and serve in squares on crisp lettuce. Serves eight.

Bean Timbales

- 2 cups baked bean pulp, cold
- 2 cups milk
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon paprika

Combine ingredients in order given. Pour into custard cups and set in pan of water. Bake in moderate oven until set and serve at once. Serves five.

Friday

Breakfast

- Orange juice
- Barley mush Cream
- French toast Milk

Luncheon

- Baked tomatoes stuffed with corn
- Bran muffins Butter
- Orange blanc mange

Dinner

- Japanese roast Boiled sweet potatoes
- Buttered carrots
- Lettuce with French dressing Pear and cheese salad
- Rye bread
- Chocolate cake Mint tea

RECIPES

Barley Mush

- 1 cup barley meal
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 5 cups of water, boiling

Mix meal with enough cold water to rub the mixture smooth. Add salt to the boiling water and gradually add barley meal and water mixture, stirring constantly till quantity has thickened. Reduce heat and cook for ten minutes, stirring frequently, or cook in double boiler without stirring for fifteen minutes. Serve with cream and sugar or fruit juices. Serves eight.

Japanese Roast

- 1/2 pound nuts
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 eggplant, cooked and sliced
- 1 lemon, juice only
- 1/2 cup onion, minced
- 2 tablespoon parsley, minced
- 2 cups cooked rice
- Watercress

Sauté nuts in butter five minutes; turn into oiled baking dish. Cover with eggplant. Sprinkle with salt, lemon juice, onion, and parsley. Scatter over a thin layer chopped nuts and then a layer of rice. Repeat the layers until all material is used. Sprinkle top with buttered bread crumbs. Pour in vegetable stock and bake in moderate oven 400° Fahrenheit, until top is browned. Serve with watercress. Serves five.

Saturday

Breakfast

- Grapes
- Cereal with cream
- Toast Butter Jam
- Eggnog

Luncheon

- Scrambled eggs
- Apple and cheese galatin salad Graham
- bread and butter
- Buttermilk

Dinner

- Vegetable loaf with tomato sauce Dutchess
- potatoes
- Corn on cob Creamed cabbage
- Romaine salad White bread
- Peach pie
- Barley tea

RECIPES

Vegetable Loaf

- 1 cup peas, cooked
- 1 cup beans, cooked
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 tablespoons butter melted
- 1 1/2 cups hot tomato sauce
- Celery salt
- 1 teaspoon salt

Add all ingredients but hot sauce and shape into a loaf, adding cooked rice if necessary. Season to taste. Bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes. Serve with tomato sauce. Serves five.

Romaine Salad

- 1 cup celery, diced
- 2 cups cottage cheese
- 1/2 green pepper, diced fine
- 1 cup carrots, cooked and diced
- 1 head cabbage, shredded
- 1/2 cup cheese dressing

Mix celery, carrots, pepper, and cheese with one fourth cup of cheese dressing. Place a generous amount of cabbage on a salad plate and mound a portion of cottage cheese mixture on the cabbage. Serves six to eight.

MEMBERS OF CLASS:

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| Lavone Adams | Jack Born |
| Helen Erlinger | Elbert Born |
| Mary Henry | Fred Lambkin |

TEACHER:

- Ruth Compton

MENUS:

By class under direction of teacher.

ILLUSTRATIONS:

By Ruth Compton.

PRINTING:

By Fern Compton.

The Evolution of the Church School

By ELLA LAMBKIN

The Early Setting

DURING the early part of the eighteenth century in England, as in other lands, the work of manufacturing the simple articles required at that time was done in the homes, with all members of the family assisting. Gradually changes came in this procedure, one family doing the first process, another the second and so on until the article was finished. Then it was found more convenient to have these workers meet under one roof for the work, instead of carrying the material about from house to house.

The people worked industriously but there was no great hardship as a result. In the simple factories only a few people worked. The invention of the steam engine changed all this. It was possible for more work to be done in a given length of time. Factories grew larger. People, finding their means of livelihood taken from them, moved by the hundreds into the centers of manufacturing. Population of cities increased so fast that no adequate provision could be made for them. The factories were unsanitary. Safety devices were few and accidents frightfully frequent.

Pauper children were "farmed out" to factories where they were put to work in shifts, one shift working by day and at night occupying the beds vacated by the night shift. Tuberculosis, deformity, and idiocy greatly increased.

In the mines, men, women, and children worked twelve hours a day. Women hauled loaded coal cars on their hands and knees, harnessed like animals. Children of four and five were the trappers who opened the doors from cave to dripping cave to let them pass.

One man from India said, upon seeing the children in factories, "I have always thought myself disgraced by being the owner of slaves, but we never in the West Indies thought it possible for human beings to be so cruel." While we mention conditions in England, similar conditions existed in America and in other places.

The First Sunday School

It was under these conditions that the forerunner of the modern Sunday school was organized. All over England good people saw

the terrible conditions and tried to help. In many places Sunday schools were organized. It was the only bright spot in the lives of these little slaves. They were called Sunday schools because they were schools held on Sunday. They were held on Sunday because it was the only time these little people could get any education. At that time the *Bible* was the text-book used in all schools for the teaching of reading. It was used in that way in these schools. Writing was also taught, as well as the catechism.

Robert Raikes was one of the men to start a Sunday school. He published an account of it in his paper in 1780 and such schools sprang up all over the country.

These early Sunday schools were very successful, not only as educators, but as civilizers and Christianizers. Factory owners approved of them. Their system produced ignorant little heathen rebels who delighted in spending their rare leisure time in doing mischief to their hated bosses and the factories where they worked. The Sunday schools took these little heathens and subdued their spirits. They taught them of the Christ and his philosophy, and were wonderfully successful in the civilizing effect of this teaching.

It was many years before the children of intelligent and prosperous parents attended Sunday schools. The Sunday school had, by that time, become a school specializing in religious education. Later, adults, feeling the need of study along this line, were provided for in the school.

Sunday Schools in Our Church

Many branches in the early days of our own church, feeling the need of some system of religious education, adopted the Sunday school as they observed it in other churches. This fact is sometimes forgotten by people who complain that the new educational plan came from the world. Many local groups organized Sunday schools, and in 1871 the general conference voted to encourage the Sunday school movement.

Later, many separate groups of young people wanted some advanced work. The many groups which sprung up to supply this demand

were united in the Religio. Study and worship groups were also organized among the women.

The Church School

There is a great deal of discussion in the world today as to the potency of the Sunday school. Some claim that it is falling down completely on its job. Others give statistics to prove that it is succeeding. In fact, its success was so outstanding that it became quite popular for a time for judges to sentence youthful delinquents to attend Sunday school.

All of this criticism accomplished one good thing. It started educators, who were interested in religion, studying the situation. As a result of careful investigation by men responsible for religious education in the various churches, including our own, existing systems and methods of religious education were compared with the latest discoveries in other lines of educational work. It was discovered that, while education in agriculture, in teaching, in mechanics, science, etc., had developed as new discoveries were made, the Sunday school had not kept up with the general progress. Leaders studied the situation and the needs very carefully, and formulated plans that would bring the religious educational work up to twentieth century standards.

Our men adapted this plan to the needs of our church and we have the church school plan.

Zion is not yet fully established. Many years ago the Saints were told that at that time Zion mighty already have been redeemed if they had been faithful. Might not the same thing be said of us today? If so, is it not true that, successful as the church has been in carrying out its program, it has not done enough. More effective methods must be used to accomplish the work. The church school is now a part of the church. It is charged with the task of helping educate the people for the work ahead of them. Successful as the Sunday school has been—well though it has filled its place in the past—the time has come when it *must do more*. None of the good things we have now need be lost, but we must do more.

One of the provisions of the church school, which will make it more effective is:

Priesthood Leadership

Jesus, after his resurrection, one day met the apostles as they returned from a fishing trip.

He told them where to cast their net and they came to shore with one hundred and fifty-three fish.

Then Jesus said to Peter, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?"

Peter said, "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee."

Jesus said, "Feed my lambs."

Again Jesus asked, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" When Peter reiterated his love Jesus admonished him, "Feed my sheep."

The third time Jesus asked the question and gave the same admonition, "Feed my sheep."

The ministers of the early Christian church had a monstrous task before them. They were told to evangelize the world. Yet the task of feeding the sheep and the lambs was so important that Jesus charged the Apostle Peter with the responsibility.

Just what Peter did about it I do not know. We all know that the ministers of our day have left a large part of the education of the adults and nearly the entire education the children to other people.

Under the new plan the work of education is placed under the direction of the priesthood where Jesus put it. The general work is under the presidency, the district work under the direction of the district presidency and in the local work the pastor is held responsible for the feeding of his flock.

New Educational Ideals

In the old system of education students of agriculture were given long lessons from textbooks. They learned the theory of farming well. Then they would go onto a farm with very little practical experience to aid them, making ridiculous mistakes. And people laughed at them. Under the present system a student still learns long lessons but he also milks the cow and slops the pig as a part of his training. When he has finished his course he can go home and, not only tell "Dad" how to do his work better, but can *show* him. And he isn't laughed at.

We have been doing very much the same thing in religious education. Our pupils can tell you just how to go about it to be a Christian, but unless they have had good training at home, they probably can't show you. They can tell you what you should do to be a Zion

builder but they are not doing it. And people laugh at us. They tell us that our theories are fine but they won't work in this twentieth century.

So it is our task not only to *tell* our pupils how to live the Christian life but to *live* it with them, to guide them in their practice until it becomes second nature to them to react rightly to any situation without having to stop to think.

The Devil's Lane

Suppose you were teaching a person to drive a car. He learns to operate the accelerator, the brake and all of the other controls. He can tell you just what you should do under a given circumstance. Does that make of him a good driver? Is it safe to send him out onto Highway Number Three, south from East Saint Louis, known as "Devil's Lane" because of the frequency of accidents there? No, indeed. What must be done before this student will be safe to drive on "Devil's Lane"?

He must practice driving under the guidance of one who knows how until doing the right thing in an emergency has become natural. When sudden danger looms ahead he does not need to think, "I must step on the brake hard. This is the brake on this side." Instead he will automatically, subconsciously, reach for the brake and do his thinking later. In other words, he has learned to react to a situation with his whole body, not just with his mind.

Is it safe to turn our boys and girls out onto the "Devil's Lane" of life with less training than this? Situations will confront them. Instant action will be necessary. Some sort of action *will* take place immediately and they *will* do their thinking afterward. Have they learned to react rightly? How can we teach them to react automatically, subconsciously, in the right way?

The only way an act can become subconscious or automatic is to learn it as one should learn to use the brake: by doing it over and over correctly until it has become a habit. We can not learn it by being told or by telling others. We must react with our whole body until it has become second nature to act religiously.

This practice under guidance must be included in our program of religious education. Are our children reverent? Telling them to be reverent will not make them so. We must practice reverence with them until they get the feel

of it. A teacher's task is only begun when he has discussed the lesson with his class on Sunday. He is their teacher on Monday also, and the other days. On Sunday he teaches them to play fair. On the playground or in business on Monday he teaches them—what? On Sunday in the class he teaches them to be reverent. At prayer meeting on Wednesday evening he teaches them—what? He is still their teacher. *So Our Church School Is Attempting to:*

1. Carry out the educational ideals of the twentieth century instead of those of the eighteenth century;

2. Place the guidance of its work under the leadership of the priesthood as Jesus advised;

3. Make an effort to reach its goal by using more effective methods of teaching, guiding the pupils in their practice of religious living as well as telling them how to do it. Strangely enough we discover that this new method is the one that was used centuries ago by the Great Teacher.

Under this plan the teacher's responsibility is increased. His work is increased. His possibilities are increased. The necessity for preparation is increased. His need for consecration and spiritual guidance is absolute. He can't do this work without it.

Under this plan officers are not so much concerned about building up any particular organization. The needs of the pupils are considered. Anything which does not fill a need is superfluous and therefore unnecessary and in the way. The needs of the pupils must be met, their development provided for.

This educational system is intended, not for show, not to give some one a job, but to build character. Let us take an inventory of our educational machinery. Let us ask ourselves why we are doing this particular thing or why we have this or that. Why do we sing? why pray? why have a worship program? Why call the roll? Why have this class and why that? Why study this subject? Is it what these pupils need most at this particular time? Does it fill a need or does it merely fill (or kill) time? Can it be made an asset? If not, it is worse than useless because it is taking valuable time.

We have not a great deal of time to use for religious education. The church school must be organized to perform its responsible task in Zion's building.

The Church School

Worship Programs for March

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "THAT OUR LIVES
MAY BE FRUITFUL."

The following programs have been submitted for church-wide use by a group of church school workers in Buffalo, New York. They are suggestive only, and in every case should be adapted to local conditions.

FIRST SUNDAY, MARCH 6, 1932

Theme: "The Power of Truth"

Prelude: "Chansonette," Thompson.

Call to Worship: The glory of God is intelligence, or in other words, light and truth; light and truth forsaketh that evil one.—*Doctrine and Covenants* 90: 6.

Prayer: For understanding minds to recognize truth.
(By a young man or woman.)

Hymn: "We Come With Joy the Truth to Teach You," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 393; old *Hymnal*, 164.

Theme Talk: "The Power of Truth." There is nothing in the world that can surpass truth. It is well to remember that the greatest of all teachers said, "The truth shall make you free." (John 8, 31, 32.) Jesus came into the world to bear witness of the truth. (John 18, 37.) We can only come into possession of real life by living the truth: (See *Doctrine and Covenants* 85: 8, 9, 10.) The word of the Lord is truth. (John 17: 17, *Doctrine and Covenants* 83: 7.) Light and truth forsaketh that evil one. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 90: 6.) Pilate asked, "What is truth?" (John 18: 38.) The answer is found in *Doctrine and Covenants* 90: 4: "Truth is knowledge of things as they are, as they were and as they are to come."

When we come into possession of the truth we shall come to possess transcendent power.

"Make pure thy heart, and thou shalt make thy life Rich, strong and beautiful, unmarred by strife; Guard well thy thoughts, and noble strong and free, Nothing can harm, disturb or conquer thee; For all thy foes are in thy heart and mind, There also thy salvation thou wilt find."

Scripture Reading: Psalm 91.

Hymn: "The Morning Breaks, the Shadows Flee," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 411; old *Hymnal*, 35.

Reading: "As good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life blood of a Master-spirit." (Milton.)

Hymn: "Come Tell the Story of His Love," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 286; *Zion's Praises*, 6.

Concluding Thought (By Leader): "Truth carries its own remuneration. It is the path which leads to God."

Offering: Quiet music.

Hymn: "The Old, Old Path," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 260; *Zion's Praises*, 207.

Prayer.

Class Work.

SECOND SUNDAY, MARCH 13, 1932

Theme: "The Power of Faith."

Prelude: "Pilgrims' Chorus," Tannhauser, by Wagner.

Call to Worship:

"God was and is, and e'er shall be;
Christ lived and loved—and loves us still,
And man goes forward, proud and free,
God's present purpose to fulfill."

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

Prayer: Faith in God, in neighbor and self.

Hymn: "Oh, For a Faith That Will Not Shrink," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 240; old *Hymnal*, 104.

Theme Talk: "The Power of Faith."

Faith is the moving cause of action; it is the assurance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. (Hebrews 11: 1-6.)

Jesus admonished men to have faith in God. (Mark 11: 22.)

"Thy faith hath saved thee." (Luke 7: 50.)

Through faith we understand the worlds were formed. (Hebrews 11: 3.)

By faith Israel passed through the Red Sea. (Hebrews 11: 29.)

By faith the walls of Jericho came down. (Hebrews 11: 30; Joshua 6: 20.)

By faith the lame are made to walk. (Acts 3: 16.)

According to thy faith so be it unto you. (Matthew 9: 29; *Doctrine and Covenants* 42: 13.)

Our limitations are set by our faith; he who has limited faith has also limited power but he who has transcendent faith has transcendent power.

Be strong in faith and you shall make your life, Divinely strong, triumphant over mortal strife; Trust in the best and you will come to be A princely man, and you shall clearly see, The way that leadeth into truth and light.

Scripture Reading: Book of Moroni 7: 35-49.

Duet: "Tenderly, Tenderly Lead Thou Me On," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 267; *Zion's Praises*, 15.

Concluding Thought: "Not more of us, but a better brand of us."—Drummond.

Offering.

Hymn: "Faith of Our Fathers," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 291.

Prayer.

Classes.

VISION

THIRD SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 1932

Theme: "Devotion to a Cause"

Prelude: "Adagio," by Mendelssohn.

Call to Worship: Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Prayer: That our devotion may be exemplified in our lives every day.

Hymn: "I Gave My Life for Thee," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 330.

Theme Talk: "Devotion to a Cause."

When Paul said, "I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified," he was devoted to the cause of Christ. (1 Corinthians 2: 2.)

When Jesus said, "The cup that the Father hath given me, shall I not drink it," he was devoted to the cause. (See John 18: 11.)

Shall anything separate us from the love of God? This will depend altogether on our devotion to His cause. (Romans 8: 35, 38, 39.)

He who is truly devoted to a cause will not allow anything to divorce him from that cause. We have a fine example of this when the friends of Paul tried to persuade him not to go up to Jerusalem where bonds and afflictions awaited him. (Acts 21: 13.)

The real spirit of devotion is expressed in the words of Paul, found in Philippians 3: 13, 14.

No task can daunt the courage of the real devoted soul

Nor can there any power on earth his manly will control;

He will arise and forward move in spite of earth and hell

And of the things that he achieves the ages yet shall tell.

Scripture Reading: *Doctrine and Covenants* 115.

Hymn: "The Breaking Waves Dashed High," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 430; old *Hymnal*, 250.

Story: The devotion of Joseph and Hyrum as portrayed in *Doctrine and Covenants* 113.

Hymn: "I'm Pressing on the Upward Way," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 241.

Concluding Thought: "It takes real character to render devotion to the cause of Christ."

Offering: Music.

Hymn: Doxology.

Prayer.

Classes.

FOURTH SUNDAY, MARCH 27, 1932

Theme: "Service in a Cause."

Prelude: "Invocation," by Capocci.

Call to Worship:

"When a deed is done for Freedom,
Through the broad earth's aching breast,
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
Trembling on from east to west."

—Lowell.

Prayer: For courage to render service in the cause of Christ.

Hymn: "Send Me Forth, O Blessed Master," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 214; *Zion's Praises*, 166.

Theme Talk: "Service in a Cause."

It is a noble thing to be able to serve others; to do that which will lift people up and inspire them to achieve.

The greatest person that ever graced the footstool of God was the man of Galilee, and He said, "I am among you as he that doth serve." (Luke 22: 27.)

He lived and died that He might serve others, and He said, "It is my meat to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." (John 4: 34.)

He who would serve effectively must give himself unreservedly and unstintingly to the cause. We have a fair example of this in the message of Paul. (1 Corinthians 9: 14-18.)

"Let me but live my life from year to year
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hurrying to nor turning from the goal,
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart that pays its toll.
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer."

—Henry Van Dyke.

Scripture Reading: Christ's great prayer. (John 17.)

Hymn: "You May Sing of the Beauty of Mountain and Dale," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 109; old *Hymnal*, 168.

Concluding Thought: "Service means action."

Offering: Music.

Hymn: "Rise Up, O Men of God," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 210.

Prayer.

Classes.



Tenement Madonna

What is it that you see who sit so still,
The child quite motionless against your breast—
What is your wistful cry that seems to fill
The silence of the street? Ah, is it best
To sit so long before your window there?
Once long ago another mother stared
Beyond the walls of Nazareth to where
The hills arose, and to her there was bared
A naked secret she would not have known.
Oh, hold him fast, this fragment of yourself,
This shining segment of your utmost bone;
Too soon his childish things will find the shelf
And he will go, wind-swept and sorrow free,
To face alone that old Gethsemane.

—Gilbert Maxwell.

The Children's Division

Worship Programs for March

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES"

A. A Suggested Type of Service

Musical Prelude.
Call to Worship.
Morning Song.
Scripture Reading.
Prayer.
Offering Service:

Music: Use the hymn which is to be used next in the service after the offering.

Prayer: This may be offered by the pastor, a junior, or by the group:

Bless Thou the gift our hands have brought,
Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned.
Ours is the faith, the will, the thought.
The rest, O God, is in Thy hand. Amen.

—Selected.

Song.
Story.
Song.
Sermon.
Closing Song.
Benediction.

B. Helpful Materials

(Sermon material by Elder and Mrs. R. E. Davey.)

Instrumental Music:

"*Souvenir*," by Drdla.

"*Largo*," from "*New World Symphony*," by Dvorak.

"*Melody*," by Beethoven.

First hymn used in the service played through twice.

Calls to Worship:

Psalm 19: 14.

Psalm 27: 14—Response, Psalm 91: 2.

Scripture Readings:

2 Timothy 2: 1-3.

Matthew 25: 14-23.

1 Corinthians 16: 13, 14.

Songs for the Month:

"*Fight the Good Fight*," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 208.

"*God Is Marching His Army*," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 205; old *Hymnal*, 179.

"*O Jesus, I Have Promised*," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 298.

"*Father, Lead Me, Day by Day*," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 262.

"*O Lord of Light, and Love, and Power*," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 299.

"*Soldiers of Christ, Arise*," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 217; old *Hymnal*, 60.

"*O Jesus, Prince of Life and Truth*," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 303.

"*O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee*," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 213.

"*Yield Not to Temptation*," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 269; *Zion's Praises*, 80.

Theme Topics for Sermons

Theme for the month: "Overcoming Difficulties"

FIRST SUNDAY

This being Sacrament Sunday, we suggest that the juniors meet with the adults. If desired, "*Overcoming Difficulties*" could be the theme of this service.

SECOND SUNDAY

"Meeting Difficulties Squarely"

Meeting difficulties squarely brings out the best there is in us, and builds a strong will, two very essential qualities of a successful life. To attempt to side-step difficulties and choose an easier way destroys character, weakens the will and unfits us for the battles of life.

Difficulties that we side-step have a tendency to keep bobbing up to meet us again, possibly in another form. Jonah was told to go and warn Nineveh of their destruction if they did not turn from their wickedness. It was a difficult task, so instead of going he tried to run away, sailing to Tarsus. He not only brought added difficulties to himself but near disaster for those with him. And he still had to face the difficulty of going to Nineveh.

Every difficulty we meet and overcome makes us stronger for the next one. Thus step by step we build a life worth while, and do things that count.

THIRD SUNDAY

"The Value of Little Things"

All big things that are lasting are built out of a succession of little things. An automobile is a wonderful and a beautiful thing, but it is just a lot of little things, small but very necessary parts, all builded up into an automobile. The same is true of life and character.

A life of joy, happiness, and service, a life that is big and worth while, is built out of such things as kind words, a warm smile, a friendly handshake, doing this helpful deed, making life more happy for another, overlooking a slight or an injury, returning good for evil. Out of all these little things a wonderful character is molded, and a great character is no little thing.

Phillips Brooks was a noted evangelist of some years ago, and a man who was loved by all. A stranger was sent to meet him. He was told to look for a tall man helping somebody. That was the secret of his greatness.

THIRD SUNDAY

"Mastering Self"

"He that 'mastereth' himself is greater than he that taketh a city." Alexander the Great conquered the whole of the then known world in a few short years,

only to die, while yet young and with the world at his feet, because he had not mastered himself. His appetites controlled him when he should have controlled his appetites.

Colonel Charles Lindbergh continues to live in the hearts of the people because he not only conquered the Atlantic and flew to Paris, but he has mastered himself. He did not give away to the many temptations that come with greatness. He refused to indulge in the things that would injure him or reduce the value of his example. He was able to keep himself from self-indulgence, from pride, and from selling his popularity.

Out of overcoming difficulties by meeting them squarely, by learning the value of little things and doing them, do we succeed in mastering ourselves. We then rule ourselves, ourselves do not rule us. "He that ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city."

Stories for the Month

"A Boy Scout Keeps Faith," *Stories for the Junior Hour*, by Demerest, page 111.

"Kindness Conquers an Army," *Tales of Golden Deeds*, by Moody, page 98.

"The End of the Feud," *Stories for the Junior Hour*, by Demerest, page 72.



Conquering Time and Space

(Continued from page 73.)

"HEARTSTRINGS OF THE WORLD"

Cables might be termed the "heartstrings" of the world. Friends, no matter how far apart, may communicate with each other within the space of a few minutes.

In the United States in recent years there sprang into existence an International Communications System, coordinating under one management all known means of communication—telegraph, telephone, cable, and radio. The purpose of this company is to develop these forms to the highest extent. It has experimental laboratories located in different parts of the world where people of almost every nationality are employed in the work of perfecting communications.

On June 19, 1931, this company demonstrated the effectiveness of its world-wide facilities before fifteen thousand people attending the National Electric Light Association's Convention at San Francisco. From the floor of the convention a thirty-four word message was sent by the president of the association. This

traveled completely around the globe, more than twenty-five thousand miles, in five and one half minutes. Other messages were sent from the floor to practically all parts of the world and to ships on the seven seas. At the conclusion of the demonstration a gigantic picture of Thomas A. Edison, taken in his West Orange, New Jersey, laboratory, was flashed on a screen followed by a picture of Mr. Edison's handwritten message to the convention. This was accomplished by what is called photogram.

We do not know what to predict in the field of communications, but we do know that the whole world is bound together today as never before. The ancient word *religio* meaning binding together has a new and greater meaning. As our communications systems continue to grow, they will no doubt play an important role in bringing the world closer together in a bond of friendship and understanding. Today man is conquering time and space.



Prayer

Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me,
Let me be a little kinder,
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery—
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver,
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be.
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother who is weaker,
Let me think more of my neighbor,
And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter,
Make my life a bit completer
Doing that which I should do
Every minute of the day.
Let me toil without complaining,
Not a humble task disdain—
Thus I'll face the summons calmly
When Death beckons me away.

—Thomas H. Flanagan.

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NO GLORY THERE

By Carl F. Mayer

AT THE END OF THE TRAIL

By Ralph P. Mulvane

SMILEY'S LADY

By Winifred M. Milner

TWO EASTER DRESSES

By Gussie Ross Jobe

FACING THE FUTURE

By Willard W. Hield

MEALS FOR THE HOSTESS

By Rosa Tier Small

MARCH, 1932

Friendship

PEOPLE speak of finding friends. It is a fact that some of the best friends are discovered, like truth. But if one waits for these, he will be alone in the world. Friendships can be made, and the making of them is an art that can be learned by anyone who unselfishly loves men as Jesus loved them. He served, and he asked for service; and in the companionship that grew up from that service there developed some of the most beautiful and loyal friendships that the world has ever seen. Such friendship is possible to all who will follow His example.

VISION

A Magazine for All Ages

*Devoted to the needs and desires of the individual, the program
of the church, and the activities of the social group.*

LEONARD LEA, *Managing Editor*

For the Board of Editors

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Editorial



New and Old Friends—

Come to us this month, with a variety of contributions. For those who are thinking seriously—and there are many of us thinking seriously these days, there are two articles of importance, especially for the young people.

Willard W. Hield—

Is an authority in the field of vocational guidance. A native of Wisconsin, he has spent his most successful years in the Middle West, and has returned to his home state to carry on his work. We are happy to have the transcript of the radio address he recently made over Station WHBY.

L. G. Ehlers—

Is a banker. Two things stand out as the indispensable requisites in his philosophy of success: Character and capacity. Able men are worthless unless they have character; honest men are worthless unless they can produce. Young men can develop these qualities, and must develop both of them if they are to succeed.

Carl F. Mayer—

Came to this country shortly after the war. He wished to write, but found difficulty in handling the new language. Some of his earlier efforts, with a bit of polishing, have already been presented to our readers. His story in this issue, "*No Glory There*," was produced without aid. And it is one of the most powerful and beautifully written pieces that it has been our privilege to receive.

Gussie Ross Jobe—

In spite of a very busy life, has poured out a volume of stories that reveal an intimate acquaintance with life, a rich imagination, and fluent expression. The charming tale of the

"*Two Easter Dresses*" carries one back to a condition of the country that is now only a memory for most older people, and almost unknown to the younger generation.

Ralph P. Mulvane—

Lives in a northwestern city. He is a professional writer, as his work reveals; but he has decided to "tithe his talent" and donate a tenth of his productive effort. And we benefit by receiving a thrilling tale based on an incident taken from the Old Testament. Is it exciting? Read it and see!

Winifred M. Milner—

Was a happy and charming girl as a student, her friends say, and she preserves those qualities as a homemaker and mother. Among other things, she has cherished a desire to write, and you can judge from this example of her work she does it well. One can easily imagine that the lovable "Smiley" resembles one of her own children.

When You Feel Depressed—

Remember that you are better off than the people in many parts of the world in normal times. It is true that some millions of men are out of work in the United States, but they are not making the loudest protests. It is those who have been deprived of their luxuries that make the most complaints. Perhaps we should all feel better if we could look around for some that are less fortunate than ourselves, and *help them*.

The desire to help is a cure for many troubles. Sorrow touches more lightly those that try to comfort others. Poverty afflicts less bitterly those who can think of others. Sharing is the secret of many a happy life.

Happiness, too, depends less upon what you *have* than upon what you *are*. A little soul can starve among many possessions. A great soul can expand with few.

No Glory There

A Tale of War

By CARL F. MAYER

READING the confusing news of the world in the daily papers, I could not help but focus my attention on the fighting Chinese and Japanese. Neither could I prevent myself from seeing men breeding another World War. When the last war was being fought I was a very young man and saw many horrors, especially those that are not conducive to the idea that war is glorious.

Living not so very far from the Western Front, I heard many of the abundant rumors and tales. The war-tired people of that part of the country could not understand why parents should rear sons under difficulties to promising manhood only to have them slaughtered on "The Field of Honor," as the official report would state.

Here is a rather fanciful story that I then heard and then believed. You may believe it now:

MARIE MILLER was her name, and until she was twenty she lived with her parents in a little town nestling among the pine-forested, healthful hills and mountains of the Black Forest of southern Germany. She was high-spirited and hopeful of a happy life. With such an optimistic view she started on her way to make her living in a near-by city.

That was in the days of the prewar time of prosperity. A glorious time it was. In the city Marie met her future husband.

Marie Miller was now Mrs. Lang. During the three years of their happy marriage they were blessed with a baby boy in whom Marie was finding her main interest. But God's ways are mysterious: Her husband died of pneumonia.

Marie went back to work again. In the store where she worked she met a Frenchman,

¶When you think of war, remember this, that its glory is painted in blood, with a brush of human misery, and upon a canvas of desolated country.

¶To those who have never seen it at first hand, the pageantry of war may seem beautiful—its bright uniforms, its martial music and its heroic action stirring the imagination.

¶But those who have seen it at first hand—who have smelled the nauseous stink of trenches, who have heard the moans of the dying, who know the mud and filth of the battle field—say that it is brutal and revolting beyond description.

¶They who clamor most loudly for war are those who are in little danger of reaching the trenches, where there are no bands or speeches, and war is a sordid affair of bullets, bayonets, and blood.

a buyer for a firm in France. Her attractiveness and womanliness had the elegant Frenchman "head-over-heels" in love with her. And before he returned to French soil again, he possessed Marie as his wife.

Marie was now Madam Boulanger. M. Boulanger took her and her little light-haired son to Belfort, France. Their marriage was blessed with another baby boy, the image of his father. About five years later M. Boulanger, a traveling buyer, was killed in a railroad wreck.

Marie now had two charming little boys. One, the light-haired one, was seven years

old, and the dark-haired one was four. As Marie Boulanger had no further interests to keep her in France, she moved back home to Germany to her parents. A little while after, her parents took her to Switzerland. They located in Zurich, a heavenly spot amidst towering mountains, and situated by a lovely lake.

There her boys grew and at the same time found their new father when Marie again married. A Swiss husband this time. Some time later, those two boys could admire a brand new baby girl stirring in her crib.

Marie was now Mrs. Leibig. Her eyes often sparkled when she mentioned her three children of the various nationalities. The first son's name was August, her second son's name, Andre, and the girl's name was Manuela.

Time went on and dark war clouds were gathering on the political horizon. And all of a sudden, war broke.

Mrs. Leibig's two sons were not naturalized. The oldest, the German, was twenty-four, and André, the Frenchman, was twenty-one, Manuela, the Swiss girl, was eighteen. When the nations called their native sons, Germany sent

an order to August to rally to arms, and so did France to André. There were tears and heartaches, when the respective trains pulled out of the stations.

A half year had gone when Manuela decided to join the Red Cross. She was German-speaking and therefore joined with the German army.

IT WAS early in the spring of 1915. Thousands of men had already died, and thousands were suffering. In the valley of Melloncourt, once a fertile field, shells were hitting incessantly. The German lines were in the valley, exposed to the fire of the French Artillery, which was located safely behind the hill west of the valley. Their infantry occupied the trenches running along the hills.

The Germans would not retreat from the valley up into the hills east of the valley, a better protected position, so the "high command" issued orders to storm the French positions and push them back as far as was possible. The night before the attack two divisions moved into the German trench lines. Among those troops that moved in was August, the son of Marie. Further in the rear came the Red Cross workers and their equipment. The German commander knew the battle was going to be bloody.

Toward the morning hours the German artillery opened heavy fire upon the French positions. It lasted for several hours. Then the first battalion, the shock troops, advanced. A literal hell greeted the advancing troops. A counter barrage by the French artillery followed, and drove the shock troops partly back. The loss was great. The attack had failed.

A second bombardment from the German artillery rained upon the French. And then another battalion began the attack. What was left of the shock troops joined the oncoming battalion and they moved uphill with severe losses. When the Germans had begun to break into the French trenches, another French reinforcement arrived, and the Germans, their ranks considerably thinned out, had to fall back to their own trenches.

All that bloodshed had consumed most of the day and neither side had gained any ground. The order of the German high command was, "Take the hill at any cost!"

Around four in the afternoon the German artillery laid a short surprise barrage behind which a whole division of selected troops advanced. When they then approached the French trenches the slaughter began. Hand-to-hand fighting took heavy tolls, and gradually the French moved backward under the continued onslaught.

The moon rose in the sky, revealing with its wan light a ghastly field where thousands of men were moaning and dying.

The rumble of the artillery seemed to have moved away, and the clatter of rifle fire was like the noise of play guns. War had moved westward, leaving behind its ugly marks.

Men whose coat sleeves were adorned with the Red Cross hurried across the shell-torn field. Stretcher upon stretcher swung by, stopped, and was hustled back. The field was even safe enough for nurses to be allowed to assist.

Manuela, accompanied by a Red Cross officer, had just climbed up the comparatively steep hill. The moaning and crying of the wounded men was indescribable—French and Germans all alike. Their blood was red. Their pains were equally hard to bear. Their need was equally pressing.

The officer approached the body of a dead French soldier lying beside a dead German. Apparently they had died while engaged in hand-to-hand combat. Manuela followed a little way behind the officer.

The moon shone down upon the weird scene. The dead men's faces were both youthful. From a bullet wound in the Frenchman's chest the blood was still trickling. The German's stomach was horribly ripped open by his enemy's bayonet. Yet there was no look of hatred upon their young faces—even the marks of pain had departed. Their countenances reflected only peace—peace and the undisturbed kindness that comes with death. Had they come to some understanding in their last agonies? Had they forgiven each other?

It was a scene pathetic and moving, even to an officer who was hardened to the sights of the battle field.

"Look here, Miss," said the officer to Manuela, "they must have killed each other while they were both down."

(Continued on page 120.)

Smiley's Lady

The Second Prize Story

By WINIFRED M. MILNER

AN ARTIST and his child stood on the beach, hand in hand, gazing intently at the sea. It was one of those warm, lazy, California winter mornings that could easily have been mistaken for June, save for the sticky mud that had accumulated from a recent rain.

The sea, calm since the abating of the wind, retained its gray black color, showing signs of turbulent ragings only a few hours past. It was the sea that Phillip Warring came to study, and the artist soul of the man warmed to the inspiration the mighty deep gave back to him. Those deep brown eyes beheld wonders the average person would never see. The sea loosed a mysterious something within him that lifted him out of himself to realms unknown. In a little while he would be putting on canvas the spark of this divine thing the sea had placed within his soul.

When Phillip Warring came to the sea for inspiration he brought only his little son Smiley. And truly Smiley became a part of this divine influence, for he seemed to sense his father's moods, understanding when to talk and when to keep silent. Perhaps the great Creator had passed the artistic touch from father to son, and it needed only an awakening.

He stood now a silent figure, his chubby hand caressing the long slender fingers of Phillip Warring. The wind rumpling the soft brown curls enhanced the beauty of the baby face. Smiley waited patiently. When those eyes he adored finished gazing at the sea, they would turn and smile at him, inviting him to talk. After what seemed a long while the great eyes found their way to the face of the waiting child; and Smiley knew his period of silence had ended. It was time now for their walk down the beach. As they went along, Smiley asked eagerly, "Did you get it, Daddy?"

"Yes, Son—it's going to be a great picture."

"I know it will, Daddy. I like to watch you breathe in a picture. But I like better to talk to you."

"And what's on your mind today, Sunny Smiles?"

"Will you help me write a letter to Santa Claus?"

"Haven't you written him yet? Tomorrow's Christmas, Son."

"I know it, Daddy. I wanted you to help me last night, but you didn't come home early, and Nora put me to bed. I couldn't let Nora help me 'cause I wanted to ask for something 'portant that Nora mustn't know about." Smiley's eyes were luminously blue.

"And what," asked Phillip Warring, gently serious, "does my boy want this year? You've been such a good boy I expect Santa will give you whatever you ask for."

"Oh, Daddy, will he? There's something I want more than anything 'cept you. Daddy, do you think Santa Claus would bring me a mother for Christmas?"

Phillip smiled at the eager, upturned face.

"I don't know, Son. I doubt if Santa carries mothers in his sleigh."

Smiley looked disappointed. "All the boys and girls I know have mothers, 'cept me. Maybe, Daddy, if you'd ask him, he'd let me have one."

Phillip Warring felt the yearning of his baby's heart for a mother's love. Each year, he, too, felt the loss more keenly. Many times Phillip and Smiley had talked over this greatest of all childish problems. When Smiley first discovered other boys and girls had mothers, he began asking questions about his, and Phillip painted in words a picture as real as any he had ever put on canvas.

This mother he created for Smiley became a divine being, a lovely creature whom Smiley grew to reverence and adore. Phillip, with a true artist's conception of how things should be, kept out of the picture all the drab ugly things, he softened the harsh lines, and because he knew that Smiley's love for him was staunch enough to forgive anything, he put the blame upon his own shoulders, so that Smiley's mother might be blameless in the eyes of her child. And strange to say, as Phillip built this ideal for his boy all the bitterness of his own soul melted away, and he began to regard her in the

light of Smiley's picture. The eyes he turned to Smiley now were very serious.

"Smiley, just any kind of mother wouldn't do, would it?"

"Oh, no, Daddy. I found the kind of mother I want when Nora had me on the beach day before yesterday. I talked to her until Nora saw me. I wanted to talk to her longer, but Nora said I mustn't take up with strangers, and she took me right home. Nora didn't like the beach lady, I guess. She didn't talk to her nice a bit. But I love her, Daddy. She's just the kind of mother I've been looking for."

Phillip's eyes twinkled. "What was she like, Son?"

"She's like mamma. She has a little boy somewheres. I ask' her why she didn't find him, and she said his house had a big high wall 'round it, and she couldn't go inside, cause she'd lost the key. I told her I'd be her boy, and she kissed me here." And Smiley touched his dimpled cheek. "Don't ever kiss it off, will you, Daddy? I want to keep it always."

Phillip's hand tightened about the slender fingers of his child, and Smiley continued earnestly. "If Santa would bring me a mother, she could tuck me in bed every night, and kiss me, and pull the covers up tight. You could help her when you're home, just like you do now. I'll always need you, Daddy. Please, will you write the letter for me?"

Phillip suddenly turned his eyes away to hide the mist that had gathered there.

"Let's go over to that bench. I need to sit down, to write a letter as serious as this one."

Smiley broke loose from his father's hand. It was a challenge for a race. Smiley won of course, because Phillip let him, they settled themselves comfortable on the bench, and Philip taking pencil and paper from his pocket, began to write seriously. In a moment he looked up soberly, and read:

Dear Santa:

Smiley needs a mother, and he thinks if I tell you what a fine boy he is, you'll bring him one for Christmas. He wants one like God gave him, and he'll treat her right always. I know because I'm his father.

Respectfully,
Phillip Warring.

Smiley nodded. "He'll bring her, if he's got one. You mail it for me, Daddy. Now please

tell me again about mother. You know lots of nice stories, but that's the bes' one."

And Phillip began, his voice rising and falling to the murmuring of the sea.

"Seven years ago a young artist met and loved a beautiful lady. Her hair was spun from the golden rays of the sun, and matched the daffodils. Her eyes were bluer than the heavens above—they sparkled like a blue Gentian that is covered with dew. Sometimes they were starry and gay, always they were gentle and kind. The angels sent her to earth with kisses that left a dimple in each cheek. Her lips were red as the great red rose, often they smiled, sometimes they laughed, like a rippling brook, or sang sweeter than a bird's song. She was like a fairy, yes, daintier than the fairy queen, herself. Her name was Trixie Anne. One happy day Trixie Anne put her hand into the hand of the artist, and they walked up the aisle of a great church together. When they came back, Trixie Anne was the artist's wife.

"The artist was an ambitious fellow who longed to make a name for himself, so he could give Trixie Anne a fine home, and many comforts to make her happy. He forgot that she was little more than a child, longing for fun and frolic. Many nights he left her alone, while he worked in his studio far into the night, building his beautiful pictures until many came to view them with delight.

"One day God sent into the artist's home a beautiful flower boy, with brown curling hair, and great blue eyes like Trixie Anne's.

"The artist's soul expanded under this great new mystery, and he put into his pictures something of the image of this little bud of molded clay. After that the artist's work piled more heavily upon his shoulders. Although his heart was with Trixie Anne and the smiling flower boy, his pictures kept him away from them, at his easel in the studio. He failed to realize, Smiley, that love means more than fame, or money. He failed to see that love demands more than loyalty and worship. And so, although he didn't mean to, he neglected his Trixie Anne, because he failed to give her the glow of life her young soul craved.

"The artist had a friend whom he trusted. This friend was jolly, and handsome. He wasn't too ambitious, like the artist, so he had lots of time to think of happy things to do.

The artist didn't like to have pretty Trixie Anne spending so much time alone, so he had his friend take her out where life was bright, to gay little affairs, where she sparkled and glowed, the most beautiful flower in the whole company.

"Trixie Anne was so sweet that by and by the artist's friend loved her more than anything else in the world. One night he took her away as his princess. Trixie Anne hated to leave her Smiley boy, but she knew if she took him the artist's soul would shrivel and die; so she crept to the little crib where Smiley boy lay sleeping so contentedly. She bent and kissed him again and again. It wasn't easy for Trixie Anne to leave her baby behind. The artist knows because he found tear stains on the pillow, and she left a note so full of sorrow and anguish that the artist's soul was crushed and bruised by it. But oh, how grateful he was that Trixie Anne had left the baby. He resolved always to put his love for his son above everything else, and since then he has always given a part of each day to making his little boy happy, even as he prays that somewhere his friend is creating happiness in the heart of beautiful Trixie Anne."

Smiley sighed in deep content, when the story was finished.

"Thank you, Daddy. It's such a pretty story."

"You're welcome, sir. Now give me a kiss. Listen, comrade, I'll take you to your own street, and then are you man enough to run the rest of the way home alone?"

"Of course, Daddy."

"All right then, let's go. It's funny, but we've walked almost to the place where I parked my car."

Smiley grinned. "You made us walk this way on purpose."

Phillip Warring took another long look at the sea, this time a girlish face was beckoning him across the water. A yearning took possession of him, as it always did when he talked about Trixie Anne.

They walked to the car in silence, a feeling of loneliness engulfed them, an emptiness that only Trixie Anne could fill.

When they reached the car, it was only a short drive to the Avenue, and the great house,

that was still empty without the love of woman in it.

Phillip drew the little fellow close to him, and planted a kiss on the end of his nose.

"Tell Nora I won't be home to lunch or dinner. I'm finishing an important picture, and I think I'd better stay until I get it done."

Smiley's face clouded. "Oh, Daddy, I'll have to eat alone, and tuck in bed by myself, with only Nora for company." The tears were very near the surface.

"I know what you'd enjoy, boy." Phillip quirked a finger at him playfully. "I'll phone Nora and ask her to take you Christmas shopping this afternoon." He fumbled around in the pocket of his pants. "Here's three shining dollars to jingle in your pocket. Now, mind you, don't spend it all at the same place."

Smiley was radiant as he took the silver. He felt more grown-up than he had ever been in his life before. The selecting of a gift for his father and Nora was very important, but another thought caused the sparkling eyes to glisten. Remembering his letter to Santa Claus he decided to buy a present for his Christmas mother.

Smiley reached home in such high glee he forgot to remove, and leave his rubbers in their accustomed place on the front porch. Nora's observing eye saw them at once, and she sent him out to take them off, sourly cleaning off the tracks he left on the rug.

While Smiley was on the porch the 'phone rang. Smiley didn't see the frown of displeasure when Phillip Warring asked Nora to take him shopping.

"Phillip Warring spoils that child," she grumbled. "Why should I waste a whole afternoon dillydallying? But the master has ordered it, and he will expect to be obeyed."

When Smiley came in he intended to show her his shining dollars, but she was muttering under her breath and sent him at once to wash.

Smiley, struggling with soap and water, wished that Nora would eat with him. The table always seemed so big and lonesome with only one little fellow to eat there, but Nora was frowning, so he didn't ask her.

Lunch over, Nora took him in hand and gave his neck and ears a vigorous scrubbing. She always scrubbed him this way when she was annoyed.

"Nora," Smiley managed to stammer through a mixture of soap and water, "why are you mean to me, when we're alone, and so nice when Daddy's here?"

"Shut up, and speak when you're spoken to."

"Nora, let me wear my real shirt like Daddy's and my long blue pants."

"No."

"Please, Nora."

"I said, *No*."

Smiley wanted to kick, and scream and fight, when he saw Nora go to the drawer and take out his blue velvet suit with its ruffled silk collar and cuffs. It wasn't fair to dress him like a sissy, but he had learned from long experience that it did no good to fight against Nora, so he put them on.

Nora could have ordered a car, but the sunshine of the great outdoors made walking irresistible. Smiley's feet were again thrust into his rubbers, and the walk of a few short blocks to the great downtown began.

Slow plodding Nora couldn't keep up with Smiley. His active spirit was alive to an active world. She scolded and commanded at first, but when under her restraint, he shuffled, or jumped the cracks in the sidewalk, she finally let go his hand, and Smiley was free. Sometimes he ran ahead, to wait for Nora at the curb. Sometimes he walked backward, trying not to step on the cracks in the sidewalk with his heels, and always he was conscious of the shining dollars jingling in his pocket.

The streets, crowded with traffic, didn't interest him much, until suddenly within the jumble of cars coming forward to pass him, Smiley recognized the face of his beach lady. Smiley's hungry little heart, yearning for a mother's love, had responded to the kind words, and the kiss of his Lady. He couldn't let her pass him by, without being sure she had seen him. Before anyone could stop him, he raced into the unsuspecting traffic, his shrill baby voice calling joyously, "Beach Lady! Beach Lady!"

Nora stood petrified, her leaden feet frozen to the sidewalk, her tongue glued to the roof of her mouth.

Too late to stop, the beach lady saw the little figure run in front of her. She swerved the car, in an effort to miss him, and plunged headlong into the car in front of her.

It was all done so quickly. Confusion was everywhere. Women screamed, men swore hoarsely under their breath. Policemen, arriving from nowhere, took charge of things, and those not interested in the wreck were soon moving on. It was only one of those accidents that occur daily in every great city.

Smiley's head ached dully. Through a sort of mist he saw Nora bending over him. She seemed to be crying. Then some one else plunged through the crowd and knelt down beside him—some one with yellow hair that matched the daffodils, curling under a little black hat. She bent over him tenderly, tying something soft around his head. It was her scarf.

"Baby, baby," she sobbed, as she bandaged his bleeding head. "I tried to miss you, darling—I thought I had. Stand back, everybody. Give him room. Can't you see the child needs air?" She examined him all over, testing his legs and arms, then she lifted him gently, paying no attention to Nora's tirades. When a policeman bothered her about the wreck, she promised to make settlement for the damaged car, and when some one suggested calling an ambulance, she answered sharply:

"I've called for an ambulance. If my car would run, I'd have him in the hospital by now." Some one told her to carry him into a house, but she shook her head. "Here's the ambulance now. I'm going to get in, and go with him to the hospital." Nora followed numbly.

Sometime later, Smiley lay in a white hospital bed, sleeping off the ether they had given him. Several stitches had been taken in his head.

The beach lady stood beside him, looking down at him tenderly. Nora, a picture of gloom, stood frowning at the window. A nurse in a white cap stood watching Smiley's breathing. After a moment she turned, "Bad bruises, and a fractured skull; that boy's lucky to be alive."

When the nurse had gone, Nora wheeled around angrily, and muttered sharply:

"It seems to me you've stayed around here long enough. The kid's fixed up. I'm sure he'll live. The sooner you pass through that door, and get out of here, the better off Smiley and the rest of us will be."

"Oh, Nora, please let me alone just a little while."

"You needn't get so familiar, using my first name. I was Nora to you five years ago, when you were Mrs. Warring. Once I would have eaten out of your hand, but them days are passed. I was your trusted servant then. I'm nothing to you now, and you're nothing to me. I've taken care of Smiley ever since you walked out and left him. Phillip Warring has given me full charge of him, and I don't need any help from you in raisin' him."

The Beach Lady knelt down beside the bed and caught Smiley's hand convulsively.

"Oh, baby, baby, if you could only know how much I love you—how lonely I am—how empty my life is. Maybe some day out of the bigness of your heart, you'll forgive me for being such a fool."

"You've been a fool all right; but you needn't come around the baby there with any of your soft soap, trying to get him back, because I'm telling you, it won't do. Phillip Warring is tickled to death to be rid of you. All you ever brought him or Smiley was a lot of grief. If you don't want to be embarrassed you'd better be going. Phillip Warring will be coming in any minute now. He's had plenty of time to get here since I phoned. He won't lose any time getting to his boy. There's one thing I want you to understand before you leave. Phillip Warring don't want you coming to the house to see Smiley, and if you start meeting him out places, I reckon there's means he can use to put a stop to that, too."

Choking with dry sobs, the Beach Lady drew Smiley's dimpled hand to her lips and kissed it passionately; then rising she tucked one of the soft brown curls under the big white bandage. She brushed her hand gently across one of his little flushed cheeks. Her yearning eyes folded in the picture of him lying there—his baby face beautiful as an angel's, twitched now and then, as if in pain. She was reliving the past with all its mistakes and heartaches, failing to remind Nora that they had taken her in when she was penniless and alone, and given her a trusted place in their household because she had been kind to Phillip's mother.

Suddenly Smiley's great blue eyes opened. He was floating back to consciousness.

"Beach Lady!" he whispered contentedly, and closed his eyes again.

"You'd better go now," Nora whispered. "Smiley's coming to."

Fiercely the Beach Lady turned upon her: "I don't care if Phillip Warring comes and finds me here. I'm this boy's mother. I have a right here. I know I've wronged my baby. I wish to heaven I hadn't, but there isn't any reason why I should go on neglecting him. He wants me, and there isn't any one on earth can drive me away from him until his father gets here to take charge of him."

Before anyone was aware of his arrival Phillip Warring entered the room, arriving in time to hear the last part of Trixie Anne's speech.

Even in the angry tones, Phillip recognized a silver ring belonging to the wife of his choice. Her back was turned toward him; there was something strangely familiar about it, and the tilt of the little head, wearing the black hat.

Phillip stood for a moment, tense, hungrily drinking in the vision of the girl before him. In that moment he relived the lonely past, with its suffering and heartache.

A sudden weakness came over him. If they had told him his child was dead the shock would have been no greater than seeing Trixie Anne before him. His throat felt dry. Moisture stood out on his forehead in beads. He spoke her name softly:

"Trixie Anne."

The beach lady turned.

"Trixie Anne—you've—come—back!"

"Phil, after all these years—I know you don't want me here—I don't want to bother you, Phil—but Smiley—I had to see him."

"Trixie Anne, tell me I'm not dreaming!"

He walked over and took her hand. His brown eyes burned like coals.

"Tell me, Trixie Anne," he cried fiercely, "Are you free? Have you come back to me?"

A look of wonderment shone in the eyes of Trixie Anne, and as she met Phil's gaze he saw that she, too, had suffered. Was she dreaming? Could it be that Phillip was asking her to come back?

"Trixie Anne—answer me! Are you free—or are you the wife of Dock Ellingsby?"

Trixie Anne shook her head.

"I'm nobody's wife."

Phillip looked beyond Trixie Anne to Nora,

who stood gaping. "Nora, will you leave the room for awhile? I want to talk to Trixie Anne alone."

Nora went out, frowning at Trixie Anne, and muttering uncomplimentary things under her breath.

When she had gone Phil caught Trixie Anne's hands in his. His face was radiant.

"Trixie Anne, I love you. I want you to come home. We've been needing you so long. Will you come back to Smiley and me?"

Suddenly Trixie Anne found herself in Phillip's arms. She was crying softly. After a moment she looked up, and the light of heaven was in her face.

"Phil, darling, when I went away with Dock, and left a note asking you to release me, I was a fool. If you loved me, why did you divorce me without a protest?"

"There was nothing else to do. You said you loved Dock Ellingsby."

Trixie Anne buried her face in his coat collar. Her voice was very low.

"I thought I did—but when you seemed glad to let me go—I found myself wanting to stay. I've wished a thousand times I'd gone back and told you how I felt."

"If you only had!"

"After the divorce I didn't marry Dock. Somehow I just couldn't."

"You didn't marry Dock—but I don't understand—why didn't you come home?"

"I guess it was pride that kept me away from you. I was young, Phil. I had to learn a great many things through suffering. I went home to mother and dad, five thousand miles away from you. I intended to stay until you sent for me, but you didn't send."

"I thought you were married."

Trixie nodded. "That winter I took pneumonia. I had it hard. It took me a long time to get over it. I was lonely for you, and every child I saw reminded me of Smiley. I had lots of time to wonder why I got that divorce."

"When I was able and ready to go back to you one of the girls from here called on me and told me you were married. Life suddenly seemed empty and dull. I realized what I'd lost. It's queer how one keeps right on living after the heart is dead. I found work and stuck to it trying to forget the past, but love is a hard thing to kill, and a person can't go on

living for ever without her child. I've been here three weeks, living near Smiley, watching him play. He's wonderful, Phil. If only I had had a part in making him what he is! I'm so unworthy of him. Ever since I came back I've wanted to go to you, but your life seemed so full. And—you—still—need—me—Phil."

Smiley stirred and opened his eyes. This time he was fully awake, but Phil and Trixie Anne weren't looking at Smiley. For the first time in five years, Phillip Warring was kissing Smiley's mother.

"Daddy, has Santa Claus been here?"

At the sound of the baby voice Trixie Anne and Phillip turned and knelt beside the bed.

"I saw you kissing my Beach Lady, Daddy."

Phillip's eyes were starry. He couldn't hold back the tears that were streaming down his face.

"Son, you got an awful wallop on the head. You're a brave boy, Smiley. You won't get excited if I tell you a secret?"

Smiley shook his head.

"I just saw Santa. He said he'd leave the beach lady with us always for a Christmas mother. She's the lady you wanted. The best part of it is, Son, God made her for us. This is Trixie Anne, Smiley, your very own mother—no wonder you loved her."

Smiley suddenly reached up his arms, and Trixie Anne, being careful of his bruises, received in that embrace, her welcome home.



Building Upon a Failure

Pretty nearly every great blessing we enjoy today is built upon a failure. Across the River Tay in Scotland there is a wonderful bridge, the longest in the world, but it is laid upon the ruins of a failure. A great engineer, Sir Thomas Bouch, many years before had designed and completed a similar structure, which collapsed one dark night in a gale and carried with it fourscore human beings down to a watery grave, and drove the famous engineer into an asylum, a wreck both in body and mind. Other engineers followed. They learned from Sir Thomas's mistakes; they improved upon his plans; and their success is due to his failure. So three cheers to the man who fails. Not infrequently he is the real victor.—*Malcolm J. McLeod, in The Revival of Wonder; Fleming H. Revell Company.*

The End of the Trail

By RALPH P. MULVANE

WITH SCORN, red as the setting sun's glow bathing Tob valley and meadow, Sarilla lashed the young man. Scorn that was mere pretense to hide the fear in her heart.

"So!" cried Sarilla, "the mighty Jephthah hath been called to succor Gilead and Artul wouldst go with him to fight Gilead's enemies?"

The slender, olive-skinned daughter of the shepherd Gabelun laughed, but her laugh was hard as the glance her black eyes shot past Artul, squirming, to the gray mud-brick house of Jephthah. And quickly she thrust again:

"To fight, sayest thou? Nay, not for that, but to be near the captain's daughter. Thou art changeable as the wind. Now I see that thy soft words bear wings."

Under his brown tunic the muscles of Artul's sword-arm tensed; in his short, powerful neck they twitched. He shook his head of wavy black hair, fumbled for words. How sharp were a woman's eyes! Still he must deny, seek to assuage the anger and hurt his announcement had caused, for Gabelun was wily and stood high in Jephthah's favor. Had he not befriended Gilead's outcast from the start?

"Thy tongue is quick," said Artul, nettled. "Hear me once again. Gilead's elders came to beseech the captain to lead Israel against the children of Ammon who hath sorely pressed Israel. Should Jephthah deliver Israel, he will be head over all Gilead and first in power." Artul's voice lowered with subtle insinuation: "And if Artul rides at Jephthah's right hand, canst thou foresee what fortune may then be his—and thine?"

A moment the shepherd girl's pretty, flushed face softened; her lithe, curving body in yellow, flowing garments, swayed; a dainty, brown, bare foot half moved toward Artul. She wanted to believe him, but his subterfuge was all too plain. The calm, pale face of Jephthah's daughter, Adah, had entranced him.

Sarilla straightened. "Prattle!" she derided. "Jephthah's brothers drove him from his father's house. This is a trap to snare him—and thou, if thou leavest Tob."

And he must not leave, she was thinking. She must temporize till a plan was apparent. Artul pressed foolish denial:

"Nay," he said. "Jephthah is wise. He told the Gilead elders he knew that Israel had worshiped Baalim and Ashtaroth, the gods of Syria, Zidon, Moab, Ammon, and even of the Philistines. And, by these tokens, who might rely on their pledges? But the elders swore by the Lord God of Israel, and Jephthah bound them, saying:

"Thou shalt take witness before the Lord of thy promise to me, in Mizpeh."

"So, Sarilla, it is thy fears that are the prattle. Jephthah will sweep the Ammonites into the earth, and in victory he will remember Artul."

Pride stiffened Sarilla. Courage from a plan forming. She knew neither war nor its reward spurred this man whom she loved, but a sudden passion for the tall, queenly Adah. For a woman unskilled in love, who could thrill at the first soft words and caressing glances. An ache stabbed Sarilla. Artul had forgotten the tender thoughts he'd breathed to her as they watched their flocks together.

And, aching, Sarilla smiled as a woman will, to dissemble: "Thou wilt be a great captain, too, Artul," she said. "We will be proud of thee. When dost thou leave?"

"E'er the sun rises again," he said, pleased. He bowed to her and sought to brush her fingers with his own. "Thou shalt be proud, Sarilla," he promised. "And now I must hasten to make ready."

The girl's smile died as the youth swung off across the fields. Already she realized it would be futile to oppose his going. A thousand sheep grazed the broad lands of Artul's father. His granaries were full and his ambition for Artul would leap to the young man's hopes. Nay, there was a better way.

At Jephthah's door she paused. Jephthah himself was coming out, his massive head bent to avoid the lintel and his frame seeming barely to clear the opening. Behind him trailed the Gilead elders, somber men in striped tunics and dust-stained turbans, who vainly strove to

match Jephthah's stride. They gave Sarilla no heed, so she gently knocked and slipped inside the door.

Rising from her knees at the open hearth, Adah came to meet her, and Sarilla noted bitterly that Jephthah's departure already was under way. Household garments were being piled in a wide stout cloth spread on the earthen floor. Edging the mantel over the hearth were clay goblets, their sides stained with the fresh wine with which Jephthah had drunk a toast with his guests.

"Sarilla!" greeted Adah. "Thou hast heard?"

"Aye," returned Sarilla. "And with thy beauty and thy father's position, thou wilt be a great lady, sought for mating by many men."

Narrowly she watched the effect of her words. But Adah's face gave no answering color, nor, untrained as was she in a woman's wiles, did she suspect aught. Only pride in her father stood out.

"The wrong done my father is to be righted," Adah said. "Come, sit thee down while I gather the garments. I shall miss thee, Sarilla."

Sarilla sat on a sheep-skin, crossing her brown feet under her yellow robe. Under long, black lashes her dark glances traveled the white garments of the quiet woman beside her as they talked. At length Sarilla said:

"But if thy father should fail?"

Swiftly Adah answered: "The Lord will guide his hand."

"The Lord!" Sarilla exclaimed involuntarily. What kind of Lord, indeed, was He who permitted a love to be swept aside as chaff. But noting Adah's curious glance, Sarilla hastened to add: "Aye, to be sure. But my heart is heavy. Thou and I hath been much in company, even as sisters, and I can not bear thy going."

Adah's hand closed over Sarilla's. "True," she said. "I will think of thee daily."

"Nay," cried Sarilla, "that will not suffice. I would go with thee. Thou wilt need handmaidens when thy father is made head over Gilead. I beg thee to let me serve."

"But thy father? He is old; he needs thee."

"This day he gave his consent."

Adah's laugh was of pure delight. "Then I am glad," he responded. "Thou shalt go if thou canst be ready as day breaks."

As a fawn, Sarilla leaped to her feet. Ex-

citement tinged her velvet cheeks with a flush of rose. She danced, pulling the laughing Adah to her feet.

"Fear not," said Sarilla. "I will not sleep with joy."

Then she was off, fleeing over the dusk-covered fields with light feet. But Adah, watching from the door, felt suddenly troubled. As if a cool breeze stirred her garments, she shivered.

WITHIN the stone house of Jephthah in Gilead all was bustle. Wicks of cotton, deep in tallow, burned in brass lamps. Two men with writing scrolls toiled on the captain's message to the King of Ammon. Outside messengers waited, and the white charger of Jephthah, biding the work of his fiery master. Adah and her handmaidens ground grain for baking, plaited leather for sandals, and betimes stole a walk down the scented grass trail which led into the valley below and, there, into a thicket of stately cedars.

The scribes finished. Jephthah's mighty voice bellowed for Artul.

"Here, my captain."

The young warrior slipped in from the door noiselessly. Sarilla's heart pounded and Adah's glorious face softened. But under the scrutiny of Jephthah Artul stood at stiff attention.

"Take this to the King of Ammon and bide his answer," Jephthah commanded.

Artul wheeled and vanished. Followed other messengers, each sent with one message to all parts of Gilead:

"Let warriors be raised up, with all the implements of war. Cause the flocks to be assembled from the valleys and see that the barley granaries are filled. An army must be fed."

So it went through two long days. At each dusk the women scattered for the milking, or to breathe the cooling air of evening as it sweetened the cedar glade. The second evening tears, like pearls, glistened in Adah's eyes.

"Thou weepst?" queried Sarilla.

"Only that the messenger to Ammon may return in safety," said Adah.

A sharp pang shot Sarilla's heart. "So thou lovest him?" she asked.

Adah's wide eyes were pools of mystery. "Love?" she said. "I know not. What is love, Sarilla? Hast thou ever known it?"

"Love," answered Sarilla quickly, "knoweth no bounds—neither of righteousness nor evil. To gain love, one would sacrifice honor, wealth, fame, friends—"

But Adah shut her ears and begged Sarilla to cease. "Surely," she said, "that is not love. Love meaneth the giving of all that one hath. Losing one's life for another. Love is white as a lily."

"Poor fool!" murmured Sarilla to herself. "She hath much to learn."

IN SOLEMN council with Jephthah gathered the elders of Gilead to hear Ammon's answer.

"He hath no knowledge of writing," began Artul. "So he bade me say unto Jephthah that Israel, coming out of Egypt, took away his land from Arnon even unto Jabbok and the Jordan. Let Israel restore these lands and peace shall reign."

Dismay wrote itself on the grave countenances of the elders. But Jephthah towered before them in a rage. He brandished a hairy fist, shouting:

"He lieth. Return to him. Remind him that Israel was denied passage through the lands of the Kings of Edom and Moab, so that then Israel went about the borders of those lands and pitched on the other side of Arnon."

Gray beards of the elders nodded assent. "It is true," they said.

But Jephthah's words rushed on as a torrent of water:

"And say also that Israel sought passage of Sihon, King of the Amorites, and of the traitor Heshbon who fell with his forces upon Israel. Remind this lustful King of Ammon that Israel smote Sihon by the aid of the Lord God of Israel and came thus rightly into possession of the land of the Amorites. Tell him we stand fast."

Pending Artul's second return, messengers sped to Manasseh to collect men, grain, mutton. All things were to be ready lest the King of Ammon blind his eyes to reason.

And when Artul did come, near the close of day, Jephthah laughed at his sober face and took the words from his mouth.

"So he desireth war? Ho! Ho! His soul is filled with lust and greed? Good! Let him come up against us. The Lord God of Israel

shall be our judge. Go now, Artul, and summon the elders and our forces to meet me in Mizpeh."

Wearily, Artul turned to obey, but was stopped by the pleading voice of Adah.

"My father, he is worn with travel. Let him bide a moment for rest and food."

"So be it, my daughter," said Jephthah kindly. "But not for long."

As Jephthah turned away, Artul cast a glance at Adah that made Sarilla, lingering behind with other handmaidens, lower her own eyes in shame. But quickly she raised them to read Adah's face. Adah looked straight ahead with shining, clear eyes.

Bitterness swept Sarilla's soul. She drew timidly near the master of the house.

"Sir," she begged, "vouchsafe to me an answer to that which perplexeth me greatly."

He inclined his head. "Speak, Sarilla."

"If one maketh a vow to the Lord God, can it be revoked?"

Jephthah's hand rested on the girl's small head as a caress.

"Never," he said solemnly. "Why asketh thou?"

"I wondered," she answered slowly. Then with childlike curiosity: "What wilt thou vow in Mizpeh, master?"

Good humor wrapped Jephthah, for the nearness of war was manna to his soul. He laughed and said, half in jest:

"Perhaps thou couldst suggest a sacrifice worthy of Israel's cause?"

Lest he read the tell-tale lights in her eyes, Sarilla's glance flitted toward the stone house and its courtyard, whence moved sheep, fowl and cattle, choice gifts brought up by the elders of Gilead for their leader's household. Jephthah, following her glance, smiled.

"It is too great for me to decide, master," Sarilla said simply. "Any one of these, thy possessions, which greeteth thee, is indeed worthy of sacrifice."

A rumbling laugh of delight parted the man's lips.

"Thou hast given me an idea," he said. "Now be gone to thy mistress."

But Sarilla hid in the courtyard shadows till Artul came out for his horse. In the moonlight her face was pale and fair as any in all Gilead, and her voice like music. About her waist a

tassled girdle held tightly her yellow robe, and on the slender, rounded arm she raised to the horse's bridle was the sheen of a silver bracelet.

"Artul!" she called.

He paused impatiently.

"Well?"

"Dost thou remember the valleys of Tob in summer? The great flowered meadows, the peace over all?"

His voice was curt. "I must hasten, Sarilla. When I return—"

"Dost remember, Artul?" she pleaded, coming nearer.

He tried to draw back. "Of course," he said, clipping his words. "But what nonsense is this, Sarilla?"

The curtain of dark hid the red imprint of white teeth on ruby lips. Still she went on:

"Once thou didst say thou lovest me. Then let us return to our homes, Artul, away from war and strife. See! I will ride with thee."

He thrust her roughly away, snapping: "Aye, and set the tongues of gossip wagging. Be gone that I may do the captain's mission. Why didst thou follow me into Gilead?"

Proudly the girl drew erect. Her voice cut as steel.

"Nonsense, thou sayest? Thy words were as water on the sand, then? Thy head is turned by a woman's face—nay, for I saw thy glance." Her harsh laugh tinkled. "Love is a lily, eh? Bah! Ride if thou wilt."

Astounded by her outburst, vaguely alarmed, he sought to stop her.

"Sarilla!" he exclaimed.

She mocked him. "Ride, O warrior bold. Sound trumpet and bare steel. Thy lady waiteth."

With that she fled from him, to a shadowed corner of the house where silent sobs shook her. Artul angrily mounted. As the animal's hoof beats died in the distance, an old man with a sharp-pointed beard and a staff came out from behind the courtyard well. He placed his hand on Sarilla's shoulder.

"My daughter," he said.

"Father!" she whispered, in his arms.

"Sh!" he warned. "I heard what thou didst say to Artul. So he would cast thee off, eh? By my beard, we shall see—"

With one hand she covered his lips. "Nay, father, listen. If thou lovest me, go thou

swiftly to Mizpeh and there hear what vow the great Jephthah maketh to the Lord God of Israel. Then speed thee back to me."

"But, my daughter—"

"Hush! Already the men of Gilead come."

Down the road sounded a dull thud of marching feet, then the voices of young Gilead raised in hymn. Silently father and daughter moved along the courtyard wall to watch. Gilead was in the field. With gleaming spears and leathern shields clattering on short-bladed swords, they came and passed. Their lips swelled a sonorous refrain to the cadence of their feet.

And from the doors of the village houses slipped the women of Israel, white splotches in the moonlight, adding treble voices to the stirring hymn.

"Now," whispered Sarilla.

So he left her to join the marching throng. But as he plodded on, Gabelun spat upon the ground and mumbled in his beard.

QUIET reigned in the house of Jephthah and the fields round about. Deserted, the redolent, grassy trail to the cedar glade. Silent women and children tended the flocks and minded the crops. For days there had been no news. Tension was in the air, to change in a twinkling when a messenger, drawn of face and dust-covered, dropped suddenly into the village.

"Ammon hath fallen!" he cried. "The mighty Jephthah returneth in peace. Let there be joy."

On he hurried to carry the news, killing the dread of uncertainty. As by magic the sound of flute and harp, cymbals and horn filled the air. There was great cooking and preparation for the victors' return.

But Gabelun had not come. As one frantic, Sarilla waited, searching the face of every arrival. And many there were to give Jephthah welcome. Among their tents and fires Sarilla wandered, looking, with ears open and fear clutching her heart.

She was in despair when Gabelun came at the close of the second day after the messenger had left. She flew to make him a bed in the courtyard, demanding his message as soon as they were alone.

"The vow! Quick, tell me of it, for all dependeth on that."

Gabelun permitted himself a dust-dry cackle. "I myself heard it," he said. "First, the elders pledged that Jephthah should be Judge over all Gilead if he defeated Ammon—"

"Oh, but his vow," she broke in.

"Then Jephthah vowed, saying:

"'Oh, Lord of Hosts, if thou shalt deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, then will I give unto thee whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace, and I will offer it up to thee for a burnt offering.'"

"Whatsoever cometh forth out of his house," the girl's lips mumbled. Again they opened, to whisper: "For a burnt offering!"

Her father shivered and peered into her upturned face.

"Sarilla, that look on thy face. Art thou mad?" he questioned.

Suddenly she laughed, a laugh chilling as the tinkle of shattered glass.

"Love is a white lily," she muttered. "Well, we shall see. Aye, we shall know."

Wildly she threw her arms into the air, evaded her father's grasp and fled.

THROUGH the sun-strewn air of Jephthah's village drifted sounds of shouting voices, blaring horns and the shrill cries of children. The great Judge was nearing his home.

In his house all was now ready. Jars were filled with fresh water for his bathing; there was new baking, new sandals for his feet. In their brightest garments Adah's handmaidens waited breathlessly. All in white was Adah. Her dark, flowing hair glistened like a mirror-pool of water as Sarilla combed it and fastened white flowers in its wavy silkiness at the temples. Meanwhile, Sarilla whispered to her mistress:

"Thou art his daughter. Therefore must thou be first of his household to greet him. Play thy timbrels and dance as thou goest forth."

And Adah, with shining eyes, murmured gladly: "He will come on his white charger."

"Hark! He is close." Sarilla peeked out the door. "Not yet. I will tell thee." She darted into the rear of the courtyard for a last flash of hard, bright eyes. Leaning against the well wall she saw her father, stout stick in hand. She smiled knowingly. Not a sheep, not another living thing left in the courtyard.

Sarilla flew back into the house, to the door where Adah stood. Once more she peeked, drew back, thrust the timbrels into Adah's hands and pushed her out, laughing.

"Now!" she cried gaily. "We will follow thee."

The white charger pranced with proudly lifted knees as if knowing the god in leather cuirass who strode him was almost so regarded. At Jephthah's side swung lazily his long, broad blade; over his shoulder hung his shield of battle, red-stained, though the red long ago was coated with dust. Close behind him rode Artul, his eyes alight with a strange desire. The two men, cut loose from the marching hosts of Israel by the shouting, singing throng, smiled straight ahead. Though women and children strewed flowers across their path, crying, "Long live our Judge!" Jephthah's glance was riveted solely on the door of his household.

From this door now came Adah, holding high her timbrels, light fingers moving over the strings. With singing and dancing, her handmaidens followed.

"My father!" called Adah. "Welcome home."

But Jephthah jerked the bridle of his charger so that the animal reared as it stopped. The Judge's body seemed to shrink; his brows contracted as if by pain; the light of joy died from his eyes.

"My only child!" he groaned.

"Father," said Adah, springing to his side, "thou art ill?"

Jephthah rent his garments and flung the shield to the ground.

"Aye, to the heart," he answered. "Alas, my child, thou hast brought me very low, for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord that whatsoever came forth out of my house to meet me on my return, I would offer up to the Lord as a burnt offering. And I can not go back on my vow."

No shadow darkened Adah's fair face. Sarilla, watching closely, suddenly shrank at the radiance that shone therein, for Adah reached up cool white arms to aid her father from his horse, while her voice consoled him.

"Then why art thou stricken?" she asked. "If thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord thus, then do to me according to that which

thou hast vowed, for the Lord God hath been merciful unto Israel."

But Jephthah staggered on his feet like a drunken man. Artul sat his horse like an image of stone. To him Sarilla half lifted her arms. He saw. The consuming fire which, in his own eyes encompassed Adah, vanished. The scorn of his glance withered the daughter of Gabelun.

It was then that Jephthah cried out to the silent people: "Cursed be Ammon! I have smote them from Aroer to Minnith—twenty cities—and to the plain of the vineyards. Our weapons have drunk deep of their blood, yet not so deep as will this vow drink of mine."

Tall and straight as any pine, Adah stood before him. Some witnesses there were who whispered that her eyes saw them all, yet passed through them and beyond. Clearly, with bell-like tones, she was heard:

"Thou must not grieve, my father. If one loveth the Lord, what then should one not give? For behold, my father, if even life shall be given here, it shall meet with a glorious reward. So, I pray, give me but two months to go up and down upon the mountains with my handmaidens, that I may prepare myself."

Jephthah's head nodded, sank upon his breast. Men had to aid the mighty warrior into his house. None had notice for Artul who, sliding off his horse, made straight for a lone figure in yellow. She covered her face with her arms, but he snatched one arm away roughly. With his other hand he tilted her white face toward his while he searched it with piercing eyes. Then he flung the woman away.

"Thou hast done this thing," he charged. "It is written in thy eyes and on thy soul. Go and beg the Lord for mercy."

As one stricken, with parched, soundless lips, Sarilla dropped to her knees. Above her she heard a voice:

"Accuse not my handmaiden who grieveth for me. And, my friend, if that which methought I read in thy eyes was true, thou wilt be kind to her. Take her back with thee to Tob. Forgive her at all times, even as the Lord wouldst forgive, for she loveth thee."

Artul's dry sob came dimly to Sarilla, pitching forward in a faint.

HHEAD bent, lips in mumbled prayer, Jephthah the Judge rode his white charger down the scented trail in the meadows to the

cedar glade deep in the valley. Beside him rode his daughter, in purest white, and about them walked mourning handmaidens. The fields were thick with slowly moving, grieving people. Only Sarilla was not there. As mist blown before the wind she had disappeared, and Artul, walking now with a double load on his heart, was sorely oppressed.

From a brassy blue sky the sun's hot rays struck the still cedars, dissolving into softened warmth over the stone altar erected in the glade on which a square-faggoted bier waited mutely at the end of the trail. There the mighty Judge dismounted, stumbled and would have fallen but for Artul's quick support.

Turning in anguish to his daughter, Jephthah held her in close embrace, while through the aisles of cedar drifted the mourners in steady stream.

"Farewell, my own," said Jephthah. "Thou takest with thee my heart."

"Nay, father," smiled Adah, "my heart is thine for ever, yet in a little while shall we meet. Oh, fear thee not, for, Lo, the Lord is my shepherd and thine."

He could speak no more. She slipped from his arms and walked toward the funeral pyre. So like a gleaming shaft of light was she, so dazzlingly bright, that Jephthah hid his face and the people of Israel bowed themselves low.

But halfway to the altar, Adah stopped. A woman of disheveled hair and torn yellow garments, speeding through the cedars, flung herself on the ground before Adah, sobbing aloud:

"Oh, God, have mercy on a sinner. Take thou me instead."

And with that the woman rose and sought to launch herself on the pyre. Adah's hand restrained her with a touch light, yet so strong that it held the repentant woman fast, causing her once more to drop on her knees.

"Nay, nay, Sarilla," came Adah's soft voice. "Whatever it is thou hast done, thou art forgiven. Weep not. See! I am happy. Real love hath come to me. I know it, Sarilla, for such love is white as the lily."

A strange peace filled Sarilla's heart. It seemed she heard a heavenly chorus singing, and at length she lifted her head, looked about. Flame, without smoke, consumed the faggoted bier, yet standing erect thereon, smiling, with

(Continued on page 117.)

Two Easter Dresses

By GUSSIE ROSS JOBE

NORMA WELLS sat back upon her heels and dropped some pins from her mouth to her hand. She gave her sister Betty a turn around and, twitching at the girl's skirts, she cried plaintively: "Oh, Betty, I've ruined it! Your pretty Easter dress—it's *miles* too short!"

Betty tiptoed to the mirror to get a proper view of the length of the skirt. Yes, it *was* too short for the prevailing mode, but Betty hated to admit it. Norma had been such a darling, dropping all her other work to alter the dress for Betty.

Norma was only sixteen, two years older than Betty, and there was still Tommy, aged ten, and Father. All were loving cares upon Norma's young shoulders since Mother had died. Poor Norma! Even with Betty's help it was not much fun to be housekeeper, seamstress, cook, counselor and comforter to the bereaved family.

Tomorrow was Easter. Both sisters were members of the Junior League and the Easter program included them both. But Betty, of the golden voice, was to sing a solo and Norma's pride in her sister was unbounded. She must have a new dress regardless of all else, so all the money that Norma could spare went into this marvelous dress and coat all of eighteen dollars. It was a lovely dress, too, a ready-made one of corn-color georgette, trimmed with delicate ruffles of flesh-pink maline, a dainty corsage of artificial Dorothy Perkins roses.

As the girls stood in the center of the sun-flooded living room, the side porch door opened and shut. A whiff of lilac and a voice calling out, "Whoo-hoo—where is everybody?"

The sisters' faces cleared like magic. "Aunt Nan," they breathed in delight, "Goody, she will know what to do. How lucky." Then, "We're in here, Aunt Nan, ruining Betty's Easter dress—just look!"

Aunt Nan stood in the doorway smiling at them. She was blonde, middle-aged, and a trifle plump. Her clothes were the essence of good taste and marvelous grooming. She fished her "nose pinchers" from her purse and fitted them as she talked, preparing to survey the dress. "Well, lambs, I've been helping

decorate the church and I do think it's pretty—Easter lillies, jonquils, narcissus, smilax thicker than a dog's foot—what a sweet dress! What did you say is wrong with it?"

"Oh, Aunt Nan, I've ruined it," wailed Norma. "On account of the ruffle on the bottom I couldn't trim the hem; so I tried to cut a bit from beneath the center ruffle—and just look at it—it all hangs crooked and looks like Crazy Sue's old mother hubbard." Norma wiped a chagrined tear away.

Aunt Nan looked grave as with glasses adjusted she examined the dress. Yes, it certainly looked bad. To trim it evenly would make it still shorter and Aunt Nan stood considering.

"Take it off, Lovey, and let me have it."

Aunt Nan took off her smart jackette and settled herself with the dress, a laughing as she did so. The girls loved Aunt Nan's laugh, so real and hearty, but today they looked at each other in astonishment. A spoiled dress was no laughing matter to the sisters. Aunt Nan was speaking. "Mercy! how history does repeat itself. This reminds me of an Easter dress that I made for myself when I was seven years old." Norma and Betty liked nothing better than Aunt Nan's reminiscences of her quaint and forlorn childhood.

ORPHANED of her mother at the age of two, she had been taken by a stern sister of her father, a childless old puritan living with her husband on a remote Missouri farm. Here she had lived a meager little life, unwanted and unloved until her Father had married again. Norma and Betty knew of the devotion between Grandma and Aunt Nan, and they had heard their mother tell many times that she had been a grown girl before she knew that Nan was not her real sister—only a half sister—and how bitterly Mother had cried on learning it. Yes, Grandma had certainly made it up to Nan—all those hard unloved days. Aunt Nan reeled off a length of thread and looked at the waiting nieces.

"You know, of course, that we lived on a farm, and people worked hard on the farms in

those days. Water had to be drawn from a well in a bucket and carried ever so far to the house. There was soap to make, bread to bake, meat to dress and cure, bedding to piece and quilt, feathers to sort for beds. There were no ready-made clothes those days, except shoes and some rather inferior stockings. There was no time to spend on fancy clothes. We wore only the most necessary clothing. I can still remember how I yearned for a red calico dress. But this was vanity in Aunt Matt's sight, and most of the time as a little child I ran around in the simplest outfit composed of a little buttoned sleeveless waist and panties. All summer I was clad thus, and how ashamed I was! Of course there weren't many travelers passing in those days, but I remember when a wagon team or a man on a mule would pass by, I'd run behind the smokehouse and hide in the weeds until they passed. It was nearing Easter and Father had just been out to the farm and brought some dry goods. Father worked in Capitol City in a Tannery, and often came out on the 'hack line' to see his motherless little girl, pay Aunt Matt my board bill, and bring me something nice. Sometimes it was a bag of striped candy or a marvelous chocolate mouse with a string tail. This time it was the goods for an Easter dress.

"I THOUGHT I had never seen such beauty as was in that length of soft wool challie, and its warm red background sprigged with tiny white flowers.

"Aunt Matt fingered it, raveled its edges, snipped off a bit and chewed it to test its color, finally she pronounced it a good piece of 'stuff' and promised to lay her paper pattern, cut and fit and stitch it in time for the Easter services at Goshen.

"I was enraptured, visioning my little self in the splendor of the red dress. Nothing was too hard for me to do, and as cheerfully ran around in my waist and panties, I curbed my impatience, counting the hours until Aunt Matt could start upon the marvelous dress. I knew there would be quite a bit of ceremony attached to 'laying the pattern' Aunt Matt would lay the goods with most painstaking care in order to save the most minute scrap, for you see there were quilt pieces to think of those days; but perhaps there would also be a tiny

scrap for my dolly, a midget of two inch bisque, with a bisque bonnet on her head, wired-on arms and feet as stiff as ramrods."

AUNT NAN paused here and reeled off a length of thread, moistened a forefinger and deftly made a knot. Her blue eyes twinkled at her nieces as she resumed.

"Well, just the night before Aunt Matt was to begin on the Easter dress, a neighbor stopped by with the news we were to entertain the circuit rider and his wife over Easter. Ours was the nearest homestead to Goshen and the most advantageous for the accommodation. Ordinarily I would have been overjoyed at the prospect of a break in our monotonous life, but when I saw what a fever of anxiety it threw Aunt Matt into I bid my Easter dress farewell. Aunt Matt bound a towel about her head and started in on the already spotless house. A preacher these days was almost like royalty. One must put one's best foot foremost. Aunt Matt aired the goose feather pillows, took up the rag carpet, beat it and replaced it with fresh clean straw beneath. She baked bread, cakes and pies, she dressed fowls, cleaned and filled lamps, with me trotting forlornly about in my 'scanties,' the saddest little girl in Missouri.

"I was playing with my tiny doll trying to gather a little comfort in contriving an Easter dress for her when the great idea struck me—Why not? Every one praised the clothes I had made for my dolly, and told me what a fine little dressmaker I was. The idea seized me and almost choked me with happiness. *I would make my challie dress myself!*

"Aunt Matt was in the side yard beating the carpet with a broom. I went to the sideboard and got the length of challie a pair of scissors, thread and needle and crept away unnoticed to the hayloft.

"Now remember that my doll was only two inches high and my method of dressmaking was to hold a scrap of cloth beneath her chin, measure to her toes, trim it there, then hem one end, gather the other with some length of thread left over to tie a bow knot. Then I would cut two arm holes, insert my dolly's arms and *presto!* my doll had a new dress.

"This I now proceeded to do with the red challie. I held it beneath my chin, and stoop-

ing down I snipped a nick where my feet showed; then I laid it across my knee, cut it across and hemmed it, I gathered it at the top, taking care with the stitches, I cut the arm holes, which caused considerable bother first because I made them too small to get my arms through. On trimming them I found that I had trimmed away too much, for quite a lot of my white under waist showed through. But to me it seemed perfect and I strutted about in the sweet smelling hayloft anticipating the joy Aunt Matt would feel when she found the dress all finished."

THERE was the faintest hint of moisture in Aunt Nan's eyes as she smiled at her nieces. She shifted the dress on her lap to a more convenient working angle and continued.

"Well, I put the dress back in the drawer without being discovered and went to bed that night blissful in the idea that I had solved the problem of what one well-dressed child should wear on Easter.

"The day before Easter was filled with last moment preparations for the visitors, and soon Aunt Matt made ready to 'slick me up' with a pan of water from the rain barrel, some soap that smarted fiercely if it got in your eyes, a fine comb and a coarse one, and a clean soft rag I was given the scouring of my life; it was to last over Easter.

"With my clean 'undies' on I stood in an agony of excitement while Aunt Matt went to the sideboard drawer for my only decent dress, a drab green and white striped 'seersucker.' I knew that when she opened the drawer for the 'seersucker' she would discover the challie in all its finished glory.

"Imagine my feelings when after the first stupified moment of amazement, Aunt Matt's anger overflowed, she spanked me soundly and pushed me into the yard in my waist and panties returning the 'seer-sucker' to the drawer along with the ruined challie.

"**M**Y HEART was broken. I ran sobbing to my retreat behind the smokehouse where I watched the arrival of the 'circuit rider' and his wife, desolation in my bosom. I thought I had never seen any one so pretty as the preacher's wife, who wore a thin lawn dress, very full, that billowed and ballooned around her feet as she jumped lightly from the

old top buggy to the ground. Aunt Matt gave them both a prim limp handshake and led them into the house. My tears flowed freely. By-and-by the sun began to wane, the heat of the spring day passed, and I grew chilly in my scant attire, but I crouched there shivering and weeping.

"By and by I heard a clear soft yodel." Here Aunt Nan imitated the country cry. "And peering out from my weed ambush I saw the pretty lady hunting for me. Aunt Matt had told her about my naughtiness and the young wife's heart had been torn between pity and amusement, the latent motherhood deep in her nature longing to comfort me. Strangely drawn toward her I crept out standing abashed before her in my little 'undies,' but she gathered me to her bosom with gentle commiserating words, that were balm to my suffering pride.

"Aunt Matt was induced to forgive me. She had not intended to treat me cruelly, but she and Uncle Tucker had no children and they just didn't understand a child's need of love and kindness.

"It seemed that the preacher's wife had examined the mutilated goods and found that it was not beyond repair. She expressed a desire to make the dress and resolved to finish it for Easter if she had to sit up all night to do so, which she almost did.

"From the depths of despair I was suddenly raised to a pinnacle of happiness, restored to grace, and clad in the 'seersucker.' I ate a huge supper of roast fowl, dressing, potatoes, turnips, pickle, preserves, and cake without so much as knowing what I ate, so entranced was I hanging upon each word that fell like jewels from my new Divinity's lips.

"After supper she carried the goods, pattern and sewing accessories, to her room. I tagged along, watching each stage of progress with baited breath. Once in a while my nodding head jerked downward but I pried my eyes open determined to stay awake for the fitting.

"The gaunt serious husband sat under a second lamp his long leoline head bent over his sermon notes and a *Bible*. He paid us no attention and we made no noise, but there was a secret understanding between us that needed no words, a sort of inaudible communication that went between us. Child hunger and mother need, I think it must have been."

Aunt Nan wiped her eyes openly and smiled at the look of pity in her niece's eyes.

"Well the dress was coming along famously until she got around to the sleeves. Then she stopped in perplexity. I had wasted so much goods on those holes for my arms that there simply wasn't enough goods. My heart knew real anxiety, but her sweet eyes reassured me, she held up her finger in a gesture that implied, "Eureka!" and with a glance at her absorbed husband's back, she lifted her thin lawn dress skirts, and whipped off her top petticoat.

AUNT NAN looked at her nieces with whimsical levity.

"Imagine, girlies, a mode that called for three and four petticoats, all starched and double starched, the first one plain and short, then each succeeding one growing longer and more elaborate. The petticoat that fell around her ankles was sheer and beautiful with a mass of hand-run tucks and whipped-in insertions and lace. I have thought since that it must have been the prettiest piece from her trousseau.

"With a pretty gesture of triumph she slashed into its dainty perfection, and before my dazzled eyes there grew the prettiest, sheerest 'quimpe,' a sort of an underwaist—sleeved—to wear beneath the sleeveless red challie. It looked wonderful, matching the white sprigs perfectly. After she had cut all she needed from the skirt she rolled the remainder of its now ruined bulk into a bundle and stuffed it into her carpetbag.

"What she told Aunt Matt about the origin of the 'guimpe' I never knew. I stood wriggling in ticklish ecstasy while the dress was fitted, her soft touch upon my arm giving me shivers of joy. I was sound asleep when she took the last stitch, but as she carried me to my bed I knew enough to reach up and encircle her neck with my arm and feel and return her kiss.

"The only thing that clouded my joy next morning was Aunt Matt's refusal to let me 'leave off' my asafetida bag. How I hated to wear the disfiguring, nasty smelling thing inside the neck of my beautiful dress, but Aunt Matt felt sure there would be scads of 'ketchin' diseases' in so huge a gathering that I would be safer with it on.

"How well I remember that morning! I was

just about the happiest little girl alive. There will never be another thrill like the ride to Goshen. My cup of joy filled and ran over when the preacher's wife begged that I might ride with them in the buggy. Uncle Tucker's big spring wagon stood waiting with two mules hitched, and there were four kitchen chairs in the back of the wagon bed, but Aunt Matt consented to my riding with the preacher, if I would be careful and not *muss* my dress. They could, she said, pick up some neighbors to fill the chairs. So finally we were under way.

"The sun was not yet high when we started, but the way was a path of glittering charm to me with the scent of plum blossoms from the orchards that we passed, the shrill note of the bobwhite in the fields, the 'clop, clop' of the preacher's old horse upon the hard dirt road. The preacher remained in his habitual brown study, with only an occasional muttered 'Get along, Cipher' to the horse, but seated side by side my Divinity and I exchanged many happy exclamations of joy and mutual pleasure in the morning's beauty and our own companionship.

"There was a huge basket of lunch in the spring wagon, for a 'preaching' was an annual event those days and lasted from daylight to dark. We sat through the morning service, listening to the beatitudes, and the drone of the early flies. I tried desperately to keep awake, but last night's vigil and my early morning's wakening had made the task impossible. Aunt Matt prodded me awake a time or two but after awhile I lay against Uncle Tucker's side and he kindly shielded me from Aunt Matt's glare and let me sleep.

"When I awoke the long cloths were laid over the rude tables in the arbor and the benches set up. It makes me ache all over to think of the immensity and the variety of that dinner. How people survived them is a mystery. Long before the others had finished I was down by the 'crick' impatient for the baptizing to start.

"I had thought there could be no more thrills left for me after all that had gone before, but that baptism was one breathless thrill to me. The preacher stood knee deep in the clear water waiting for the converts who presently came wading slowly with hands outstretched toward him. The women's loose wrappers ballooned out upon the water's surface and they were

sometimes crying, some of them shouting in exultant joy. I held my own breath as the preacher adjusted a white cloth over their mouth and nostrils and immersed them while repeating the usual words. They then waded ashore and retired to a fence corner in a cornfield where they had left dry clothes. Then you may believe this or not, but after the baptismal rites, they *ate again*. It's a fact!

"Stuffed and torpid I again slept through the services. My last recollection was of the preacher's wife's intimate smile directed at me from her seat before the tiny organ where she played and led the singing.

"I was not old enough then to appreciate the loving, unselfish sacrifice of the pretty skirt; but it has since become to me the epitome of all that is wistfully and purely unselfish. It made a great impression upon my baby mind. I date my dressmaking ambitions, my virtues (if any) to my intense resolve to grow up and be exactly like that 'circuit rider's' wife."

AUNT NAN frankly wiped her eyes as she shook out the dress and stood up.

"Here, Lovely, slip this over your head and let's see now—there, how's that?" A little silence followed as Aunt Nan's clever fingers twisted and adjusted the dress to Betty's slender form.

Norma gasped. "Why Aunt Nan! you're a wizard—that's lovely—how did you do it?"

Aunt Nan surveyed her work with head aside.

"Yes, that's fine," she acknowledged, "but then anything looks good on one when one is young and sweet like Betty."

"Or when one is old and sweet like you, you darling," said Betty, hugging her. "Your little story, Aunt Nan, has made me feel ashamed that I've accepted Norma's sacrifice, taking everything while she wears her old things. I could have sung just as well wearing my old dress. Clothes do not matter to the Lord."

"Certainly they do!" stoutly averred Aunt Nan, "They matter a great deal. We are made in his image and likeness, and it's our duty to look as well as we possibly can. You know that your heart can feel far more jubilant, and your voice throw out a sweeter paean if you know that you are looking your best. It's natural—even the birds sing best when they

are through molting the drab, dull plumage, and show the brilliant new feathers. It's resurrection, it's Easter. So let's hear no more rubbish about feeling ashamed. Now I must hurry home, but I shall be on hand tomorrow to hear you sing."

The girls awoke from their entranced absorption of Aunt Nan's story and her philosophy. Betty held out the stylish jacket for Aunt Nan to don, her eyes glancing down then:

"Why, Aunt Nan, what have you done? . . ."

From Aunt Nan's coat lining was clipped a long length of the beautiful corn colored lining.

Norma gasped in dismay. "She used it to— to—" . . . choked Norma.

"Oh, you two—here I talked my self hoarse to keep you from noticing." Aunt Nan smiled quietly.

"Well, didn't I tell you that history was repeating itself?"



The End of the Trail

(Continued from page 112.)

outstretched hand, Sarilla saw Jephthah's daughter.

Sarilla knew no more. As life returned, some one was lifting her to her feet. A strong arm supported her about the waist, guided her away from the empty glade. Then she heard close to her ear a voice she'd loved, saying:

"Come back to thy father's house. I will take thee, and together we shall watch our flock."

Wonderingly she gazed at him and seemed to know him not. "But thou art to have place and honor with the Judge."

Artul shook his head. There was a new, a strange light in his eyes.

"Nay," he denied. "Instead, I shall seek the life that is lasting."

Still, in humility, she protested: "Yet not with me, beloved, for I am unworthy."

He drew her closer, turning her face to his. "Thou?" he said. "No more than I. Thou didst read my sin in my eyes. The fire of passion, of lust, the greed of ambition. But now I know that love, love—"

"Must be white—white as a lily," she breathed.

Mutely, his lips found hers.

Facing the Future

By WILLARD W. HIELD

ARE YOU facing the future with your course set and using the wind, current, and steam to speed your progress, or are you just drifting along, content to let time and chance have their way with you?

At the close of the year, business men generally take inventory, list their assets and liabilities and determine their losses and gains. They are interested in knowing not only the total result but what departments are building up the business and which are costing more than they are worth. Knowing these facts the business man then plans for the development of his business along the most promising lines.

Can we who are wage earners, most of us, improve our situation by checking up on ourselves? One thing is sure, if a man is not interested in bettering his own situation he can hardly expect anyone else to do much for him. As a vocational counselor I have many opportunities to watch the progress of men in their work and see how they get ahead. If you are interested, I will tell you about some of the ways in which you can check up on yourself.

BE WORTH MORE THAN YOU GET

FIRST: Are you worth more than you are getting? Do you produce enough so that your employer can make a good profit from the combination of his capital, his management and your labor? There is nothing that will tempt him to raise your wages quite so quickly as a belief that his excess profit from your labor is too good to lose. Then, too, by producing your best you develop your best powers. There is nothing that will give you so much confidence, in talking over wages with your employer or a possible new employer, as a strong production record. I suppose you have heard about the fellow applying for a job who asked, "How much will you pay me?" The employer answered, "I'll pay you all you are worth." To

How do you move into the future? Do you back up to it, with your eyes fixed on the past? Do you walk forward with your eyes fixed on the ground? Or do you make scientific plans for covering the ground between you and your goal? The author of this article is Vocational Director of the public schools of Green Bay, Wisconsin. The text is that of a talk given over Radio Station WHBY on New Year's Eve.

this the man replied, "Oh, that wouldn't interest me. I'm getting more than that already."

In another story there was a chap named Smithers who rose in the great world of commerce to the exalted position of book-keeper. He made this progress in eleven years by doing just what he was paid to do and not one mite more. Smithers was a consistent fellow, and this idea of "getting-before-you-give" had become a habit with him. One

Sunday morning he went down cellar to feed the furnace. He decided to dicker with it just as he in his own mind dickered with his boss, so he opened the door, got a shovel full of coal and said to the furnace: "Now you give me some heat, then I'll give you some coal." The poor fellow froze to death. He didn't know that the first law of nature requires that you give before you get. Seeds must be planted before the harvest.

If we want more money, we must first give a helping measure of service for our present salary. If we want a raise we'll never get it by the Smithers' plan. We'll get more money only by doing more than we are paid to do. There are no crop failures in the field of service. Your boss doesn't determine what you are worth. You do. The first way of getting ahead then, is to find ways and form habits that make you of most worth to your employer, without regard to your present salary. In every market it is the highest producer that sells for the highest price.

MAKE AND FOLLOW A PLAN

SECOND: Do you have a plan or are you a drifter? There are many drifters in the world going with the current, wherever it may happen to carry them. They stick to a job simply because it is easy and if it becomes hard they leave it and go on their way looking for some other job that is *soft*. Honestly, deep down in their hearts, they intend to do something big.

but they live only in yesterday and tomorrow. Today, alive with opportunity, has no meaning to them. The way of the drifter is always downstream, so that opportunity is always moving away from him.

Unless you know *where* you're going and are really rowing as hard as you can to that point, *you are drifting*. Unless you are willing to accept responsibility and really work you are drifting. Unless you can see each day's work moving ahead in force, strength and efficiency toward your goal, you are drifting. The drifter always goes down—never up. And he finally goes over the falls of failure or lands in some still pool of mediocrity, where he remains all the rest of his life.

Ambition doesn't mean thinking wonderful dreams, while floating with the tide. It means taking off your coat, rolling up your sleeves, and pulling your boat upstream. I would suggest that with this new year you make an outline of the advancement you wish to make. Check yourself to see if you have the stuff it takes to work your plan. If you haven't got it, lose no time in getting it and then launch yourself at the earliest opportunity upon your plan. Keep everlastingly at it.

PREPARE FOR PROMOTION

THIRD: Are you ready for promotion? When your firm has an opening they will promote the fellow who has prepared for just that opening. This preparation in most cases will be on your own initiative and time. If you really expect to get ahead you will study the duties of the next job ahead of you as well as be a master of your present job. The man who will be promoted will be the one who has done his own job so well as to get attention and at the same time has gained the knowledge and skill required for the next job. It isn't as hard as it might seem but it does require that you give more time and more attention to your job than the others do who are also in line for the job.

BE A SELF-STARTER

FOURTH: Are you a self-starter, or do you force your employer to put a high-priced boss-starter over you to make up for your lack? The world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing; and that is *initiative*. What is initiative? I'll tell you. It is doing

the right thing *without* being told. But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. There are those who never do a thing until they are told twice; such get no honors and small pay. Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. People of this kind spend most of their time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story. Then still lower down in the scale than this, we have a few fellows who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how and stays to see that he does it: he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves. To which class do you belong? You can train yourself to be a self-starter; to use time as opportunity for accomplishment. You can be more interested in making the good record that will win in the long run, than in just getting by. You may be sure that if you won't be your own starter, the man who is placed over you to keep you going will receive a good part of what you might get yourself if you were your own self-starter.

TEAMWORK

FIFTH: Do you have the teamwork idea? Can you work in such a way that your business associates or shop crew may all be benefited? Here's the way Edgar Guest expressed the idea:

It's all very well to have courage and skill
 And it's fine to be counted a star,
 But the single deed with its touch of thrill
 Doesn't tell us the man you are;
 For there's no lone hand in the game we play,
 We must work to a bigger scheme,
 And the thing that counts in the world today
 Is, How do you pull with the team?

They may sound your praise and call you great,
 They may single you out for fame,
 But you must work with your running mate
 Or you'll never win the game;
 For never the work of life is done
 By the man with a selfish dream,
 For the battle is lost or the battle is won
 By the spirit of the team.

You may think it fine to be praised for skill,
 But a greater thing to do
 Is to set your mind and set your will
 On the goal that's just in view;
 It's helping your fellow man to score
 When his chances hopeless seem;
 It's forgetting self till the game is o'er
 And fighting for the team.

In any game, in any business your final score will depend upon whether you have the support and cooperation of the whole organization. To gain this good will you must earn it by always watching for opportunity to help the other fellow with his part of the job. More men fail because they don't get along with other men than for any other single reason. The best brief advice on getting along with others is the golden rule. Do for them as you would like them to do for you. Study your associates, allow for their weaknesses realizing that they probably have to put up with something from you.

RESERVE ENERGY

SIXTH: Do you have reserve energy for the job? The fellow who is going to attract the favorable attention of the management and be thought of for promotion is the one who has the stuff when an emergency or special opportunity arises. Some men have the habit of spending so much of their energies outside of work hours that they barely have enough left to do their required routine duties. When an opportunity for unusual alertness or energy comes they are not fit and show up very poorly. It is usually possible to select recreation that will make you more fit rather than less fit for your job.

PREPARE FOR THE FUTURE

SEVENTH: Do you plan to live a long time? At your present rate and state of health how many years will you be able to do your present work? By the time your physical strength begins to wane will you have reached a position where you are selling knowledge and skill, or will you be forced into the sad crowd of the unemployed? Some men are old at thirty, others forty, or fifty. Look around in your line of employment. What are the older men doing who have been retained? You probably invest quite a few dollars each year to insure your property against loss by fire. Could you profitably invest something in a regular check-up by a reliable physician on the condition of your health? How about your waist line? Does it indicate that you are wearing well or are you degenerating? When your health is gone your earning power goes with it.

I have asked but a few leading questions to

suggest the type of check-up which, if seriously made, will help you to make plans that will carry you into a more prosperous year than you have yet had. Resolutions are not enough. Carefully laid plans in which the first steps are easily seen and soon taken must be added.

Perhaps Edgar A. Guest had one part of this all-important problem in mind when he wrote:

Tomorrow's not so far away, nor is the goal you seek.

Today you should be training for the work you'll do next week.

The bigger job is just ahead; each day new changes brings.

Suppose that post were vacant now, could you take charge of things?



No Glory There

(Continued from page 100.)

Manuela looked. At first she saw only the blood-stained uniforms, and the wounds. In that dim light it was hard to see.

"Strange, is it not?" said the officer. "Do you see a resemblance?"

Manuela screamed.

"Quiet, Miss," admonished the officer.

The dead Frenchman was André, her brother next to her in age, and the dead German was her older brother, August. Each killed by the other—but it seemed they had recognized each other and had died in a forgiving embrace. In imagination Manuela saw August advancing, aiming and firing—saw André rushing upon him with bayonet ahead to kill—both enemies, until they found they were brothers. But it was too late.

A bugle call down the valley sounded the advance of troops gathered there.

Manuela stiffened to a stony silence. It was horrible, and all so still. The bugle sounded again. And again.

"Oh, ye nations—!" she cried.

Again the bugle sounded.



Great is wisdom; infinite is the value of wisdom. It can not be exaggerated; it is the highest achievement of man.—*Carlyle*

It is ours to climb and dare.—*Frederick Lawrence Knowles.*

My Father's Letters

Part Three

LETTERS OF JOSEPH SMITH TO HIS DAUGHTER

ARRANGED BY AUDENTIA ANDERSON

Reese Creek, Mont., Sept. 16th, 1885

Audie:

No, I cannot say that I like the scenery here much better than I did at Salt Lake City, or Soda Springs. It is in some respects finer, for the reason that this valley is well watered. It is a little over forty miles long, instead of 60 as I wrote you, and about 25 miles wide at its widest part. It is wonderfully watered. The East and West branches of the Gallatin river flow through it, the first coming in at the south-east corner and the latter at the southwest. They flow together about ten miles from the north end of the Valley, and empty into the Missouri about a half mile below the point where the Madison and Jefferson rivers join. These three then form the Missouri and start on their way to the Gulf as such, through a rocky canyon called Missouri Canyon. The Missouri Pacific runs out of the Valley in the same gorge.

In driving into Bozeman last Tuesday week, we counted 24 running streams of water, all in a distance of 15 miles travel, and all clear, bright water; some of it cold and very pleasant to drink. It is right from the mountains, the streams being fed by springs from the depths of "the everlasting hills."

Across the Valley from here, a little north of west, is a mountain known here as "Old Hollow Top," from the fact that it has a circular basin, or valley, on the top, slightly inclined to the north and east. In that hollow snow always lies. At least Bro. James Green, who lives within about 20 miles of it, 12 in a direct line from its foot, says that for 16 years that hollow has never been without snow. As seen through a field glass from Bro. Green's house I should judge that there was about forty, sixty, or a hundred acres of a snow field right there on the top of that mountain.

One curious phenomenon that a newcomer notices is, that the mountains look very near; one would think that a half or an hour's travel would take one to them, but they seem to visibly

recede as one goes toward them, just as if they were not to be approached. For instance: to me it does not seem to be more than a mile to the top of Ross Peak; yet it is ten miles to Union Mills located at its foot on a stream running out of the canyon there—a rugged, rocky glen situated high up and still many miles from the top, and the way very steep and difficult. When you are going straight to it, it just seems to be sliding away from you, in a fashion so strange and weird-like you are inclined to be startled on first noticing it. We rode yesterday, thirty-five miles in a general direction toward Ross Peak, having it in plain sight all the time except in one or two places in the road, and yet we stopped at night still fifteen miles from its foot.

I have a nice lot of specimens to send you. I will send them by express, as I fear to carry them with me all the time will wear them, or my satchel, out.

The smaller moccasins were for Miss Mary Audentia Smith. Do you know such a girl?

Poor Dora Chambers. And poor Mrs. Green. I am not surprised that Sr. Wilson is gone; poor woman; she has suffered long.

There are some reasons why I would like to live in a mountainous region; and there are others why I would not. It gets fearfully cold here. The hills and the plains are now dry, and barren looking. No rain of moment has fallen in the Valley for months. All flowers and plants incident to our country can not flourish, or even live here—the season is too short. Sweet corn, summer squashes, melons, tomatoes and fruits of the cherry and apple sort do not mature or ripen here; not even the grape. There are a number of berries. They grow on large bushes, something like one of our sorts of oak, with thorns like a red haw tree, or crab apple, or plum; the berries are red, small, having a seed like a currant; it is a sharp but pleasant sour, and a little acrid. I liked them.

I am, dear girl, your loving papa,

Joseph Smith.

VISION

If there was one characteristic prominent above another in my father's nature it might have been his love of learning. Early in life he began to inform himself, as best he could, about everything that came under his observation. This habit, coupled with his fine memory, provided him with a wealth of knowledges about many things. He was always ready to tap this resource for the benefit of his children, and he considered no question of theirs too inconsequential to receive his most intelligent answers.
—A. A.

Butte City, Mont., Sept. 24th, 1885

Audie:

I send you some flowers and bits of shrubs picked on the mountain on which Butte City is built, some 8000 feet above sea level. The pale, whitish, bunchy buds are the yarrow. There is a sprig of sage, one of *greasewood*, pale yellowish blossoms, wild rose buds, two of Oregon grape vine, two of a sort of ivy which grows profusely over the mountainside and looks like pursley, some mustard, a sort of ground plant—long, soft-looking leaves—and two limbs of the quaking asp. Mother will know what that is.

Butte is a "mining camp." Gold, silver, copper and lead are found here. The city is about 6000 feet above sea level and has about 16,000 inhabitants at present; has been founded about ten or twelve years. Some of the principal mines are the Anaconda, the Alice, the Magna Charta, the Moulton, and a lot of *minor* mines.

The two principal reduction works are the Colorado and the Meaderville. The two principal streets run at right angles, one up the hill, the other across, . . . The one up hill is Main, the other Park. The city takes its name from a single peak, standing alone, called a butte. The first settlement was made close to it; hence the name.

Yours,
Jos. Smith.

Malad City, Idaho, Sept. 29th, 1885

Audie:

I send you some sage and yarrow, and some of the leaves of the mountain currant, colored by Father Time. Give Carrie one each of the two colors; she may give you in return a sprig of the grease wood I sent yesterday.

The weather is fine here as yet, though they

had a "cloud burst" not long since, that almost drowned the town.

Your Papa,
Joseph Smith

Address me after this at Salt Lake City, Box 307.

That fall of 1885 Mother took her household and went by wagon to the County Fair, at Leon—truly a thrilling and exciting journey for the youngsters. Evidently we had written the far-away missionary from that "city."—A. A.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 2nd, 1885

Audie:

Yours and Mother's from Leon received at Malad, whence I came yesterday.

I send you a flower plucked from a shrub by the wayside yesterday. It was a gaudy thing when we first saw it, flaunting in the sun, from an almost moistureless bed of gravel. The stalk looked some like a thistle, but with more branches than that pest. The petals were bright yellow and the center was a crown of thread-like filaments, as you can perceive. I doubt if you can keep it in any shape, but you see what it must have been like.

I shall be anxious to know how you all enjoyed the Fair, how you got home, &c.

Your pa, Jos. Smith

Salt Lake City, Oct. 8th, 1885

Audie, my daughter:

Yours of a late date was duly received, but I have been too busy to write you. I reached the city last Thursday evening; and sent you, next day, a peculiar flower which I found in the desert road side.

Please hand the enclosed letter to Hale. Don't open it; let him do that. It contains some "rocks" which I picked up on the mountain at Malad.

The city is pretty busy now, but the Mormon Conference is at Logan, and that has prevented the place from being as lively as it would have been had they met here.

Yours, Papa.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 9th, 1885

Audie:

Yesterday, as I went down town, I saw two little squaws. They were about as tall as you, but "wider out," as the Dutchman said of his

wife. One was possibly 30 years old; the other seemed much younger. Both wore calico gowns, with loose sleeves, low-necked with a three-inch turned-down ruffle at top; strings of beads and ornaments of other sort were 'round the neck and hung down over their breasts; and each had a blanket, red and black, around her; both had moccasins on the feet and nothing on the head but the blackest of hair, black as Bell's mane and tail—dead black. I am not sure but that they had some small strings of white beads braided into the hair at the sides and back.

One, the younger one, had a "papoose" (Indian baby) strapped on her back to a sort of bow, shaped with dressed deer skin stretched over it. It may have been a board with deer skin over it, but I don't think it; the top, the bow, I am sure was not, as I could see as I passed them. The baby was tied in, clear up to its arms and shoulders, some strap across the breast and over the shoulders; its head was covered thick with the same sort of black hair that its mother, as I suppose she was, wore. It had a round, copper colored face, and eyes as black as sloes, round as buttons. It was playing with its hands, rubbing one over the other and flourishing them around much as white babies do.

There were flies settling on its face near its eyes; and on each cheek, just under the eye, was a sore looking spot where it seemed that flies or other insects had bitten the little thing. It looked as happy and good nature as a little pig. The mother's face looked clean and smooth. Her hair was parted in the middle as straight as any belle might wish, and when she spoke to the older one she showed teeth white as milk.

It looked odd to see such a sight on the streets of a busy city.

Yours,

Joseph Smith

Salt Lake City, Oct. 17th, 1885

Audie, my girl:

I send you to-day, by U. S. Express, a box of specimens, of ore and other rocks. I send them all to you; but as there are several of one or two sorts, when I come I will divide them with you and Carrie. Enclosed I send the express receipt; the charges are prepaid by me, here. I sent them by express because I am going south for a while; and Sr. Warnock's folks expect to move from the house they now occupy while I

am gone; and the specimens might bother them some.

The finest and brightest pieces of rock contain pyrites of iron. The yellow piece is simply crude sulphur. The piece in paper is a piece of gold, lead and silver ore. In a tiny box I am sending you by mail accompanying this letter is a piece of pure native silver and some pure gold dust; also a bit of metal as it runs from the smelter—copper, silver and gold all together. You can easily tell which is which by the differences of color.

There is a quack doctor selling a lot of patent medicines in the street, here. He has a remedy for tape-worm. Last night in his harangue from his buggy he said: "This is the wormiest country I ever struck! I have looked all 'round; analyzed the water, wells and running streams; examined the water with a microscope, but cannot discover any worm germs. In California they have none; in Nevada, but few; but here in Utah there are lots of worms, *lots of them!* I just can't understand it!"

To-day is a wonderfully pretty day outside. As I came up the street I met some baseball players in their uniforms, headed by a Brass Band, going to the playground. Salt Lake and Idaho nines are pitted one against the other.

Yours always, J. Smith

Am glad Sr. Lucy is home again. Do the best you can with your music. Hunt up "I hear the Words of Jesus," in the Gospel Songs or Hymns, and learn it. Yours.

Springville, Utah, Oct. 29th, 1885

Audie:

The dark piece of ore, in paper, was a piece of gold-bearing ore. I do not remember the piece you mention as having dots, &c. The gold dust is worth \$18. per ounce; by taking the weight of it and dividing the price with it, you will get the worth. I think perhaps it is not more than \$1.50 or \$2. worth.

The whitish piece you wrote of is silver, lead and copper, principally copper; the silver was the piece like wire. I presume the piece with dots was copper ore; it is usually the prettiest. The whitish rock with pretty ends is pyrites of iron, or "fool's gold."

A late writer on mines is of the opinion that gold is a deposit left after the elimination of

(Continued on page 131.)

Youth's Foundation for Success

Character and Capacity Are All Important

By L. G. EHLERS

The author of the following article is the cashier of a bank in an important middle-western community. As a business man he is probably more intimately acquainted with the lives of the people than even the doctors are; he is able to see what men are, the value and strength of their ideals, and the dangers that lie in the ways of life they follow. At the same time he is still young, and sympathetic with young people; and he has gone to the trouble of formulating some statements that may enable them to avoid the common pitfalls that cause the failure of many young people.

A few lines from his letter will add to the force of his article:

"By reason of my position, I am often called upon to recommend men and women of my own community for positions of various kinds. Nothing affords greater pleasure than recommending one who is worthy. On the other hand, few tasks are more discouraging than having to refuse to recommend because of the deficiency in character and capacity of the individual in question. From these experiences there has sprung up within me a yearning that all people, especially the young, would conduct themselves at all times so that they would merit recommendation for higher positions of trust."

People are watching you today who tomorrow may be asked to recommend you. They may be sympathetic, but they will be honest. What can they say for you?—EDITOR.

THE CHURCH needs men. Business needs men. The nation needs men. The world needs men. All of these are statements we hear so often today. The frequency of these statements indicates the scarcity of dependable efficient men and women today. In the face of this urgent need for strong men and women, does youth really comprehend the requirements that must be met to fill the places successfully?

The men and women carrying the responsibilities today, eager to see their work carried on successfully, and realizing that a successor must assume their place eventually, are anxiously asking, "Will the youth of today be ever fit for the approaching responsibilities?"

Watching only the ordinary young people who seek pleasure today without apparent thought of the after effects, these older people

are justified in their anxiety. Danger is certainly lurking along the paths that many of them follow and disaster will be the final result where pleasures are sought indiscreetly. The victims may never learn the reason for their trouble, yet the effect will be failure and disappointment.

THE STRENGTH of our youth, on which we rely for the future, lies along another road. Our hopes grow strong in the knowledge that there is resident in the mind of every normal youth the desire to be somebody of importance. He secretly dreams of achievements. He sees his hero and yearns to be like him. He wants to be a success.

These dreams, these desires, and this admiration for heroes, are noble imaginations that influence our lives, but they are not sufficient. There must be coupled with those inspirations the will, the determination and the perseverance to work toward the attainment of the desired goal of success. Success comes as the reward of effort spent rightly. To obtain success, the price must be paid. This rule is positive.

Every progressive youth seeks to advance in life. Promotions are the milestones that mark his progress along the road to success. These promotions come from God, or from man, depending upon the cause in which he labors. Before the youth can justly expect to receive a promotion he needs to gain the confidence of the giver of the higher positions by being dependable in his present duties. This is particularly true of promotions in the realm of business where man governs.

God may, and does, possess the power to foresee future events and by that knowledge places men and women in positions of responsibility to carry on his work, but man, lacking that ability, is compelled to judge the possibilities of others by the records they have made in the past. From those records are determined the merits for promotion. In other words, the results of the past are accepted as an index to the future.

LIFE is a series, or succession, of passing opportunities, and living consists of the disposal of those opportunities. The right use of them invites promotion. Misuse, or nonuse, brings negative results. *The daily decisions and actions of youth, then, are either the stepping-stones of success, or the stumblingblocks of failure.* It is well, then, to find the principles that are upbuilding.

The paramount qualification demanded for promotion is a good character. What person could be used in a position of trust if he were lacking in this important attribute? A strong character can not be built in a single day. It is a process of years of testing. Yet it can be destroyed in a single hour of recklessness.

The statement, "Youth must sow its wild oats," is positively wrong. The results of "sowing wild oats" are always detrimental and disappointing, whether done by youth, middle-age, or old age; whether done ignorantly, knowingly, intentionally or unintentionally. The penalty for sin is exacted from everyone.

It is self-discipline that molds and shapes the character. The daily actions, the attitude toward others, the selection of associates, the prevailing aims and purposes, the choice of recreation and entertainment, all enter into the development of character. These then are the essentials for youth to consider seriously and choose discreetly.

In addition to the moral qualifications that are so important, youth is expected to bring with him the capacity or ability to do. This qualification, like character, is also, in a large measure, the result of the use of past opportunities. It is the product of education obtained by study and experience, and constitutes another of the qualifications for fitness for high position.

For the Youth of today, it is the challenge of character and capacity as it has been in the ages past. Though it may not be known by him, the youth is being closely watched by the men having high positions to offer to the right type. A wrong step in the building of character, or the failure to prepare for the big opportunity by acquiring a good education, may be the bar to promotion and success. The chance to succeed is entirely dependent upon the willingness of youth to adhere to the God-given

law that success must come by constant persistent effort.

Other attempts for succeeding may be tried. For a time they may appear to be succeeding, but ultimately, they all fail and spell certain defeat.

CHARACTER and capacity have always been sure foundations. On these bases the men and women of the past, whose names are the most beloved, triumphed, and set their names indelibly on the pages of history. Those men and women who tried by disregarding the importance of character and capacity failed, and went down in disgrace and defeat.

Youth! The opportunity for success is yours. The same rule of conduct still works. Accept its challenge and you will win.



Turning Powder Into Paint

On the morning after the Armistice the president of a big American factory sat at his desk with a sheaf of papers before him. Telegrams and letters, they were, canceling orders. He picked up a memorandum.

"Smokeless powder on hand, 63,000 tons," it read.

Yesterday that powder had been worth millions; today it was worth nothing. Less than nothing, really, for he would have to take it out and dump it in the ocean.

"Cellulose," he murmured, "that's what the stuff's made of." Suddenly he got up and walked rapidly through the idle factory to the laboratory.

"Mac," he said to the chief chemist, "could we turn that powder back into cellulose, and make something out of it to sell?"

"I'll see," said the chemist.

He saw. By the magic of test tubes and retorts he found a way to salvage the cellulose. Then he turned it to liquid and splashed a rainbow of color on it; and when he had finished they used it to paint automobiles. Millions of them. In the form of paint and lacquer that smokeless powder gleamed over the highways of the world. A new industry had sprung up from the dumps.—*William P. Helm, in article in Colliers, Readers Digest.*

The Old-fashioned Spanking

*Is It Returning to Favor for
the Discipline of Children?*

By PHILIP BORDWIN

TO SPANK, or not to spank—that is the question. Is the parent to heed the dictates of the modern schools of child training, or to follow the wisdom and experience of generations of ancestors who kept a sturdy switch of some sort over the kitchen door?

“Spare the rod and spoil the child,” said the old proverb. And almost any casual observer will say that there is a great deal of this sparing of the rod these days, and that there are also a great many spoiled children. Whether the two facts have any relation may be left to the imagination of the reader.

“NO SPANKINGS,” SAY THE MODERNS

Those who raise their children with a book in one hand and a pair of scientifically accurate scales in the other tell us that spankings are not only unnecessary but brutal; that the parent who maliciously takes advantage of his physical superiority to make a child obey is not only ignorant, but so vicious as to be unfit to have charge of the rearing of a child. They tell us, with an eye on the books written by their childless mentors, that physical punishment has occasional bad results in injuries that permanently affect the child; but worse than this, they say, are the terrifying complexes and fears that persist throughout the life of the individual, cramping his powers of expression, arresting his development, and leaving him with a whole set of subconscious fears and inhibitions that impair his capacity for normal living even into adult life.

The intelligent and trained parent, the moderns tell us, will reason with the child, and by gently talking persuade him to do what is right. Rather than flying into a rage the parent will preserve his patience and take the time to discuss the situation and all of its possible conse-

Do you spank? Is physical punishment a part of your program of child training?

Perhaps you do not agree with the author of this article. Perhaps you do. At any rate, you mothers and fathers have had to work out the problem in your own experience.

Write us a letter or a short article expressing your views on the question. We wish to know what parents think about it.

quences with the child, so that in the end he will make the right decision for himself.

FLAWS IN THE PLAN OF PERFECTION

This plan of raising children, like many another plan for the benefit of the world, depends upon a degree of perfection in human nature which does not exist. If children were all reasonable and quiet, if all of them could listen to an argument, let alone understand it, if they were other than little bundles of undisciplined desires and emotions, the beautiful plan described above might possibly work.

But few children can understand an argument, and many can not be persuaded to listen to one except by force. The strongest motive force in the child mind is appetite and desire, and the words which no argument can overcome are, “I want.”

Almost any person who has been in a home of these modern parents has seen a whole evening spoiled while an anxious mother orated to her child; have seen a roomful of adults stand waiting while parents were trying to get their pampered offspring to decide what he wanted to do. Thus the child becomes the center of everything, and everyone else has to wait until he can be reasoned with. And in the end the child usually gets what he wants, simply by insisting on what he wants.

The most pitiable results are not in the mere inconveniences which are foisted upon the parents and upon their innocent and unfortunate guests; they are in the effects on the personalities and characters of the children themselves. “Spoiled” is a mild word for what is the matter with them. Selfish, egotistical, and utterly without the required training in making concessions and social adjustments are the children of these ultra-modern homes. Many of them are “pre-

cocious," it is true, and it may be that many of them are only pert and saucy.

Bitter disillusionment awaits these children when they make their contacts with the world. In the first place they learn that no one else takes them half as seriously as their parents do, that their wishes and desires mean nothing to other children and to other people. They possess few friends. When they go to school and later into society they either have to begin again and learn to adjust themselves to a new kind of world, or else keep their childhood ideas and be misfits—aloof, friendless, and alone.

SMALL FAMILIES TO BLAME

Older parents will tell you that the best children are those that are raised in the larger families, where there are four or more children. In these larger families adjustments and concessions have to be made by all members, and the children learn not to be selfish. Parents do not have hours to talk and argue with an individual child. The child either does what he is told, or is subjected to some immediate and effective discipline. The child grows up in a little community where citizenship is equal for all. And thus when he is turned over to society he understands what it is all about.

The "only" child is indeed unfortunate. He has no brothers and sisters for whom he must learn to make sacrifices, none to whose wishes he must defer, none for whom he must stand aside and wait while the parent gives first attention to them. He becomes something of a tyrant in the home.

Children in very small families are thus more easily and more frequently spoiled. And small families these days are the rule rather than the exception. Hence the increase in the number of fatuous, pampering adults and the increase in the number of spoiled children.

PARENTS OFTEN POOR DISCIPLINARIANS

One little boy that I knew some time ago was a regular terror to his parents. They thought that he was absolutely uncontrollable. They were filled with dismay as the time when he was to go to school approached. They were afraid, they said, that he would make a terrible amount of trouble for the teachers!

School days came, and they waited with bated breath for the volcano of this child's fury

to break loose and wreck the school. But at the end of the first day the child came home looking quite normal and with no bad report. Likewise the second day, and the third. At last their curiosity got the better of them, and they could no longer restrain the questions that filled their minds.

"Are you a good boy at school?" they asked.

"Yes," answered the little fellow.

"Aren't you ever bad like you are at home?"

"Oh, no!"

"Why not?"

"They won't let me."

"What do they do to you when you are bad?"

"I was only bad once, and the teacher spanked me!" The little boy that was incorrigible at home was a quiet student and never gave his teachers much trouble!

THE PASSING OF THE SLIPPER

Too bad that the old-fashioned slipper has passed! It had soft felt sides, and it was trimmed with fur, but it had a stout leather sole. Mother never had to go back of the kitchen door to get something to help her enforce discipline. She always had it with her. And she could flick off a slipper and get into action for a family conference before any one of her rather generous brood could escape her.

In the good old times, parents "were people." They had rights and were respected by their children. It was a good thing for the children. They learned silence, restraint, discipline, and self-control. And for all their close-guarded discipline the family of children that I describe above loved their mother and still love her dearly.

But the old-fashioned slipper, alas; has gone the way of many a fine old institution. The modern silken things with quilted sides and padded soles have a flabbiness equal to the hands that should wield them. The slipper as an institution of family correction and control is a thing of the past. And it is too bad for the younger generation.

A TURN IN THE TIDE

Perhaps it is an accompaniment of the failure of jazz, and the return to favor of the old sweet melodies, perhaps it is because people are leaving the sardine-can type of apartments and

(Continued on page 138.)

Home and Church Yard Decorations

By CHARLES F. CHURCH

OURS is a big country and very diversified, for many roses that will grow and thrive in southern California would not grow in Iowa at all, and *vice versa*, and the same is true with many other plants and flowers. I have not had an opportunity to acquaint myself with the diversity of classifications; however, I will do the best I can with those that have come under my observation in this immediate territory.

Early Spring Bulbs

In this latitude, about the first flowers to appear in the spring are what are called early spring bulbs. These being planted the summer or fall before, always produce lovely bloom in the spring.

Among these that are known best are the Tulips, Hyacinths, Scyllæ, Crocuses, etc.; but the first to appear are the Crocuses, and sometimes they will push their little bright blooms almost before the snow is off the ground. These are not of much value as cut flowers, but they are lovely right in the grass in the lawn, and when they are through blooming the lawn mower goes right over them, and we know nothing more of them until the next spring, when they come up again with their blooms. They are in white, blue, yellow, and red. The first flowers to bloom here that are of real value in the lawn or garden and for cut flowers are the Tulips, and there is a very large family of them, being divided into both single and double early May or Cottage Tulips; and then the large Darwin and late June varieties, besides the Parrott and several other choice varieties. The most common varieties and those the most used are the Cottage or May type and the Darwins. The former are 6 to 18 inches tall, mostly, but the latter are 15 to 20 inches, with nice long stems, and are valuable as cut flowers. Probably the most valuable as cut flowers are the Darwins and some of the Cottage or May Tulips. All of these being of such

The state of civilization may be marked by the development of machines, but the state of culture is marked by gardens. A nation without gardens, no matter what its wealth, is barbaric. Americans the country over are becoming more and more conscious of the need of beautiful gardens. The humblest of homes can be made lovely with flowers and vines. The most drab of back yards can become beauty spots with shrubs and perennials. Start on your garden plans now.

The accompanying article will help you.

a diversified line of colors and combination of colors, they form a wonderful class of themselves. Because some are so early and others last so late in the month of June, they are a valuable lot of flowers in themselves.

Later Spring Bulbs

Hyacinths, Daffodils, and Narcissi are all equally choice for cut flowers and come early in the spring, some of them even before the Tulips. All of these, as well as Tulips, can be grown indoors so as to have them in bloom at any time of the year desired if

one has a greenhouse or cares for them in the house during the cold weather.

About the first flowers of real value to bloom following the spring bulbs are the Peonies. These are of such a large family, cover such a long period of the spring, and have such a wonderful profusion of color, that they form one of the most valuable flowers for cut flower purposes in the springtime. They commence with the Tenui Folia varieties that are the earliest blooming varieties of all, and are all gone before the time for Decoration Day services. They are very bright in color, and because of their earliness they add much to the length of the season in this kind of flowers, but they are slow to grow and are not as profuse in blooming as many other varieties. They come only in the reds.

The early variety that can always be depended upon for Decoration Day purposes is the old-fashioned Pinie of our grandmother's day. These come in a very bright crimson red, pink, and a pure white. All three colors are lovely, and being early and dependable should be in the flower garden of every flower lover. These form the real early varieties; following these other varieties may be had that will follow with their bloom every day from that on till the very latest, about a month later. One of the fine features of this flower is that many varieties of the Peony can be cut in the bud, or

just as the bud is opening, and then stored in a cool dark place in the basement or refrigerator and kept in good shape for two or three weeks. Then when they are brought out into the sunlight and put in water they will open up as beautifully as though just picked from the garden. Thus the Peony season may be extended to from four to six weeks of lovely bloom.

Soon after and sometimes before the Peony has finished its season of bloom, the Iris comes forth with an even greater wealth of color and with greater color combinations than most any other flower common to this section of country. And many of these flowers, like many of the Peonies, grow to considerable height, some, and I might say many of each, growing to forty-two and some to forty-eight inches high. They are easily grown and not difficult to handle, and when once set properly form a permanent part of the garden. The Peonies in particular do not need to be reset for many years, if ever, unless you desire to make changes in your garden, but the Iris needs to be changed every three to five years, for the plants grow large, and after a time they begin to die at the center of the plant and should be taken up, divided, and reset.

The Iris family commences very early in the spring with the short stem, or Primula, varieties. They have too short stems to be of value as cut flowers but are valuable in the border and for landscape purposes. Following these are the German Iris, of a large family of varieties and colorings, covering almost everything in color except the bright pinks. Then there is the Siberian Iris, coming mostly in white and blue, but its foliage and bloom are very much different from the German varieties and are somewhat later in the season. The Japanese Iris makes a wonderful addition to this family of flowers. These are very tall, have very large blooms, and have a wonderful wealth of color, and, coming into bloom just as all the other Irises and Peonies have finished their season, they prolong the season another two weeks, and do it most wonderfully.

Other Good Perennials

Along about this time come the Daisies, Coreopsis, Columbine, Bleeding Heart, Delphiniums, and many other valuable perennial plants that live through the winter in the

ground and are always dependable for cut flowers. And all of these fit well into the borders or landscapes and add color and life to the scenery and make for the pleasure of man. Today the old family flower, the Columbine, now called Aquilegia, has a large family of itself. They are dainty and beautiful and have some wonderful colorings. There are the Hardy Asters, comprising a large family of flowers, and these cover a considerable portion of the season in bloom. Then there is the Campanula or Bellflower. But let me say right here that one of the most beautiful of blue flowers is the Delphinium. It grows very tall, making wonderful spikes of varicolored blue ranging from the light turquoise to the dark deep blue. They are a family of themselves, and now some of these are produced even in white and in shades of pink.

These plants can all be had in growing plants, either in the spring or fall, and many of them can be started from seed, so that one can start many varieties quite inexpensively, but of course that takes more time to get them up to the blooming stage.

In addition to the varieties named above are the Chrysanthemums. As many know, that is a large family of plants, ranging from the small pompons to the large, beautiful yellow blooms that can be grown only in the greenhouses by skilled growers of plant life; but the varieties grown in the garden of the hardy varieties are very beautiful and of a wonderful variety of colorings.

There is another plant that I should not fail to mention, for while it has no bloom at all it is a wonderfully effective plant, and that is the Fern. These, too, are of a large family, for while some are tender and must be grown as tender pot plants, there are quite a lot of hardy ferns that grow to some height and are beautiful in the border and in shady places about the home buildings. They are lovely also among the cut flowers and even in large baskets by themselves.

Lily of the Valley

Then comes the Gaillardia, having the brightest of colorings. If toned down with just a little dainty Baby Breath, it is wonderful for a vase. Then there is the dainty little Lily of the Valley. This is easy to grow and can occupy a shaded out-of-the-way place, but it is one of the

daintiest and sweetest of flowers and is beautiful anywhere. This is perhaps the smallest of the Lilies, but this opens up a wonderful family of flowers. Some of the Lilies begin to bloom early in the summer, and other varieties continue for several weeks. Some of these are tall, but they vary much in color as also in fragrance. Commencing to bloom in June and some continuing on up into August, they make all together a long season of bloom, but the only one of the Lilies whose season of bloom I know how to prolong is the Lily of the Valley. If you will plant some of those on the south side of the house where the sun strikes, you will have a crop of bloom which will be gone before the plants begin to bloom on the north side of the house where people usually plant this little flower. It will grow and bloom just as well on the south side as on the north and will give an earlier crop of this beautiful bloom.

The Hardy Ornamental Grasses form a fine addition to the flowers already mentioned; and besides, the plumes can be gathered to form wonderful winter bouquets and are beautiful during the winter.

Althea Rosea, or the old-fashioned Hollyhock, is most beautiful in the garden. The last two years I have used many of them in large baskets, for which they are very beautiful. I have them in a large variety of colorings, in both single and double.

Then there are the Lupins, Oriental Poppies, Hardy Phlox, Physostegia or false Dragon Head, and the Hardy Phlox. This last is another large family of itself and is very beautiful. Each blossoms in its season and extends through a long season, so you can have bloom continually from early spring to late in the fall.

All-purpose Flowers

Above I have mentioned only perennial plants that can be used for cut flowers. But there are many shrubs and trees that give a wealth of bloom that make lovely cut flowers as well as forming landscape growth. Some of these are the old-fashioned snowball and lilacs, of which there are many beautiful varieties with much fragrance, and they are good keepers. The Weigelas, Spiræas, Almonds, Althæas, Pussy Willows, Butterfly Bush, some of the Dogwoods, Deutzias, Desmodium, Forsythia, Fringe, Honeysuckle, Hydrangeas, Mock Or-

ange, Flowering Peach, Cydonia or Japanese Quince, Sumac, Tamarix, and Viburnum.

The above shrubs are all beautiful as landscape plants. They are equally beautiful as cut flowers and cover a long season of wonderful bloom. There are many other varieties that I have not mentioned for want of space and time.

Another wonderful family of flowers not yet mentioned are the Gladiolas. These are a class by themselves so to speak, but there are no finer blooms grown, and these too can cover a long season if you will observe the planting of the bulbs from early in March at short intervals up until along in late May or early June. These are always beautiful, and after they have been cut, if the ends of the stems are cut off a little each day and the lower bloom is picked off as it begins to wilt, the stem of flowers will last for days and days and will be beautiful up to the last flowers that come out on the spike, for most of this variety of flowers do not all come out the same day, but starting at the bottom of the spike a couple or three flowers will come out each day until perhaps fifteen or twenty blooms have come out in a long spike, and if the faded blooms are kept picked off the spike is always beautiful.

The Annuals

In the above I have spoken only of perennials, bulbs, and shrubs. There is still another large family of flowers which are called annuals, because the seed is planted in the spring. It develops, blooms, grows the seeds again, and then dies the same season. These are called annuals. From these there are a wonderful variety of plants and cut flowers. I will mention a few of these. Ageratum, a beautiful little blue flower, Alyssum, Amaranthus, Balloon Vine, and the Anterhinums, or Snap Dragons. This is a lovely class of flowers, and of many colors. The Asters form a wonderful variety of bloom of many colors and types. These are largely a late-blooming plant and furnish a wonderful fall blooming lot of flowers.

There are the Begonias, Calendulas, Calliopsis, Candytuft, Celosia, Centaurea or Bachelor Button, and Cosmos. The old-fashioned Marigolds and Zinnias are both valuable in the late summer and fall collection of flowers. There are many new varieties of these that are very beautiful, and they can not well be dispensed

with from the flower garden. Then we have the delicate little Pansies and the beautiful Sweet Peas that are both beautiful and have a lovely fragrance, and they take the attention of everybody. We must not forget the Nasturtiums, that have such a lovely, spicy fragrance; and none the less than named above are the Flowering Bean. These are not only pretty on the vine, but they make the most beautiful cut flowers, as beautiful even as the Sweet Pea, but without any fragrance.

I might mention many others, but these will make a lovely start, and with all of these I am familiar in this section of the country and know them to be good as stated.

We will experience some difficulty at times in getting one and another of these to grow or to do well, but I have found it necessary to try, and then sometimes try again, for sometimes I did not have success at first; but we must continue till we reach our aims, for much can be accomplished with flowers in the church as well as with plantings on the landscape.

It is difficult to give any definite rules to work from or to tell just how to do at all times, for there are so many things that may happen to interfere with your plans. Then the rain or the weather sometimes is against us when we plant, or afterwards; and so it takes patience and perseverance to reach success. And above all we must have a love for our work, a love for flowers and the beautiful, before we can ever attain to any great degree of success in this work.



My Father's Letters

(Continued from page 123.)

pyrites by the chemical action of water and the sun's rays on them. He states that the Snake River "placer mines" (get Bro. Walker to tell you what a "placer mine" is) show evidences of supporting this theory.

I noticed that you spelled the last syllable of specimen, "man," and the last of curriculum, "lam." You abbreviated the word hours, writing it "hrs." Do not allow yourself to fall into the habit of abbreviating your words in writing. Remember "abbreviations are the printers' abomination."

There are several specimens of ore bearing

gold in connection with copper; and one or two of gold bearing quartz. Gold bearing ore is usually dark and not very pretty to look at.

I am next door to Mt. "Kolob," where many of the Mormon leading men hid up during the excitement of Johnson's Army's visit to Utah; it is about a mile high.

I visited an old acquaintance* this morning who has nearly bled to death from the nose; he was attacked about two weeks ago. I hope he will live, as he is one of those of whom I have heard, who knows so much; I want to learn what he knows.

Yours,
Joseph Smith.

**This man was William Huntington, son of William Huntington, senior, who was member of the High Council at Nauvoo at the time of the martyr's death. It was his sister, Zina D. Huntington, who, is is claimed, was one of the first women to embrace the doctrine of polygamy. Father was very zealous in his determined attempts to interview any and every individual who was said to be possessed of knowledge of facts concerning affairs at Nauvoo prior to his father's death. He has stated he would prefer to face the truth, even if it disclosed things damaging to the respect in which he had always held his father, here on earth than to go through life denying it only to meet it on the other side. These early visits to Utah were marked with many such interviews, concerning which he has stated that they only resulted in confirming him in the opinion that his father was innocent of the introduction or practice of what he is known to have branded as an evil and corrupt doctrine.*

This letter is the last one received from him while he was on that western mission in 1885.
—A. A.

The Reward of Persistence

Every noble work is at first impossible.—*Carlyle.*
Victory belongs to the most persevering.—*Napoleon.*

Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.—*Montesquieu.*

Perpetual pushing and assurance put a difficulty out of countenance, and make a seeming impossibility give way.—*Jeremy Collier.*

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders,—these are the masters of victory.—*Burke.*

Seeing the Sights in Napoleon's City

By AUDENTIA ANDERSON

WE LEFT the *Louvre* in a spirit of happy elation over having been permitted to view, even so briefly, many famous pieces of art. We felt grateful that kings and rulers, even when selfish and weak, had been led to establish, foster, and preserve such beautiful memorials. It almost leads us to condone their follies and mistakes.

Our next stop was at the *Trocadero*, built in the latter part of last century for exhibition purposes. It is a huge building, set back from the street behind landscaped approaches, and occupies one of the highest and sightliest spots in Paris, overlooking the Seine River. The edifice itself is not attractive, being a poor imitation of Eastern architecture, and not otherwise significant except for its great hall which seats six thousand people and is used for concerts and other popular gatherings. From its upper balconies a wonderful panoramic view is obtainable. Across the river, in unobstructed sight, is the Eiffel Tower with its lovely green-sward, and, stretching both ways, the smooth boulevards for which the French capital is noted. The *Trocadero* housed the thousands of delegates to the American Legion convention held in Paris a few years ago.

The Tomb of Napoleon

Then came *Les Invalides* and Napoleon's Tomb. The church part of this memorial was originally built in the seventeenth century, by order of Louis XIV. Its dome, exceptionally interesting in design, was the work of Mansart, celebrated architect of Versailles. The hospital part was used as a military medical center during the War, and there is also a museum unit of a national character within its confines. But primarily it is noted for sheltering the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte, which reposes in the center of the two-hundred-and-thirty-year-old chapel. Dying in 1821 on the island of Saint Helena, whither he had been banished six years before, his body was brought in 1840 to Paris, and entombed in the beautiful crypt it occupies today, designed, if my notes are correct, by Visconti, though the figures representing the Emperor's victories were by Aider.

Trophies of Napoleon's various armies, in the form of the flags and banners they carried, are grouped about, radiating from six standards. There were interesting bas reliefs of historical character, and a single brazier lamp. The tomb itself is of red porphyry, from Finland, and majestic in its simplicity. Engraved back of it are the words: "I wish that my ashes might repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so much."

Not least interesting is the fact that the tomb occupies a solitary place in a marbled room one story *below* the floor from which it may be viewed. This arrangement was planned, we were told, to carry out the statement of the dead ruler that every head would yet bow to him. One does, indeed, have to bow the head over the marble parapet, if he wishes to see the magnificent tomb on the floor below.

Elsewhere in the building is the tomb of Napoleon's brother Joseph, King of Naples and Spain. It is a classic form in black and white marble. Then there is a little chapel which houses the remains of another brother, Jerome, King of Westphalia. Remarks from our guide here were noted: "Eet ees spoiled by too much gold decoration, though eets proportions are vera fine. Eet ees a leettle too wide for eets niche, howevair, for the most pairfect balance." "The heart of hees second wife, Katherine of Wurtemberg, was buried here weeth heem."

Mansart had designed, we were told, to have a colonnade, semicircular, as a setting for the church, but the idea was not carried out. "Eet es a pitee; eet would have been vera beauteeful," commented the guide. The north facade of the hospital portion was designed by another than Mansart, and is not comparable with the beauty of the church itself, the product of the famous architect's artistic genius.

"Fixed" Prices for Lunch

We had an amusing experience at lunch, that day of sight-seeing about Paris. Near Cook's was a restaurant, the English sign of which attracted us: "Fixed Price, 20 Francs, and Order what you Want!"

Well—we found there was indeed a lively “nigger” in this French “woodpile,” for after getting comfortably settled at a table in one of the little stalls and beginning to study the menu cards placed before us, we learned that while for this “fixed price” we could have choice of an omelet or a lamb chop, bread or toast, one vegetable, and a desert of cheese, fruit or cake, it did “Not Include Service,” that “Butter is Extra,” “Coffee—ditto,” and that “If Drinks are Omitted, Add 1 Franc to the bill!”

In the Square of Victories was a great, laurel-crowned, equestrian statue of Louis XIV, the bas relief depicting many battles of that aggressive king. Near this place our bus was run into by a “Postal” wagon, and its front fenders bent. This caused a delay of fifteen minutes, while excited bluecoats obtained names of witnesses, numbers of the cars, statements from drivers, witnesses, and so on. We recalled that twice in Berlin and once before in Paris the sight-seeing car in which we were riding became involved in traffic difficulties. Now, just who was the “hoo-doo,” I wonder?

The Women of Paris

The majority of Parisian women seen on the streets were dressed in black, and almost without exception wore black stockings. A great many were dressed in mourning, conspicuous with long, black veils floating from close-fitting little turbans of crepe. It is not to be denied that these costumes were very lovely and flattering, though it is hardly to be supposed they were donned only for that reason.

Such queer long names for streets in Paris! *Boulevard des Capuchines*, *Rue du 4 Septembre* (date of proclamation of Republic in 1870), *Avenue de la Motte Picquet*, etc. And the same streets have different names along their different stretches, we learned, one name seldom being in use for more than two or three blocks of its length. The great boulevard which surrounds the city has at least twenty different names in its course. This scheme may afford greater accuracy in locating certain places, providing you are aware that *Boulevard Ney*, for instance, becomes *Boulevard MacDonald* a little ways ahead, or that *Boulevard Victor* is transformed into *Boulevard Lefebvre* after it crosses the *Rue de Vaugirard*! It was entirely owing to Rogene’s sense of direction

and location that we were not hopelessly bewildered in that maze of streets with their disconcerting changes in cognomen every few rods!

Home of the Kings of France

The *Palais de Justice*, or Law Courts, was once the residence of the kings of France. It was built about a thousand years ago, or its oldest portion was, by Louis, surnamed the Pious, son of Charlemagne—if my notes are correct and our guide not in error. “Saint Louis,” who was king for nearly fifty years and ended his reign in 1270, completed the tower and the “Holy Chapel” inside. Underground there once were private passageways. In 1792 the unfortunate Louis XVI and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, were imprisoned here, emerging only to be led to the guillotine block the next year.

This wonderful Gothic chapel, said to be one of the most perfect specimens in existence, was erected, we understood, by Louis IX (“Saint Louis”) in honor of his mother (Blanche, of Castile) or by that lady herself, (am not sure which). She became Regent when her husband died and her young son Louis was made king at the age of eleven. In 1248 this “sainted” king, aroused by the capture of Jerusalem by Turks, led a new crusade into the Orient, from which he returned a year or two later with pieces of the “holy cross” and of the “thorny crown.” These sacred relics became the center around which this “Holy Chapel” was built as a memorial.

Near here, somewhere, our guide showed us a room where, on a wall or pillar, is a mark, showing to what height “blood had come” on a certain far-off day of horror. It was five and a half feet from the floor—truly a fearsome thing, that story, if it be true!

In this old historic shrine were some beautiful windows, some built as long ago as the thirteenth century. There were thin walls which were supported by Gothic pillars, the red ones ornamented with gold castles, coat-of-arms of the house of Castile, and the blue ones with gold fleur-de-lis, from an early date the emblem of French kings.

Since the separation of church and state (the law went into effect in 1906), the altar in this chapel has been removed, and the room used only for exhibition purposes. The sacred relics

from Calvary, to shelter which the chapel was built, are now in the Pantheon. Above the desolated altar is an exquisite rose window, through which the light streamed softly in a thousand dainty rainbow hues. Nearby we were shown a little opening in the partition, thus explained by the guide:

"Louie Eleven was a pious keeng, but much deesliked by hees courtiers. He weeshed to come to mass, but deed not want to be seen by them; so he stood here, by thees leettle opening, to hear prayers said."

Leaving the ancient little chapel, we found a new interest in the "Hall of Last Steps." It is so called, we were told, because advocates, or barristers, or whatever they were called, walk up and down this long corridor as they discuss the details of some difficult case, many of which have terminated so fatally for the accused. There was a corner room nearby, where Marie Antoinette's trial was held; her execution followed that of her husband by six or eight months.

Arranged about these halls are numbers of memorials—tablets or statues—erected in honor of various famous men of law. Occasionally judges walked about, in their long gowns, some with very important airs. Until recently no women were admitted to the bar in France; now there are numbers of women barristers, privileged to wear the gowns of the profession and conduct cases in this "palace of justice," equally with men.

Not far from this great edifice, we noticed a fountain adorned with a group of statuary representing Saint Michael killing "his satanic majesty." The latter personage was sculptured as a very good-looking young man indeed, one who might well succeed in gaining a sizable following among mankind! However, near him lurked a most unattractive snake! So beware, young people!

Passing by the famous Luxemborg Gardens—really quite an extensive park with shaded walks and formal flower-beds—we saw the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, the upper and lower houses of the French government, respectively. A large observatory was pointed out as the place where Flammarion, noted French astronomer had "done his stuff," and further on, a statue erected to the man who discovered quinine! Now, just who was that?

The Pantheon of Paris

The Pantheon proved an interesting museum. The word was first used in ancient pagan times to indicate a temple erected to many, or all, gods. The one in Rome is well-known. Later the name was applied to any building used as a memorial to many people, such as Westminster Abbey, in London. This one in Paris evolved from an ancient church, erected by Louis XV, I believe the guide said, and dedicated to Saint Genevieve. About the time the commoners overthrew the kingdom, the building was converted into a "temple of culture," honoring famous men who had set forth various explanations for the meanings and resources of the universe, or had other claims for recognition. Later, it became again a temple for religious worship, only to be again, on the occasion of the interment here of Victor Hugo (1885), dedicated to the memory of notable men. Here, in 1791, were placed the remains of Voltaire, reposing there in the company of many other thinkers of the French nation. I understood that Saint Genevieve, or Saint Geneva, was the patron saint of Paris, and had once promised the people that no Huns would ever enter their city.

In this fine museum are many remarkable paintings, such as, for instance, the series dealing with the life of Louis IX, showing him as young, being instructed at his mother's knee, and on up through the years, following his career as prince, ruler, founder of universities, builder of palaces, churches, hospitals, etc. There was a series depicting the life of Joan of Arc, first in her simple surroundings in Domremy, a shepherdess, being offered a sword by an angel who spoke in her ear; her participation in the Siege of Orleans, dressing in shining white armor and riding her milk-white charger; the triumphal moment of her career when, in the Cathedral at Rheims, Charles VII was consecrated king; and last, the pitiful ignominy and tragic suffering of that hour when she was burned at the stake in the market place of Rouen.

One notable painting presented a group of national leaders at a convention, a central figure representing the delegate oath, "*Vivre, Libre, ou Mourir*"—"To Live, to Be Free or to Die!" This civic group was supplemented by one from

the military—men with drums, cavalry, arms, and other accoutrements of defense.

Another memorable picture had for its subject Clovis, the first King of France, as in battle he listens to the angels from heaven who importune him. Obedient, he made oath that he would become Christian should victory perch upon his banners.

These historical paintings, we knew, were of comparatively modern origin, but their subjects made them interesting. Even more modern was a truly remarkable memorial to the unknown soldiers of France. We were told that of the one million men lost in the World War, four hundred thousand were French, of whom only one hundred eighty thousand were ever identified.

As we passed through a corridor in this great museum, we met a group of tourists among whom was a young woman wearing a "Kappa" key. Both she and Rogene swerved aside at once, and eagerly exchanged greetings and such meager information about each other as time permitted. She was from Cincinnati, and—what made the coincidence still more memorable—also wore a "Delt sister" pin—a mate for the emblem Rogene was so happy to receive from her brother the first Christmas after his initiation into that fraternity!

The Church of Saint Germaine was a curiosity in that it has been decapitated, so to speak, by the inroads of modernity. Its tower has been separated from the main building by the interposition of a street, and the remains of its patron saint lie beneath the rumble and roar of today's traffic. The church is now used as a school for boys. According to my notes it is in the proximity of the Pantheon, and not far from the Institute of Arts, where Madame Curie discovered radium.

Notre Dame

At last we reached the most celebrated cathedral of "Our Lady," or Notre Dame. It is truly a marvel of beautiful Gothic architecture, its west front, especially, being considered one of the finest examples in existence. Its foundation stones were laid in 1163, we were told, by Pope Alexander III and King Louis VII, though it was built mainly in the following century. Here it was, in 1804, that Pope Pius VII crowned the ambitious Napoleon and his consort Jose-

phine. Upon that occasion, tradition tells us, the man who had risen from obscurity to such giddy heights without the blood of royalty in his veins at the important moment took the jeweled coronet from the hands of the religious leader and placed it upon his own head, saying,

"No man shall crown me but myself!"

There is an interesting memorial here erected in honor of the 1,000,000 soldier dead of the British Empire, of whom the greater portion rest on French soil. We were informed a similar memorial is in the Cathedral at Rheims.

In this church there is an abundance of ornamentation mingled with the austerity of earlier architectural designs, many carved and gilded panels, pillars, and bas reliefs which afford interesting study. The view of the beautiful rose window in the front gable is spoiled from within by a number of organ tubes which have been placed across its power part. Again our guide remarked, "Eet ees a vera great pitee!"

Many Cardinals of Paris have been interred in Notre Dame. Above the marble tomb of each dignitary is suspended the scarlet hat he wore in office.

Time, *then*, did not permit us to do justice to this lovely old church, nor does space *here* and *now*. Soon after leaving it we passed the church which was struck when Paris was bombarded by the Germans at long distance, in 1918. The guide said there had been a "kind of armistice" that no bombs would be thrown by either army on Good Friday. But of course eet deed not say anyt'ing about Beeg Berthas, for we, in France, deed not then know zat Beeg Berthas eexisted! Ze bomb came t'rough ze roof and exploded eenside; eet keelled eighty people and hurt one hun'ed and twenty-five—and eet was Good Friday!"

In the *Rue Sainte Antoine* we were shown the Jewish quarter. In the square of *Des Vosges* were buildings from the date of Henry IV, first French king of the Bourbon line, assassinated in 1610. On our right was the home of Victor Hugo—now a museum built around a collection of his works and belongings. When I asked the guide what *Des Vosges* meant, he said it was mountains in Alsace, a "mooted" land lying between France and Germany.

It was not far to the *Place de la Bastille*, formerly a royal prison, but destroyed in 1789 when the communists, uprising, had their way with

kings and aristocrats. The prison has entirely disappeared, but a towering column is left to mark the spot and memorialize the gruesome history.

The Slums

We were shown through some old sections where we had glimpses of extreme squalor and disorder. It was the "East" of Paris, where humanity struggled against adversity, sin and disease—a poverty affecting mind and spirit as much as body. Carts of produce jostled each other in the streets; dresses and other articles for sale swung from lines stretched outside their shops; at tables and benches crowding the sidewalks people ate and drank; queer smells filled the air; fruit wagons filled with grapes, bananas, peaches, onions, whatnot, were covered with dirty burlap curtains to shield the wares from the sun; second-hand stores abounded; potted plants and flowers were for sale—and canaries, presided over by a weazened woman in black knitted cap, shawl crossed over flat breast and feet encased in felt shoes with leather toes.

In Rue de la Roquette was a prison used during the Revolution for incarcerating aristocrats and the well-to-do. It is now used for city prisoners under the age of twenty-one.

Among the Tombs

Soon we came to the beautiful Cemetery of *Pere Lachaise*, named for a Jesuit priest who was the private confessor of Louis XIV. The ground had belonged to that prelate, and was by him presented to the city. Almost innumerable tombs are here, most of them family sepulchers. Here are buried the notables of France. Our visit was a brief one, but we made note of a few. There was the tomb of Visconti, the architect who finished the Louvre in 1861 and Napoleon's sarchophagus, as well as other lovely memorials. There was the tomb of Rossini, famous composer; of Le Bas, the engineer who brought the famous Egyptian obelisk to Europe from Asia in 1820; and of Adelina Patti, who though born in Italy, residing in Wales, and dying the wife of a Swedish Baron, had been educated in France and desired to be buried in Paris. Her marvelous voice which had thrilled countless thousands of people in both continents, was stilled in 1919. Her tomb, of plain, dark gray marble,

quite simple and unadorned, lies almost in the path. Felix Faure, president of France when that country made alliance with Russia, lies beneath a tomb that flies flags of both countries, his effigy in bronze lying peacefully upon a granite couch.

Threading our way upward, sometimes quite steeply, through the greatly congested areas of this interesting burying ground, along narrow paths containing steps and ramps, we slowly made our way to the top. From that vantage point, glancing back, the whole cemetery seemed but a formal, rocky garden, and, looking outward, the city was spread before us like a panorama. It had proved some climb, and Rogene and I were panting well before it was accomplished; but with extreme regret it is mine to record that our good lord and master, otherwise husband and father, did not accompany us on that excursion! Balking at the entrance of the Cemetery Pere Lachaise he had declared his feet hurt, and snorted that he had seen enough of tombs and by-gone ghosts to hold him for one while—or words, tones and gestures to that effect! We feel morally certain, however, that yielding to the soft seduction of the drowsy afternoon sunshine, that piker simply "hooked a good snooze" in the cushioned seats of the autocar, the while we puffed and "phew"-ed our toilsome uphill way! At least he was right good and lively when we returned. Perhaps his dreams had rivalled the wonders our waking eyes had beheld. Who knows?

On the way back we passed through the Gates of Saint Martin and Saint Denis. These great portals, at a wide open plaza of intersecting boulevards, were put up in the time of Louis XVI, we were told, and marked what was at that time, the boundaries of the city. At the Gate Saint Denis stood a constable for whom our guide had bidden us to watch. He is a well-known character for the reason that he wears an enormously long, thick, and heavy beard—the only officer on the police force to do so. "You can get heem on postcards," said our guide. As our bus halted at the intersection, we watched him curiously, as, surrounded by a crowd of interested spectators, he nonchalantly directed traffic, apparently enjoying to the full his popularity and novel distinction.

Glimpsed through a street to our right,

standing serenely on an eminence, its walls, dome and tower gleaming white in the sunshine, was the Church of the Sacred Heart, most charming in outline.

The streets were very much congested at the hour of our return, 5:45. There was a heavy flow of traffic in all directions, and little attempt, apparently, at its control. It seemed to be "every driver for himself, and a fig for the hindmost"—all to the accompaniment and terrific din of tooting automobile horns. Paris seems unconscious of any "noise nuisance" and everything on wheels rolls madly or merrily on, with whistles and sirens "wide open."

Disembarking at Cooks, we crossed diagonally the great open plaza and entered the Church of the Madeleine, in time to hear vesper service of some kind, chanted by subdued men's or boys' voices amidst dim lights and in an incense-laden atmosphere. The church was built, if my notes are correct, in 1764, reconstructed in 1805, and finished in 1842. During Napoleon's time it was used as a Temple of Glory, to the honor of France and the Emperor! Afterwards it became a church again, and dedicated to Saint Mary Magdalen, supposed to be the sinning woman whom Christ forgave so pityingly.

The Tipping Graft

That last evening in Paris we went to the Palace Music Hall and heard—and saw—"Paris-Madrid," a Franco-Spanish musical revue of two acts and fifty tableaux. Several things aroused our interest here. In the first place, as our taxi stopped before the theater, an attendant politely opened the door for us. Paying the driver and adding the usual tip, we started in, being very obsequiously "shoo-ed" in that direction by the aforementioned attendant. Inside, he waited expectantly, but, since no crumb fell his way for the unsolicited and superfluous "service" he had performed, he scowled darkly. In the same breath, a second man grabbed Ben's hat! Yes, that is the right word for it. Seeing he merely intended to check it, Ben yielded without protest, though rather peeved that the initiative in the matter had been thus wrested from him.

Next, we discovered that if we wished to have the benefit of a program, we had to purchase one. The boy who sold it to us, looked

up expectantly afterwards, but we passed on up the stairs to our balcony. No usher greeted us, so, aisles and seats being plainly marked, we quietly made our way to our places. Just before we reached them, an usherette came bounding up behind us, snatched the checks from Ben's hand, waved us into the "padded cells" we had already located, and then stood in the aisle, waiting! By that time we all felt quite ready for padded cells, for if there is one thing we just naturally hated it was this everlasting graft called tipping.

We settled ourselves comfortably, paying no attention to the mademoiselle in the aisle. Smartly she tapped Ben on the shoulder and said something, extending her hand toward him. Rather scornfully Ben emptied into it all the loose coins he had in his pocket. She took one look at the collection, shook her head and said, "Eet ees not enough, M'sieur!"

Ben shrugged his shoulders and said, "Sure that's enough for all you did!"

Again shaking her head in protest, she said firmly, "Non, non! *You must pay, M'sieur!*" As the words left her lips, from several directions suddenly appeared some men ushers, or retainers of other sorts, edging their way towards us between the rows of seats; seeing which, Ben thought "discretion the better part of valor," even of the American variety and even if it necessitated yielding to a palpable graft of that sort. So he fished about, got out some of the ridiculous paper money of the realm, and paid the insistent miss what she demanded—a "hard-earned" tip indeed!

Soon we discovered that the theater is one place the French people smoke like veritable chimneys. Constantly and assiduously they kept it up, all through the performance. The air became thick, the stage could be seen only through a haze, and to keep from being suffocated by the fumes in nearest proximity, we had to bury our noses in our kerchiefs, so prevalent was the use of cigar, cigarette or pipe!

Deciding to leave just before the close of the performance, in order to avoid congested traffic problems, we unwittingly found ourselves thereby in the front line of post-theater tipping scrimmage! Redeeming the pilfered hat by a gratuity, we wondered if we would be able to get out of the building without buying an exit! A very polite and smiling young man in uni-

form bowed to ask if we wanted a taxi, walking out on to the pavement with us. Assured we did, he waved imperiously towards one parked at the curb. The driver backed up just the length of his machine, the man in livery handed us in with a proprietary air, shut the door—and across its lowered window extended an expectant palm. Ben shook his head; the man frowned and gibbered. Again Ben shook his head and told the driver to proceed. Excitedly the liveried individual shouted to the latter to “hold on,” and again, with great emphasis and for all the world as if he were being defrauded, demanded a tip!

This was just too much. Ben quietly opened the door; we got out, walked a dozen steps, and just around the corner, hailed a taxi from a long line waiting there, got in and drove away, leaving that *sauve*, but intriguing Frenchy standing on the curb, minus his expected plunder. The warning of our Orpheum Circuit acquaintance of the previous Sunday came to our minds: “Mark my words! You’ll not be in Paris until Wednesday without some Frenchman doing something that will make you mad at him!”

And so—to our quiet hotel and its repose; to slumber and dreams in which cathedrals and taxis collided to a crash of trumpets; smoke-screened stages, merged into incense-filled chapels; Napoleon Bonaparte, in royal robes of marble, rose from his bier to place his tricornered hat on Ben’s head; Josephine and Marie Antoinette, in whirling and billowy skirts pirouetted about a glowering and impudent usherette; and a long-whiskered giant, with menacing club leaned over a Gothic arch, thrust his head through a vari-colored rose window, to say solemnly:

“NON, NON! M’SIEUR, YOU MUST PAY!”



England’s Smallest Church

Wastdale Head Church, in Cumberland, stands under the shadow of Scafell, the highest mountain in England. Wastdale boasts the highest mountain, the deepest lake and the smallest church in England. It is *one* of the several “smallest churches” in England. It has a remarkable roof, said to be partly formed of

the hull of a Norse galley. There has been a parish here for five hundred years. The present population is sixty-two, there being seven inhabited houses, including the famous hotel.

There are so many “smallest churches” in England that it is interesting to find one officially so described.

The Diocesan Committee of Bath and Wells have just stated: “Culbone, the smallest complete parish church in England, in the woods beyond Porlock, overhanging the sea, is a building of extraordinary interest. It is of early date, and has a remarkable archaic window and an early font. Later alterations include interesting perpendicular work with a miniature rood screen and ancient seating. . . . A scheme of renovation has been completed with the result that the little church has lost none of that interest and charm which make it as attractive in itself, as it is beautiful in its surroundings.”
—J. E. Williamson, *Church Management*, May, 1931.



The Old-fashioned Spanking

(Continued from page 127.)

building homes, perhaps it comes with the return of an earlier and more sedate manner of dressing that the old methods of discipline are returning. At any rate, people seem to have given modernism a trial in all its aspects and have found it wanting.

There are hints at rebellion against the “schools” of child training. The childless writers on child training are losing their prestige and authority. Parents, after all, are parents, and have learned that they must order their own homes in the best way that they can. Here and there writers and an occasional doctor suggests that a good old-time “paddling” will accomplish in a few minutes what psychology and persuasion can not accomplish in hours.

Spankings! They never were pleasant, but they taught us respect. How we needed them, we now well know. And it is a growing idea that the children of today need them, too.

Meals for the Hostess

Menus to Delight the Lingering Guest

By ROSA TIER SMALL

Sunday

Breakfast

Half of grapefruit
Shirred eggs Buttered toast
Barley coffee

Dinner

Oyster soup
Hearts of celery Stuffed olives
Roast young chicken with
Dressing
Mashed potatoes
Asparagus
Perfection salad
Cake Ice Cream
Water

Supper

Potato salad Date sandwiches
Celery custard
Cantaloupes Wafers
Milk

Monday

Breakfast

Stewed figs
Steamed oatmeal with cream Buttered toast
Barley coffee or Cocoa

Luncheon

Clam chowder
Head lettuce Thousand island dressing
Cup custard
Graham crackers Milk

Dinner

Green peppers with mushroom filling
Mashed potatoes String beans
Lettuce and tomato salad
French dressing
Apple pie Whipped cream
Cold water

Tuesday

Breakfast

Orange juice
Wheat cakes Maple syrup
Barley coffee or Postum

Luncheon

Cream tomato soup
Baked potatoes with butter
Sweet pickles
Milk or water

Dinner

Fruit cocktail
Fried calf liver Candied yams
Roasting ears
Radishes Stuffed tomatoes
Apple dumplings Vanilla sauce
Milk or Water

Wednesday

Breakfast

Half grapefruit
Cream of wheat with cream
Hot biscuits Honey
Postum

Luncheon

Vegetable soup
Creamed asparagus on toast Stuffed celery
Wafers Milk or punch

Dinner

Tomato cocktail
Saltine wafers
Escalloped oysters Spinach
French fried potatoes
Waldorf salad
Angel food Peaches and cream
Water

Thursday

Breakfast

Stewed prunes
Corn flakes with cream
French toast Currant jelly
Barley coffee

Luncheon

Radio soup
Potatoes au gratin Cream peas
Combination salad
Cookies Milk

Dinner

Radishes Ripe olives
Baked cheese
Baked sweet potatoes
Escalloped cauliflower
Chocolate pie
Milk or Water

Friday*Breakfast*

Sliced Oranges
Waffles Maple syrup
Barley coffee

Luncheon

Bean soup
Fried potatoes Fried eggplant
Sliced tomatoes
Iced watermelon Milk

Dinner

Ginger ale cocktail
Celery hearts Dill pickles
Broiled lake trout Pimento cheese
Creamed new potatoes
Stewed tomatoes
Shredded cabbage and pineapple salad
Raisin pie
Milk or water

Saturday*Breakfast*

Baked apple
Shredded wheat Cream
Cinnamon toast
Barley coffee or Cocoa

Luncheon

Cream of pea soup
Macaroni and cheese
Carrot salad
Cake Chocolate

Dinner

Deviled eggs Corn fritters
Escalloped potatoes
Creamed peas
Poinsetta salad with mayonnaise
Baked rice pudding
Milk or water

RECIPES

Radio Soup

Boil till tender one cup of lima beans, one cup of diced potatoes, one small can tomatoes. Add pepper, salt. Butter to season. Use three pints of water.

Ginger Ale Cocktail

Four tablespoons Pet milk to one cup ginger ale. Shake well. Served with cracked ice.

Poinsetta Salad

Place slices of canned pineapple on lettuce leaves. Cut strips of pimento and arrange on pineapple to resemble poinsetta leaves. Fill cavity with mayonnaise.

Green Peppers With Mushroom Filling

Melt two tablespoons butter. Add one fourth pound mushrooms cut in small pieces. Add two tablespoons of flour, one third teaspoon salt, three fourths cup of milk. Cook till it thickens. Add one fourth cup cream, one fourth cup bread crumbs, one half cup chopped olives, a dash of paprika; fill peppers. Place in buttered baking dish. Bake two minutes.

Stuffed Celery

Combine three fourths cup cream cheese with $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons Pet milk, 3 tablespoons chopped nuts, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon onion juice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons green pepper chopped fine. Wash 6 stalks of celery. Fill with above. Garnish with dash of paprika.

Baked Cheese

Boil 1 pint milk with 1 tablespoon butter. Put 2 tablespoons flour in a little cold milk, add to boiling milk and let cook. Season with salt and pepper. Add 1 cup of grated cheese. Three eggs. Beat whites separately. To well beaten whites add 1 teaspoon baking powder. Mix all together. Put in buttered dish. Bake 20 minutes. Serve at once.

Celery Custard

Two cups celery diced, 2 small onions chopped fine. Cook vegetables in one cup Pet milk with 1 cup water. Season with salt and pepper. Pour over four eggs slightly beaten. Turn into greased baking dish. Place in pan of hot water. Bake in slow oven till firm.

The Church School

Worship Programs for April

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "HE LIVES ANEW."

The following material is submitted as suggested material for church-wide use. It was arranged and produced by Elder Richard Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin.

FIRST SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 1932

Theme, "The Resurrected Christ"

Prelude: Junior Choir, new *Saints' Hymnal*, 165; old *Saints' Hymnal*, 180.

Call to Worship: "He is not here; for He is risen, as he said, Come see the place where the Lord lay." (Matthew 28: 6.)

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 164; *Saints' Hymnal*, 160.

Prayer: That we may appreciate the resurrected Christ who ever lives for us.

Scripture Reading: Luke 24: 1-9.

Theme Talk: "The Resurrected Christ."

Christ is the author and restorer of life. (See John 1: 3, 4.) He therefore demonstrated the resurrection by submitting to death and rising again triumphantly on the first Easter morning. (See John 10: 18, Matthew 28: 6, 7.)

"Through the redemption that is made for you is brought to pass the resurrection of the dead, . . . and the redemption of the soul." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 85: 4.)

"I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and I have the keys of hell and of death." (Revelation 1: 18.)

"Knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him." (Romans 6: 9.)

"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach." (Matthew 28: 18, 19; see also Mark 16: 15, Luke 24: 5, John 20: 14, 15, Acts 1: 11.)

Christ leaves us no room for excuse for He has demonstrated to us the powers and possibilities of the resurrection.

All hail thou King of kings
Our praise we raise to Thee,
The heart with rapture sings
As we Thy glory see.

May we Thy presence feel,
Abiding in the soul,
And wilt Thou gently heal
Our life and make it whole.

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 256; *Saints' Hymnal*, 187.

Story: Mary Magdalene at the Grave. (Saint John 20.)

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 167; *Saints' Hymnal*, 155. (First two verses.)

Offering.

Concluding Thought: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." (Luke 24: 29.)

Hymn: 167. (Last two verses.)

Classes.

SECOND SUNDAY, APRIL 10, 1932

Theme: "Jesus of Nazareth"

Prelude: Piano and violin, or organ hymn; New *Saints' Hymnal*, 413; *Saints' Hymnal*, 120.

Call to Worship: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above." (Colossians 3: 1.)

Prayer: For spiritual insight to choose the better way.

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 171; *Saints' Hymnal*, 103.

Scripture Reading: Matthew 28: 18-20.

Theme Talk: "Jesus of Nazareth":

"We have found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." (John 1: 45. See also Matthew 2: 23, John 18: 5, 6.)

He was promised in the prophets' message. (See Luke 4: 16, 21; Isaiah 61: 1.) The apostles taught in his name. (See Acts 2: 22; 3: 6.)

He is "a man mighty in word and in deed," therefore if we find him we, too, will partake of his nature and likeness. He is a man of love, peace, gentleness; and He has invited us to learn of Him. (See Matthew 11: 29.)

He is a man of power, and as we come to share in his life we shall partake of his power. (See Acts 3: 16.)

He is the source and life of all things. (See *Doctrine and Covenants* 85: 2.)

Thou Nazarene, thou Prince of Peace,
Thy life we do adore and praise;
Nor shall we here our efforts cease
Until we've learned thy peaceful ways.

The One supreme, in Thee we see
The friend of man sublime and true;
My hope, my prayer, shall ever be
That I may keep Thy love in view.

Jesus of Nazareth has demonstrated to us that it is possible for one to grow up in purity even though he be surrounded by untoward and unfavorable conditions. Perhaps this is one of his greatest lessons to us. If we learn to keep in tune with Him we shall never fail.

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 153; *Zion's Praises*, 27.

Reading:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Offering.

Concluding Thought:

"Before us, even as behind,
God is, and all is well."

—Whittier.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 152: "O Master
Workman of the Race."

Classes.

THIRD SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1932

Theme: "Jesus, the Resurrection and the Life."

Prelude: Spanish Chant, *New Saints' Hymnal*, 151;
Saints' Hymnal, 135.

Call to Worship:

"Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?
He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteous-
ness

And speaketh the truth in his heart."

—Psalm 15: 1, 2.

Prayer.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 170; *Saints' Hym-
nal*, 141.

Scripture Reading: *Doctrine and Covenants* 85: 4.

Theme Talk: "Jesus the Resurrection and the Life."

Since Jesus is the author and source of life, it is evident that the life that is to be is to be determined by the life that now is; that is to say, if we would enjoy life in eternity, we must enter into life here and now.

He who would live must learn Christ, for Jesus is the resurrection and the life. (John 14: 6; also 11: 25, 26.) Jesus quickeneth whom he will. (See John 5: 21.)

That which has been given unto him he will raise up at the last day. (See John 6: 39, 40, 44.)

Those who obey his teachings here will become partakers of celestial life in the world to come. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 75: 5; 85: 4, 5.)

"Because I live, ye shall live also." (John 14: 19.) "I am the light of the world: and he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (John 8: 12.)

"Thou art the resurrection and the life,
Our guide in character and peace and love;
He who hath learned of Thee shall conquer strife,
And share a spirit gentle as a dove.

"Thou art our hope and strength in every hour,
Thy truth can safely guide us all the way;
Within Thy love is matchless peace and power,
Thou art our shield by night, our light by day."

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 280; *Saints' Hymnal*, 41.

Reading (by a boy):

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained: know'st thou when fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me."

—James Russell Lowell.

Offering.

Concluding Thought: The religion in your heart
should be visible in your life.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 272, "Jesus, My
Shepherd."

Classes.

FOURTH SUNDAY, APRIL 24, 1932

Theme: "Jesus in America: He Ever Lives."

Prelude: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 219; *Saints' Hym-
nal*, 14.

Call to Worship: "And it came to pass that when they had knelt upon the ground, Jesus groaned within himself and saith, Father I am troubled because of the wickedness of the people of the house of Israel." (Book of Nephi 8: 15.)

Prayer.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 245; *Saints' Hymnal*, 83.

Scripture Reading: *Doctrine and Covenants* 1: 1-3.

Theme Talk: "Jesus in America."

The people of ancient America had a very good understanding of Jesus the Christ, according to the message that is left us in the *Book of Mormon*. Their prophets foretold his coming and his wonderful work. (See Second Nephi 11: 36.)

There is no other name by whom we may be saved. (Ibid., 11: 39.)

Both the American Indians and the Jews are to have this gospel taught to them in the latter days. (See Second Nephi 12: 82.)

Christ was prepared from the foundation of the world to be the Redeemer of his people. (See Ether 1: 77.)

When the Gentiles have faith and repent they shall know of his revelation. (Ether 101, 102.)

The rite of baptism is commanded by him. (Ether 1: 115.)

Jesus appears to the ancient Americans. (Book of Nephi 5: 3, 8, 11, 12.) He gives instruction concerning baptism. (Ibid 5: 23, 27.)

He said to them, "There shall be no disputations among you." (See Book of Nephi 5: 29, 31.)

"He shall be called Jesus Christ, the Son of God . . . and his mother shall be called Mary." (Book of Mosiah 1: 102.)

"When Jesus to the Nephites came,
He taught them love and peace and truth;
To all His gospel is the same,
It fills the needs of age and youth.

"He said to them, 'You must be one,
If you my life and peace would share;
And when the Father's will you've done,
You shall with me become an heir."

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 291, "Faith of Our
Fathers." (Two verses.)

Hymn: 291. (Last two verses.)

Offering.

Concluding thought:

"Count that day lost whose low, descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 292, "I'll Go Where
You Want Me to Go, Dear Lord."

Classes.

The Children's Division

Worship Programs for April

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH"

Prepared by Richard and Alice H. Baldwin

The story material will be found in one of the
three following books:

Knights of Service, by Bradshaw (85 cents).

Stories for the Junior Hour, by Demerest (\$1.35).

Seventy-five Stories for the Worship Hour, by
Eggleston (\$1.50).

One or more of these books should be purchased
by each school: Order through the Herald Publish-
ing House, Independence, Missouri.

The hymn material suggested is from the new
Saints' Hymnal, unless otherwise specified. If your
school does not have copies, one should be purchased
for the leader's use. If the tunes are not familiar
to the children, the words should be copied on the
black board, or typewritten, and set to familiar mus-
ic of the same meter.

FIRST SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 1932

On the first Sunday the Juniors will meet with the
adults, and take part in the sacrament service.

SECOND SUNDAY, APRIL 10, 1932

Theme, "Doing Our Jobs"

Prelude: Medley of hymns, about "work."

Call to Worship: Let the words of my mouth and
the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy
sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

—Psalm 15: 1-2.

Hymn: "Father, We Thank Thee," 38.

Scripture Reading: Matthew 25: 14-23.

Suggested Prayer: (Leader suggest thoughts about
which the children pray: Thanks for the example
of Christ, strength and courage to do our tasks,
for faithfulness in study, being helpful to others,
etc.)

Reading:

It Couldn't Be Done

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,

But he with a chuckle replied

That "Maybe it couldn't," but he would be one

Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.

So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin

On his face. If he worried he hid it.

He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it can not be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by one
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "can not be done," and you'll do it.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Hymn: "Dare to Do Right," *Zion's Praises*, 79.
First and second verses.

Sermon Thoughts: "I am doing a great work, and I
can not come down, why should the work cease,
while I leave it, and come down to you?" (Nehem-
iah 6: 3.)

Use the story of Nehemiah as told in *Knights
of Service*, by Bradshaw. (Page 82.)

Today is the ninety-eighth anniversary of Mari-
etta Walker's birthday. She died two years ago.
She has done a great work, which is still going on.
She gave the first land for Graceland. Tell the
children what Graceland has meant, and what it
still means. She instituted the "Christmas Offer-
ing." Much good has been done through this
fund. She started the *Autumn Leaves* (now
Vision). She had full charge of the *Zion's Hope*
from 1887 to 1907, as its editor, twenty years of
service for the children of the church. She
worked all her life. Can we honor her memory
by doing something for some aged person this
week? (Probably a group project may be planned,
to make the sermon, and the theme "live" in the
act of service that may be performed during the
week.)

Closing Thought:

O God, who worketh hitherto,

Working in all we see,

Fain would we be and bear and do,

As best it pleaseth thee.

Where'er thou sendest we will go,
Nor any questions ask,
And what thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.

—Thomas W. Freckleton.

Hymn: "O Master Workman," first and third verses; 152.

Benediction.

THIRD SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1932

Theme, "An Examination"

Instrumental Prelude.

Call to Worship:

Boys: Watch ye, stand fast in the faith.

Girls: Quit you like men, be strong!

Prayer: That we may examine ourselves, and find the things in our lives that we should overcome, and set out from this day to be "overcomers."

Hymn: "Fight the Good Fight," 208.

Scripture Reading: (To be read in unison. Children to be encouraged to bring their own Bibles, and learn to use them.) Daniel 1: 11-20.

Reading:

Father, lead me, day by day,
Ever in thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true;
Show me what I ought to do.

When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with thy mighty hand.

When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember thee—
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

May I see the good and bright
When they pass before my sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the wise and pure rejoice.

May I do the good I know,
Be thy loving child below,
Then, at last, go home to thee,
Evermore thy child to be.

—J. Page Hopps.

Hymn: "Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us," 263.

Sermon Thoughts:

First Part.

Text: "Prove thy servants." Daniel 1: 11. Use the entire first chapter of Daniel as a story sermon. The children chosen were to have no blemish, but be well favored. It takes a pure heart to be well favored. Tell of some of the virtues necessary to become pure in heart. They were to be skillful in wisdom, cunning in knowledge, and understanding science. All this takes study. Elaborate on the study that is necessary in their school life, at home, and in their church life. "Such as had abil-

ity to stand in the King's palace." Suggest what this "ability" must consist of. Daniel and the three Hebrews were careful of their food. They "Overcame" any temptation to eat the choicer foods and wine of the King. When the examination came, it was found that they excelled. (Use the Inspired Version.)

Second Part

The story of the "Great Stone Face" in *Knights of Service*, by Bradshaw. (Page 121.)

Hymn: "O Jesus, Prince of Life and Truth," 303.

Closing Thought:

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

—Whittier.

Benediction.

FOURTH SUNDAY, APRIL 24, 1932

Theme, "Ruling Self"

Prelude.

Prayer (to be read by all):

Teach us, dear Lord, we pray,
To love thee as we should,
To know thy presence, speak with thee
In trust and gratitude.

Teach us to know thy ways,
To live so close to thee
That thy companionship and strength
May guide us constantly.

Hymn: "I Would Be True," 294.

Scripture Reading: 1 Corinthians 3: 16-21.

Story, "Should He Steal?" *Seventy-five Stories for the Worship Hour*, Eggleston (Page 33).

Hymn: "O Jesus, I Have Promised," 298.

Sermon Thoughts: Find short story sermons in the *Bible*, *Book of Mormon*, or story books to illustrate victory over the following sins: Selfishness, grudges, telling tales, conceit, dishonesty, lying, carelessness, greed, etc.

Explain the meaning of the words of Paul as found in Hebrews 12: 1: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." Let us examine ourselves, and be determined to rule self, and put aside the sin which doth so easily beset us.

Closing Thought:

I have to live with myself, and so
I would be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able as days go by
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand in the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.

—Selected.

Hymn: "Take My Life and Let It Be Consecrated," 307.

Benediction.

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VISION



TO LONDON TOWN—AND FRIENDS

By Audentia Anderson

A STAR AND A CLOUD

By Grace B. Keairnes

THE ATTIC WINDOW

By Goldie Grant Thiel

DIETARY FACTS

By Barbara Muller

STORIES FOR CHILDREN'S DIVISION

By C. B. W.

APRIL, 1932

THE ingenuity of man is sufficient unto all things, whether evil or good. Though circumscribed in time and space, in his imagination he is omnipotent. Punishments may be visited upon him, but he is not deterred by laws which he has not sanctioned, nor kept in the path of righteousness by legal fences. All laws can be thwarted, all requirements evaded, all prohibitions broken down, by one who does not consent to be ruled. The body may be confined, tortured, put to death, but the insubordinate spirit, jeering, mocks at judges, jailers, and executioners. The only possible conquest of the atavistic brute within a man must be managed by conversion and persuasion. It is an affair of the heart.

VISION

A Magazine for All Ages

Devoted to the needs and desires of the individual, the program
of the church, and the activities of the social group.

LEONARD LEA, Managing Editor

For the Board of Editors

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Number 4

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Editorial



Flowers and Weeds—

There is a driveway between my house and my neighbor's. Next to each house is a little strip of ground in which many things grow. All summer long I diligently wielded the hoe to keep down the weeds. With much effort I was fairly successful. My neighbor, however, chose another way: he planted seeds that developed plants and all summer long there was a mass of beautiful marigolds on his side of the drive. *There was no room left for weeds.* All I had was a strip of barren ground, chopped into a mulch, and practically innocent of any growth.

I have learned the lesson: this spring I am planting flowers!

How much the human character is like a piece of land! We can, with hard effort, keep it clear of the bad habits, but we have nothing in the end. Or we can develop good habits that will crowd out the bad ones.

Wandering Jew—

In the back yard there is a pretty kind of little plant with shapely leaves and a delicate blue flower. To the eye it gives all that one could expect of an ornamental plant.

It has only one fault: it grows and spreads rapidly. It will not be confined. Chop it out and it grows up again in three days. It crowds out the vegetables, it enroaches on other flowers. It is as bad a pest as the dandelions.

Obtrusive virtue is like that. You can get too much of any good thing. If you *are* good, don't spread it over all the earth.

Leisure—

Not far from my office window there is an old house where, at almost any hour of the day, one can see from three to five men and youths sitting in the shade of a broad front porch. They seem to be satisfied to pass their time in spinning yarns and other idle occupations, day after day. They have the great blessing for which I have often longed—an almost unlimited amount of leisure.

How often people who are harried by care and burdened with duties envy them, those contented folk who never have anything urgent to be done. Life crowds us with so many things, reading and writing and doing, so that days on end go by with never a chance to rest. How we would like to snip the invisible chains that bind us to our desks. What would we not give for leisure time!

Our Work—

Yet I do not want their kind of leisure—with today and tomorrow meaning nothing, bringing nothing, asking nothing. Their leisure is a vacuity—emptiness. To think of divesting my life all at once of all the fine meanings, all the friends and all the rich imperishable gains that work has brought to me—this would be too terrible for consideration. On second thought my work is far more precious to me than meaningless leisure could ever be.

Our work is our salvation. Our work makes us, even as we make our work. By it we thrive and grow strong. The oyster is the descendant of a creature who would not work. The trout, in all its brilliant, powerful beauty, is the descendant of an energetic ancestor.

A STAR AND A CLOUD

By GRACE B. KEAIRNES

UNCLE Henry Winthrop sat at the door of his cottage on the hillside, listening to the sounds that rose from the valley below, his violin for once lying idle on his knees. The tinkle of cowbells, the booming bark of a dog, the voices of children playing in the village streets, were muted by the distance into a vesper hymn that filled him with peace and contentment. In the kitchen Aunt Mary was getting supper and the aroma of frying ham mingled deliciously with the scent of burning leaves that drifted up like incense from the village where tidy householders raked the litter from their dooryards and added it to the bonfires glowing in the dusk.

Suddenly another chorus joined the evening symphony, dropping from the sky where a flying wedge was patterned against the red of the sunset. Wild geese answering the call to some northern lake, following the irresistible lure of the spring wanderlust!

Uncle Henry started to his feet to watch and cried out to his wife, "Spring is here, Mary, spring is here! The geese are going north."

"Land sakes, Henry!" exclaimed his startled spouse as she came to the door, her ample figure outlined against the lamplight that flooded the kitchen, "Don't geese go north every spring? And sometimes they meet a blizzard and come back. Now don't give me such a start as that again."

Uncle Henry chuckled like a mischievous boy as she went back to her work; but somehow for him, the peace of the evening was broken, shattered by the ringing cry of wild geese sounding the haunting note of the wanderer as they sped by. Then his eye fell on the violin which he had caught up as he left his chair. He handled it lovingly a moment before he began to play; softly at first, then growing in volume until it seemed to sob out all the pent-up longings, the unrealized hopes the ungratified desires of the player.

AT the stile just below a boy and a girl paused at sound of the music. "Uncle Henry is playing," June said, "Something must

have stirred him. He doesn't often play like that."

"No," Guy answered, "usually his music is contented, resigned, peaceful. It isn't tonight."

They were quiet until the music ceased and a round, yellow moon came up over the hill and peered down thoughtfully at them. Suddenly Guy turned to his companion.

"June," he said, "you are going away. I wonder—will you forget your old friends when you find new ones? Somehow, I half wish you weren't going. A year is a long time and—I love you, June. You know that."

She looked at him and smiled. "Yes—I know. But I think this is a wonderful chance—Aunt Clara offering to give me a home while I study, though, of course, Dad will have to pay for my lessons. You had your chance, Guy. You are having it now. Why be selfish?"

"I don't mean to be. But there are so many things that might happen. Listen! Before I came home on this trip I wrung a promise from old Mac that he would consider giving you a place in our orchestra if you want it, when your year is up. He has heard you play, you know. There is a liberal education just in working under him. We're getting some of the best music lined up for next year. What do you think about it?"

"That's a long way off," answered the girl, "but it sounds enticing. I'm going to work hard this year—oh, terribly hard—and cover myself with glory. I'm so thrilled!"

Guy smiled down at her, tenderness in every line of his clean young face. She was so lovable, her dark eyes, full of anticipation, lifted to his, the moonlight making a little halo around her piquant face as it touched her dusky curls with silver.

"June," he said huskily, "can't you give me a promise before I go? That would be something to look forward to—"

"No, please, Guy! We're just a pair of kids, after all. I want to go to work free to think of it and nothing else. I don't want to get married—oh, for years and years!"

"All right, princess." Guy threw back his shoulders and drew a deep breath. "If you

stick to that with every chap that comes along—”

“I shall. But you must go, Guy. I hear your train coming down the valley now; and so must I, for mother and dad will want me back early, since this is my last night at home.”

Without another word he caught her hands and gripped them hard as he bent and kissed her on the forehead, where a vagrant curl made a question mark against its whiteness. Then he was gone down the path to the station below.

JUNE Avery stood very still, wondering why her heart skipped a beat and seemed to carry a dull ache when it began again. She and Guy Wood had grown up together in the village. Even during his absence the last two years, while he studied and played with a concert orchestra, he had been home on frequent trips. Now she was going so far away that only letters could bridge the distance. She stifled a sigh as she made her way up the path to the Winthrop cottage. The two old people were still at the table, but they started up in pleased surprise when they saw her slender figure in the doorway.

“Oh, finish your supper!” she cried, “I’ll sit here and talk. No, thank you, I’ve had mine.”

“We’re late tonight,” apologized Aunt Mary, and her husband chuckled.

“Yes, Mary was helping the ninth Higgins baby get started in the world and just got home a little while ago.”

“Poor little mite!” said Aunt Mary, “it is hard enough to get a start in this world with all the help a body can get.”

“So you are leaving tomorrow, are you, June? I told Mary you wouldn’t go without coming to see us again.”

“I wonder what I’ll do without you!” June cried impulsively. “You, Uncle Henry, who have taught me all I know about music; and you, too, Aunt Mary. Who will give me raisin cookies and tie up my cut fingers when I’m half way across the continent?”

“I hope your hurts won’t be any worse than cut fingers, child,” Uncle Henry said. “Life sometimes gives us ugly wounds, you know. But just remember that always there is a star and a cloud over one’s pathway. Sometimes the star is lost behind the cloud. Sometimes

the cloud closes in upon us and we forget the star is there. And then the mists roll back and we lift our eyes and behold—the star is there, calm and unchanged, lighting the path for our weary feet and bidding us look up and take fresh courage.

WHEN June stepped from the train at the big city depot after her long overland journey, the fickle April weather had changed and a light blanket of snow and sleet lay on the streets. Looking about rather uncertainly, she caught sight of a familiar face as her aunt, muffled snugly in a squirrel coat, came pushing through the throng of hurrying people.

“How fresh you look, my child!” she cried, kissing June on both cheeks. “Not the least bit like the last end of a long journey. Come this way. Jim is in the car. I was afraid he wouldn’t know you so I came to meet you myself.”

Tucked into the big limousine, which closed out the raw, east wind, June watched the endless streets hurry by and wondered how cousin Jim could dodge the scurrying automobiles that thronged them and find his way so easily. When at last they reached Mrs. Servas’ handsome home the evening was well along and the windows were lighted squares of refuge for a weary little traveler.

Dinner was served under soft lights in the big dining room by a maid in correct black and white. Hungry as June was, her appetite was dulled somewhat by wondering which fork and spoon came first and surreptitiously watching Jim and Aunt Clara to see if she were doing the right thing.

“We’ll excuse you dear, if you are too tired to sit up tonight,” said Mrs. Servas as they left the table. “Jim is going out and a few of my friends are coming in to play bridge.”

“Mother is a regular bridge fiend,” remarked Jim, smiling down at her from his well-groomed six feet of young manhood. “If you aren’t just as bad in two months’ time—well, you’ll have to display wonderful strength of character. So long; I’m due at the Watson’s dance in just thirty minutes. You must meet the crowd soon, cousin.”

In the shelter of her room June stood at the silk-draped window and looked out over the city. Such an immense city! Such strings of quivering, twinkling lights, some moving

swiftly, some keeping silent guard over the busy streets. For the city was not asleep. It was thrilling with gay, incessant life that never slept.

What were they all doing at home, she wondered. Home, that seemed so many thousands of miles away! Oh, yes, this was Saturday night. Father would be at the little store on the corner, waiting for late customers—he could not afford to miss any now, with a daughter studying music in the east. Mother would be there helping him. Perhaps Uncle Henry would come down for a bag of sugar or some pancake flour. An unseen hand seemed to reach out suddenly and grasp June's throat and hold it tightly. Homesick! So soon?

"I won't be!" she declared, fiercely. "I'm not going to give up."

Then she lifted her eyes to the sky. Soft blue, luminous with stars, it bent over the city, calm above its restlessness, quiet over its noisy tumult. A fleecy cloud drifted across the stars and Uncle Henry's words came back to June giving her peace and courage. "Always there is a star and a cloud over one's pathway. Sometimes the cloud closes down . . . then the mists roll back and behold the star is there . . . bidding us look up and take fresh courage."

A FEW DAYS later June went with her aunt to see her music teacher, a wiry little man whose long, sensitive fingers seemed to draw unutterable things from the slender strings when he touched them. He heard her play and nodded his head sagely.

"Veree good," he said in his broken English, "You have talent and have had a good teacher. You will make a violinist, though nothing wonderful, perhaps. We shall see! We shall see!"

June looked at her aunt in some dismay as they left the studio. "He wasn't so very encouraging, Aunt Clara," she said slowly.

"Well, what did you expect, child?" she asked with a laugh, "He may not consider you a Kreisler, perhaps, but that was a lot for him to say. And even if you don't do anything wonderful, as he says, with the violin, you will be learning other things that you really ought to know. You were just growing into a quiet country mouse in that little town. I saw that when I was there last summer."

The girl pondered her aunt's words sometimes in the months that followed. Life that had been so simple at home became so alarmingly complex. When Mrs. Servas asked her to play bridge she was forced to acknowledge that she was ignorant of the game.

"Well, I'll teach you how to play. You will learn easily."

"But I don't care two pins about it, Aunt Clara," she insisted, "and besides, I haven't time."

"Nonsense," retorted her aunt, "You don't need to practice at night; and I'm bored to tears with nothing to do on the evenings when no one comes in and I don't go out. You could be such a help if you would!"

"Say, cousin," Jim said one evening when he was at home and some lively dance music came lilting over the radio, "What do you say to a little hop with me?"

"I don't dance, Jim," she answered, "I never learned how."

"That's no sign you can't learn," he replied, "your vocabulary has too many don'ts in it, my dear. There are lots of things to learn in addition to picking violin strings."

June flushed. After all he and Aunt Clara had been more than kind. Perhaps she owed them that much. She rose rather reluctantly and tried some of the new dance steps. After a while she learned, too, to play a fairly creditable game of cards, much to her aunt's satisfaction.

"It is so much more pleasure to take you out among people now," she said complacently.

Although June expostulated, Mrs. Servas bought the girl smart, new clothes that she might be as well dressed as her associates. When they dined out at night and there was dancing afterward it was so easy to slip into Jim's arms and glide over the polished floors to the swing of the orchestra. After that it was but a step into other young men's arms, any time, any place that the melody of music was beating its rhythm into the scented air.

AMONG her new acquaintances was a youth who played in a popular dance orchestra, whom she soon came to know rather well. He began calling more than regularly at the Servas home and June found herself looking forward to his visits, somewhat to her own surprise. Her aunt seemed to approve but, catching a

fleeting expression once or twice on Jim's face, she did not feel so sure of his approbation.

She was standing in the middle of her room one evening, playing softly Schumann's "Traumerei" when he came by on his way downstairs and paused at her door an instant.

"Bye, cousin," he said, "I'm spending the evening out."

"Good-by," she answered, idly, then added on sudden thought, "Van Cress is coming this evening. Why don't you like him, Jim?"

"You spring questions on one at the most unseasonable times." Her cousin seemed somewhat annoyed, "Why do you think I don't, and who was saying anything about him in the first place?"

"I was," she answered, "You don't, do you?"

"Come to think of it, I don't care much for the young coxcomb," Jim replied, his level gray eyes fixed on her face.

"I think a lot of your opinion," she said soberly. She looked suddenly very small and young as she stood leaning against the door. "I feel like going home. I—I guess I'm homesick, Jimmy."

"I hope you won't go. You can't know what it means to mother and me to have a child in the house. What's the matter?" he added, with a keen glance, "Had a letter from the boy friend?"

"Are you trying to tease me, Jim?" she asked, ignoring his question,

"Just how much older are you than I?"

"Ten years as years go, little cousin. Much more in experience, I take it. Go slow, June, and don't throw away any old loves just yet. They may be the better, after all."

SHE HEARD the front door slam and Van's voice in the hall. He came to meet her as she went down, bursting with news.

"Put on your little old bonnet, June," he cried. "We need another violin and we're playing tonight for a big dinner dance. Just time for a tryout. Let's go!"

"I shall go!" she defiantly informed her reflection in the mirror as she stood putting on her coat and hat, "Something must be done to banish this black mood that is on me!"

She passed the tryout. She joined the orchestra, seated behind a screen of palms and stole glances as she played, of richly gowned

women and men in evening dress on the ball-room floor. The score was easy, meaningless, to fingers that had learned the masterpieces of Handel, Wagner, Bach. But there was a certain gay lilt to the music that was new and enthralling. There was a brief interlude and the girl sitting in the next chair passed a cigarette case to her.

"No, thank you, I don't smoke," June said.

"You'll soon learn," was the reply, as the music began again.

June began to feel faint. The air was close, the smoke nauseating and the music seemed to beat in her ears like an enormous drum. Van, sitting near, drew a little silver flask from his pocket and held it toward her.

"You look all in," he said, "Take a drink."

She shook her head and tried to smile. She was not mistaken then, when she thought she smelled liquor on his breath. Oh, well, no matter, they all did it!

When the interminable evening was over she refused his invitation to a late supper and asked him to take her home at once. Back in her room she went to the window and threw it open to let the fresh air clear her dizzy brain. Once more the trees were bare as they were when she came. She reviewed the months that had passed, the gay summer, the gayer autumn. Why, it was only two weeks until Christmas! The city shop-windows were already wearing their holiday dress. At home they were preparing for the usual program in the little church. At home the air was clean and sweet with the breath of pines. She was homesick! Guy's letter, which had come as Jim surmised, on the afternoon mail, must have done the mischief. Two paragraphs stood out in her memory—she could remember every word:

"Your father looked worried when I was home last," he wrote, "and I learned that business isn't so good. Times are hard in the valley, just now. . . . I don't suppose you would want to come home yet; but we are short on violins and I know Mac would take you on the first of the year."

A wisp of cloud drifted over the stars and June caught her breath. "A star and a cloud!" she whispered, "Yes—I shall go home. I almost lost the way in the cloud, but the star is still shining—and, please God, I shall follow the star!"

TO LONDON TOWN---AND FRIENDS

By AUDENTIA ANDERSON

IT WAS early on Wednesday when we bade good-bye to Paris and began speeding away from that intriguing capital. In the compartment with us were four English women and one young man of Italian birth. He proved to be the most interesting of the group; had been working in Paris for some years, and was just going on an adventuring vacation to the world's metropolis. He had some entertaining stories about Mussolini and his methods, and was very much in love with that leader. His dark vivacity was quite in contrast with the placidity of the fair English ladies, two of whom, elderly maiden sisters, had just been to Paris for the first time, and were duly thrilled with their visit.

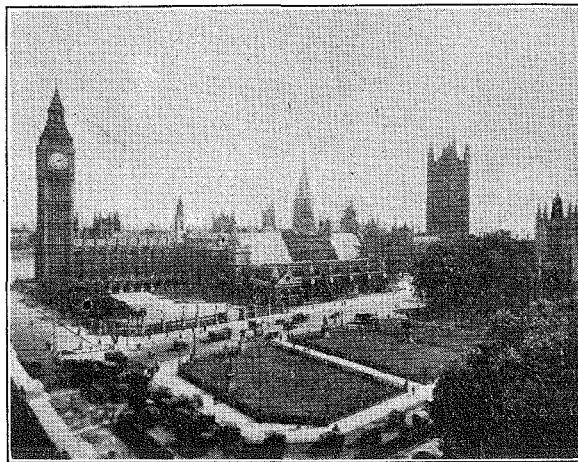
Passing through Amiens, so torn and tortured during the war, we noticed many new buildings, erected to replace those demolished by German shells. Not far beyond was a great war cemetery, the sight of which brought tears and aching memories of that modern conflict, so useless and prolific of grief and tragedy. Will the time ever come when mankind will have learned how to live in peace and happiness?

At Boulogne we embarked on a channel steamer, in which the crossing was made safely if not swiftly. A simple lunch was obtained and enjoyed on board, where also passports and visas were stamped to facilitate passage through customs ashore. The latter was accomplished without trouble or delay, although we were closely questioned as to how long we intended to remain in England.

THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND

Folkestone was a sizable city, with evidence of mills, factories, and seafaring industries. As the train edged towards the suburbs, threading

its course along a narrow right-of-way between serried ranks of houses, we began to notice the gardens for which England is famous. Every little back yard, no matter how humble the cottage it adjoined, had its riot of bloom and beauty. It was in the season when roses were at the pinnacle of their glory, or at most only slightly *passee*. They seemed to abound everywhere, in delightful luxuriance, color, and variety of species. The sight of these gardens reminded me of an Omaha friend who had visited England the year before. She brought home with her numbers of cuttings, roots and seeds, which transplanted to her own gardens, made charming souvenirs, faintly echoing the beauty of the "mother isle." Among these, I recalled, was a bit of ivy from Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott; she had been fortunate in visiting it at a time when its gardener was making some changes in the shrubbery, and he willingly gave, or sold some of the roots and



Parliament Square, with "Big Ben" at left and Victoria Tower at right.

cuttings. She was so enthusiastic over the flowers of England that she declared, "If Saint Peter will not let me through the pearly gates but will permit me to live in rural England, I shall never miss heaven!"

Noting, as we sped along, the smoothness of the meadows and the velvety lawns of the great estates, I was reminded of the story about the wealthy American who, visiting England for the first time, became greatly enamoured of these wonderful landscapes. Pompously he asked a gardener to tell him just how they were treated in order to obtain such wonderful results, adding that he wanted to reproduce the effect on the terraces of his own new place, out in Indiana.

"Sure, I'll tell ye! First, you digs up the soil, good and deep, and smooths it over. Then you

sows good seed and smooths it over again, nice and even. Then, when the grass gets a good start, you takes a heavy roller and you rolls it, and you rolls it, and you rolls it, for a hundred years!"

Ah, England! That is indeed your glory—your background of centuries!

CROPS OF THE COUNTRY

Wheat was nearly all cut and shocked, though in some places scythes and cradles were in active evidence. Noted one reaper and binder. Trees were plentiful, and there were a number of narrow streams, called rivers over there. Saw lots of feeding sheep, but few cattle. The small farms or lots were usually divided by green hedges of box or yew, but sometimes by sketchy fences of rails or boards. Most barns had a sort of silo attached or adjoining, which had pointed caps of tin, making them look like tall, hooded ghosts. Since no corn seemed to be grown there, I was curious as to their use, and by inquiry learned they were repositories for hops, a product in considerable demand in a country where people love their ale.

GOING UP TO LONDON

It was a lovely, wooded, rolling countryside through which we rushed, with few unsightly spots. Numbers of apple orchards were seen, but not many other varieties of fruit trees were visible. The day was cloudy, with a premonition of rain in the air. Typically England, of course. The British Isles lie in a latitude as far north as Labrador or the middle reaches of Canada in our continent. This fact seems surprising when the mildness of the climate is noted, until the beneficent ministry of the Gulf Stream is remembered. Its warm waters, flowing about the islands and interplaying with the colder atmosphere hovering above them, bring about a condensation which characterizes the country—a condition very favorable to flowers and vegetation in general. We expected rain, and really hoped to experience a genuine London fog. In this we were disappointed, for during the whole period of our ten-days' visit, not once did we fail to have a sunny day, and only once did a smattering of raindrops fall upon us, hardly enough to justify our donning raincoats.

It was a "boat train" we were on, which

made no stops at stations between the Channel and the metropolis. At crossings the tracks ran under the wagon roads, and a few times we were rushed through long, dark tunnels, possibly passing through (or under) villages in that manner. The railroad was a double-tracked one, but, oddly enough as it seemed to us, the trains ran on the left tracks instead of the right ones.

Small villages, with one main street of shops. Red-roofed cottages. Rows of apartments, some old, some new. Suburban gardens and nurseries. Brick kilns. Fields of poppies. A circular pond in a pasture, its surface literally covered with pond lilies. Vast estates. Turreted castle in distance. Surfaced roadways in all directions. Bridle paths. Boys bowling on a green. Fine old estates with ancestral halls, ivy-covered. Towers and lonely ruins. Spired churches. Signs referring to "Lord Homersdale's Kennels" and "Mid Kent Racing Stables." Others referring to "Carter's Little Liver Pills" and "Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound."

About four o'clock the nervous train came to a gasping stop under the extensive roofs of the railroad terminus, where we took a cab to the Regent Palace Hotel. As we stopped at the side portal of that commodious hostelry, the liveried attendant opened the door of the taxi a wee crack and grimly inquired, "Have you booked rooms here?" Assured we had, he assisted us in, bags and baggage. At the desk we discovered we had abundant reason to be thankful that we could answer his question affirmatively, for hundreds of tourists were being turned away because of lack of rooms, as many as eight hundred in one day. We recalled that the New York papers, the day before we left that city, told of the docking of a great liner at Southampton on Thursday, when owing to the congestion of tourist traffic, practically its entire passenger list were homeless for the night. Southampton was taxed to its capacity, and telegrams to London revealed the same conditions there, which would not be relieved until the clearing on Friday night and Saturday morning of a number of steamers, westward bound. So we were glad, indeed, that so far back as in May previous, our missionary brother, Apostle Paul M. Hanson, had made our reservations for us at this most desirable of hotels, and soon we were shown to the comfortable rooms which

became our home during the ten days to follow.

OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST FRIENDS

To our delight, we found Brother Hanson was there in the hotel, to greet us, and with him, our good friends, the B. F. Moats family from Kansas City. We had not been wanderers from our homeland so very long, but it had been long enough to make smiles on familiar faces seem positively angelic, and we were led to marvel, even while we rejoiced in it, at the strength and beauty of "the tie which binds." In expressing our extreme delight, however, we did not make the mistake once made by an old schoolmate of mine, suffering greatly from nostalgia. One day unexpectedly meeting a fellow townsman, though one whom she had known only by sight and name, she bubbled over with joy. Indulging in rather extravagant expressions of her delight at the meeting, she wound up with the amusingly revealing exclamation, "Why, Mr. Jones! I've been so homesick I'd be tickled to see even a little yellow dog from home!"

Sister Moats—Mary, to her friends—with small son and dear friend of World War nursing days in France, had sailed in May to revisit old scenes, taking with them the family automobile in which to tour the country. Mr. Moats had joined them a few weeks later, and it had been arranged that we would all meet in London and make our homeward voyage together. Hence this was a happy meeting, indeed.

Soon after our arrival, Mary led us to the large salon adjoining the lobby, and introduced us to London's favorite indoor sport—afternoon tea. There, in the midst of a great throng engaged in a similar diversion, we sipped our tea, nibbled our wafers, and eagerly exchanged recitals of recent events and experiences, meanwhile watching with interest the colorful pageant around us, as waiters, edging carefully between the crowded and crowding

tables, supplied with equal deftness and deference, Londoner and traveler with this "cup that cheers."

"TEA!"

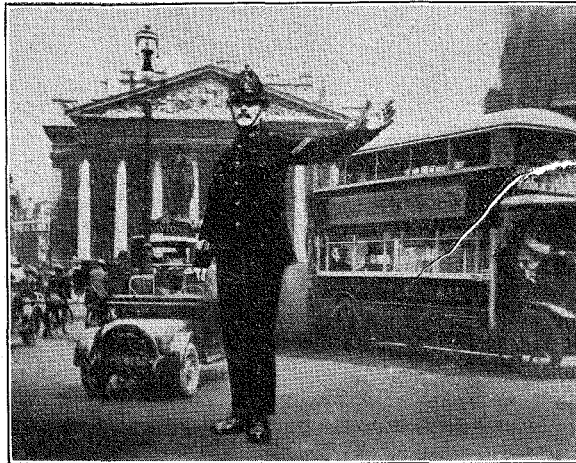
Afternoon tea is an institution in England, one almost sacred, we learned, in the estimation of those "to the manor born." It is said the true Britisher allows nothing to interfere with his leisurely enjoyment of this refreshing "pause in the day's occupation." It is slyly hinted that even a funeral is interrupted in order to observe this time-honored custom, but that may be just a joke; I do not know. I do know, however, that on the afternoon Mary, Myrtle, Rogene and I went to a matinee, the ush ette who showed us to our seats, a graver-faced and kinder specimen than the pert miss of Parisian memory, asked, not "Do you wish tea at the intermission?" but "When do you want your tea, at the first intermission or the second?"

Because we had an early engagement for the evening, at some distance from our hotel, we decided upon the earlier hour, and

it was with inward amusement we received the trays at the first curtain, and with appreciative smiles and chuckles, sat there, squeezing the bit of lemon, sipping the beverage, munching the tid-bits, and trying our best to properly play up to the dissipation of English ceremonial!

The play, by the way, was a charming operetta which had its setting in the period of hoop-skirts, ruffled pantaloons, tiny up-tilted hats and staid Victorian manners. It was all very colorful, the curled and powdered ladies and courtly gentlemen, singing and dancing through their gay parts with dashing abandon, to the rhythm of the graceful music which was mainly of waltz and schottische measure. It all remains a gracious memory—that and the tea between acts!

The morning after our arrival in London, Rogene accompanied the Moats' party to Windsor Palace and its nearby places of interest,



A London "Bobby"

while, according to arrangement, Ben and I met Brother and Sister Richard Baldwin and Brother Hanson, and with these most congenial and jolly companions, began a series of sight-seeing tours about the big town which through the days yielded a wealth of happy experiences. We had looked forward very eagerly to this particular visit, and had kept in touch with these good friends. Indeed, at various ports where the *Lancastria* received mail we had been reminded by letter, card, or whatnot, that they also, were looking forward to our coming with pleasure. (Might ask "Lena" about the "what-nots," that "bug" from King Tut's tomb, for instance!)

ENGLAND WALKS

Omnibuses were available for the hailing and boarding, but we learned that everybody walked in London, if the distance to be covered were not too great; for in the congestion of the streets, pedestrians can reach their destination blocks ahead of the buses. And, anyway—I have already told the *Vision* readers how the English people love to walk!

We found these missionaries of ours very well posted about the various things of interest—public buildings, monuments, and historic spots. In pointing these out Sister Baldwin frequently embellished the recital with those frills of fancy which tradition has woven about them. In these days of tripping about London together, lunching or dining or "tea-ing" at the hotel or elsewhere as fancy and sudden notion swayed us, these all-too-quickly-passing hours were bright with the golden threads of happy companionship. We learned to know and prize these dear people even better and more highly than before, and as we recall their bubbling good nature, their affectionate comradeship and solicitous care for us, we can but say anew, "God bless them!"

The home of William E. Gladstone, rather austere. Women police. Monument of George Washington, presented by State of Virginia. The Cenotaph in center of street with its eternal wreath, passing which all men remove their hats and heads are bowed in respect to the memory of the "unknown" soldiers of the World War. Charing Cross with its "Eleanor" memorial. Haymarket, the Strand, and the Bar. Two very old churches in middle of

street. Fleet Street, "newspaper row." White-gloved, helmeted "Bobbies," i. e. policemen, first called "Peelers," both nicknames derived from Robert Peel who instituted the police system of the big city. Trafalgar Square, with monument, fountains and white pigeons.

"BIG BEN"

Standing in one particular spot near Westminster Abbey, could be seen three notable towers aline, one behind the other. They were those of the Abbey, of Saint Margaret's Church, and of the Houses of Parliament. The latter is the Clock Tower, which houses the famous time-piece, "Big Ben." It stands on the site of a clock-and-bell tower erected by Edward I, and is three hundred and sixteen feet high. The dials of the clock (which face four sides) are twenty-two and a half feet in diameter, with figures two feet long. The minute hands are fourteen feet in length, while the hour hands are nine. The great bell, thirteen and a half tons, which chimes the time, is named for Sir Benjamin Hall, who was First Commissioner of Public Works at the time it was installed. At the summit of this tower a light is shown at night when Parliament is sitting.

As companion to the Clock Tower, the Houses of Parliament have the Victoria Tower, said to be the largest square tower in the world, being seventy-five feet square and three hundred and thirty-six feet to the tip of its pinnacle, from which flies the Union Jack whenever Parliament is in session. Besides these two, there is the Central Tower, which serves as a ventilator shaft.

THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER

Technically, this building, or group of buildings, for it seems to have been evolutionary, is the Palace of Westminster, though popularly called the Houses of Parliament. These titles, associated, show the progress of the nation, from the days when the autocratic rulings of sovereigns emanated from this place to the present time when it houses democratic councils in which kings, princes, peers and commoners share the authority and responsibilities of state government.

The beginnings of this old pile are uncertain, but definite records date from Edward the Confessor (he died 1065) who rebuilt it at the time he rebuilt Westminster Abbey. Then

the village of Westminster, though close to the heart of London, was a community in itself, and because of the Abbey and Palace, a most important center. Later the village in the evolutions of time, encroached upon and surrounded the royal buildings with squalid houses and slums. The last king to reside here was Henry VIII, who abandoned it for Whitehall Palace. In the great fire of 1834 the medley of buildings of various dates was—perhaps fortunately—destroyed, one portion alone, the Great Hall (now called Westminster Hall), erected by William the Red in 1097, escaping the flames.

The new Palace of Westminster which was built on the site, covering an area of eight acres, is said to be the most sumptuously decorated building erected in England since the Reformation, and with its mural paintings, stone and wood carving, mosaics, tile—and metal work, and stained glass has exerted a marked influence upon English arts and crafts. Special schools of designing were formed to deal with many features of its decoration, both outside and in. It is in the early Tudor style of architecture, and, constructed of Yorkshire stone. This material, however, has proved itself unsuited to the atmosphere of the great city, and extensive and frequent repairs have been found necessary to prevent serious decay and ruin.

There are five hundred rooms and eleven interior courts, to which the Westminster Hall, now used but seldom except for show purposes, stands at a unique angle. On three sides are well-kept gardens or "greens," in some of which are monuments, a statue of Cromwell occupying an imposing place in front of the Hall, while one of Richard Coeur-de-Lion is near the Peers' Entrance. At the back there is nearly nine hundred and fifty feet of river frontage, with a veranda seven hundred feet long under the windows of the great Peers' and Commons' Libraries, the Speakers' Residence, and many other rooms and offices.

There are three principal entrances—one at the Victoria Tower corner for the sovereigns, one the Peers' Entrance, and one, the main one, through Saint Stephen's Porch, via which visitors are usually admitted whether for sight-seeing or for attendance upon the debates of the Commons. Entering through this main en-

trance and passing through Saint Stephen's Hall, adorned by many pictures and stained glass windows showing the coats-of-arms of prominent or historic families, we emerged into the Central Hall, a beautiful octagonal room, said to be the largest Gothic vault without supporting shafts in existence. Over its four doors are mosaics picturing the patron saints of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Standing here and looking in one direction down the long corridor and past the Peers' Lobby can be seen the House of Lords, and in the opposite direction, through similar corridor and lobby, the House of Commons. It was a most remarkable vista, and we were told that the King, sitting on his throne at the far end of the House of Peers, can see the Speaker of the House of Commons sitting upon his presiding bench.

Throughout these rooms are frescoes, murals, ceilings, paintings, mosaics, pavements, windows, doorways, statues and memorials in such lavish profusion of beauty as would richly repay careful and leisurely study. Guides took us about, whose quaint remarks were as interesting as the subjects of their explanations. One of the paintings which attracted the attention of Americans was "*Embarkment of the Pilgrim Fathers for New England.*" Another was, "*Setting Out of the Train Bands for London, to Raise the Siege of Gloucester, 1642.*" In research I had frequently found references to the "train bands" or organized military forces of our early Colonial pioneers; they had taken their name, apparently, from these of the "mother country." One painting which stirred religious enthusiasm was labeled, "*The English People, in Spite of Persecution, Persist in Meeting Secretly to Read Aloud Wycliffe's Version of the Bible*"; its treatment is obvious.

We saw the Royal Staircase, by which the sovereign ascends from the Victoria Tower entrance; the King's Robing Room, with its Chair of State, and its frescoes and panels depicting episodes from the legends of the King Arthur period; and the Royal Gallery, through which His Majesty proceeds to the House of Peers, on the walls of which are two immense historical paintings forty-five feet long—"The Death of Nelson," and "The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher." We saw the Prince's Chamber, where the sovereign is received by the chief peers, and which is graced by the marble and

granite statue of the beloved Queen Victoria who ruled so benignly for sixty-four years. She is represented between symbolical figures of Justice and Mercy—truly significant in this hall of lawmakers and lawmaking. About the walls were portraits of many rulers and their consorts, princes and princesses of the Tudor line.

A SHORT TERM IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

From this room we entered the House of Lords, or Peers, said to be the most splendidly decorated chamber in England, with its Throne at one end, with separate chairs for the King and the Queen, its State chair for the Prince of Wales, and its Woolsack for the Lord Chancellor. From what remote time, imagine you, has this "sack of wool in the form of a divan" been used by this important official of England? Above are the galleries for strangers and reporters, and at the end opposite the Throne is the bar at which the Commons assemble to hear the King's speeches or the Royal assent to bills in the making. Grouped around are statues of eighteen barons who succeeded in getting King John to sign the Magna Charta, that bill of human rights which has been the foundation of civil liberty for more countries than England. In the windows are pictures of sovereigns and their consorts, some frescoes symbolizing Justice, Chivalry and Religion, and others depicting historical scenes.

Ranged along the sides and running the length of this apartment were narrow lobbies, the one being designated for the use of the "Aye Division," and the other for the "No Division" of this House of Lords. (A similar provision was made, we discovered, for antagonists in the House of Commons.)

Deliberately, although a bit furtively, I stepped from the aisle and sat down on one of the red leather benches on the raised platform. But I arose hastily enough as a watchful attendant snapped an irate finger and excitedly waved me "away from there!" Alas! *he was too late, for—I have "sat in the British House of Lords,"* and who can gainsay me that proud boast?

A DOOR SLAMMED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

In the Peers' Corridor are twelve paintings from Stuart history, twelve more adorning the walls of the Commons' Corridor. Through the Commons Lobby is entered the House of Com-

mons, much plainer in appointments than that occupied by the Peers. There is a gallery for women members of this House, of which there were fourteen, we were told. The hall seats four hundred, and on the Speaker's right are the benches for those favoring the Government, and on the left those for the "Opposition."

The guide told us that since the days of Charles I, the doors of the House of Commons are slammed in the face of the royal messenger, and he must take the black rod and strike three times on the door. When it is opened by the Sergeant-at-Arms, the messenger is permitted to enter and to take the royal communication to the presiding officer! Queer old red tape! But we discovered that a good many things are done in England today for no better reason than that they have been done, and done in that manner, ever since days in a far-off past.

Lingering in Saint Stephen's Hall as we passed out, the guide told us its ground plan conformed exactly with that of the old Chapel of Saint Stephen. From 1547, when they left the Chapter House connected with Westminster Abbey, the "Commons" had met in that old chapel, until its destruction in the fire of 1834. Its walls are adorned by paintings presenting the various historic events of the nation, from the days of Alfred the Great down through many centuries.

Until 1882 the important courts of the kingdom were held in Westminster Hall and its adjoining buildings. The Great Hall was then partitioned off into a series of apartments designed for various uses. Here took place many notable trials, such as those of William Wallace, Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerset, Strafford, Charles I, and Warren Hastings. Tablets of brass mark the spots where these unfortunates stood during their trials, as well as where the bodies of honored leaders have lain in state. With one historian let us go into Westminster Hall with that Scottish hero, William Wallace, as, strongly fettered and surrounded by mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, he was brought hither on an August day in 1305:

"The undaunted man, crowned with a garland of oak, as a king of outlaws, was arraigned as a traitor to the English crown. 'Traitor I could never be, for I was not a subject of King Edward,' was his spirited reply. His execution was determined upon before this

mock trial. Sentence of death was pronounced against him. He was dragged at the tails of horses through the streets to a gallows standing at the Elms in Smithfield. The horrible barbarities of an execution for treason having been gone through, his head was struck off and placed upon a pole on London bridge. His body was divided into four quarters.

"But William Wallace, thus betrayed and outraged, was never so dangerous to the power of King Edward as when his mutilated arms and legs were exhibited to the Scottish people in the public places of Newcastle, Berwick, Perth, and Aberdeen . . . even while there was exultation in London over the fate of this brave man."

"GREAT HALL"

Londoners are very proud of this ancient "Great Hall," even though it has had almost a tragic history. It was scarcely completed by the Red King, son of the Conqueror, when that sovereign met his death in the New Forest. Three centuries later it was damaged by fire and remodeled by Richard II, but before the restoration was finished, the official deposition of that monarch took place within its walls, his execution following shortly after. In that reconstruction the aisles were removed, the walls heightened several feet, and a "hammer beam" roof constructed, said to be the most wonderful example of its kind in the world. It spans the great width of the Hall, sixty-eight feet, with no other support than the buttressed walls and its own arching timbers of Sussex oak, interlocking with geometrical precision and inherent strength. The hammer beams, it was explained, are those horizontal ones, acting as cantilevers, which project out from the top of opposite walls, and support the arching timbers of a Gothic roof. From these high points of vantage, carved angels peer down into the noble room (originally two hundred and thirty-nine feet long), bearing shields which alternately display the arms of Edward the Confessor and the unfortunate Richard.

There is a Crypt near one entrance which dates from the fourteenth century. This richly decorated chapel is still used occasionally for marriages of Parliament members or the christening of their children. Adjoining it are old cloisters which are not shown to the public.

Across the "Old Palace Yard" as we emerge, is the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey.

But of the marvelously interesting Abbey we must write at another time, for of it, as indeed of this Westminster Palace, now the center of English lawmaking, volumes could be told with never a repetition.

A FRIENDLY PARTY

The evening after our visit to the Houses of Parliament, the Moats' party and ours were guests in the home of Brother and Sister John A. Judd, in Enfield. It seems that the branch members had been invited to a "surprise party" for the evening, and learning of our presence in the city, an invitation had been extended to us. Brother Judd has long been the mainstay of the Saints in and about London, even a portion of his home having been devoted to their use for meetings. With his capable wife and talented sons he was carrying many responsibilities and performing much labor for the church.

We rode out in the Moats' car, Mary at the wheel. It is still a wonder to us how she ever managed to drive so easily on the left-hand side of the street and to obey all the peculiar—and to us awkward—rules involved in such a method. We were intrigued as we got out into the suburbs to observe many signs and street names which seemed queer to us. For instance, one corner near Brother Judd's is known as "Ye Old Hop Poles." However, the story of odd names and signs collected while away must be saved for another time, and I will get on with the surprise party.

Probably forty people, members of the branch and their children, gathered in the hospitable home. After welcomes and introductions, with true courtesy and rare tact, the presence of "aliens" in their midst seemed to make no difference, and the jolly party proceeded with its arranged program of games, music, and fun. We soon felt that we were strangers only at the moment of meeting, so wholeheartedly were we taken into the friendly intimacy of these good people and made partakers of their good cheer. Refreshments followed sports and singing, in the midst of which, in a little speech, the "surprise" was sprung. It proved to be the announcement of engagement between Dover, the eldest son of our host, and

a blushing young "Winnie," which news seemed to greatly please the guests. The marriage of this fine young couple was solemnized this past summer, I noticed according to the *Herald*.

Appended to this article are some stanzas from the charming poem by Kipling, "*The Glory of the Garden*." It was recited that evening, with splendid tonal and interpretative effect, by one of the young sisters of the Enfield Branch. We had the pleasure of meeting, at that time, the parents and sisters of Brother Arthur Oakman, by this time well known in Graceland and church missionary circles. Among them was his sister Doris, who came to America the following spring, to present her oration in the Centennial Conference contest, and, like Arthur, is still on this side of the "big pond."

The pleasure of the evening at Brother Judd's, however, was well-nigh ruined for me because, yielding to his importunities and those of Brethren Hanson and Baldwin, I allowed them to announce to the assembled Saints that I would be the speaker at the eleven o'clock hour on the following (Sabbath) morning. When we returned to the hotel, it was mine to labor "until far, far into the night," trying to arrange something to say upon that much-dreaded and all-too-imminent occasion!

To this anxious vigil, plus downright toil, may I be left at this time, and simply say, like a well-known voice of the air, "So long, until tomorrow"?

Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and
avenues,
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting
by;
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than
meets the eye.

For where the old thick laurels grow, along the thin
red wall,
You'll find the tool- and potting-sheds which are
the heart of all,
The cold frames and the hothouses, the dung-pits and
the tanks,
The rollers, carts, and drainpipes, with the barrows
and the planks.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and
'prentice boys
Told off to do as they are bid and do it without
noise;

For, except when seeds are planted and we shout to
scare the birds,
The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a rose,
And some are hardly fit to trust with anything
that grows;
But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the
sand and loam,
For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who
come.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head
so thick,
There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a
heart so sick,
But it can find some needful job that's crying to be
done,
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him
sees
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon
his knees!
So when your work is finished, you can wash your
hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass
away!

—From "*The Glory of the Garden*," by Kipling.

—And the Glory of the Garden, it shall never
pass away!



The Bargain

Weary Willie slouched into the pawn shop.
"How much will you give me for this over-
coat?"

Isaac looked at it critically. "Four dollars,"
he said.

"Why," cried Weary Willie, "that coat's
worth ten dollars if it's worth a penny."

"I wouldn't give you ten dollars for two like
that," sniffed Isaac. "Four dollars or nothing."

"Are you sure that's all it's worth?" asked
Weary Willie.

"Four dollars," repeated Isaac.

"Well, here's your four dollars," said Weary
Willie. "This overcoat was hangin' outside yer
shop, and I was wonderin' how much it was
really worth."—*Vancouver Province*.

THE ATTIC WINDOW

By GOLDIE GRANT THIEL

TWAS an hour past midnight. Sophrona Flint, six feet of parchment colored boniness, trembled with excitement as, with thin hands cupped about her face, she leaned against the darkened windowpane and peered intently at the glowing patch of brilliance that was the attic window next door. Her black eyes gleamed triumphantly, maliciously; for through the curtains of that mirrored patch of glowing light not only could she see Joan Baxter, but beside her none other than Nicholas Cunningham, the New Yorker who had directed the Elmwood pageant. How she hated that girl!

Two years before, her neighbor, old Betty Ross, had died leaving the house next door to her only surviving relative, Joan Baxter, a niece. The house had stood unoccupied until a year ago, when Joan, accompanied by a Swedish servant, Olga Sorensen, had come to spend her vacation in her mother's old home.

Elmwood, though priding itself upon its country club, its churches, its business houses, and its junior league, was still a small place. The older generation, having known and loved Joan's parents, accepted her with open arms; the younger generation, finding that she did not care to usurp their power or leadership, too, accepted her. All looked with favor upon the charming newcomer except Sophrona Flint.

To Sophrona, she was the living picture of Rosalind Ross who had taken the gay young violinist, James Baxter, away from her. None had ever suspected Sophrona's love, but deep in her heart were buried the ashes of her life's romance. She had hated the girl at sight, but when the strains from her violin had sung out upon the evening stillness the ashes in Sophrona's heart had kindled into burning hatred; but not so with Sophrona's sister Minerva. She, too, had loved Jimmy Baxter. She had loved Joan's elfin rose-petaled face and curling black locks instantly and when the song of her violin had rolled out upon the misty twilight, Minerva's heart had sung for joy. The spirit of the man she had loved, lived again in his daughter. . . . To her, Joan was the daughter that she would never have.

"I just love Elmwood, Miss Minerva," Joan had confided one morning as they worked in the garden. "In New York, we hardly knew the people who lived in the studio next to ours. It was terribly lonesome after daddy and mother died, but here—it is so different. I feel as if I had known every one all my life." She paused then whispered, "Can you keep a secret?"

Miss Minerva's gray curls nodded in the wind.

The girl bent closer. "I like Elmwood so well that I'm going to stay here and not go back to the city."

A flush, generated by a surge of joy in a wildly beating heart, stole over Miss Minerva's placid face. "I'm glad, dearie. Elmwood is a mighty fine place to live."

AS INTENSELY as Minerva loved Joan, so Sophrona hated. She hated the demure face that looked out from the old Ross pew on Sundays; she hated the knickered figure that tramped the fields and woods with the girl scouts; the jaunty figure at the country club; but most of all, she hated Joan, the violinist.

"It makes me tired the way people fall for a pretty face. That girl is no good. She's the spittin' image of her mother, that triflin' Rosie Ross," Sophrona raved.

"Her mother was a lovely girl, and you know it," Miss Minerva countered. "To me, she is more like her father."

Beneath her poker face, Sophrona winced. "*She's all Ross.*" She strode to the door where she paused to add, "Time'll tell. *You'll see. Time'll tell!*"

That had been almost a year ago, and though Sophrona had watched with eagle eye, *time had not told*; but nothing daunted, she continued to watch. Then—things began to happen. Carpenters and building materials came to the house next door; hammers and saws were busy for many days. A long dutch window appeared in the attic—a window that was to be the subject of Sophrona's waiting watchfulness for many a moon.

"What in the world can that girl be doing,

ripping up a house like that?" she asked herself again and again.

No sooner had the carpenters departed, than a van of luxurious furniture arrived. *Sophrona watched.* She could see Joan and the Swedish Olga passing and repassing the attic window.

Three days later, after seeing Joan depart, Sophrona took a glass of her best plum jelly and went over to the house next door. She would see what was going on for herself! Skirting the hedge she mounted the front steps with her best smile upon her face. At her knock, the graying locks and rough-hewn face of Olga appeared.

"Here is a glass of plum jelly for Miss Joan," she said sweetly as she entered.

"Miss Joan bane gone for the day."

"So sorry," murmured Sophrona in honeyed tones as she turned away, but she had seen what she wanted to see—*not one stick of that furniture was downstairs! It must be upstairs!* What could a girl want with such a luxurious place upstairs? She nodded her head. "It's just as I thought!" she murmured. Her face glowed—she was on the scent of a scandal!

Mysterious packages arrived. One so heavy that it took four men to carry it into the house. What could it be? That chit was up to something!

Next there was the pageant. Mrs. Van Tyle, Elmwood's leading society matron, had insisted that Nicholas Cunningham of New York be hired to direct it. Besides being a famed director, Cunningham was a most eligible bachelor—and Mrs. Van Tyle had a marriageable daughter. All might have gone well but for Joan. Pleading work she begged to be excused from participation. But at the last moment the leading violinist had failed them, and Joan was hastily summoned. She walked out upon the stage playing her violin and then—there had been a strange hush—the music stopped—Joan gazed at Cunningham speechlessly. With long strides he had reached her and taken both her hands, violin and all, in his while he devoured her with his eyes; and *all* that he had said, so far as Sophrona could find out, had been, "Joan, Joan! To think of finding *you* here!"

That night his low-slung gray car had filled the driveway of Joan's small home, and since then, not a week had passed without the pow-

erful gray car coming to rest in the selfsame spot . . . and now for a week it had been there *every day!*

"Something mighty funny about their goings on, if you ask me!" Sophrona murmured time and again.

Only that night, she and Minerva, from their own dimly lighted home, had watched the young people dining in the house next door. When Nicholas's hand stole across the snowy cloth and imprisoned Joan's small one, Sophrona seethed with hatred. *Rosie Ross's girl was getting everything in this life! The bussy!* But the soft ruffles on Minerva's dimity clad bosom rose and fell with excitement . . . *Romance had come to Jimmy's girl. The darling!*

AND NOW at an hour past midnight, Sophrona gloated with joy. *Time had told!* Here was Rosie's girl alone in that luxurious attic room with Nicholas Cunningham. As she watched, Joan rose and drew the shade, but to Sophrona's delight, even this did not hide the scene within; for upon the topaz shade, the profile of Nicholas Cunningham stood out boldly. There was no mistaking his broad shoulders, Grecian nose, and waving hair.

Like a wraith of darkness, Sophrona stole across the room.

Miss Minerva was wakened by a violent shake, her blue eyes blinked sleepily at the trembling Sophrona.

"Come quickly, Minervie. I want you to see."

Minerva's bare feet padded quickly after her sister. A strange fear filled her—a forboding of evil. Sophrona entered the darkened East room and stumbled to the window.

"There! Take a look at that!" The words hissed like a serpent from her lips.

Minerva's breath made a choking sound in her throat as she leaned forward, for she recognized those broad shoulders and curling locks.

"Do you know who that is?" Sophrona's hot breath swept her face.

"Yes."

"Do you know what time it is?" went on the relentless voice.

Minerva nodded—unable to speak.

"If Joan's as fine as you think, what's Cunningham doing there at this time of the night? Answer me that!"

Minerva made no answer and Sophrona continued, "She's no good! I told you tim'd tell, *and it has!*"

Joan's shadow now appeared upon the amber oblong. One hand ran caressingly over the man's hair—then they both flew to his chest.

"See! What's she a pushin' him away for?" gloated Sophrona as the shadow figures passed from view.

"There must be some mistake!" faltered Minerva.

"Mistake nothing! *Didn't you see with your own eyes?* I've been telling you right along—she's no good! Now maybe you'll believe me. *Seeing's believing!*"

Suddenly darkness filled the attic window.

"You watch the back gate and I'll watch the front!" Sophrona ordered, and Minerva, used to obeying, hastily went to the other window and watched the back gate. A light gleamed downstairs—winked a moment—went out. *All was darkness!*

After what—to Minerva—seemed hours, Sophrona's voice came exultingly, "Did he go out the back gate?"

"No."

"He didn't go out the front gate either—and remember—Olga isn't there tonight."

AS THE first gray streaks of dawn lighted the sky, Minerva, stricken, crept back to bed; but not to sleep. "There must be some mistake. There must be!"

Sleep fled from Sophrona's eyes as she lay exulting in the gray gloom. Victory was sweet . . . patience had its own reward. Rosie Ross's girl wouldn't do any more high-hatting around that town . . . not if she could help it.

In her comfortless bed, Minerva writhed. She knew exactly what would happen in the morning. Sophrona would run over to Widow Sharp's to borrow a bit of butter—that they didn't need—and ten minutes later Widow Sharp would depart in her best gown and bonnet and by night fall the precious flower that had been a girl's spotless reputation would lie broken and soiled in the dust, never to bloom again.

Unable to stand the agony longer, she rose. The joy of life had departed. She was old and worn. Pleadingly she met Sophrona. "Promise me that you won't tell any one until we are sure, Sophrona. There must be some mistake!"

"Mistake nothing! What more proof do you want? *You saw with your own eyes!* Not tell! Well, you don't want much!"

"Let's talk it over with Brother Robinson before telling any one."

Sophrona's face lighted. The Minister! The very one to tell first. He would put a stop to her work among the younger girls of the church!

THE MINISTER'S kind face saddened as he listened to Sophrona's tale. He was deeply puzzled. Surely this thing could not be true! His benevolent gaze rested upon Miss Minerva's stricken face, then turned again to the skillfully veiled one of Sophrona. He could not doubt this good sister's word, but there must be some mistake!

"'Tis a very serious charge, Sister Sophrona. I can hardly believe such a thing possible—but—*you saw it.* She seemed such a lovely girl." He paused as if buried in deep thought, then began again, "if she is the kind of a girl you think her—what has happened *once* will happen *again.* Then it will be time enough to take action."

"Very well," Sophrona's lips closed in a straight line, "but the *next* time, I'm calling you."

A week later the Reverend Robinson's telephone buzzed loudly. He looked at the clock—1.15 a. m. Who could be calling at this time of the night, he thought as he lifted the receiver from the hook.

"This is Sophrona Flint, Brother Robinson. *He's there again!*"

"I'll be right over," his kindly voice replied.

Twenty minutes later the three gazed at the attic window.

"That's Cunningham all right!" A sigh of sorrow passed his gentle lips. "Come, let us go over!"

"There must be some mistake," came brokenly from Miss Minerva. Olga answered (Continued on page 169.)

SODA, THE HUMBLE FRIEND

For the "Common Cold" and Other Things

By PHILIP BORDWIN

“CONSULT a physician!” is the best possible advice in all cases of sickness. But people are so used to the type of infection called the “common cold” that they become unmindful of its dangers. A recent case happened which demonstrated the danger of neglecting a cold. A little girl in a large family was frequently subjected to this sickness, and her parents thought nothing of it recently when she had another attack. The cold was allowed to grow worse, and still they were not alarmed. At last when the condition became very bad the child was put to bed. Too late, a physician was called and she was taken to the hospital, the victim of a bad case of pneumonia. In two days the child was dead.

“Consult a physician!” How this family regret that they did not consult one sooner. A life could have been saved. And yet people will not call the doctor until it is too late.

SODA

In times of epidemics of colds many doctors advise people to take baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) as a mild preventive, or as a cure for the incipient sickness. This is effective only in the earlier stages. When the cold has become really bad the doctor should be called. All delay is mere trifling with danger.

A rounding teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in very warm water (*not* hot) is the usual dose. The mixture should be well stirred. This dose should be taken twice or three times a day.

Such a quantity is sufficient for the ordinary prevention of colds and the cure of light colds already started.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that a laxative of some sort should also be taken.

HOW TO TAKE IT

Many people find soda disagreeable to take. For a few minutes after taking it one is often subjected to a feeling of nausea.

Various methods of counteracting this effect are available. The dose should not be taken immediately before or after meals. If

one does he may have an unpleasant experience with losing the meal. Soda should not be taken less than thirty minutes before or less than an hour after eating.

Do not gulp the dose down rapidly, or the stomach may revolt. Take it slowly, and the stomach thus has an opportunity to become accustomed to it. Do not be surprised if gas is immediately formed in the stomach. This often happens to some people, more than to others. Remember that it is not the taste of soda in the mouth that makes you sick: it is what happens to the stomach.

If you can control yourself for five minutes you will begin to feel much better. And—here is comfort for you—after you have taken it a few times you begin to get used to it.

BOILS

So far as most people are concerned, little progress has been made in the treatment of boils since the days of Job. And perhaps he set an all-time record in the matter of boils, for he had them “from the sole of his foot to his crown.” A pretty bad case, say we, who complain when we have only one. (If you would like to read how Job treated them, see Job 2:8.)

Most of us anoint them with a simple antiseptic and wait, which is what Job did. His only antiseptic was the ashes.

A friend tells us, by an accident he discovered that ordinary baking soda (bicarbonate of soda) is a good remedy for boils. He had suffered several in succession, and was annoyed to find that a whole area of his body was developing at least a dozen small ones. He dreaded the thought of having more of them. At the same time he took a cold. For this latter he followed the doctor’s advice to take soda. Feeling rather angry, he put a heaping teaspoonful of soda into a glass of hot water, and drank it. Then he went to bed for the night. The next morning he was happy to discover that not only the cold had disappeared but the patch of boils was greatly improved.

(Continued from page 168.)

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DIETARY FACTS

A Contribution From the Graceland College Home Economics Department

By BARBARA MULLER

FROM one hundred and fifty years of scientific investigation the conclusion has been drawn that the body must be thought of as a working machine in regard to its combustion of food, but the analogy breaks down when they are at rest since the machine ceases to work entirely, but some body activities continue to work.

"Life means work." Food is the fuel that is used to keep our bodies working. This brings up the question: "What is food?" Food is that which taken into the body regulates the body processes, builds tissues, yields energy, or acts as a protector against certain diseases and body disorders. Let us determine what our foods really are and what elements they contain so that we may select wisely for purposes of nutrition; and also that we may learn to prepare these foods in order to retain the maximum food value.

Food material may easily be divided into two parts, those which we get from the animal kingdom, and those which we get from the vegetable kingdom. From the animal kingdom we get meat, fish, poultry, and substances derived from animals, such as eggs, milk, cream, butter and cheese. From the vegetable kingdom we use the different parts of many plants and substances manufactured from plants. Although these materials vary greatly in appearance, they accomplish the same purpose—the building and regulating of the body and the supplying of energy.

All varieties of foods with which we are supplied contain the following substances: 1. vitamins; 2. proteins; 3. minerals; 4. water; 5. fats, and 6. carbohydrates.

Some foods contain all these elements, others only one, but no food contains them in proportion to fit the entire body need. We have no perfect food.

Our bodies are made of simple substances

This article is one of a series of scientific discussions of food and its functions in the body. Miss Muller is a sophomore in the Home Economics Department of Graceland College, and will graduate this spring from the combined Home Economics and Teacher Training course.

These articles are being written under the direction of Mrs. Mae Clark Warren, head of the Home Economics Department. Letters of inquiry addressed to her concerning foods and nutrition will be answered.

which we call elements. These mineral elements which are essential components of the human body are calcium, phosphorus, potassium, sulphur, sodium, chlorine, magnesium, iron, iodine, flourine, silicon, and manganese. Traces of other elements such as barom, silicon and arsenic have been reported, but whether or not these are essential has not been proved by scientific research.

We inhale air which contains oxygen and exhale a combination of carbon and oxygen called carbon dioxide. Since our bodies are composed of these elements, our food must supply us with them. Proteins, fats, and carbohydrates contain large amounts of carbon, and therefore are called fuel foods. Proteins also contain nitrogen which is found in no other class of foodstuffs. This element is necessary to every living cell, and we can make it ours only through our protein foods. Proteins are divided into two classes, incomplete and complete. An incomplete protein is one which supplies material to rebuild broken-down cells. A complete protein supplies not only this material for rebuilding, but also a special material needed in the construction of new cells. Meat, eggs, and milk are complete proteins. Cereals and legumes (pod-bearing plants) with the exception of soy beans, are incomplete proteins. Carbon is readily assimilated from carbohydrates, starches, and sugars. Oxygen is not abundant in our foods, but we obtain it very easily from drinking water and breathing air. Phosphorus, calcium, iron, and iodine are very important in our diet. Of all the minerals in the body, we need to be sure that we have adequate supply of phosphorus, calcium, and iron. These three are not found in abundance in all food; some foods contain none or only small amounts; a few foods serve as the main source of calcium and phosphorus; and others are the main source of iron.

Divisions of Food

Foods are divided into three groups: Group I, protective foods; Group II, body building and body regulating foods, and Group III, heat and energy foods.

GROUP I—PROTECTIVE FOODS. The protective foods are called vitamins. Although the chemical study of the vitamins has not yet reached its ultimate goal, it has given us tools for investigating their use in nutrition and their distribution in foods. Until last year, the physiological chemists could not isolate a pure vitamin, so for experimental purposes it was necessary for them to use animals. The life span of a man is too great for one investigator to follow; hence for progress a little animal, the white rat, which lives thirty times as fast as man, is substituted.

After much careful research it has been found that vitamins not only prevent diseases, but they play an important part in the daily life of every individual by determining whether his life shall be lived on a low or high nutritional plane.

The vitamins which are most commonly known are Vitamin A, B, C, D, E, and G. The lack of only one of these vitamins causes a disease peculiar to itself. In the next article I shall deal at length with each vitamin and its function.

GROUP II—BODY BUILDING AND BODY REGULATING FOODS. The body building and regulating foods are proteins, water and ash constituents. When protein is used as a building material, nitrogen is the main consideration. It is necessary to every living cell. Ten to fifteen per cent of the calories a day should be protein.

Water is so commonly taken because of thirst, that we usually do not think much of our water supply except as a refreshment. It is, however, very essential to the body. No cell functions when it is absolutely dry, and the majority of cells must always be bathed in fluid to do their work. Furthermore, the water route (the blood) transfers food to the cells, and this alone requires that ten pounds of water be constantly in circulation. The cells also depend on water to flush away their waste matter, so there must be waste bearing water while there is life. Finally the surface of the lungs must be kept moist; otherwise there would be no intake of oxygen or riddance of carbon dioxide.

The mineral elements most prominent in the body are calcium, phosphorus, and iron. Our teeth and bones are composed chiefly of them. Approximately 99 per cent of the total calcium and 90 per cent of the total phosphorus of the body are in skeletal tissues. We can appreciate the need for these when we see the effects on health. Deficiencies of these minerals in our diet result in such things as decay of teeth, rickets, and brittle bones. Iron is an essential part of the red corpuscles, of every cell and functions as a "stimulator of the vital body processes."

GROUP III—HEAT AND ENERGY GIVING FOODS. Foods included in this group are fats, carbohydrates and proteins. Fats are primarily a source of heat in concentrated form. A fat is composed of two parts, a fatty acid and a glycerol. It can not be absorbed by the body until it has been broken down into these constituents. Too much fat has a tendency to cause digestive trouble for some people, because it coats the food as it is taken into the body preventing the digestive juices of both the mouth and stomach from reaching this food until the fat has been decomposed by an enzyme in the stomach. This may cause an undesirable overworking of the stomach.

Carbohydrates may be grouped as monosaccharides or simple sugars, disaccharides or more complex sugars, and polysaccharides or starch, very complex sugars. All polysaccharides must be broken down into disaccharides before the body can make use of it; likewise disaccharides must be broken down into monosaccharides. Monosaccharides are already in digestible form. Starch is an example of a polysaccharides, sucrose (cane or beet sugar) is an example of a disaccharides, and honey is an example of a monosaccharide.

Proteins may and often do take the place of fats and carbohydrates as a source of energy. Their functions are thus shown to be broader than those of either the fats or the carbohydrates, hence it may be properly said that proteins are the most important of the foodstuffs.

The fine value of these foods is determined by the amount of heat they give off upon combustion. This heat is measured in calories just as distance is measured in feet and weight in pounds. A food calorie is sometimes called a

(Continued on page 176.)

MY FATHER'S LETTERS

Part Four

Letters of Joseph Smith to His Daughter

Arranged by AUDENTIA ANDERSON

OVER two years intervene between the date of our last letter and the one which follows. A description of its letter-head may be interesting. It was one which he used often during that visit. Two thirds (in upper right) contains the words: "Office of The Expositor, Published Monthly, In the Interest of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ, No. 1801 Polk Street, San Francisco, Cal." In smaller type, in the upper left-hand third is the following: "Board of Publication: Thomas J. Andrews, President, 436 Brannan St., San Francisco. George S. Lincoln, Treasurer, 1801 Polk St., San Francisco. R. Ferris, Secretary, 630 Chestnut St., Oakland. Albert Haws, 711 Castro St., Oakland. H. P. Brown, Editor, 911 Broadway, Oakland. Business Communications must be sent to the Treasurer. Matters for Publication must be sent to the Editor."

The postscript refers to a fire at Lamoni in which the postoffice was involved.

San Francisco, Cal. Feb. 7th, 1888

My dear daughter:

Florence M. Smith is my cousin Samuel H. B. Smith's oldest daughter; a good, kind girl of about 18 years old, I judge. She is a fair musician, and is desirous of becoming acquainted with her cousins east. She is a native of Salt Lake, by her father's first and only wife Mary, and I recommend that you correspond with her. I gave her your address, and cousin Ina's also. Her father's father, Samuel H. Smith, was my father's brother, older than uncle William. Her aunt Mary B. Gatewood, of St. Louis, Mother will remember, for she was at our house once when David was sick, at Plano.

I was pleased with your letter, and am glad the snow is melting and giving water to the parched land. It is cool and damp here to-day, is cloudy and smoky, and I am writing in a room by a fire, and "snuffling."

As soon as I get time I will write of the strange city scenes I see. Can't now, as I have already written seven long letters this morning, and am due at 1633 Clay St. soon.

Your loving Papa,
Joseph Smith.

Is the P. O. so demoralized that our Box 47 is played out? Or did Sr. Lyons save her boxes?

My father seemed to find considerable amusement in the loyalty of the Californians to their widely advertised "climate." He said he saw men bundled in overcoats with fur collars turned up about their ears, exchanging compliments about the lovely weather, while he himself was chilled to the marrow from the salt winds coming in from the bay. One clever Independence girl once wrote to her mother from that land of sunshine and flowers: "All you said about this country is true, mother. Why, I have gooseflesh on me *three days old*, and I positively can't get rid of it! But these *Californians* freeze and seem to like it!"

San Francisco, Cal. Feb. 15, 1888

My dear daughter:

I sent you by mail last Friday some singing books, which I presume you have, ere this received. Bro. H. P. Brown, from whom I got them, likes many of the pieces in them very much. You will likely find some good ones. He thinks the system of musical notation used is preferable to the sol-fa system.

I bought some apples day before yesterday, and paid 10c per pound for them—Spitzenbergs. "Apples is apples" in California at \$6.00 a bushel. I hope you are not paying so much as that. Potatoes are 1½c per lb., about 90 or 95c a bushel. Asparagus about 25c a pound; oysters 25, 40 and 50c a dozen. Oranges 25 to 75c per dozen. I have bought as good at Council Bluffs for 35 and 50c. Flour, corn meal, preparation from wheat, and farinaceous foods are about the same here as there. I have seen no grapes in market here; but figs are 25c a pound, for the Smyrna sort, natives a little less. Dried fruits and canned goods are cheaper a little than with us. Meats are a little higher. Take it altogether we can live cheaper at home than they do here.

Mrs. Lincoln, where I am stopping, has now three weeks' washing waiting for a "drying" day. It rained night before last, and yesterday; and the city is covered with fog this morning; things are decidedly damp. This is California winter, and while one does not freeze, it is by no means pleasant to sit without a fire, especially mornings and evenings. So far I am not in love with the weather of California; the climate may be lovely, but the weather is not so heavenly. The little girl said that the difference between the climate and the weather was that the climate lasted all the time but the weather was only every once in a while. Since my stay here, there has

been by far more *weather*, fog, rain, or mist nearly all the time. I am told, placidly, that there is "great deal of fog in San Francisco." Yesterday the morning was fair for a hour or two, then it was "nasty" the rest of the day.

There are many queer sights to be seen in this great city, which is about half the size of Chicago, or about 350,000 people. The noise of city life is an almost continuous roar, rush, rush of every sort of wheeled vehicle from the two-wheeled road cart to the street railway car. I saw one team of large dapple gray horses, drawing a huge wagon loaded with beer kegs. It was a brewer's outfit.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

Write me if you get the music books, and how you like them.

Father was very much interested in those early years in meeting various members, more or less remote, of his father's family. Upon the occasion of his very first visit to Utah he formed friendships with some of them which continued through life.

Los Angeles, Cal. 3/7/88.

Daughter Audie:

Your letter was received yesterday. I was pleased that you stood so well in your grammar studies. May you be successful in others.

It has been cloudy or rainy nearly every day since I arrived in this southern California city. Yesterday was pleasant and fine, however, though a little cool outside in the evening; to-day it is again cloudy and looking like rain.

Charles Nichols is the son of Sarah, Aunt Lucy Millikin's oldest girl. His mother is my cousin, of course; he and his sister are second cousins to you. Cousin Sarah married C. S. Nichols, which is, I believe, Charles Sumner Nichols, but in his paper it is C. Sum Nichols. He is publishing the *Evening Times* in Salt Lake City; came in there and opened up while I was there. Cousins Charlie and Carrie are nice young people. Charles is a printer; works in his father's office. Carrie is very pretty.

You must not waste your school time in writing letters, to the loss on other studies. I am glad you are established in your kingdom [a suite of rooms I "inherited" upon the marriage of my sister Carrie the fall before.—A. A.]; I wish I could embellish it for you. Establish good relations with Lucy, and you two occupy. We will make it pleasant for you both, somehow.

There is a parrot on the porch and he is "just gaudy" as a talkist; calls the cat, meows, whistles for the dog, says "Here, Rover," and I can hardly tell what he does not say. Bro. Eams taught him and left him here at his death.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

It was in June of 1888 that I graduated from the Lamoni High School, and in September went to Shenandoah, Iowa, and enrolled as stu-

dent in the music department of Western Normal College. Frances, daughter of Sister Marietta Walker, was a roommate, as she had been classmate. Mary Evans was another member of Lamoni's first graduating class. Carrie Lake, daughter of Elder John H. Lake, was a protegee of Mother's; Sue McMullen was a friend of hers from Independence. Minnie McGaughey was a domestic helper, extremely capable but with quick tongue. Sister Valentine White was branch organist.

Lamoni, Iowa, Sept. 3rd, 1888

Audie:

We are all well at home but me; I have a bad attack of hay fever—sneeze! sneeze!! sneeze!!! all day. It has subsided some; but I am as hoarse as one of the big frogs in our pond.

Yesterday, nearly all Lamoni went to the Holiness Camp meeting, out near where Cora Leonard lives. Bro. Deam reports that the preacher, Rev. George More, said that he "was sorry to have it to say, but not *one soul* had been saved by that effort, and he never worked harder in his life." Deam's folks had the *cake* stolen out of their dinner basket.

I saw Mrs. Evans in the butcher shop Saturday. She said that Mary was nearly wild to go to Shenandoah, too.

I advise you that you write but *few letters*.

It is a tax on your time and will interfere with your studies; it will keep you sitting at a desk when you ought to be walking, running, or taking exercise of some sort, which is necessary to your health. *Write few letters*. Let your purely friendly correspondents wait. "He that hath a large list of correspondents is a *galley slave* bound to an oar."

I requested the Prof. Croan to give you a statement of the remainder due on the term, and the privilege to pay Oct. 1st. I have heard nothing of it yet. Did you get your trunk, bedding, and key? We will send you a pillow and shams after a while. The straw, if clean, and we presume it is, will not hurt you.

Carrie Lake has had to be called but once (this morning) since you left. Peace reigns in our borders since the feud between the clans Lake and McMullen subsided. Minnie stirs us up now and again, but on the whole we are enjoying a peaceful season.

Bro. Chase and wife go across country in a wagon to the reunions. Sr. White has returned from the Plum Hollow meeting; 25 were baptized there.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

Pen caught and "sputtered" [as he wrote his name.—A. A.]

I have often considered that brief period when I was permitted to attend college in Shenandoah. The courses in music, vocal, piano, harmony, etc., were doubtless far more expensive than the normal training courses. Father's

means were extremely limited, and it was necessary for all of us to count every nickel. In spite of that he had a great desire to give his children some advantages beyond those available in the then very new prairie town of Lamoni. In these desires Mother shared largely, and began to interest herself in various enterprises which she believed would prove remunerative. Some of these were successful; others were not. About this period several people in Lamoni were interested in the opening of government land in Arkansas. Mr. Jacobs was the Irish architect and contractor who built our home, "Liberty Hall." Sister Johnson was a widow who lived across the street. "Richard" refers to R. S. Salyards, a son-in-law. Mrs. McGaughey, the "Emma" mentioned, was the niece of a neighboring farmer; prior to her marriage she had worked for Mother. "Fantie" was our nickname for Frances Walker, my roommate. Wilcox and Pace were a firm of Latter Day Saints. The *Patriot* was a predecessor of the *Lamoni Chronicle*; Daniel F. Lambert was for years its editor. "Clint" Ross was a laborer on the place, a slightly deformed young man.

Lamoni, Iowa, Sept. 13, 1888

Audie:

1. Get you some shoes with the \$5.95, and a pair of rubbers, if you have none. I will send the \$15.00 due for room and boarding by Oct. 1st. Better get a pair that will stand some walking.

2. Send me the account of what you paid and what for, &c.

3. Mother's Arkansas fever broke out on her Tuesday; she packed her "grip" and Mr. Jacobs' trunk, took Lucy, and in company with Sr. Johnson, fled away to the land of "peaches" at 30c per bushel, &c., &c. I thought that was about the only cure left. I hope when she returns that the fever will have run its course and burnt itself out. We are under Minnie's rule, now, and are doing the best we can.

To-day there is a Pic Nic in the woods south of town, and a long string of wagons and buggies, and children on foot, has gone from the church. They were led by the Band in their wagon. I expect they will have a *time*.

I ordered the *Patriot* sent to your address for 3 months.

Mother sold Brownie for \$90.00. She also traded Nell Frisby for one of uncle Martin Madison's mares, called "Sis;" she is brown like Tatty and a much safer animal, Mother thinks. So now we have "Big Nell," Tatty and Sis for a team.

Carrie Lake stays, or is to stay, with us until Mother returns; but she has been out until ten

o'clock two nights, and last night brought Hattie Hudson home with her. They were not up when I left the house at 8.25 this morning. When I called them I told them that the team would leave the house at 9, and if they were ready they could ride; if not they would have to "hoof it." I do not know whether they got up or not.

Richard is learning to milk, preparatory to buying a cow.

"Bud" McGaughey drove Simonson's team to Terra Haute Sunday afternoon, his wife and two children, and several others in the wagon; the horses became frightened, started to run, ran over or through a ditch, struck a stump, and threw Mrs. McGaughey out with her children. The baby struck on its head and was killed outright; Emma was hurt and so was the boy Clarence. The funeral was Monday, and Minnie was gone all day.

Twenty-two went from here to the Missouri State Fair at St. Joseph. They started at 3 o'clock, Monday morning, and returned at midnight Monday night. Clint went—and has been grunting ever since.

I expect that Mother will attend to the bed and pillow affair when she returns. In the meantime sleeping on a straw bed will not hurt you, if the straw is clean and sweet. I am sorry that Fantie is sick. It is hard work to study if one is well; but to be sick and study is "orrid." Go to Wilcox and Pace's store for to buy your shoes. I think you can do as well there as anywhere else.

Yours paternally,

Joseph Smith.

From earliest boyhood my father was fond of poetry. He filled, in middle manhood, a number of scrapbooks, the selections reflecting quite interestingly the trend of his thoughts and fancies in those days. I believe these have been placed in the church's historical archives. I recall that many poems touched upon the question of temperance, or intemperance, many of which he used in his activities as a lecturer in the interests of reform along these lines. It was a common thing for him to clip and pass on to us little poems which attracted his attention.

My other roommate was Sister Julia Hensen, from near Council Bluffs.

Lamoni, Iowa, Sept. 21st, 1888

Miss M. A. Smith;

Daughter mine:

I did not mean to ask you for all the little expenditures, to know how you spent all the money. What I wanted was the items of tuition, board rent, &c, that I might know what was still due to the College, that I might send the amount knowing what it was. Perhaps it is as well, however, that I have the whole, so that I may make an estimate of what it will take

for another term if we decide upon continuing the experiment that long.

I regret that we are under the necessity of counting so closely; but as I can not now avoid or help it, there is no need to feel overmuch badly about it. However, I thank you for your painstaking.

Enclose find a pair of one dollar bills, which you may spend for gloves and other incidental expenses. I will send more when I remit for the board and room rent, about Oct. 1st, as I stated to Professor Croan. I wish you to bear your full share of expense with your room mates, and you need have no fear but what I will attend to it, if I possibly can; if I cannot, then pack up and come home. We are all well. I enclose a little package that came in yesterday, by mail. You will relish the "po'try" I enclose.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

BOB WHITE

Look! the valleys are thick with grain

Heavy and tall;

Peaches drop in the grassy lane

By the orchard wall;

Apples, streaked with the crimson stain,

Bask in the sunshine warm and bright;

Hark to the quail that pipes for rain:

Bob White! Bob White!

Augur of mischief, pipes for rain—

Bob White!

Men who reap on the fruitful plain

Skirting the town,

Lift their eyes to the shifting vane

As the sun goes down;

Slowly the farmer's loaded wain

Climbs the slope in the falling light;

Bold is the voice that pipes for rain:

Bob White! Bob White!

Still from the hillside pipes for rain—

Bob White!

Lo, a burst at the darkened pane,

Angry and loud;

Waters murmur and winds complain

To the rolling cloud;

Housed at the farm, the careless swain,

Weaving snares while the fire burns bright,

Tunes his lips to the old refrain:

Bob White! Bob White!

Oh, the sound of the blithe refrain—

Bob White!

Lamoni, Iowa, Sept. 27, 1888

Dear Daughter:

I wrote you this morning, but was so much in a hurry that I failed to state to you that the bank draft which I sent you is the same as money; you can hand it to Prof. Croan, or their receiver of moneys, and he will credit the \$15.00 on your bills, and give you the change. Put the \$5.00 in your purse for contingent expenses, washing, &c. Be as careful in expenditures as practicable, but bear your proportion. Please ask Prof. Croan from me to give you a receipt for the full amount you have paid him to date, if he has not already receipted for the amount you paid at the first. You may either keep

the receipts, or forward them to me—the latter preferred.

Mother returned yesterday morning at 1:30, getting home tired, sleepy, and with two or three boils on her body—none of which is conducive to her peace and enjoyment. I went to the Junction for her and Mrs. Johnson. Lucy is quite well and has lots to tell of having been to "Arkansaw." Mother brought home a yam—large specie of sweet potato. I have not seen any peaches yet; she says she has some in her trunk; but this trunk missed connection at Albany, and so we wait its arrival to see peaches from "Arkansaw."

Bro. Israel L. Rogers is here from Sandwich, visiting. I expect to go to Independence, next week, and to the reunion the week after, possibly at the close of the week. Emma B. Kennedy is here visiting her mother, aunt Lizzie. She will go back to Independence with me, I expect.

There is no gossip a-stir that I have heard—absolutely a dearth of scandal!

Eleven were baptized at Pleasanton, Sunday. Bro. Frank Weld, Carrie, Lucy Lyons and myself went to High Point and Lone Rock, Sunday, stayed until night meeting, and rode back by moonlight, getting home at two in the morning.

The boys are well and toot their horns in the morning early, Fred and Israel. Hale is full of mischief, as ever.

Bro. Joseph Rodgers caught the forefinger of his right hand in his corn mill someway, and has lost the first joint of it. Bro. Bemis is buying chickens for the California market, until the 15th of October.

Yours affectionately,

Jos. Smith

P. S. I saw Mary Evans in the P. O. since writing the above. She wishes you to write her, and if you can, to send her a circular of the College. You may write her giving her costs of your stay at the College. She says she will answer you.

SODA, THE HUMBLE FRIEND

(Continued from page 162.)

After two more doses of the soda the boils disappeared entirely and he was soon well.

A good many people dangerously harm themselves by attempting to cure sickness and disease with home remedies. Perhaps the first motive is economy; but they should realize that what begins with an inexpensive home treatment may end as a hospital bill. A second motive sometimes appears when a person fears to go to the doctor because he thinks the doctor may find something wrong with him and try to operate; this is a superstition, and sometimes a fatal one.

A good rule to follow is to use home remedies for only the lightest and mildest of cases. For all others, call the doctor.

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A Page for Fun

Could Be Worse

There's a terrible surplus of wheat in this country, but it could be worse. It could be spinach.—*Life*.

Prepared

"What's the idea of the Greens having French lessons?"

"They've adopted a French baby, and they want to understand what it says when it begins to talk."—*Sheffield Weekly Telegraph*.

Luck, Anyhow

"How did they treat you in Scotland?"

"Reluctantly."—*Wall Street Journal*.

The Wrong One

"I called on Mabel last night, and I wasn't any more than inside the door before her mother asked me my intentions."

"That must have been embarrassing."

"Yes, but that's not the worst of it. Mabel called from upstairs and said, 'That isn't the one, mother.'"—*Optimist*.

The Robber's Pity

"Burglars broke into my house last night."

"Yes? Get anything?"

"They searched everywhere, then left a five-dollar bill on my bureau."—*Wall Street Journal*.

Everybody Safe

"Gus," said Bill, as he caught up with Gus on his way back to camp, "are all the rest of the boys out of the woods yet?"

"Yes," said Gus.

"All six of them?"

"And they're all safe?"

"Yep," answered Gus, "they're all safe."

"Then," said Bill, his chest swelling, "I've shot a deer."—*Literary Digest*.

Undeclared

The Penn Mutual News Letter tells of a life insurance agent who called upon a big business man at the close of a busy day. When the agent had been admitted, the big fellow said:

"You ought to feel honored, highly honored, young man. Do you know that today I have refused to see seven insurance men?"

"I know," said the agent. "I'm them."—*Forbes*.

Begging for It

Waitress: "Have you given your order?"

Diner: "Yes, but please change it to an entree."—*Reserve Red Cat*.

THE ATTIC WINDOW

(Continued from page 161.)

their knock. Upon seeing the visitors her face became a stony mask.

"We would like to see Miss Joan a moment."

"Miss Joan bane busy—no interrupt."

"Only for a moment," insisted the minister.

Slowly Olga walked to the foot of the stairs.

"Miss Joan, visitors!" she called.

"Bring them up, Olga."

Slowly Robinson followed Olga; Miss Minerva pattered close behind; while Sophrona, triumphant, brought up the rear—at last—she was going to crush Rosie Ross's girl!

Grudgingly Olga threw open the door of the attic room. The three paused, blinded by the brilliant light which illuminated the luxurious studio, empty save for the smiling smock-clad Joan who held out her hands in welcome.

"Come in, folks. I want you to meet my fiancee, Nicholas Cunningham," and she gave the marble bust upon which she had been working, a loving pat; then placing both hands upon the marble chest, she rolled it to its accustomed place beside the attic window.

THE CHURCH SCHOOL

Worship Programs for May

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "THE POWER OF LOVE."

The following programs have been submitted for church-wide use by a group of church school workers in Buffalo, New York. They are suggestive only, and in every case should be adapted to local conditions.

FIRST SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1932

Theme: "Love of Christ."

Prelude: "Serenade," Schubert.

Call to Worship:

The wonderful music may falter,
And die with the closing day,
The roses that brighten the altar,
The perfume will fade away;
But after the brightness and fading
There lingers unsung and unpriced
Above all change in nature,
The love of a living Christ.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 336; *Zion's Praises*, 20.

Prayer: Recognition of Christ's love for us.

Theme Talk: "The Love of Christ":

The life and service of the Master was motivated by love. (Psalm 40: 7, 8; John 3: 16, 17; Romans 5: 8.)

Jesus loved God. He loved humanity. He loved truth, virtue, kindness, gentleness, mercy, goodness, meekness. All of these virtues were combined and properly balanced in His life, because all his services were actuated by the spirit of divine love.

Love brings confidence to men. (See 1 John 4: 17, 18.) The work of redemption is the work of love, and he who loveth is born of God and has come to know Him. Without this element our labor is in vain. "No one can assist in this work except he shall be humble and full of love." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 11: 4.)

"Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." (Romans 13: 10.) Christ lived and demonstrated the real intent and purpose of the law because he was possessed of never dying love.

Where love doth have her perfect work,
There peace and joy and truth abide;
And he will duty never shirk
Who makes true love his only guide.

A life of love is truly great,
And Christ has lived this life complete;
The goal is high, the path is straight,
But with the best it is replete.

Hymn: "Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lay's," *New Saints' Hymnal*, 35.

Offering.

Hymn: "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," *New Saints' Hymnal*, 331.

Classes.

SECOND SUNDAY, MAY 8, 1932

Theme: "Love of Mother."

Prelude: "Evening Prayer and Chimes," Calver.

Call to Worship:

Mother, all honor be to you,
A face of kindest beauty—a heart of tenderest
grace,
A voice of sweetest cadence—a love naught can ef-
face,
A love unlike all other—a friend of all most true,
O Mother, precious Mother, all honor be to you!

Hymn: "We Would See Jesus," *New Saints' Hymnal*, 155.

Prayer: Give us unselfish love. (A prayer for all mothers.)

Theme Talk: "Love of Mother":

"Behold thy mother." The last words spoken upon the cross to the disciple whom Jesus loved, and whom he desired to have reach the goal of perfection, was, "Behold thy Mother." (John 19: 27.)

No man can come to the place in life that God would have him occupy until he has come to properly behold his mother.

"This have I found," said a great philosopher, "that a man can have but one mother." In this there is a similarity between her and God. No one else can quite fill her place.

In the Scriptures we have such examples of motherhood as Hannah who consecrated her son Samuel to God and to the service of humanity. (1 Samuel 1: 11.)

In the latter day work we have the example of Emma Smith, the elect lady, who gave her husband and her three sons as well as herself to the cause of Christ and his Church. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 24: 1.)

Mother love is closely associated with the love of Christ, for she gives all for the purpose of extending life to others. She will sacrifice to the uttermost for the welfare of her children.

Whose life is spent that I might be?
Whose love is pure, whose service free?
Who tenderly hath guarded me?
'Tis thee, O Mother of Mine.

Who stands when other mortals fail?
Whose faith and hope and prayers prevail?
Who is a friend when foes assail?
'Tis thee, O Mother of Mine.

Then let me ever honor thee
By being all you'd have me be,
That all the world may come to see
Your worth, O Mother of Mine.

Quartet: (Selected.)

Story: Exodus 2: 1-10.

Offering.

Concluding Thought: "Most all the beautiful things of life come by twos or threes, by dozens or hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, but only one mother in all the wide world.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Hymn: "Home, Sweet Home."

Classes.

THIRD SUNDAY, MAY 15, 1932

Theme: "Love of Neighbor."

Prelude: "Softly Now the Light of Day," Ashford.

Call to Worship: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Hymn: "Send Me Forth O Blessed Master," New Saints' Hymnal, 214.

Prayer: That we may demonstrate our love by deeds.

Scripture: Luke 10: 25-29.

Story: Luke 10: 30-35. The good Samaritan.

Quartet: "Jesus Is My Neighbor," (Seth Parker Hymnal).

Theme Talk: "Love of Neighbor":

Jesus taught that coequal with our love for God must be revealed our love for neighbor. (Matthew 22: 37, 40.)

Paul makes love of neighbor one of the outstanding principles of his teaching. (Romans 13: 9.) He insists that the whole law is fulfilled in this one principle rightly learned and rightly expressed in life. (Galatians 5: 14.)

James, the Just, and brother of our Lord, points out the love of neighbor as being among the most excellent of attainments. (James 2: 8.) In latter day revelation we have quite a comprehensive treatise on this matter, and we are shown what is required of men who actually love God and neighbor. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 70: 3; 42: 8; 81. 4; 59: 2. See also James 2: 14, 15.) He who would fulfill the royal law must see to it that his life is brought to the point where selfishness is put beneath his feet and the spirit of altruism is enthroned in the heart.

If I would fill the royal law
As Jesus said I should,
I must to me my neighbor draw
By always doing good.

For him my love should stronger grow,
His welfare I should seek,
And help him here on earth to know
The humble and the meek.

This would enable me to serve
As one who loveth right,
The best on earth I'd then deserve,
My pathway would be light.

Offering.

Hymn: "Behold the Savior at Your Door," new Saints' Hymnal, 328.

Classes.

FOURTH SUNDAY, MAY 22, 1932

Theme: "Love of Country."

Prelude: "Gloria," Andre.

Call to Worship: Isaiah 26: 2, "Open ye the gates that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in."

Hymn: "Lord, While for All Mankind We Pray," new Saints' Hymnal, 420.

Prayer: "Patriotism is not enough—we must have no hatred in our hearts toward anybody."—Edith Cavell.

Reading: "The Stars and Stripes," (by a woman).

"Only some stripes of red and white
And some stars on a ground of blue;
Only a little cotton flag,
Is it anything to you?
Oh, yes, indeed; for beneath its folds
You are safe on land and sea;
It stands for America brave and strong
No matter where it may be.
It stands for a land where God is King,
Where His peace and His truth are free;
Let us love it well and keep it pure
As our banner of liberty."

—Selected.

Song: National anthem, selected for each country.

Theme Talk: "Love of Country":

Patriotism, or love of country, is becoming to any people. In fact, any people who are not patriotic are not likely to be loyal to God. He who loves his country will also love God for he will come to see that God is back of his country, the source of all that is good.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land?'"

—Scott.

Above all people, Latter Day Saints should have a love for their country. The people who are so fortunate as to live in America ought to reveal a love for their country, for it is Joseph's land, choice above all lands. (See Deuteronomy 33: 13-16.)

God has raised up wise men to frame the Constitution of our land. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 98: 10.) Saints in America are required to be friend and uphold this Constitution. (Ibid. 95: 2.)

This land is a land of promise and the people who possess it shall be free if they will serve the God of this land who is Jesus Christ. (Ether 1: 35.) It is a land that is choice above all lands. (Ibid. 1: 42.) Upon this land the city of Zion is to be built. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 57: 1, 83: 1.)

Where love of country thrills the soul,
There love of Christ may too be found;
Where freedom is the cherished goal,
There deeds of virtue will be found.

Offering.

Hymn: "O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 422.

Classes.

FIFTH SUNDAY, MAY 29, 1932

Theme, "Love of the Church."

Prelude: "Silver Clouds," Nevin.

Call to Worship: Jesus loved the church so well He gave his life for it.

Hymn: "Rise Up, O Men of God," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 210.

Prayer: For courage to go with zeal in our love of the church.

Scripture: John 15: 1-17.

Hymn: "You May Sing of the Beauty of Mountain and Dale," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 109.

Theme Talk: "Love of Church":

Christ gave himself for the church. This is an exhibition of the highest love. (See Ephesians 5: 24, 29.)

No one will question the love and loyalty of Christ for the church. How about us? Jesus said, "If ye love me keep my commandments." (John 14: 15. See also *Doctrine and Covenants* 42: 8.)

He who loves the church will, like the Master, put his best into it. He will serve it faithfully and loyally. Our love for the church can best be expressed in our loyalty and devotion to her laws, her purposes and her welfare. If we really love the church nothing will prevent us from putting our best into it. No service will be considered hard and no sacrifice will be considered a hardship. He who loves the church will consider it a sacred privilege to put his best service into it.

Thy church, O God, to us is great,

It claims our love, our very best;
Why should we longer stand and wait,

Or falter in our worthy quest,

When here we have a way to show

Our deepest love in deeds well done,

And thereby cause mankind to know

That we have learned of Christ thy Son.

Offering.

Hymn: "I Was Glad and My Heart Did Rejoice," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 67.

Classes.



Stories for the Children's Division

By C. B. W.

Workers in the children's division of the church school will find splendidly useful a series of "Story Indexes" which began in the November issue of the *Pilgrims Elementary Teacher*. The indexes appear monthly and are most carefully prepared by a specialist in children's stories. The stories are graded and described briefly so that a teacher can locate the very one she wants to use. The lists provide materials for special occasions each month, and reference is given to the source in books or magazines.

By all means workers who have access to a good public library should have these indexes. The *Pilgrims Elementary Teacher* is one of the foremost magazines of the day in children's division materials and methods. A year's subscription may be had for one dollar—order through Herald Publishing House.



Take Your Choice

Where do you find the things that croak?

Where do you find the crabby folk?

Down in the mud and scum of things.

Where do you find the bird that sings,

Praising its Master? Spreading its wings

Up in the air, in the sun's clear light,

Soaring above the muddy blight.

The croaker lives in a filthy pond,

The happy bird in the air beyond.

Would you rather live in the mud, or on wing?

What will you do—will you croak, or sing?

—Nina Willis Walter, in *The Young Catholic*

Messenger.

THE CHILDREN'S DIVISION

Worship Programs for May

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "LEARNING TO LOVE"

THE following program suggestions have been prepared for church-wide use by Richard and Alice Baldwin. In every case they should be adapted to meet local conditions.

FIRST SUNDAY, MAY 1

This being Sacrament Sunday, it is suggested that the children meet with the adults in the morning service.

SECOND SUNDAY, MAY 8

Theme: "Love at Home."

Voluntary: "Home, Sweet Home."

Call to Service: * (Deuteronomy 5: 16.)

Honor thy father and thy mother, as the Lord, thy God hath commanded thee, that thy days may be prolonged, and that it may go well with thee in the land which the Lord, thy God giveth thee.

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth," Hymnal, 18.

Scripture Readings:

God's command to a father. (Read by a girl.) (Deuteronomy 6: 4-7.)

Instruction to sons and daughters. (Read by the leader.) (Proverbs 1: 7-9.)

How to bring joy and grief to parents. (Read by a boy.) (Proverbs 10: 1; 23: 22-25.)

Prayer.

Poem:

While walking down a crowded city street the other day,

I heard a little urchin to a comrade turn and say,
"Say, Jimmy, doncher know, I'd be as happy as a clam

If only I was the fellow that me mother tinks I am.

"She tinks I am a wonder, and knows her little lad
Would never mix with nuthin that was ugly, mean
or bad.

I often set and tink how nice 'twould be—gee whiz!
If a feller was der feller dat his mother tinks he is."

So, folks, be yours a life of toil, or undiluted joy,
You still can learn a lesson from this small unlettered
boy.

Don't try to be an earthly saint, with eyes fixed on
a star,

Just try to be the fellow that your mothers think
you are.

—"Noodles" Fagan.

Hymn: "Faith of Our Mothers." (Tune, Hymnal, 291.)

Faith of our mothers, living still,
In all that's beautiful and brave,
How nobly will we work God's will,
And seek from sin our souls to save.
Faith of our mothers, living faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our mothers, living still,
In hearts of hope and songs of praise,
We gladly join with one accord
To sing to God our sweetest lays,
Faith of our mothers, constant faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our mothers, living still,
In love and life that ne'er shall die,
And children's children ever dear
Shall hold that faith that brings God nigh,
Faith of our mothers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Story and Art Appreciation: Whistler's Masterpiece. (The picture, "Whistler's Mother," may be obtained in color from Art Extension Society, Westport, Connecticut. Price, 35 cents.)

(The story is found on page 105 in *Seventy-five Stories for the Worship Hour*, by Eggleston.)

Sermon:

A beautiful story, "The Hunt for the Beautiful," is found in the book *Why the Chimes Rang and Other Stories*, by Raymond Allen, and may be obtained in your library. This story would make an excellent beginning for your sermon.

After the story tell Bible stories, and Book of Mormon stories of the mothers of Moses, Samuel, the sons of Helaman, of Timothy, (a story of Timothy is found in *Knights of Service*, Bradshaw, page 38). Then tell of the mother of Jesus. Upon the cross He thought of His mother. (John 19: 26, 27.)

It is not only on Mother's Day we should show love at home, but every day. Have charts prepared, or have a chart on the blackboard which the children may copy. Ask them to find special ways during the coming week of showing love at home, and each night before retiring, mark on their chart the number of times they have opportunity that day to show their love. Try each day to excel the record of the day before.

Thought for the Day: (Read in unison.)

"Remember that the light that shines farthest abroad, shines brightest at home."

Closing Prayer:

God bless our home and help us,
To love each other true,
To make our home the kind of place
Where everything we do

VISION

Is filled with love and kindness
A dwelling place for Thee
And help me, God, each moment
To live most helpfully.

THIRD SUNDAY, MAY 15

Theme: "Love of Christ."

Prelude.

Hymn: "Love Divine," Hymnal, 131.

Call to Worship:

Grace be unto you from God our Father, who is the God of love, and from the Lord Jesus Christ who has commanded us to love one another even as He has loved us.

Prayer.

Hymn: "Love Thyself Last," Hymnal for American Youth, page 204. (May be sung to tune of "I Would Be True.")

Poem: "God's Love."

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small.
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—Samuel Coleridge.

Story: "Jesus Among His Friends," Knights of Service, by Bradshaw, page 54.

Scripture Reading: 1 John 4: 16-21.

Solo: "I Think When I Read," Hymnal, 150.

Sermon: Story, "Where Love Is, There God Is," Knights of Service, by Bradshaw, page 157.

In the countries of Great Britain today is being celebrated as Whitsunday. It is really a commemoration of the Feast of the Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit was sent to the Church as the "Comforter," whom Christ said he would send. In England the day is called Whitsunday. The word is explained to have originally been "White Sunday," having reference to the white garments of the newly baptized. Today the children of the Sunday schools march through the streets, the girls dressed in white dresses, and carrying wreaths and bouquets of flowers. The bands play and the banners wave, showing that the children of the Sunday school love Christ. In the city of Manchester, if one stands on a street corner where this procession is passing, he will have to stand for three or four hours to see all the schools that pass. It is a most inspiring spectacle to see so many who are willing to show to the world that they attend Sunday school, and are learning to love Christ and his ways. One pleasing feature of this day is the fact that the flowers, after the parade is over, are taken to the hospitals, children's homes, and the

homes for the aged. If you visit your library you will find much valuable information regarding this day which you may desire to impart to the children.

The rest of the sermon period may be used in telling how Jesus showed his love, and especially how the Holy Ghost was given to us as an expression of his interest in us. Then tell of ways by which we can show our love for Him. Ask for the charts which the children have kept during the week of showing their love at home. The best way to show our love for Christ is to show love for those around us. Our parents do more for us than anyone else does. Can we not show them again this week we love them? (We wish our sermons to inspire the children to character building habits, and at the same time to render helpful service.)

Closing Hymn: "Loving Each Other," Zion's Praises, 83.

Benediction.

FOURTH SUNDAY, MAY 22

Theme: "Love of Neighbor."

Voluntary.

Call to Worship:

Leader: Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.

Children: "There is a destiny that makes us brothers;

None goes his way alone;

All: All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own."

—Edwin Markham.

Hymn: "In Christ There Is No East or West," Hymnal, 342.

Scripture Reading: Doctrine and Covenants 4: 1.

Story: "Sharing the Best," page 62 in Seventy-five Stories for the Worship Hour, Eggleston.

Sentence Prayer: After the story the children may be led to meditate upon the things they may share to show their love for their neighbors. Several children will then follow the leader in a sentence prayer, telling the heavenly Father what they are willing to share.

Hymn: "The Pledge." (To the tune, "The Saints Shall Wear Robes as the Lilies," Hymnal, 185.)

There's a message to give to the nations,
A message our church is to bring.
Our God is depending upon us:
We'll pledge to Him all, as we sing:

We'll live the glad message
We'll give every way,
For God is depending on us.
The people shall know
What our Savior would say,
For God is depending on us.

(This hymn should be copied on the blackboard, or the service sheets, for reference during the sermon.)

Sermon: The above hymn may be taken as a text, and in connection therewith use Mark 12: 31.

"There's a message to give to the nations."

Tell the story of the Reorganization in a brief way—how the "message" was given to Joseph Smith. Some of the principles contained in that message—faith, repentance, baptism, laying on of hands, resurrection, eternal judgment. The meaning of these principles.

"A message our church is to bring."

The Lord commands the church to take the message to all nations. Read *Doctrine and Covenants* 116: 1. Explain it to the children. Also elaborate on the Scripture reading which was used during the worship service. A map of the world should be shown and the countries pointed out where we have missionaries, showing the great territory yet to be covered.

"Our God is depending upon us."

If God needs our help, we must study that we shall know the message. The following story may be told:

Jesus had returned to his Father's home after his thirty-four years here on earth. He met the angel, Gabriel, and the following conversation may have taken place:

Gabriel says to Jesus, "You have been down on earth for a long time."

"Yes," replies Jesus.

"And you lived, and suffered, and died for the people," says Gabriel.

"Yes," replies Jesus again.

"And I suppose that everyone knows what you have done for them?" continues Gabriel.

"Oh, no," answers Jesus.

"Well, what arrangements did you make for spreading the news and for the carrying on of the work which you have begun? Have you a plan?" questioned Gabriel.

"Yes," replies Jesus. "I gathered a small group of followers and trained them as best I could. I lived with them and worked with them, and now they are to go out and tell others. Those others are to tell still others, and so the work will go on and on until the whole wide world is encompassed."

"But suppose that little group do not prove faithful?" asked Gabriel. "Suppose Peter goes back to his fishing, and John gets discouraged, and that the others become interested in other things, and give up the work: did you make any plans in that case?"

"No," answers Jesus, "I have no other plans. I am depending on them."

We pledge to Him all.

This means working for Him every day. By our sacrificing we can help to build Zion, and our

tithing will keep missionaries in the lands across the seas. Tell of some of our missionaries who are now in foreign lands, naming them and showing our map where they are located. Some of us may begin to train now to become missionaries for Christ, and give our all to Him.

We'll live the glad message.

It is not enough to talk about the missionaries who are in Norway, Holland, Germany, etc., but we must be *kind now* to all foreign boys and girls. Also *live* the kind of lives we know are right.

We'll give every way.

Give our love, our time, our talents, our money, our all.

The people shall know what our Savior would say.

We will take Christ's place in spreading our wonderful Gospel.

Hymn: *"We've a Story to Tell to the Nations," Hymnal, 397.*

Period of Meditation: Congregation read silently the pledge song as it is played quietly. Leader will say "Amen" at its close.

FIFTH SUNDAY, MAY 29

Theme, "Love of Church."

Prelude: *"The Old, Old Path."*

Call to Worship:

Girls: Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?

Boys: Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

All: He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

Hymn: *"For the Beauty of the Earth," Hymnal, 18.*

Prayer.

Scripture:

Girl: Psalm 84: 1, 2, 4, 10, and 12.

Boy: (Part of prayer of dedication of the Kirtland Temple.)

"And do thou grant, holy Father, that all those who shall worship in this house may be taught words of wisdom out of the best books, and that they may seek learning, even by study, and also by faith, as thou hast said; and that they may grow up in thee and receive a fullness of the Holy Ghost, and be organized according to thy laws, and be prepared to obtain every needful thing; and that this house may be a house of prayer, a house of fasting, a house of faith, a house of glory, and of God, even thy house; that all the incomings of thy people, into this house, may be in the name of the Lord, with holy hands, uplifted to the Most High; and that no unclean thing shall be permitted to come into thy house to pollute it."

Hymn: *"Onward, Christian Soldiers," Hymnal, 212.*

Poem: "Organize My Church and Kingdom."
(Found in old Hymnal.)

Sermon: Tomorrow in America our country is honoring the memory of her soldiers. Tell of some of her heroes. (If you do not live in the States you may choose to tell of the heroes of your country.) After a brief time spent in reviewing the lives of national heroes divert the minds of the children to the heroes of the church. Tell what they did to show their love for the church. Use the *Young People's Church History* for material. Begin with Joseph Smith. Stories may be told of the following Saints who have shown great love for the church. Joseph Smith, the martyr; Joseph Smith, his son. Frederick M. Smith. Emma Hale Smith, Marietta Walker, Joseph Lambert; Joseph and Emma Burton (stories about them found in book, *Beatrice Witherspoon*).

After talking of these valiant men and women who showed their love for the church we might lead the children to think of some of the missionaries they have known and of outstanding heroes in their own branch. Give each child a paper and on the top have written, "What can I do to show my love for my church?" Suggest that they think of things all week long and bring their lists to junior church for the next service. A few suggestions and discussion with the children will help them in making their lists. Suggest how we may show our reverence for the church, love for its members, love for God.

Next Sunday is Sacrament Sunday. Show love for the church by being present. Before you come to church kneel down and pray that you may be in a proper condition to receive the sacrament if you have been baptized. When you come to church be reverent, just as quiet as possible.

Closing Hymn: "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord."
(Tune, Hymnal, 234.)

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
Thy house of thine abode.
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayer ascend.
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Benediction.

DIETARY FACTS

(Continued from page 168.)

kilogram calorie, for it is the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of one kilogram of water one degree centigrade (one pound of water about four degrees F.). The caloric value of food is defined as the number of calories contained in a unit of that food. Careful experimentation has determined the caloric values of these classes of foodstuffs. After making allowances for probable losses in digestion, we obtain the following values for the fuel foodstuffs:

Fat—9 calories per gram.

Carbohydrates—4 calories per gram.

Proteins—4 calories per gram.

In my next article I shall discuss the vitamins.

Health Hints

1. Drink from six to eight glasses of water daily, preferably between meals.
2. See that the body has a sufficient supply of fresh air, pure water, and wholesome food.
3. Sleep, work, and play regularly.
4. Remember that the physical man is but the chemical product of the food he absorbs.

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Evangel

I had a God,
To me He said,
"Through ways untrod
Thy feet must tread."

I have a God,
He whispers, low:
"I've gone the way
That thou shalt go."

—Clifton J. Hicks, in *Church Management*.

VISION



"ALL THE KING'S HORSES—"

By Audentia Anderson

REUNION INSTITUTE COURSES

SOME SPECIAL STUDY PROGRAMS

MOM'S "DANDY" BOYS

By Gussie Ross Jobe

! SWORDS EAST !

By Ralph P. Mulvane

SOUR GRAPES

By Gladys Mae Smith

MARTHY

By Elsie Smith Mann

MAY, 1932

ACHIEVEMENT

FOR winning victories in life there is no substitute for merit—merit which is backed up by hard work. Men may seem to win with easier qualifications—friendship, pull, playing politics, and luck—but their victories are temporary and shallow. Those who play politics to win do so only to lose later by the same means. Those who depend on luck worship a fickle goddess who often deserts her favorites. Those who survive by friendship alone are parasites that sap the strength of their hosts and finally destroy themselves. He who lives by any means inferior to actual merit is under a constant obligation of involuntary service to his protector, and he exists in perpetual fear of exposure.

Let those who are young, and considering the ways of life and the parts that they are to play in it, know that the only achievement worth while is the achievement of merit. It is the hardest way, but it is the best way, and the only way to attain independence and happiness.

VISION

A Magazine for All Ages

Devoted to the needs and desires of the individual, the program of the church, and the activities of the social group.

LEONARD LEA, Managing Editor
For the Board of Editors

Volume 45

Independence, Missouri, May, 1932

Number 5

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Editorial



Stories to Order—

"*Swords East*" is the latest contribution from Ralph P. Mulvane, whose thrilling story, "*The End of the Trail*," appeared in the March issue of *Vision*. "*Swords East*" is, if possible, the more exciting of the two.

Mr. Mulvane suggests that our readers may have some favorite stories or characters, either in the *Bible* or in the *Book of Mormon*, that they would like to see put in modern story form. The author's method makes history live again, and brings ancient characters to life in a surprising way.

It will not be possible to follow all suggestions. Ruth and Esther, for example, have already been used many times.

Reunion Institute Courses—

This issue of *Vision*, and the next, will present a number of courses to be offered for study at reunions, institutes, and conferences. We suggest that you preserve them until they are needed. And you may find them useful, too, for local classes.

Water in His Boots—

Audentia Anderson says, in "*All the King's Horses*," that a story is told of how some one poured water into the boot of one of those magnificent guards that protect the King's palace. The guard never batted an eye. Wonder just what it would take to get one of those fellows mad?

Are You Tempted?—

If you are tempted to indulge in foolish pleasure, the author suggests, you will find that it is not nearly so much fun as you thought it was. Gladys Mae Smith tells in "*Sour Grapes*" of how one young lady learned her lesson while tramping home late on a stormy night through ten miles of mud. She wouldn't learn from what others told her. She was one of the kind who learn only by experience.

A Woman's Tongue—

The cleverest story we have had in a long time is Elsie Smith Mann's "*Marthy*." All his life the old man had hated Marthy, her scolding tongue, her immaculate house, and her cat. He longed for some "comfortable dirt." Then she died. What did he do? Well, you can read it.

Why Does a Mother . . . ?—

Why does a mother like her boys better than her girls? Gussie Ross Jobe puts the question in "*Mom's 'Dandy' Boys*." It tells the story of one little mother's anxious battle to keep her sons for herself and prevent them from getting married. Did she succeed? Not if the girls could help it!

Do You Know Your Vitamins?—

Probably you are lucky to know how to spell the name correctly, and you have heard that they are present in vegetables, and that they are good for children. This number of "*Dietary Facts*," by Mae Clark Warren and Barbara Muller, will give you some important information.

Keeping Sweet—

We read a story the other day of a bricklayer who had become a contractor, and had finally, through hard work and steady planning, accumulated a million dollars. When the financial crash came men who owed him heavily defaulted their payments, and he lost all that he had. Stunned for a while, he did not know what to do. Then he went back to his old trade and found himself laying bricks beside men who had formerly worked for him. And he declares that he was never happier in his life.

We marvel at this man's ability to "keep sweet." No vain self-pity, no time lost in regret, no moaning and hysteria for him. He could lose the million without complaining because it did not possess his soul. He kept that free.

! SWORDS EAST !

A Tale of Love in the Last Days of King Zedekiah When a City's Streets Ran Crimson

By RALPH P. MULVANE

THE TWO evil-faced men on the flat, forward portion of the temple roof shifted their gaze from the valley and plain visible over the city's walls and now so full of menace, to the stone porch below them. From long, indistinct lines of Chaldean hosts, whose swords and battle accoutrements still flashed dully in the last rays of sunred, to three figures—two men and a woman—on the porch.

Gazing over the new-come country, those two faces on the roof had reflected the fear of thwarted selfish ambition and unclean passion. Now, absorbed in the scene below, cunning, greed, passion, hate wrote out in their dark eyes and on their sensuous lips all other emotions.

Pashur of the blue and gold robes, son of Immer the Priest and chief governor of the Temple, spoke without raising his eyes, his voice low, angry:

"Again this Jeremiah croaks of destruction, and the fools drink in his words. See how thy daughter Mary stares at him? And the prince's son Delaiah—Gedeliah. I tell thee we must act."

Gedeliah, chief counselor to the king, was silent. His sharp, lean face with its hooked nose, seemed alive just then to the prophet's words. Pashur snatched at the sleeve of his companion's crimson and gold-embroidered robe.

"Gedeliah!" he said crossly. "I tell thee we must put the plan into operation."

The chief counselor started nervously. "Sometimes," he said, "I wonder if what you prophet says may not be——"

Pashur interrupted: "What? Art thou weakened by Nebuchadnezzar's army? Look!" He nodded his head toward the woman Mary. "See how thy daughter leans toward Delaiah? Bah! If thou wouldst supplant Zede——"

"Sh!" warned Gedeliah. "Thy voice may carry."

But Pashur pressed on: "And if thou wouldst have the aid of Baal and the priest-

hood, then act. Pledge thy daughter to me. She shall be queen of the Temple——"

Again Gedeliah broke in: "Thou meanest that Immer—thy father—that he shall be put——"

Pashur finished, with hardened face: "—away? Aye, why not? Is he not old? Was this thing not in both our minds? Then why dost thou start so?"

The counselor rubbed a hand across his forehead. He stole a glance at his companion; saw Pashur's beady black eyes gloating on the tall, rounded, glorious form of the black-haired Mary. Gedeliah glanced down at her. She was in pure white. Her beautiful, slightly oval face was fixed in rapt absorption on the gray-bearded prophet. There was something holy about her, something that made him feel she was not of his flesh and blood.

The thought irritated him. She was his daughter, to be disposed of as he saw best. Yet even now she dared to jeopardize her father's ambitions.

Gedeliah hardened his voice. "We have gone too far to turn back. She does not love thee, but what matter? I am ready. When do we act?"

"Tonight," said Pashur. "My men wait below. First, we must seize this croaking prophet, place him in the stocks, then away with him to prison for falsely stirring up the people. The rats in the dungeon of Jonathan the scribe are large and hungry. Once there——"

Gedeliah shivered. He knew the rest. "But thou canst not do so with Delaiah," he said. "Thou knowest he is a friend of the people, the son of a prince. A thousand swords would defend him."

Pashur frowned, smiled thinly, craftily: "True, but can he not be placed in charge of defense of one of the gates at the king's order? And in the stress of battle who can say what may happen? See!"

From within his robes Pashur drew a small, sealed roll. Gedeliah eyed it eagerly.

"Thou hast the order—now?" he queried.

Pashur, replacing the roll, smiled. "Come," he said, "let us to work."

"One moment," Gedeliah begged. "How shall it be between Zedekiah and me?"

Contempt tinged Pashur's reply: "It shall be known that Zedekiah did think to yield, but that thy strong arm and action saved Jerusalem."

Dusk had fallen. Still somewhat doubtful, Gedeliah gazed out once more over the plains where now a mighty enemy host was settling for the night, and hundreds of tiny campfires glowed.

"Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon is strong," said Gedeliah.

"Aye," said Pashur with final triumph, "but this I did not tell thee yet. Pharaoh and his army march to our aid. The secret word has come. Now thou seest how great is the god Baal."

"Come," said Gedeliah.

When they reached the inner portion of the Temple night had fallen. Already the moon bathed in soft light the front of the Temple portico, but the prophet's audience, scattered below the steps, had thinned. Unheeding his pleading voice, many had gone to watch the men of war as they moved through the streets to the gates of the wall. From a hundred street intersections lifted flame and smoke from Baal's altars, and the voices of chanting priests and white-clad maidens.

Pashur moved swiftly in the inner darkness. A word of command and a score of men sprang out to encompass the prophet. Likewise their ring enveloped the girl Mary and Delaiah, whose sword flashed from his side.

"What means this?" he cried. "By whose orders dost thou act?"

The ring parted as Pashur stepped forth. In his right hand he held the king's order.

"For the king," said Pashur. "Long enough has this so-called prophet blasphemed and mocked us. Here, take this order and read. Bring a light."

A soldier vanished within the temple, reappeared with a torch. Delaiah broke the seal of the roll and read. Finished, he flung the roll down.

"So the king defies Nebuchadnezzar?" he cried. "And calls us to arms. So be it. But, thou, Pashur, hearken to my words. This is no

false prophet. Therefore, see to it that no harm comes to him or thou shalt answer to me, for this night goes my word to all my followers."

He paused, faced about proudly. Down the street came the measured tread of a hundred marching men. At the base of the temple they halted.

Delaiah bent his head, whispering: "Farewell, beloved."

Mary's eyes were like stars. She breathed: "Farewell, my own. Jehovah protect thee."

The young man took his place in front of the soldiers. His sword described an arc. They followed him.

Pashur whirled on the king's men. "Away with the prophet—to the stocks," he cried.

HOOTING, jeering, a mob stormed about the high gate of Benjamin, by the Temple. Some spat at the figure of an old, bareheaded man who slumped in the stocks.

"How now, O prophet," called one. "What dost thou croak today? Or hast thou heard that Pharaoh's army comes out of Egypt to drive the Chaldeans from our walls?"

"Aye," cried another laughingly, "tell us another of thy dreams."

Then, as if by spontaneous impulse, arose the cry:

"Baal! Great is Baal! Baal delivers us."

There was no word from the weakened prophet. A cold, raw air of fall flapped about his scanty, tattered garments and pierced his flesh. Still his face was serene, though his eyes brooded with a great sorrow.

Back and forth the crowd milled, jostled and derided. Of all its numbers only one man gave Jeremiah a glance of compassion. Ebedmelech, an Ethiopian eunuch he was called. He was tall and black as jet. He stood silently with folded arms near a guard of the king's soldiers, of whom he had charge. A massive man whose giant muscles twitched and flexed at the taunts of the mob.

Suddenly the noise died. The people parted, making a lane for two men who came directly through to Jeremiah. Behind them the curious crowd closed in.

One of these men who addressed Jeremiah was tall and wiry. He wore sandals whose straps criss-crossed to the knees; a loin garment of fringed leather and a silver cuirass bound

about him with wide leathern thongs. From his shoulders a purple garment depended over his back, and at his side hung a short, richly ornamented sword.

"I am Zephaniah, messenger of the king," he said. "And I am sent to learn from you whether the Lord will aid Judah against the Chaldeans."

A mocking titter started among the fringe of the crowd. Men looked at each other, winked and smiled.

Jeremiah lifted his weary head, looking straight at Zephaniah's companion, Pashur. And when he spoke his voice rang strongly, calmly, confidently, so that a strange hush fell upon his hearers.

"Say to him," said Jeremiah, "that Judah's weapons shall be turned back; that the Lord will fight against thee. Aye, he will bring pestilence upon thee, and famine. Zedekiah and his princes shall be delivered into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar, who shall smite them. All the treasures of the king's house, of his princes and of the house of the Lord, shall be taken to Babylon. Thy people shall serve in captivity seventy years. Thy city shall be burned, and in Babylon Pashur shall die."

Pashur's dark face twisted with anger. He flung about and spoke to the crowd.

"Thou hast heard him, ye people. He mocks us. Here, behind our strong walls, he sets our strength at naught."

Some one hooted. Instantly the crowd seethed with murmur, with jeers and jibes. The king's messenger waited patiently, then raised his arm for silence and called to Ebed-melech.

"Take him to the prison in the house of Jonathan the scribe," he ordered. "The king has commanded."

Gently, the giant black released the prisoner and held him up. His guards closed around them and shouldered the crowd away. Pashur smiled, but the smile died as a second commotion parted the throng in front and another king's messenger, riding a black horse, dashed up. He leaned over and handed an official roll to the eunuch.

"The king changes his mind," said the messenger. "He orders the prophet released."

In cold fury Pashur swung about. Near him stood a small, pock-faced man whom the son of Immer seized to whisper in his ear:

"Arthias, see that thou dost watch the prophet's every step and bring me word. This Zedekiah doth change his mind like the wind."

Arthias nodded and disappeared. His plan to stay close to the prophet was dissipated at the start by Ebed-melech, who ordered the former prisoner's guard to disperse the crowd. He himself stayed with Jeremiah, who seemed on the point of exhaustion.

"Where wilt thou go?" the eunuch asked. "Thou art weak. I will help thee."

Jeremiah released himself from the eunuch's upholding arm and stood alone, erect. Strength seemed to flow back into his body. His gaze rested softly upon the Ethiopian.

"Blessed be thou, Ebed-melech, for thou dost believe," he said. "Fear not for me. Tonight at dusk I shall go hence, where the Lord wills. Take this message to Delaiah, if thou wilt."

Arthias, swept hither and yon by the shifting crowd and soldiers, heard only the first part of the prophet's words, but this was enough. He slipped away and near the Temple overtook Pashur.

"Oh, priest, a word with thee," Arthias called.

Pashur turned with a start. When he saw Arthias he glanced casually about to make sure they were alone.

"Well?" he queried.

"Tonight," said Arthias, "Jeremiah leaves the city. I heard him say as much."

Pashur's hand rested on the little man's shoulder. "Thou hast done well. Now, how can I reward thee?"

Arthias's face held a cunning leer. "Thou knowest," he answered. "The Temple virgin I spoke to thee about?"

Pashur grinned knowingly. "Thou rascal," he bantered. "Thou hast an eye for beauty. I myself had picked her out, but thou shalt have her. A fair wench. Go in to her. Say it is by my orders."

Arthias glowed. "Thanks to thee, Pashur. I fly, for I know thou hast plenty of the soft-armed wenches to solace thee."

"Wait!" Pashur called him back. "Thou alone hast had care of the secret passage through the wall. It is for that I give thee this maiden, because thou hast lived like a mole in thy burrow and been content with little. But,

VISION

mark thee, Arthias, see to it that the passage is well looked to."

The pock-marked face lengthened. Fear distended the little man's eyes.

"Thou art afraid, then?" he whispered.

Pashur laughed. "Nay, but who can tell? Run now to thy love."

Swiftly, Pashur retraced his steps, halting at the gate of Benjamin, where he talked in low tones with Irijah, captain of the ward.

To that gate, at dusk, came Jeremiah and Delaiah.

"Open to Jeremiah," said Delaiah. "He is freed by the king."

Instead, the captain barred the way. "Where wilt thou go?" he demanded gruffly.

"From hence," said Jeremiah.

"Dost thou question the king's order?" demanded Delaiah.

The burly captain grumbled. "I am captain here. And now I see that the prophet would go to the Chaldeans. It is treachery."

Stunned by the sudden charge, Delaiah could only stare. Then he burst into a bitter tirade.

"Had I not been a fool," he thundered, "I would have come with a hundred men and thou shouldst have opened the gate. Thy charge is false."

"Silence!" cried the captain. "Guards! Take this man Jeremiah into arrest. Bear him to the prison of Jonathan and say to the king that he was taken in the act of going out unto the Chaldeans."

Vainly Delaiah fumed, but Irijah was adamant and the unresisting prophet was led away. Delaiah, hurrying back to his own men at the middle gate, muttered over and over:

"A trap. A trap, and I walked into it. That son of evil, Pashur."

GEDELIAH was in conference with the king, with wily tongue pouring into Zedekiah's ear oily flatteries that might sway the king to do the thing that the plotters sought. In Gedeliah's sun-drenched garden, sheltered from common view by a yellow-tinted mud-brick wall, a young woman sat on a white stone bench. Her delicately flushed face was tear-stained, her hands held fast in those of a young man who knelt beside her. The man was girt about with the panoply of war, and his sun-blackened face showed he had long been in the field.

"Once more, dear heart, I shall appeal to the king," he told the young woman. "And thou must not forget that we have a mighty friend in Ebed-melech, for the king doth think the very air breeds conspiracy and trusts only the giant eunuch."

"I know, Delaiah," the girl replied, "but thou must understand. Today my father announces the date when I must wed Pashur."

Delaiah sprang to his feet. "Never!" he cried. "Rather would I kill Pashur—aye, even thee. He shall not sully thee. I swear it."

Mary rose and laid her fingers against his lips. "Hush, beloved," she chided. "Then thy life would be forfeit, and it is precious to me. Nay, still we must have faith. But go as thou didst say and ask that the prophet be set free."

At that Delaiah groaned. He turned hopeless eyes to the branches of the olive and fig trees about them—naked, when in the spring they should have been green and ripe with the promise of harvest. Swiftly his thoughts sped over the outlying fields, his own, too. All withered. And the streams of pure water drying up, while above the baked earth a hard, cruel sun tortured man and ground.

"It is the end," he lamented, sinking to the bench. "Summer when it should be spring. Pestilence abroad and famine striking us from within. The people mutter and complain."

Mary sat beside him, her eyes bright with understanding. "As the prophet said," she murmured. "No latter rains, death, starvation and the Chaldean sword. But complain not, dear one. Let not thy faith grow weak."

"Oh, it doesn't," he denied vehemently, "but my love for thee has grown too strong. Now thou hast told me bad news; so must I tell thee some. I have heard it long. It is true. Thy father seeks the crown."

Mary's lips opened, aghast. "Thou art sure?" "Aye," he nodded miserably. "Dost thou recall that when Pharaoh came out and the Chaldeans left our walls, the king did set Jeremiah free?"

"Yes."

"And when Pharaoh turned back and the Chaldeans came again, the prophet was returned to prison? It was thy father who caused it. And it was then that rumors grew that Gedeliah was the strong hand behind the throne."

"And after that," said Mary gravely, "the king did weaken and bring the prophet to the court of the prison."

"Aye," he said bitterly. "Whereupon busy tongues told here and there that Zedekiah was bringing destruction upon the city by his fear of the prophet. Now thy father hath persuaded all the princes to demand of the king Jeremiah's life. Today he comes to trial. I shall beg the king to be merciful, though his enemies mark me. And if I fail, beloved, I have still a small, tried band of followers."

He stood up, drew her erect. Silently they walked to the gate in the wall. There, for one brief moment, they embraced.

"Farewell," sobbed Mary. "Trust thee in the Lord and He shall be thy strength. And if I see thee no more——"

His lips hushed the rest. "Thou shalt," he promised.

When he had gone, Gedeliah's daughter paced to and fro in the desolate garden, stopping often at the tiny fountain, now dry. At last she started toward the house, to stop with a stifled scream. Pashur, smirking, bowing, advanced toward her. How long had he been there? she wondered. What had he heard?

He gave no sign, but took one of her slim, white hands in his pudgy, moist fingers.

"How is it with thee, my promised bride?" he asked.

She drew her hand away, straightened proudly. "My father," she replied, "hath promised me, but first would I rather die. Should I mate with him who hath concubines and maketh free with harlots?"

Pashur's eyes devoured her, till she shrank, frightened. He followed, talking fast with honeyed words to quench her fears.

"Thou shalt be queen of all," he declared. "Thou shalt have power. I will deck thee with gold and jewels."

"No!" she cried. "Away from me. Delaiah!"

She turned to run, but he caught her, crushed her to him. His lips sought hers, hot with desire, while she fought with hands and feet.

"Call not on thy lover," he said, his warm breath near her face, "but ask Pashur and thou shalt have—still, wench. Still thy cries."

"Let me go!" she screamed, twisting, squirming. Now they were near the stone bench.

Triumphantly the priest forced her down, backward, till, summoning her last strength, she thrust a leg between his and wrenched his foot sidewise. He lost his balance, toppled to one side, carrying her with him. As they fell Pashur's head struck slightly across the edge of the bench. Then he lay limp.

With dry sobs, Mary freed herself and fled.

ON HIS stately throne, soft with silken rugs and rich with gold and precious jewels, sat the young king. A mere nervous boy, he seemed. Smooth of face, slim, proud of his station, yet conscious of strange fears surrounding him. Counseled on one side to repent and seek mercy, he was torn from another side to stay firm. Small wonder, then, that he vacillated, yet could not bring himself to abandon the cup of honey he had tasted.

On either side of Zedekiah, in robes of red and blue, gold-embroidered, of yellow and crimson and purple, stood the princes and counselors of Judah, Gedeliah, Shephatiah, Jucal, and Pashur. And behind the king, his bodyguard with the watchful Ebed-melech, vigilant, silent, arms folded. Ebed-melech, detached from his duties military because the king feared plots on his life.

Two blacks fanned the king with huge fans of peacock feathers. Sweat glistened on their ebony bodies.

Zedekiah's face, fixed on the kneeling Delaiah, wore a frown. He was tired of the strife centering on the prophet, yet feared to have him harmed. So he listened to the noble's plea for Jeremiah's freedom and to the backfire from his counselors.

"Hear him not, O Zedekiah," Jucal cried, for one. "Jeremiah hath weakened the morale of our army by his dire words. This drought is but a natural thing in a season of years, and sickness cometh in its own time."

Delaiah, rising at the king's gesture, faced Jucal angrily.

"Thou hast no ears for any but thy false prophets," he charged. "But I bid thee look about. Have not the words of Jeremiah been fulfilled? Oh, king, yield thee and repent."

"What?" snapped Zedekiah. "Yield to Babylon's yoke? Delaiah, thou art the son of a prince, or thou wouldst not dare say that."

"Heed him not, O sovereign," said Gedeliah

with cunning. "His fields are withered, and the maiden he loves is promised to another. This Jeremiah doeth us a great harm, and did he not predict that thou shouldst be given to Nebuchadnezzar?"

"Aye," interposed Shephatiah. "It is for thy sake we ask his life. The people mutter that thou dost keep the prophet in the court of the prison and doth feed him daily, though the bread in the city runneth short."

So it went, till, wearied with the constant clamor, Zedekiah abruptly terminated the hearing.

"So be it, princes," he decreed. "Jeremiah shall go into the dungeon of Malchiah as thou desirest."

Delaiah sprang forward, eyes flashing. Rashly he would have cursed the king's order, but for the cool, warning glance of Ebed-melech. But Malchiah's dungeon! That, indeed, meant death. It ran down into the cool, damp, slimy stones thirty feet. Its bottom was mire where creeping, crawling things bred. In Malchiah's dungeon there would be no bread—only the silent, grim specter of death.

For a moment, as Delaiah stood there, the room was tense with unleashed emotions. Then, gravely saluting, Delaiah wheeled and left, breaking the spell. But Zedekiah flung his arms out toward the princes.

"Leave me," he ordered. "I will hear no more."

Ebed-melech unfolded his arms and strode forward expectantly. The princes departed in haste and the eunuch returned with a grim smile. He bowed before the king.

"Great master," he said, "thou hast done a wrong thing. If Jeremiah dies in the dungeon, worse will be the fate of Judah, and worse thy fate, for the people will blame thee."

For an instant the young Zedekiah was but a curious, worried boy as he queried:

"Ebed-melech, dost thou, too, believe the prophet's words?"

"I am loyal to thy person," the eunuch evaded.

"Tell me and fear not." Zedekiah stamped his foot. "Dost thou believe?"

"Aye," said the eunuch.

A spasm of fear gripped the young king—fear and despair. He leaned heavily against the arm of his throne chair. When he spoke

his voice seemed heavy with a last-minute resolve.

"Ebed-melech, take with thee thirty men and get Jeremiah forth from the dungeon of Malchiah. Do this by night and secretly. Place him again in the court of the prison. And two nights hence take him to the door of the Temple. There I will come in plain white robes and talk with him and thou shalt see that none interferes."

"I hear, master," said the eunuch.

Zedekiah stood up. He was once more a king. "And Ebed-melech," he said, "detail some of thy best men to watch this Gedeliah. I like not vipers in my bed."

Narrowly he watched the eunuch to note the effect of his words, but Ebed-melech merely bowed respectfully.

"It is thy order, master," he said.

TWO evening later, Delaiah sat alone in his tiny tent close to the middle gate of the city's wall. There had been no moon, nor stars, for three nights, but the faint red glare from a thousand Chaldean campfires without the battered walls showed gaping rents in those vaunted defenses.

The tent flap was open. Sentries, mere black shadows of the night, passed to and fro. Then, without warning, a giant figure blocked the entrance and slipped within the tent.

"It is Ebed-melech," a quick whisper came to Delaiah, starting up for his sword. "Listen, O Delaiah, for I must speak to thee quickly. This night the king will talk with Jeremiah in the principal door of the Lord's House. If thou shouldst be there—thou and a few of thy trusted men—"

Delaiah sought the black's hand. "Ebed, thou jewel," he praised. "He is free, then? And hast thou told Mary?"

"She knows," said the eunuch. "But take care. The best that thou canst do is to hide the prophet from his enemies. I can not help thee—nor will I hinder thee. Farewell."

But Ebed-melech froze in his tracks. Outside there was a scraping against the tent, the sound of a light footfall. A moment, and the eunuch slipped out of the tent like a shadow, speeding about its white folds. He found nothing and after a second's hesitation hurried away in the inky darkness.

Delaiah gathered four men. Separately they approached the Temple and entered its brooding blackness. Delaiah came last. The sickly sweet smell of incense from the altars assailed his nostrils—that and the last odors from burning flesh, a vain sacrifice to Baal to avert the calamity that hung over the doomed city. Stiff and ugly in their places reposed Baal's idols, decked with silver from Tarshish and gold from Uphaz, with grinning eyes of emerald and pearl.

Delaiah, waiting behind a great column, felt against him a soft, warm form. A voice breathed into his ear. He whispered back, astonished, fearful:

"Mary! How did you know? Go, my sweet. There is danger."

"Does it matter?" she countered softly. "With you and me together?"

He shivered. "I'm afraid for thee," he protested. "There may be evil eyes that watch—that see in the dark."

She pressed his arm for silence. Two figures were ascending the stone steps of the portico of the principal door. Only the whiteness of their robes and the dull red glare in the heavens cast by Chaldean campfires made them distinguishable. They paused close to the place chosen by Delaiah, and a moment later another figure came up the steps. Delaiah and Mary knew the voices.

"Jeremiah?" questioned one they recognized as that of the king.

"What dost thou wish, Zedekiah?" came the answer.

"This: to inquire if thou hast any word from the Lord. Speak plainly. Hide nothing."

"Thou wilt kill me."

"Nay, nor give thee to those who would. Speak."

There was pleading, boyish pleading in the king's voice, but the prophet's answer came clearly and sternly:

"Thou hast been warned, yet if thou wilt go to Nebuchadnezzar and repent, all will be well."

"He will deliver me to them who hate me, who hath gone over to Babylon from Judah," wailed the king.

"Obey and live. Refuse, and all the women of thy house shall go to Nebuchadnezzar's

princes. Thy children shall be slain, the city burned."

The king's voice rose petulantly: "What meanest thou, that I shall speak to Nebuchadnezzar, mouth to mouth, and his eyes shall behold my eyes?"

"This. Thou shalt speak with him, and thou shalt go to Babylon, but thou shalt not see Babylon."

"Thou speakest in riddles," said the king impatiently.

"Thou wilt not hear," said Jeremiah. "Listen. Israel hath become vain. Her children gather wood and her fathers light fires for idols. Even now her women use the last meal to make cakes for idols. Aye, for idols that have polluted the Lord's house and the high places of Tophet, that have had burned as sacrifices to their dead lips the sons and daughters of Israel. Thou wouldst not believe, but now thou knoweth that Judah's grapes and figs have ceased to bear. The leaves of the trees have withered. And soon the dead shall overflow all space in Tophet Valley in which to lay them, and this city shall be a den of dragons."

Zedekiah interrupted: "Have I not freed the Hebrew men and maidservants as commanded?"

Jeremiah rebuked him. "Aye, and those who freed them made them subjects again. Thy covenant hath been broken. Famine is upon thee. There is no rain, no grass for the cattle. Now thy cities are to be made desolate and thy people scattered. Thy princes, eunuchs, and priests shall be given to Nebuchadnezzar and die. Oh, king, thou hast hearkened to false prophets and stiffened thy neck."

"Enough!" cried Zedekiah. "It was in my mind to set thee free, but I dare not. Promise to say naught of what I have asked thee and thou shalt go back to the court of the prison. What is thy answer?"

"I promise," said Jeremiah, "so that thou dost not send me back to Malchiah or the house of Jonathan."

"Take him away," commanded the king and himself turned quickly to depart.

Delaiah, absorbed, stirred. It was time for action. Then he remembered Mary. Her safety must be assured. He groped out his

hand toward her, to feel but the air. He called her softly:

"Mary!"

The stygian darkness mocked him: A great terror seized him so that he shouted her name. The beloved sound brought only an echo rebounding from wall to wall, then a single scream deep within the temple. Toward this he bounded, crying to his men. And in the blackness crashed against an idol. The world fell upon him and Delaiah knew no more as his men bore him away in their arms.

ON THE ninth day of the fourth month, eleventh year of the reign of King Zedekiah, the sun rose over the city like a blood-red image of hate. A dawn of terror succeeded a night of despair.

Solidly, steadily, Babylon's great rams battered holes in the yielding walls. Babylon's scaling ladders sent aloft men with sword and spear, some to be flung back by the desperate defenders of the city and others to gain a hold. So by twos and threes the invaders multiplied their numbers, filtering down the walls into the city.

Flaming pots of oil, catapulted from without, found screaming victims within and lit the first fires. And ceaselessly the rams pounded on.

Within the city haggard men of war fought valiantly to check the victorious hosts. Women, thin with famine's hand, held their babies and fled, wailing. From the arms of one mother a priest snatched her child and added it to the sacrificial flames of an altar.

Then a gate in the wall gave way and through this infiltrated Babylon's cavalry and chariots, followed by bowmen and spearmen.

Now there was no longer any attempt to defend the walls. The fighting was hand to hand in the streets which began to drip with blood. Inch by inch the defenders were driven back. Flames rose from their dwellings and the dried fields.

Screaming, frantic, women and children ran. Old men tottered, young men and their sweethearts. But everywhere the Babylonian sword raised and dipped in human flesh. Young man and maiden, old man and child. The red flame tongues advanced. A pall of smoke hid from some the fate of others.

There was now no leader for Judah. During the night previous Zedekiah and his craven princes had fled by the gate between the walls of the king's garden. Ere dawn broke they were captured on the plains of Jericho.

Their king gone, Ebed-melech and Delaiah fought no longer for Judah, but for Mary—Mary whom they could not find. The giant eunuch's great sword cleaved through armor into pulsing flesh. He was bathed in red, a madman of fury. Hard pressed, he was nearly surrounded when Delaiah launched a final attack with his last surviving soldiers.

They routed the Babylonians and by one accord sped for the Temple. It was there that Mary had vanished, and always the thought persisted with Delaiah that there he would find her again.

Scarcely had the eunuch and his companion gained the inner portion of the Temple than they knew they were none too soon. Already a small band of Chaldeans had preceded them and there was desperate fighting at the far end of the building. Purple robes of priests mingled with the naked bodies of the invaders.

Then a scream that set afire the blood of Delaiah and shot the great eunuch into the struggling mass like a bolt from heaven.

"Mary!" shouted Delaiah. "We're coming!"

His sword cleaved right and left. Ten of his men waded into the thickest of the battle. Soon it was hand to hand without room to swing a sword. Ebed-melech picked up a priest bodily and flung him to clear a space. Through this Delaiah rushed to Mary's side. Pashur, who had been trying to drag her to the secret tunnel which offered escape through the walls, dropped his prize and sprang snarling at his rival.

Through the Temple doors came another stream of Chaldeans, led by an officer resplendent in gold and red trappings and plumed helmet. His mighty sword was hilted with gold and spread death before him. Straight toward Pashur he came, so that the priest was forced to dodge and seek flight. Then the officer slipped in a pool of blood. And as he started to sprawl out on the stone floor Pashur whipped up a sword and swung it over his head.

Delaiah leaped at him, sent his own blade ringing against Pashur's and knocked it away.

Like a cat, the Chaldean officer regained his feet and seized Pashur by the neck. Strangely he did not strike, but spewed the priest into the grasp of one of his soldiers.

"Hold him till my order," he commanded.

The officer turned to Delaiah. "Thou hast saved my life. Why, O Israelite? And who art thou?"

"Delaiah, son of Delaiah the prince. I yield to thee my sword, for thou art a noble. Do with me as thou wilt, but spare this woman and the Ethiopian who helped me to rescue her from the hands of these filthy dogs of priests."

More quickly than it had started, the noise of the fighting died. A ring of Babylonian steel held captive every surviving priest, every wounded man under Delaiah. Curiously the invaders watched their officer and the two men and woman now standing before him. Suddenly the Chaldean turned and waved them away.

"Hold them captive," he commanded, "but slay none till I give the word. Take out the treasures of the Lord's house and of the faithless Zedekiah and his princes, and put torch to the city."

When the clamor that arose again died in the distance, the officer turned to Delaiah.

"Thou hast saved Nebuzar-adan, captain of the guard of the great King Nebuchadnezzar. For that I grant thee the boon thou hast asked. Tell me now if thou knowest aught of Jeremiah the prophet?"

"Aye," said Delaiah eagerly. "He lies in the court of the prison. Have mercy on him, O Captain, for he is a prophet of the Living God." The Chaldean glanced curiously at the young man. "Believest thou that?" he queried.

Delaiah bent his head. "We know it to be true."

The Chaldean mused a moment. Then, brusquely: "I know not. The king hath commanded that he be taken safely to Ramah and freed. Likewise am I to leave in Judah a remnant of the very poor. The rest shall be carried captives to Babylon. Here, thou wilt face a miserable existence, for thy fields are desolate. In Babylon thou wilt be slaves with hard taskmasters, yet thou wilt not suffer for food or clothing. Wilt thou stay or wilt thou come with me?"

Delaiah turned to Mary. She placed her arm in his and a light shone in her eyes that none could misread. At their feet Ebed-melech, red with blood from a dozen wounds, dropped to his knees and touched his forehead to the gory pavement. Gently Delaiah raised him up and faced the Chaldean officer.

"We thank thee, Nebuzar-adan," he said. "Here will we stay."

"So be it," said the officer, again the soldier. "Come hence with me till I find thee a guard, for now thy lives will not be safe without one."

DIED had the red tongues of fire, but from a thousand blackened ruins rose smoke. The stench of bodies filled the sun-lit air. On the roadsides and withered fields moaned the families of those spared by the sword.

In the distance drew away the last of the line of weary captives, on their sodden march to Babylon. Beside them, behind and in front, glittered the swords of the victors. Now and again their whips lashed the backs of the lagging.

In front of the ruined Temple, as though alone in the world, stood three figures, two men and a woman. One of these, a massive black, turned bleary eyes from the sad procession to the other man and woman.

"My lord," he said, "at Riblah were slain the sons of Zedekiah, before his very eyes. There were his eyes put out and he bound in chains, and his nobles put to the sword. Truly hath the prophet spoken."

Delaiah did not answer. He was looking beyond the city, through the crumbled walls to the once prosperous fields. And Mary, peering into his face, wondered, as a woman will.

"Beloved," she called. "Beloved, my lord, dost thou regret?"

He pointed silently, with awe-filled eyes, to where his own fields and former vineyards lay. The olive trees and fig trees were green with leaf, and in the fields acres of high grain gave promise of a harvest. And through the orchards the tiny stream that lately was dry, now ran with sparkling water.

Mary spoke in a hush: "Blessed be the name of the merciful Lord."

{THE END.}

DOLLAR CHASING

By HOWARD COOK

I WANT to preach you a sermon on the topic, "Dollar Chasing." For my text I quote the first verse of the second chapter of the Gospel of Common Sense: "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and leaves a rich widow?"

Let us analyze the situation with respect to ourselves. Take a walk and notice the faces of the people you pass on the street. Are they bright and happy and hopeful? Not visibly so. It is unusual to meet a man who is smiling. Instead the faces we see are furrowed and wrinkled. Tenseness is common in facial expressions; care, worry, hopelessness, and hardness are there. In fact, many of the faces you daily meet remind one of the rough side of a washboard.

We race through life at breakneck speed. It is a grim race between us and a time-table, a race between us and a clock, a race between us and a speedometer, a race between us and a budget, a race between us and a bank book. Many men are slaves to this little sheepskin book—they give their lives to it, and in the race between health and the figures in this little book, they don't get to first base in happiness.

In this race man has no time for the spiritual and the social sides of life. To him life is business from early morning till late at night. He makes himself a work horse and saddles himself with debt and care. He works like a horse and lives like a horse. He rushes downstairs in the morning and gulps his food behind the morning newspaper, then off he dashes to the office. At noon, still imitating the horse, he puts on his nose bag, that is, he eats lunch in the harness of an armchair lunchroom the only advertisement of which is *speed*—"A meal a minute!" Then back to work he goes for the afternoon. At dinner he barricades himself behind the evening newspaper. After dinner, too tired to think of any kind of recreation, he listens to the radio, yawns in his easy chair, and finally goes to bed. But he is too tired to sleep. For hours he tosses about thinking about the fluctuating price of the commodity in which he is most interested. And then towards the wee sma' hours he dreams that he is chasing fat silver dollars and that they grin at him and jump

out the window to roll easily down the street and out of sight.

The race continues day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year. The young man seen in the mirror each morning grows bald and wrinkled, and the middle-aged man grows old. But the drive *must* go on. There is the family to think about and provide for, a nice home to be kept up—the children to educate. And then some night he comes home and a little tow-headed boy rushes up to him. "Grandfather, congratulations on your birthday!" he shouts, throwing his arms about his neck. In the dining room the man sees a cake aglow with *sixty-five* candles!

And now, possibly for the first time, Mr. Average Man stops long enough in his mad race for the Almighty Dollar to do some thinking. "Where has my life gone?" he asks himself. "What have I done? Is this old world any better for my having lived in it for sixty-five years? Am I in a position to leave my family and the world anything but my money?" A discouraged, white head bows over the birthday cake when his neglected conscience must answer these questions in the negative.

It is not long until a piece of crepe is hung on the door of Mr. Average Man's home, and a preacher stands at the head of his coffin trying hard to say something good of a man who all his life kept his religion in his wife's name. As the preacher bows his head in prayer, one of the four pallbearers will probably whisper behind his hand to another, "Who *is* this guy anyway?"

A pathetic picture? Well—what are *we* doing about it? You think it exaggerated? Oh, no. You have but to look about to see people who have wasted their life opportunities just as did Mr. Average Man. Such lives should make us the more determined to order our own on a different plan. They should cause us to consider our values carefully.

Men struggle for that elusive thing called happiness. Thousands are laboring under the delusion of the dollar sign—they think the race of dollar chasing will most quickly bring them happiness. But sooner or later they discover

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MARTHY

By ELSIE SMITH MANN

MARTHY HANNAFORD was dead. Old Jerome gazed upon his wife's long, sharp face, curiously softened now, without a quiver of emotion. He was conscious of the subdued stillness; of the whispered sympathy of two neighbor women washing dishes in Marthy's immaculate kitchen, awkward in their attempts at quietness; of the peculiar odor of death and roses; of the few fragments of fern fronds on Marthy's best Brussel.

Marthy's quick eye would have spotted them almost before they lit, he thought. He watched the people beginning to straggle in. At their murmured condolences he gazed at them wonderingly. They were actually sorry for him! They were sorry that Marthy was dead! He wanted to shout at them not to be sorry. He wanted to tell them it was all right that Marthy should die; that it was but poetical justice for the tongue, which could nag and lash one to murderous fury, to be stilled in time to give one a little peace.

Soon a small crowd assembled. A waiting hush fell as the services began.

"In my Father's house," the minister solemnly intoned, "there are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. . . ."

Jerome wondered as the voice, musical from constant repetitions, filled the room, if each fellow would have a mansion all to himself, or would there be a woman nagging one around, and hardwood floors to be kept polished.

He scarcely followed the rest of the minister's text, or heard the songs, which were meant to be comforting. A woman sobbed, and Jerome gave her an absent stare. He went through it all in a trance, his face an expressionless mask until he was back home again and the last sympathetic straggler had departed—then the mask fell! He turned savagely to Marthy's picture hanging on the wall and spoke triumphantly, all the suppression of five and twenty years in his voice:

"Ye air dead now, Marthy," he rasped. "Ye won't be abossin' me no more." He turned the picture and viciously slammed its face to the wall. "An' blame ye," he shook a huge gnarled fist at its pasteboard back, "them gimlet eyes o'

yorn won't be awatchin' my every move. I'll be amakin' dirt now if it pleases me."

He glared around as if expecting contradiction from Marthy's black cat, blinking with secure, lazy indifference from her pink taffeta pillow. A wave of anger engulfed him.

"An' ye won't be fer alettin' that critter sleep on the best piller while my ol' dog Ben freezes in the garage." With a lunge he swept the amazed cat to the floor and booted it through the door. The cat vanished, a black streak around the corner, and at Jerome's soft whistle, an old dog, crippled and toothless, shambled to the door. Jerome reached out and pulled his reluctant body in. The dog sniffed around, keeping close to the door.

"'Tain't no need to be afearin' now, Ben, ol' boy," Jerome soothed, "she won't be fer abotherin' ye. Them roses made a soft coverin' fer one with such a sharp tongue." At his continued caresses and confident tones the dog gradually settled to the warmth of the room, his form completely obliterating a huge bouquet of red roses on Marthy's Brussel, his nose thrust between Jerome's big dusty boots. Jerome drew a deep sigh of contentment and drew out his pipe. This was life. Marthy was completely vanquished!

AS THE DAYS passed Jerome was ecstatically happy. The bed, in which he slept, remained each day just as he had crept out of it; dishes accumulated in the sink with surprising rapidity; dust gathered in fantastic scrolls around the floors and under the plain oak furniture. Jerome basked in it all. Ashes from his pipe were strung in blackened heaps from bedroom to kitchen. Old Ben slept in the living room, his great, shaggy head upon the vanquished cat's taffeta pillow.

But Jerome was surprised to find that a sense of horror and distaste, born of long years of enforced habit, was welling within him day by day. He fought against it.

"It's jest 'cause I'm sort o' low-spirited," he consoled himself, but he knew it wasn't, and he grew restive, moody. Inwardly he rebelled that Marthy could drive him even from her grave! He vowed she shouldn't! He grew

more slovenly, if possible, from sheer defiance, scattering things about, chuckling with elation that he could leave them as they fell. But a flat feeling always followed upon the heels of his mirth. Finally he began to worry. He felt queer.

At last his stomach, long used to Marthy's insuperable culinary skill, rebelled against the careless diet of fried eggs and bacon. He fell disgustingly, nauseously ill. He could not raise his head from his pillow.

In his doleful extremity he yearned for a human presence. He half yearned for Marthy. Even her sharp nagging would have been almost welcome if she could have administered to him, but with characteristic stubbornness he smothered the idea. Old Ben nuzzled his hands, licked his protruding feet, and pulled at his clothes, urging him with dumb, pleading eyes to be up and about.

SOON the illness passed, as all things do, and Jerome lumbered out of bed. Pretending not to see the gathered gray scrolls, or to smell the dank, soured odor from the kitchen, he forced a laugh at his weakness. He tried to be strong, derisive, but his head swam, his mouth felt sticky. He looked woefully around him. Oh, to see the place clean again. He pushed the thought back only to have it recur again and again, beating into his brain.

He flung scorn at himself but all in vain. His mouth quivered piteously. Tears which he could not check rolled down his cheeks! He became maukish, maudlin, and he did not care. If Marthy were only back. He accepted the thought, cherished it. He actually wanted to see Marthy! With a strange, forgotten tenderness he reached to turn her picture from the wall, but his hands fell away. Marthy must not look upon all that filth!

He trudged to the kitchen and fetched the broom and started in to clean. All day he forced his weak old body before an indomitable will. By evening Marthy herself would have given him a word of commendation; the house was spotless. Old Ben had a warm, comfortable bed in the basement.

Jerome sat exhausted, but triumphant and happy. Marthy was right! It paid to be clean. It gave one a feeling of well-being. Through

death, he and Marthy had at last reached a common ground of understanding.

At a sudden scratching sound he looked up.

"That blamed—Marthy's cat," he amended softly. He opened the door and Marthy's black cat was again blinking with secure, lazy, indifference on her pink taffeta pillow.

With clumsy fingers, quivering with eagerness, Jerome turned the picture and Marthy's face looked down upon him. He sank abjectly to his knees and lifted streaming eyes, and her face, through the mist of his tears, seemed softened, tolerant, kind!



DOLLAR CHASING

(Continued from page 188.)

their mistake. Wealth, luxuries, publicity, great achievements, and the adoration of nations alone can not bring happiness to a man. Before he himself can find happiness, he must strive to bring happiness to others by kindly, helpful acts. The things a man does for others live after him. We conclude, then, that among the great life values first to be considered, are love and friendship. These should be the great dynamos of action. These are the world's finest blessings.

Two thousand years ago a Man came to the world with a message. That Man was Jesus Christ and his message to men was not to build up treasures in material things, but rather to build up treasures in heaven. His promise was that if we look to and work for heavenly treasures, earthly treasures will follow. Here are his words: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." He taught that the proper striving for and appreciation of eternal things, place us in a position to enjoy life in its fullness here in this world.

But so long as man races in the opposite direction, so long as he chases dollars, so long as he loses himself in the building of material possessions, his life will be a harried existence. He will know nothing of the abundance of life. He will be a bit of flotsam in the stream of time, a money grabber, a dollar chaser!

SOUR GRAPES

By GLADYS MAE SMITH

JANE'S caller shifted restlessly in the big armchair, sat on one foot and looked down, at the other slim, swinging ankle, her pretty brow furrowed.

"I don't care. I'm getting tired of being treated like an infant." After seventeen years of unquestioning obedience, Inez Ingham had rebelled against parental authority.

Jane Huston, older by five years, who had watched her emerge chrysalis-like, almost overnight, from an awkward, leggy child to fiery, girlish loveliness, tested her iron with her forefinger and discreetly said nothing.

"There can't be anything so terribly wicked about these school dances or the faculty and board wouldn't have introduced them," she resumed petulantly, feeling somewhat that Jane was not as sympathetic as she might be.

Thudity, Thudity, Thud, Jane's iron glided smoothly over the snowy, dampened pieces. The purring teakettle on the range emitted little spurts of steam into the warm and cheery room. Inez sighed.

"I don't see why my very own parents have to be such moth-eaten back numbers."

"Oh, Inez," expostulated Jane, stung to speech, "I'm ashamed of you. There isn't another girl in the whole countryside who has her own car to drive to school; not another girl in high school who has such nice clothes as you."

The pert face of the younger girl flushed. She caught her lower lip between perfect white teeth.

"I'm sorry, Jane, that I said that. But what's the use of good clothes if a girl can't have any fun?"

"Your father and mother are not trying to do you out of a good time, Inez," reasoned Jane gently. "They are merely trying to protect you."

"Pooh," sniffed Inez and made a wry face.

"They let you take up classical dancing, didn't they?" suggested Jane quietly. Two spike heels came down on the floor with unnecessary force.

"Yeah, they let me take up classical dancing because they thought it would help me to develop, strengthen my muscles and back."

Jane paused in her work and looked at Inez speculatively.

"Well, it did. There is nothing wrong with your development that I can see." But Inez would not be jollied out of her peeve.

"It was fine for me to dance in the Operetta. They got a big kick out of that, seeing me take that part that none of the rest could handle. Dad sat back there grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"But now when I've earned a little fun. 'No, dancing is not nice for our little girl.' You'd think they would be proud of me."

Jane laughed softly. "Proud! Honey, I'd hate to see two people more so."

"Well, why don't they take things into consideration then. I've worked awfully hard this last year, Jane; you know I have. I'm not saying it to boast, but I've earned more honors for the school than anyone else ever has."

When Jane did not reply, she went on.

"It isn't all fun—this setting the pace for the class, rushing home to write a theme between bites at the supper table, rushing back to practice debate."

"I know," Jane agreed. "You've done us all proud. That's why, Inez."

"And," continued Inez as though Jane had not spoken, "I'm sure to win the scholarship. Mr. Norris told me so yesterday. Now, when I want a little harmless fun like the rest of the class—why—" She spread her two hands expressively. "My last year, too." This on a breath of helplessness.

"It isn't the dancing itself, dear," Jane tried to point out patiently. "It's the undesirable things that go with it, bad company, drinking."

"Oh, that," pouted Inez. "Fat chance anyone would have of pulling anything rough at a school dance with Mr. Reynolds and his smug-faced wife chaperoning, and a dozen teachers swarming all over the place."

"Well," Jane hesitated. The logic of Inez's argument struck her. High school dances couldn't be very harmful, even if they were dances, yet—

"I'm about fed up on this 'holier than thou' stuff," the younger girl digressed. "I don't be-

lieve that what our folks call the world is an ugly, flaming-eyed ogre waiting to devour us.

"I think the world is human just like you and me, only, perhaps, having more fun, getting more out of life. Before I believe anything else, I'll have to see for myself."

There was a sincere ring in the rebellious young voice that made one know she meant what she said. Inez was not the sort of girl who could be *told* that grapes were sour; she'd insist on tasting them to find out for herself.

Jane draped one dainty, freshly laundered dining room curtain over a chair back with extreme care. If Inez must eat of forbidden fruit, surely there was no safer place than a properly chaperoned school dance to do it.

"Well," she began. Inez pounced hopefully upon her hesitancy.

"If you would only tell mother that you think it is all right for me to go," she suggested, "she'd let me. She thinks you're the cat's eyebrows." She subsided following this somewhat doubtful compliment and searched Jane's face eagerly.

"Well," began Jane for the third time, "there might not be a great deal of harm in a few high school dances."

SHE SAID SO, a few days later, to Inez's mother; said so with a sense of guilt, fervently hoping she was not making a ghastly mistake. Mrs. Ingham's relief was surprising until Jane guessed correctly that the question had been the cause of much controversy between daughter and parents.

"Oh, Jane, do you honestly think we might safely let her go? We don't want to rob her of a bit of the pleasure of her last high school year, but—*dances*."

"You might let her try it, Mrs. Ingham," Jane suggested, feeling unaccountably unloyal to this motherly woman who had so often befriended her. "I'm sure Buck will be glad to take her. She can't go alone at night, of course. I think she'll tire of it of her own accord and forget it."

But Jane's prediction failed to come true. Inez neither tired of it nor forgot it. On the contrary, she reveled in her newly discovered popularity. Under its influence, she expanded, became daring.

The hard-working, grubbing little moth be-

came, all at once a beautiful butterfly who did solo dances under a spotlight to the applause of teachers and students. While home and visiting boys vied for her favor, she glowed, she flirted, she triumphed.

It was a dazzling new sensation to be sought after by boys from neighboring town schools. She gloried in her conquests and happily recounted every incident to Jane.

"There was a new boy there last night," she confided, "well, not exactly a boy—he's a college man. This is his third year at Char-mouth."

"What was he doing at a high school dance?" questioned Jane practically, applying her needle with a deftness acquired by long practice. Inez, slumped down on a corner of the davenport, was polishing her nails with vigor.

"Visiting," she replied briefly. "He's spending the week-end with Sherm Daggett—cousin or something. His name is Skiddy. Isn't that cute?"

"Well, I should think he'd have another name. But then, perhaps he has. Where did Buck wait for you last night, Inez?"

Inez was eyeing the result of her efforts. Watching her, Jane decided that the disapproved school dances had not had any ill effect as yet. It was evident that her mind was wandering. The almond-shaped eyes were cloudy with dreams. But there was nothing unusual about that when you considered that Inez was only seventeen.

At length, she came out of her trance.

"What? Oh—er—the corner drug store, I think."

ON ONE particular night, week following week, Buck continued to wait in the corner drug store; flicking through magazines, talking to friends who dropped in; yawning, casting furtive glances at the big clock on the wall.

Sometimes, he ventured into the big gymnasium which, on Friday nights, was transformed into a garish ballroom, lining up along the wall near the door with others of his inconspicuous type.

More often, he waited slouched down in the closed coupe, half asleep, his coat collar turned up around his neck, for the nights were still cold.

There came a night when he did not wait; came home early with a white line around his youthful lips and a tense expression on his good-looking face.

"Why—why—," stammered Jane confusedly, "where is Inez? Didn't she go? Didn't you wait for her?"

He was shrugging out of his topcoat. It seemed to take a long time to pocket his gloves.

"She said I needn't wait tonight," he answered with studied nonchalance. "She's coming home with that what-cha-ma-call-em from Charmouth. Very carefully, he avoided Jane's eyes as he turned up the stairs. After a moment, the door above closed with a sharp little bang.

"These dances are going to be pretty hard on Buck," mused Jane with aching pity in her heart for her good-natured brother.

She related the event, and her fears to her father next day.

"Somehow, I feel that I am to blame," she lamented. "It was I who suggested to her mother that she be allowed to go." Mr. Huston smiled fondly upon his oldest child.

"Inez is trying her wings," he told her kindly. "She'll settle down when she finds out for herself that there's nothing to what she calls a good time. She's got good stuff in her, that girl."

And Jane tried hard to be satisfied with that.

"Well, I wish she'd hurry up and come to her sense so that I can get back to my own future plans."

IT DEVELOPED, however, that Inez had plans of her own. One Saturday evening, she turned into the Hustons' driveway, her little car taking the corner on two wheels.

"That kid is going to wreck herself yet," said Bubs, the family fourteen-year-old, peevishly. He had contracted a severe late spring cold, and Jane had refused to allow him to leave the humble confines of the house.

"What's the rush?" called Jane from the back porch. Flushed, disheveled, and sparkling, Inez clambored out dragging an overnight bag with her.

"I've invited myself to stay all night," she announced gaily.

Jane eyed the expensive, monogrammed bag inquisitively as the girl came up the walk.

"You've stayed all night before without a bag. Why the sudden splurge?"

"Oh, I've brought a few things," Inez replied evasively. She glanced around. "Where—where is everyone?"

"All gone but Bubs and I. Bubs has a cold and I'm going to put him to bed. Come on in. I'm glad you came. We'll have the house to ourselves."

Inez grinned. "And you'll have a good chance to lecture me," she teased and threw Jane a kiss, "because I'm such a bad, bad worldly girl."

"Just for that," promised Jane, "I'm going to make the lecture an extraordinary long one, young lady."

But the opportunity to reason with Inez did not come that night. When Jane came into her room an hour later the mystery of the bag was revealed.

There before the dressing table, clad in the briefest of silk undies, stood Inez carefully patting her red-brown hair into wide waves. The dressing case stood open beside her. As Jane stared speechless, a shimmering slip came down over a defiant girlish head, followed quickly by the soft folds of a tight-bodied green chiffon frock.

"Where—what on earth—?" gasped Jane in astonishment, and took a step forward. Inez turned her head slightly and smiled mockingly without lifting her eyes.

"I'm going to Aikens to the new bowery opening." She gave her head a toss as if to say, "And what are you going to do about it?"

For a breathing space there was not a sound in the room except the ticking of the little gold clock on the dresser.

"To a public dance?" Jane's voice was strained.

"A public dance," affirmed the young rebel, but she kept her eyes averted.

"Inez," protested Jane, "Inez." Then, helplessly, "Did you tell your mother?" Inez was closing the bag with fingers that trembled in spite of her outward bravo.

"Why—come to think of it, I did neglect to tell her," casually—too casually. Then, in a breathless rush of words, "She knows I'm staying all night with you, though, so she won't worry."

"Inez, you can't—" But Jane's indignant

outburst was cut short by the lusty honk of an auto horn.

"There, that's Skiddy now," sang out Inez excitedly, and dashed down the stairs, her ridiculous velvet wrap over her arm.

At the door, she turned to Jane who had followed. "Come on out and meet him, Jane," she coaxed, "he's nice."

Feeling the futility of further argument, Jane walked slowly, with a tightness in her breast, to the car. Skiddy was, as Inez had expressed it, nice. Jane could not truthfully find any fault in his appearance.

He acknowledged the introduction with winning graciousness; laughed in friendly fashion at Inez's gay sallies, and respectfully and politely answered Jane's nervous, hesitant remarks with all the gallantry anyone could wish.

"It looks like rain," said Jane hopefully, darting a quick glance at Inez. But Inez's silver slippers were disappearing inside the closed car. She did not even hear.

The young man tipped his hatless head back and swept the sky with a glance.

"I don't think it will amount to much," he answered, "but perhaps I'd better see if I have chains along. I'm not used to coping with country mud."

He stepped around to the rear, fumbled with a catch, and tossed his overcoat back to reach a key case in his hip pocket. It was then that the lights streaming from the house windows caught upon something shiny concealed beneath his coat—a hip flask.

Jane bit her tongue to keep back an exclamation as she recognized the unfamiliar object. Before she could decide what she ought to do, he had climbed into the car and the motor was running.

"Bye, Jane," came Inez's sweet, strong voice drifting back on the wind. "I'll be back after a while. Don't worry."

Don't worry! Suddenly, Jane laughed bitterly, shortly, without mirth. The irony of it! That irresistible, unmanageable child, riding away to a public dance fifteen miles from home, with a strange man who carried a hip flask; telling her not to worry.

She was drifting aimlessly, tense with anxiety, from room to room when Karl arrived a few minutes later.

"If Bubs wasn't sick, we'd follow them," she sighed, after she had told him the worst.

"We would not," he retorted pointedly. "Let that aggressive kid learn her lesson—crawfishing on her parents like that. I don't think this guy is so bad. He's Mr. Daggett's nephew. He probably thinks that clever—carrying a bottle. She won't get hurt, but she may get a good scare—which is exactly what she needs." And that was that.

Shortly before ten, it began to rain. Karl did not stay long after that. The roads through the hills grew impassable in slick mud.

"Now, go to bed and don't worry," he admonished her when he was leaving. "That little spitfire"—meaning Inez—"can take care of herself, you'll see."

"I won't," Jane promised, "Buck ought to be along home now anytime. I'll just wait for him." She settled comfortably in a chair, an open book on her knee, but she could not read. Her nerves were jumpy; every little noise brought her sitting erect listening for the sound of a motor.

And then, she heard it; heard it in the distance, but coming closer each passing second until a full shaft of light lighted up the whole room as the car swung into the drive.

THE door popped unceremoniously open and Inez stood before her. A strange, shivering Inez, with little rivulets dripping from her sodden garments and trickling across the floor.

The dainty new dancing slippers were two round balls of mud, and she was drenched to the skin. But the light of battle was in her eyes, and her defiance had turned to cool, white wrath.

As Jane confronted her, struck dumb with amazement, footsteps fell upon the porch and Buck came in.

"I found her," he announced bleakly, answering the unspoken plea in Jane's stare, "I found her walking, through all this mud and rain—ten miles from home—ten miles from nowhere—"

Inez kicked off her pumps without stooping. Her stockinged feet made splashy, muddy tracks where she stood.

"All I ask," spoke Buck into the silence, his big hands clenching and unclenching at his

sides, "All that I ask is the privilege of meeting this guy from Charmouth."

Inez sniffed contemptuously.

"Well, I'm sure you're perfectly welcome to meet him. Me—I've met the last of his kind that I wish to meet. Come on, Jane, let's go to bed. I'm all wet.

"Anyway I showed him that he can't talk about my friends like that—Sissy!—I'll bet he'll think Buck is a Samson when he meets him."

Jane followed in the wake of this ranting, dripping creature, feeling greatly at a loss to know what it was all about. Surely nothing very serious had happened. Yet—

"Inez," she begged, catching up with her at the head of the stairs, "for Pete's sake tell me what happened."

"They can take their old dances, their old good times, and go jump in the lake. I'm fed up, I tell you—fed up." Very firmly, Jane's hand came out and grasped the shoulder of the jabbering girl.

"Inez," she said quietly, "snap out of this rage and tell me what happened."

Inez was stripping off her wet clothing, tossing them to the far side of the room.

"He called Buck a sap, a Sunday school sissy," she said dramatically.

"He—what?" This from Jane who had collapsed weakly upon the bed.

"Yeah, he did. Imagine?" Inez thrust her feet viciously into her pajamas. "Because I said that Buck did not dance—did not carry a hip flask—the lizard." Words failing her, she flopped into bed and gave the pillow a vigorous thump.

"I read somewhere once, that there was nothing that promised as much and paid as little as revenge," she said sagely, from that store of superior intelligence that made her a leader in her circle, "but there is. It's dancing. What do you get out of it, anyway? Just a puffy feeling around your eyes and a bad taste in your mouth—and a silly sensation around your gizzard, remembering the things you said and did the night before."

She settled back and pulled the sheet up under her firm chin.

"But why—why?" questioned Jane, indicating the pitiful heap of ruined garments in the corner. Inez sat up suddenly, hugging her

knees and looking for all the world like a little girl, all pink and tingling.

"You mean—why did he made me walk? I slapped his face, that's why. I slapped him hard for calling Buck a sissy. I wish I had hit him harder." Jane had a foolish desire to shout in sheer relief.

"He told me coolly to get out and walk home. I didn't need the second invitation. I'd been remembering all evening that I hadn't shot square with mother and dad."

Wearily, she turned her face to the wall.

"Gee, Janie, I'm glad I didn't lie to them after all. I'm glad we never got to that old dance." Her voice trailed away sleepily, "but no one can talk about Buck to me—after all the nice things he has done for me all these years—carrying my books to school—fastening my skates—waiting for me, nearly freezing, night after night—well—"



In Council Bluffs and Omaha

Elder Ray Whiting, pastor of the Council Bluffs and Omaha Branches, reporting to the First Presidency, writes most encouragingly of the development of young people's activities in those two cities. We quote from his letter:

"The Young People's Divisions of each branch have gotten together, through their respective leaders, and have worked out a joint program. They met together on February 19 for a devotional service in Omaha. This was a sacrament service and one of the finest I ever attended. It opened at five minutes after eight and closed about twenty minutes to ten. Not a moment went unused. There were around sixty present.

"The following dates have been agreed upon for joint activities:

"May 20—Outside frolic in Council Bluffs.

"June 3—Musical night in Omaha.

"June 24—Special vesper service in the Bluffs."

The pastor tells of interesting gatherings within each of the branches, but these joint affairs are a new experience which promises to add much to the joy and success of church work in both cities. The priesthood are planning some joint sessions, and a joint choir or music club is one of the budding possibilities.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

By MITCHELL CARTER

THE SUMMER I was seven years old my father took me with him to the ranch he had homesteaded in 1902. It was during that summer that I learned to appreciate and know my father. My mother had previously taught me some of the concepts of what a good man should be, and as a child I judged rather critically, owing to my limited but idealistic experience. I was always happy, however, that my father more than filled the empty concepts and became my living example.

It was an early morning in June when father awakened me and said, "All right, son, let's go harness the horses and be on our way before the rest of them wake up." This was necessary, for my other brothers wanted to go as much as I, but some one had to stay with mother.

Hurriedly gulping my breakfast down and dressing at the same time, I lost no time and was soon in the barnyard where father was harnessing and hitching the horses. As I came around the wagon in order to reach him, I received a distinct impression of how he looked. He was tall and straight, head and shoulders above the horses. His great muscles bulged as he lightly threw the heavy harness to the horses' backs. Dark hair protruded from under his hat, which had been tipped back from his forehead. As he turned and faced me I remember that his face was clean-cut and his features seemed as if they had been chiseled from stone by some master sculptor, and the bronzed skin of his face suggested health and strength from living in the open. His blue eyes twinkled as he asked good-naturedly, "Are you awake yet? We'll soon be on our way, now."

And so we were, both perched upon the high spring seat, swaying back and forth as the old wagon rumbled over the many rocks in the road. As we rounded a bend in the road, we came upon another team coming towards us. As we drew near, the other wagon drew up and a friendly voice called, "Hello, Joe, how are ya?" The man speaking was dirty looking and had an unshaven face and bleary, watering eyes. He acted rather queer and kept hic-ing as if he had the hiccoughs. Suddenly he pulled a bottle

of clear liquid from beside him and haltingly said, "Have a drink [hic] of the best whiskey [hic] in Utah," and he handed the bottle towards my father.

"No, thanks, Dave," said he, "I don't drink. So long, Dave," and he clucked to the horses and we moved on.

He was quiet for a time; then he said rather gently, "He'd be a good man if he didn't drink. You want to remember that drinking is the worst habit a man can get." His words and voice impressed me, and I still remember both very vividly.

For two days I sat beside the man who was each day becoming more like a pal and who told me interesting and fascinating stories of the mountains and the little towns as we passed through them. He was no longer father to me. He was more. He was Dad, and at night after the long day, he would sit with me near the fire and tell about how this comparatively new country would some day be thickly populated. He talked of the new railroad which would soon come through the mountains and make it possible for the farmers to sell their hay and grain. All of these and many other pioneer dreams, for he was a pioneer in his own right and had caught the spirit, caused him to stand before the fire and look at the tops of the trees swaying in the night breezes and dream of those days to come. Soon a sigh would escape his lips and he would say in a rather strangely quiet and gentle voice. "Let's turn in, Bub. We'll have to be up early in the morning."



Help Some One

In this world of grief and sadness,
Many lives are filled with care;
You may give them cheer and gladness
In their hours of deep despair.

Many souls today are dying
For a word of hope and cheer;
Do your best for them by trying
To dispel their gloom and fear.

Live a life of self-denial,
Help some one along the way;
Matters not how great the trial,
Cheer some weary one today.

—Nathan C. McNeill.

MOM'S "DANDY" BOYS

By GUSSIE ROSS JOBE

MOM had a "son fixation." As a matter of fact, she had five of them, one for each son! But weren't they five grand reasons for most any kind of fixation? Well, Mom "would hope to tell you!"

Six feet tall, all of them, with the coloring of hair and eyes that belongs exclusively to the Irish, jet black hair, deep blue eyes, the teeth in each head so perfect that they looked like dental ads. They were good-natured boys, fun loving, flashing of wit, and a little conceited—but that was Mom's fault. How she spoiled those boys, how she flattered them and catered to them, was a sin and a shame—but weren't they her Dandy Boys?

They had been her dandy boys ever since some one discovered that the first initial of their names as they ranked in age, spelled *dandy*. David, Allen, Ned, Donald, and "Yon." "Yon" was a baby enunciation of "John," and coined by Yon himself.

Yes, Mom had every reason to be proud of her boys, every one conceded that—but—here's the catch: Mom had five girls, too. Yes, sir! five girls and five boys! and as the boys were want to end this statement to strangers, "Ain't that sompin'?"

But the girls laughingly avowed that *they* hardly counted, and that to hear Mom tell it she had only five boys, five "dandy" boys. The girls joked about this partiality of Mom's and told her that she should have been a Chinese lady and drowned all of her girls when they were "puppies." They accepted Mom's idolatry of her strapping males with good grace and were as a rule an exceptionally affectionate family, for the girls, too, were very proud of their brothers' abundance of pulchritude. But don't get the idea that the girls were "slouches."

One misguided friend had tried to point this out to Mom: "I think, Mrs. Vandiver, that your girls are even more handsome than your boys."

"Indeed, they are *not*," replied Mom, looking down her nose.

How the girls had laughed when this was repeated to them. "Oh, that Mom and her 'dandy' boys!" they had said.

But Mom's boys had all disappointed her. One by one they had married and left her. Mom's agony at losing her boys had almost caused her to hate the sight of a young and pretty girl. She imagined all the eligible girls in the world leagued together against her keeping a single one for herself. She envisioned them in a circle with their eyes upon her Dandy Boys, and pointing them out with manicured indexes and saying, "I choose that one," and, "That one's mine." Poor Mom! She hadn't minded the girls' marrying and leaving her—this was a daughter's purpose in life—but boys were sons and meant to bring comfort and companionship to a mother's old age. True, there was something faulty in this method of reasoning, for Mom hadn't just figured it out where the mothers of *her girls'* husbands came in this scheme of thought. No, Mom wasn't a selfish old woman; she was just obsessed with an overwhelming desire to keep her boys for herself.

Mom had been the merriest, most gracious person at each of her girls' wedding feasts, but—dear! dear! when one of her "Dandy" boys married—oh, *that* was a nag of a different tint. You'd have thought that Mom was escorting the remains of her boy to the cemetery, the way she "took on."

Dave was first: Pappy had been alive then and it hadn't been so bad—except for Dave's career, which, Mom was convinced, was over. Dave was a ball player on a big league team, and was Mom proud of her David? But here he had to go and marry Claire Swope, who was almost a fanatic about Sunday baseball. Yet Claire was a good Christian girl and Mom reluctantly acceded that it was probably the best thing that could have happened to Dave.

Then what did Allen do but up and marry a beautiful young widow, with two small babies. Mom cried and boohooed over this; she just knew that poor dear Allen was going to have a big family of his own to raise to say nothing of these two stepchildren. "What," Mom asked you, "did any woman mean by running in a ready-made family on her Allen? A big family was a terrible drawback to a man." You see, Mom had sort of overlooked the fact

that Grandma Vandiver had probably thought the same thing, years ago. Well, it was pretty bad for Mom about Allen, but Mom buckled on her "hair shirt" and kept house for the remaining three, as the girls were all married by this time, and Mom was happy spoiling the remaining "dandy ones."

MOM had a theory that it was bad for a girl's morale to compliment her—but—how she did "lay it on" for her "dandy" boys!

"How do I look, Mom?" Ned would ask, emerging from a bath, freshly shaved and dressed to the "nines." He would stand before Mom twitching his coat and settling his tie, waiting for the inevitable praise which came in a gasp from Mom.

"Son, you look plum purty, just *plumb* purty." At this, Ned's white teeth would flash, his head nod in agreement and he would swagger out to meet his girl, throwing back at Mom the usual answer, "Purty, madam, you're good and stingy. I'll have you know I am handsome." Ned's girl was—according to Mom's estimate—a feisty ship of a blonde, "a rattle pate," said Mom, that hadn't the wit to come in out of the rain. And when Ned married her suddenly one night, Mom felt sure there would be some scandal about the suddenness of it all, but there wasn't. Every one was inclined to think it a lovely match—all but Mom.

Then after Ned's fiasco, do you think Mom was proud when good old, constant Don started keeping company with Alyce Price? *The* Alyce Price, mind you! the daughter of the richest man in town, the girl whose pictures adorned the Sunday rotogravures and had her name in the society column constantly, a debutante whom any boy would be proud to escort and who, "falling for" Don's sober dependability asked for nothing better. Was Mom glad? She was not. Alyce could have possessed the touch of Midas and not pleased Mom if she happened to want one of Mom's dandy boys. But she happened to want Don and got him, and Mom gnashed her "store teeth" but it didn't help any at all.

So now Mom was left all alone with Yon, and her frustrated love seemed to set and congeal around him, the last of her dandy boys, and so morbidly fearful did Mom's love become that poor Yon became an absolute pris-

oner. Yon felt sorry for her, poor Mom, to have had such a large family and lose them one by one. The girls hadn't meant much to Mom's scheme of the future for she expected them to marry and leave her. This Yon sensed, but what he couldn't understand was this innate something that caused Mom to cling so to the males of her family. Was it some inherent dread, some fear of the future, some nightmare of defenseless old age, that loneliness of passing usefulness that haunted Mom's days and caused her to tremble every time she looked at Yon's six feet of manly charm?

Mom often prayed: "God, let me keep Yon," and to Yon she often said, "I'd rather see you in your grave, than to see you marry." Yon found it hard to understand. It wasn't as though the other boys' married lives had proved unhappy. In fact, they all seemed just ideal in their married felicity. Yon secretly envied them. Yet he vowed he would never marry, not even keep company with a girl as long as Mom lived, for he, Yon, was going to make it up to Mom, fill her last days with peace and contentment. It was useless for any one to remind Mom that she hadn't lost her boys, but gained another daughter. "Such rubbish," thought Mom. There was a little couplet that she had heard in her girlhood and she thought of it very often now. It ran:

Your son is your son
Til he gets him a wife. . . .

There was more of it, but Mom didn't remember what the rest of it was. Mom was almost seventy years old now, and growing so forgetful that she often got Yon mixed up in her mind with the other "dandy" ones. She would say, "Bring home some cream tonight, Donald—er, Ned, er Allen." Whereupon Yon would pretend to be very peevish and say: "Heck! Mom, I am *Yon*. See? Yon, your bravest and best, and never mind calling the roll. I am all that's here." Then Mom would look sad and her lip tremble and she would pat his cheek and say: "Of course, you're my baby, my *last* dandy boy." Mom always talked as though all the other boys were dead.

YON drove a truck for the "Yum-Yum Soda Works." He often drove his huge truck of beautifully colored "pop" bottles up to the back door of their home and ran in long enough

to tell Mom that he was taking a load of soda water to Decatur or Muncie, and wouldn't be back for supper. Sometimes he asked her if she would like to hop up beside him and go along, and *would* she? Well, rather. Mom would jerk off her apron and hurry into a coat and the happiness of sitting on the high seat riding along in the summer sun with this last of her dandy ones, Mom's heart would overflow.

Yon liked to look at pretty girls. In fact, Yon would have liked a pretty girl of his own—but—well—just now he would have to be contented with just looking at them. Spinning along the smooth highway, Yon would sing in his sweet husky voice and tell Mom Irish jokes, which would set her all a giggle like a very little girl. When they'd pass a pretty girl Yon's eyes and the girl's eyes would fly to one another with the strong attraction of youth—and linger—and Yon would call out gaily, "H'lo Bay-bee," and flash his good-looking teeth at her; then Mom would bristle and admonish him, "You tend to your wheel, young man, and I'll speak to the *babies*." Then the next frowsy old lady they would pass Mom would mimic Yon's soft drawl and call out under her breath, "Hullo, Bay-bee," and they would both laugh and Yon would say, "Oh, now Mom!"

Mom hadn't been asked to go along tonight. Yon had stopped to say that he was taking a load of water to a picnic at Chagrin Falls and wouldn't get home until a late hour, but that she wasn't to sit up for him and that she should be good and not put any "beans up her nose," which silly admonition always made Mom laugh. So she ate a lonely supper and didn't put any beans up her nose, but *nothing* could keep her from sitting up for Yon. She settled herself to read—it was useless to go to bed—she never could sleep till Yon got in.

Sitting in her old cushioned rocker Mom read a little and drowsed a little, until midnight chimed from the mantel clock. Mom started up, consciousness smote her with the fact that Yon was not yet in, and an uneasy feeling beset her. Yon was so regular, he *never* worried her with late hours, he never caused her one moment's anxiety about his habits. Then what had gone wrong? Mom tried to compose herself and for awhile she again drowsed, when the clock struck again she awakened and

rubbed her eyes in bewilderment, *that* wasn't one o'clock striking—it was striking the half hour of *two*. Mom jumped to her feet, fear in giant proportions crowding her heart. Never had Yon been so late. Vague and misty pictures passed through her mind. Yon often talked of "charged waters" and joked about them exploding. Mom didn't know anything about charged waters—but had this happened? had an explosion occurred on the truck? Surely they would notify her at once! Then, too, his truck had been stopped more than once by zealous revenue agents, looking for smuggled liquor. They seemed to suspect every sort of bottled ware these days—the officers had overhauled Yon's truck, thumped his soda crates to detect any possible false bottoms, drained his ice tanks and they'd never found anything amiss, either. The "Smart Alex's," thought Mom—suspecting one of her "dandy" boys.

THE HANDS of the mantle clock crept around to *three* and Mom paced the floor, a dry bitter taste in her mouth. Her life with Yon passed before her in a clear and vivid panorama. Yon was the best son a mother had ever had—the rest had deliberately left her to a lonely old age. Yon was giving her his youth, his mating time, his fun. How often she had said that she would rather see him dead than married. Was this coming home to her? She felt sure that it was, and pictured him lying cold under the fading stars, his handsome face mashed into the wayside weeds, his loyal heart shot through—great sobs tore from her throat shaking her frail body. She fell upon her knees by the cushioned rocker and prayed: "I've been a selfish old woman, God, forgive me. Just keep Yon alive—that's all I ask—nothing else matters." Kneeling there in the graying morning light, Mom's thoughts suddenly turned to her girls and she longed for them, needed them as she never had before—what dear, good girls they were—tomorrow—no, *today*, was Mother's Day, and they would all be here, with their little babies, and sweet presents, decorating the table with flowers and cooking dainties. They would make little attempts at the style that they affected in their own homes, like slicing the white bread thin (and both Mom and Yon liked it sliced *thick*), serving dinner in courses, garnishing each dish like a picture—yes, they were dear, sweet girls,

always begging her to "break up" and she and Yon come live with one of them.

Away off down the still sleeping street, Mom heard the exhaust of a motor. She arose to her feet and ran to the screen door. It was Yon's truck—she could see its red bulk in the lightening day. "Thank you, God; you are good, you *are* good, 'thy mercy endureth for ever.'" Mom bowed a meek, white old head.

Yon ground his brakes before the walk and ran to the porch where Mom encircled him with eager arms. Almost hysterical with relief she could only hold him, murmuring, "What's happened, Donald, Ned, Allen, Dav——?"

"*Yon, Mom, Yon,*" he embraced her tenderly, "and nothing has happened, you poor darlin'. How sorry I am that you've worried. Sit here and I'll tell you all about it." He seated her back in the rocker and knelt beside her.

Yon was a "sight." His shirt hung in strips, there was an ugly gash on his cheek, and his hands were torn and bleeding. Mom's heart yearned over him. "Have you been in a fight, son?"

"No, Mom, not a fight. You see, Mom, I had made the delivery of water and was headed for home. It was around about eleven o'clock and the carnival still going strong. I got as far as the "ten mile drive" and was going a pretty clip when I heard a shriek behind me and, turning, I saw a little Ford coupe with a girl all alone coming right at me. She evidently had lost control of the car for it was making a wild, zig-zag course toward my truck. There was nothing to do but turn my truck into the gully, which *would* have to be right there, and steep as all get out. The girl's car bumped into me just as I tilted over, and put her car out of commission—and me—I went head over heels all the way down the grade until I reached the Nickel Plate Railroad tracks. Hence the gore, the rags, and the general dilapidation, but I scrambled up again and, behold! the lady in the coupe had fainted."

Yon paused for words, and then went on, waving his hand to sketch an aerial picture for Mom.

"Well, Mom, I didn't know a thing in the world about reviving fainting ladies. I was seriously thinking of passing some gasoline under her nose, when she opened her eyes. Well,

to make a long story short, I used up three good hours getting my truck back on the road. Her car was ker-floopy, so we got in the truck and, here I am. It seemed, Mom, that this girl had been playing with the stringed band for the carnival—a pianist, you see—and the poor girl was worn out and was coming home in her car. She was fighting sleep and fatigue and somehow she couldn't fight hard enough. She dozed, lost control of the car and smashed us up good and plenty. We were a funny looking couple, Mom, in our "evening clothes"—she in her decollette and I in my *Truxedo*." Yon glanced down at his overalls and grinned. "But she is a swell girl, Mom. She has no mother and earns her living all alone. I bet you'd like her, Mom——"

Mom rose from the rocker. "You're Mom's brave, dandy boy, and I am going to make you some coffee." She pushed Yon toward the rocker. "Sit here, darling, and rest."

"No—wait, Mom, er—er, you see, Mom, she's still out there in the truck. I've got to take her home first—she insisted that I come here first to relieve your fears. But, Mom—would you care—would it be all right—I mean what do you say if—you and I and *her* take a little jaunt sometime soon and have supper somewhere?"

A lump rose in Mom's throat; pity and fear struggled for supremacy in her heart. There he stood, six feet of glorious manhood, flushing and stammering and trying to ask his mother, his selfish old mother, if he could make a date with a girl. Ridiculous! Mom felt ashamed, had she done this to Yon?

"Why, son, of course," Mom urged him toward the door. "Bring her in—we'll have breakfast here now, and later the supper somewhere." Yon started toward the door.

"There goes my last *dandy boy*," thought Mom, and turned to her task of mixing biscuits. Suddenly, for the second time that day, Mom's thoughts flew to her girls, her lovely, "dandy girls," and suddenly, too, the rest of the little couplet returned to her mind and under her breath she quoted it in its entirety:

Your son is your son
Till he gets him a wife,
But your daughter's your daughter
All the days of your life!
www.LatterDayTruth.org

DIETARY FACTS

A Contribution From the Graceland College Home Economics Department

II.—Fat Soluble Vitamin A

By MAE CLARK WARREN and BARBARA MULLER

AS A RESULT of experiments carried on by feeding white rats and guinea pigs (1, See "Notes" below) certain foods under controlled conditions, the biological chemists within the last century concluded that there was some unknown substance in foods which was the effective agent in maintaining bodily health.

These unknown substances in foods which are effective in maintaining bodily health are called vitamins. Several vitamins are now known. They are called A, B, C, D, E. The vitamin B is divided into two parts; these two parts are called vitamin F and vitamin G. G is sometimes spoken of as B₂. Not only are these vitamins classified according to whether they are soluble (2) in the solvents of fat such as ether, chloroform and benzine; or whether they are soluble in water.

The water soluble vitamins are vitamins B and C, or if B is considered as two separate parts, the water vitamins would be spoken of as F, G and C.

It has been within the last year only that chemists have claimed the ability to separate a vitamin in its pure form. Before, owing to their inability to isolate the pure vitamin, experiments have been conducted by feeding to animals the food which contained the vitamin. At present it has been thought that a pure extract of vitamin C has been obtained. If this is true, the chemical formula (3) for vitamin C can be determined. Until this new isolation of vitamin C is tested and collaborated by other recognized chemists, the chemical formula for vitamin C or for any other vitamin can not be definitely stated.

FAT SOLUBLE VITAMIN A

The fat soluble vitamin A is called the anti-Xerophthalmic vitamin. The name is given be-

¶This article is the second of a series of scientific discussions of food and its functions in the body.

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¶Mrs. Warren will be glad to answer letters of inquiry addressed to her on foods and nutrition.

cause the complete lack of this vitamin causes an eye disease known as Xerophthalmia. If vitamin A is completely lacking in the diet which is otherwise adequate, growth soon ceases; the body loses weight; the body tone is lowered; the eyes become infected, and death occurs.

In the year 1913, Osborne and Mendal, two biological chemists, were experimenting with a group of rats. They divided the rats into two groups. Both groups

were fed the same food, except one group was fed butter fat, and the other group was fed lard. They discovered that the group fed the butter fat made a normal growth, was healthy, and reproduced healthy offspring. The group fed the lard ceased to grow, became sick, and died in a short period of time. From this experiment and from many other experiments, Osborne and Mendal concluded that butter fat contained some growth promoting substance which is either absent in lard or present in inadequate quantities. Their conclusions were correct. Butter is one of our richest sources of vitamin A. Lard contains some, but not enough to supply the body's daily need. Later, by experimental work with animals it was discovered that egg yolk and cod liver oil are very high in vitamin A, while most vegetable oils (4), depending on the source of the oil, contain very little or none. Not only butter, egg yolk and cod liver oil are good sources of vitamin A, but the green leaves (5) of plants are also rich in it. The thinner and greener the leaves, the richer in vitamin A they are apt to be. Spinach has the highest content of any of our common vegetables. Next in order of richness are the growing shoots of the plants, some roots, and the embryos of the seed (the undeveloped plant). The starchy roots and tubers (6) contain relatively little of this vitamin. Seeds are relatively poor in vitamin A, but

young green peas are an exception, being about twice as rich as green beans. Fruits resemble roots and tubers, but again tomatoes are an exception as they are very high in vitamin A. In general, one can think of whole milk, (7) butter, eggs, and green leafy vegetables as being rich in the vitamin.

Not only is the green pigment, chlorophyll (8), associated with vitamin A, but with it the yellow pigment carotin is also associated. Sweet potatoes have more vitamin A than white potatoes; yellow corn meal contains more than white corn meal; carrots are very high in vitamin A, but parsnips or beets contain very little. As has been stated, butter is one of the richest sources, but butter substitutes such as oleo margarine and nut margarine contain none or very little depending on the fat used and whether in the manufacturing process it has been treated with whole milk.

As has been stated before, the complete lack of vitamin A in the diet, will in time cause an eye disease Xerophthalmia. Vitamin A can be stored in the body (9); therefore before Xerophthalmia can develop in an animal or in a child, vitamin A stored in the body must be exhausted.

Some scientists and doctors believe that an abundant supply of it will help to safeguard the body against infection.

Owing to the fact that in this country among the very poorest people, food with some vitamin A is eaten, few cases of Xerophthalmia are observed. Since so few cases are observed, why then should one be concerned about the vitamin A content of food? There are several important reasons. One should be concerned because a low vitamin A dietary causes a general weakening of the body and increases its susceptibility to so many infectious diseases such as respiratory diseases, which include bronchial pneumonia, lung infections and sinus infections. Animal experiments have shown that a low vitamin A diet will give no apparent outward signs of ill health yet the animals in early maturity showed a tendency to lose their health and become increasingly susceptible to infection. Experiments with animals have also shown that a diet low in vitamin A may interfere with reproduction. In some cases it may cause a complete failure to reproduce, or it may

be an important factor in the failure to successfully rear the offspring.

In the light of our present knowledge of the great importance of vitamin A throughout the lifetime of the individual from infancy to old age, it behooves all to see that at all times it is liberally supplied. Since the body has unusual power to store it in the tissues where it becomes a safeguard against bacterial diseases and a promoter of health at all ages, the constant use of foods which are known to be rich in vitamin A should be regarded as a wise form of health insurance.

Hippocrates said, "Let your food be your only medicine." One should modify this by saying that food is one of the protective and regulating elements in maintaining good health.

NOTES:

1. As has been stated, white rats and guinea pigs are used in experimental laboratories for several reasons; they reproduce rapidly, and over a short period of time records of several generations can be kept. They are small, easily handled, and their digestive system is very similar to man's digestive system.

2. The vitamin will dissolve in fat, ether, chloroform or benzine as sugar will dissolve in water.

3. The chemical formula of any substance is a statement of the elements it contains and their quantitative relationship. For example the chemical formula for water is H_2O , two volumes of hydrogen and one volume of oxygen.

4. Vegetable and nut oils which may contain some of the vitamin, but if so very little, are cottonseed oil, olive oil and corn oil. Vegetable oils which contain only small amounts are peanut oil and soy bean oil.

5. Spinach, chard, lettuce and beet greens are examples of leaves used as food.

6. Potatoes, turnips, beets and parsnips are examples of roots and tubers.

7. "A quart of milk will yield nearly as much vitamin A as a pint of tomato juice, three quarts of orange juice, or nearly two ounces of butter, carrots or spinach."—Rose, *The Foundation of Nutrition*, page 320.

8. Green lettuce is an excellent source of vitamin A, head lettuce does not contain as much as the green lettuce while bleached lettuce leaves contain very little.

9. In animal experimental work it was found that about nine tenths of the total vitamin A in the body of a well-nourished adult rat was found in the liver, the remaining tenth about equally divided between the muscles, the blood, the kidneys and the lungs. Because of the body's ability to store vitamin A in this way, liver is one of the common foods very high in the vitamin.

"ALL THE KING'S HORSES AND ALL THE KING'S MEN—"

By AUDENTIA ANDERSON

BEFORE leaving home for that little foreign trip in the summer of 1929, I appealed to my brother "Fred. M." for a list of things in London most worth seeing in a ten-days' visit. He replied:

"Ten days! Had you said ten months I might have been able to really advise you. As it is"—and he proceeded to name ten or twelve of the city's noted "sights."

While ten days were woefully inadequate, we knew, yet it was just that much, and we tried to fill them profitably—ten, bright, happy, interesting days which are lived over and over again in memory.

One thing most friends agreed we should not miss was the "changing of the guard" at Whitehall or Buckingham Palace. This and some other customs handed down from feudal days, when every man's home was a castle which had to be defended against all hostile comers, seem to still prevail in London for no better reason, apparently, than that they have "always been and always should be."

When Henry VIII juggled the kaleidoscopic pieces of his London and shook them into new lines more to his liking, he acquired numerous tracts of land to form parks and "chases," some of which are still preserved for similar purposes. Prominent are Saint James' and Green Parks which are adjacent to the palaces of the reigning sovereigns. Saint James' Park, nearly a hundred acres, extends in a charming grassy sweep from Buckingham Palace with its imposing Victoria Monument, to Whitehall, built by Henry VIII as an extension to Westminster Palace and occupied by him as residence. Bordering on this sward is Saint James' Palace, designed by that same Henry as a sort of domestic adjunct to Whitehall. It was built on a site once occupied by a leper hospital dedicated to Saint James the Less—hence the name. Whitehall, the Park and the Palace together, became the "King's Manor of Saint James," one of the several homes of that much-married, much-bereft man of many loves.

When Whitehall burned, in 1698, the royal court was established in the Palace, where it

has remained ever since. It is at Saint James foreign ambassadors are accredited and received, and there special functions and levees are held by the sovereigns, although the celebrated "Majesties' Court," to which society belles the world over crave invitation, are held in the richly appointed state apartments of Buckingham Palace. Royal weddings occur in the Royal Chapel at Saint James. It was in this palace that Queen Mary died, and here were born Charles II, James II, Mary II, and George IV. Here Charles I, that unfortunate king driven from his throne by Cromwell and his "roundheads," said good-bye to his family and made a last journey across the lovely Saint James' Park, to Whitehall, Westminster, and an ignoble execution. An old writer says:

"Then the King taking the Duke of Gloster upon his knee said, 'Sweet-heart, now they will cut off thy Father's head.' Upon which words the Child looked stedfastly at him."

In this vicinity are York House and Clarence House, built for the Dukes of York and Clarence, respectively, sons of George III. Clarence afterwards became King William IV. York House is now the London Museum, and Clarence House is the residence of the Duke of Connaught. Marlborough House, a massive red brick mansion in the same neighborhood, built by Sir Christopher Wren for the great Duke of that name, has been successively the home of various members of the royal families, a school of design, the abode of Queen Alexandria, and is now the residence of the Prince of Wales.

THE GUARDS

But it is concerning the guards about these homes of royalty that I was about to write. Crossing Saint James' Park, we approached the grand entrance of Buckingham Palace, and took a walk along a part of its protecting fence. No visitors are allowed inside the premises. We watched with keen interest the movements of the foot guards who paced their "beats" in front of this huge pile of masonry, called "home" by a certain family during brief periods

of the year. There were two sentries, each of whom covered a portion of the distance across the front of the palace, walking from a box near the entrance gate to a similar one at the corner of the yard, some hundreds of feet away.

These sentries were like automatons in the precision of their movements. Erect, eyes straight ahead, not so much as a muscle betraying a consciousness of people, things or events around them, they pace their beats in exactly so many steps, pause in front of a sentry box, stamp their feet, alternately, twice, in exact formula, swing about like veritable wooden soldiers worked by secret springs, and begin their steady return trip back to the first box, there to pause, stamp their feet, and repeat the procedure—over and over again, throughout the hours on duty. The pavement, before each sentry box, is worn into a decided dip through the wear of the heavy boots. The movements of the two guards are synchronized so perfectly that when the back of one is towards the palace entrance in his walk from it, the face of the other is towards it as he approaches. Thus, every moment of time, night and day, the entrance is under the watchful eyes of one or the other of the sentries. It seems odd enough that neither of these men can ever catch the glance of his mate; by the time he turns about, his companion has also turned, and all he can see as he approaches the entrance is the receding back of the other.

These sentries at the palace gates are only two units of the entire "guard" which is at that time on duty, ready to act in case of necessity or emergency. There are five regiments in the whole Brigade of Guards, rotating in service. They wear very ornate uniforms, their heads encased in towering "bearskin" which must be a real affliction in hot weather. The different regiments are distinguished by differently colored plumes worn in this headdress: Grenadiers, white; Coldstream, red; Scots, no plumes; Irish, Saint Patrick blue; and Welsh, green and white. They are housed in the Wellington Barracks, which are strategically situated between Buckingham Palace and the Houses of Parliament.

The changing of these guards occurs daily, in mid or late forenoon, and attended by grave, formal, but colorful ceremony which dates

back to medieval times when pomp and pageantry were dear to human hearts. Headed by a band, drums and fifes, the relieving guard marches in, to the strains of slow music, their colors raised aloft. The old guard is lined up and salutes are gravely exchanged. Then to more music the new sentries exchange places with the old, which latter group, with still more music, is escorted back to the barracks, the fresh guard being left on duty.

For the guards of Saint James' Palace, this ceremony takes place in the Friary Court, inside the palace walls. If the king is in residence at Buckingham, however, it is performed for the guards of both palaces in the forecourt of Buckingham, and is greatly enhanced in pomp and grandeur. A half hour before the ceremony the banner or "colors" of the incoming guard, headed by drums and fifes, are escorted to the forecourt, and at the close of the fanfare in the open, they are, in like manner, escorted to Saint James, official heart of the Empire, where another picturesque ceremony is enacted prior to their final lodgment in the officers' mess.

At Whitehall, instead of footguards there are mounted ones, a survival of the horse guards posted there in the days of Charles II, following the reign of Cromwell. Their barracks occupy the site of the old guardhouse. When the king is in the city a detachment of twenty-three cavalymen and a trumpeter, under the command of an officer, are kept here, and alternate in their service as guards. Standing half in and half out of arches in the wall about the old palace buildings, so close to the sidewalk that the horses' feet are upon the pavement and their noses are almost brushed by the shoulders of pedestrians along the teeming thoroughfare, these mounted guards are one of the colorful sights of London. Coming upon them suddenly, they seem almost like apparitions, man and horse immovable as statues. It is said these guards do not alter their positions by so much as a movement of the head or glance of the eye, no matter what happens about them. It seems to be the thing for visitors to stand and watch them curiously; remarks addressed to them receive no recognition, nor do questions bring a response. It is said a pin stuck into one of these Whitehall horse guards would bring no flicker of reaction, and that some one once tried pouring wa-

ter down the high-topped cavalry boots with no better result!

Of these Whitehall guards there are two regiments, as I understood—the Life Guards, who wear red tunics and have white plumes in their helmets, and the Royal Horse Guards (descended from a Cromwellian regiment) who wear blue tunics and red plumes. Daily colorful pageantry and martial fanfare attend the ceremony of changing these guards, which takes place in the old cobbled courtyard of Whitehall, bounded on one side by the old banqueting hall which was in frequent use when Whitehall was the king's palace. The changing of the guard dates back to that time, when to be king, even surrounded by mounted guards, was a most precarious manner of earning a livelihood!

VICTORIA MONUMENT

The Victoria Monument, already mentioned, is one of the most beautiful in existence. In the center of its terraced platform rises a majestic column bearing aloft a gilded figure representing Victory, at whose feet are Courage and Constancy. On either side of the splendid statue of Queen Victoria are marble groups, one symbolizing Truth and Justice, the other Motherhood. By the steps are bronze groups symbolical of Peace and Progress on one side, and of Industry and Agriculture on the other, the latter a gift from New Zealand. Canada and Newfoundland, Australia and the Malay States, South Africa and West Africa, are represented in the piers and gates upon as many paths diverging from the Memorial. The entire scheme, according to information gleaned, was designed by Sir Aston Webb, and the sculptures were done by Sir Thomas Brock.

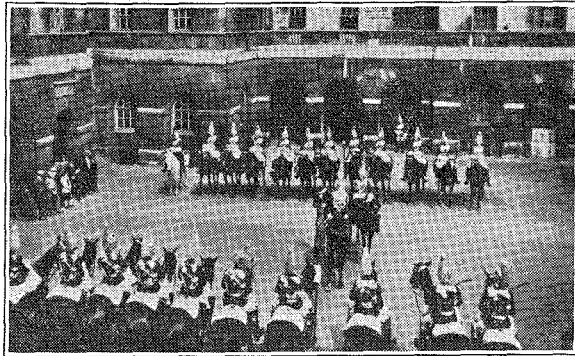
Throughout the British Empire, "upon which the sun never sets," are memorials to this well-beloved and truly remarkable queen. Victoria's reign began when she was but eighteen and continued for sixty-four years, a longer period than that of any other British sovereign. It was characterized by a consistent spirit of wis-

dom, justice, mercy, and good common sense, together with industry, progress and sound conservatism.

THE INFLUENCE OF ROYALTY

Going about the city we noticed, occasionally, shops which specially advertised the fact that they had been patronized by royalty. One tailor shop, for instance, had the royal coat-of-arms over the door and a sign announcing that their custom was "by appointment." Under the words, "Patronized by Royalty," were initials and dates indicating that King George IV had been a patron in 1820, William IV (uncle and immediate predecessor of Victoria) in 1830, Victoria in 1838, and Edward VII (son of Victoria) in 1902. Quite an interval that last, wasn't it?—1838 to 1902?

It is well understood that the Prince of Wales sets the fashions for men in England. It was because His Majesty does not



Changing the Guard, Whitehall, London

care for straw hats that none are seen in London except on tourists and visitors. It is whispered that the real tailor to the Prince, however, is an Italian, at Rome. The Prince gives careful attention to matters of dress, and has the largest wardrobe of any man in the world, it is claimed, at all functions of state or society appearing in a new outfit. He is greatly beloved by the English people, their chief disappointment being that he has not married, though now around thirty-seven years of age. It appears that so far as succession to the British throne in the next generation is concerned that responsibility will descend to the little Princess Elizabeth, eldest of the two children of the Duke and Duchess of York. She is five years old, the darling of the English people, and, according to all reports, an unspoiled, well-poised little miss, carefully and sensibly trained by intelligent parents.

The economic pressure which has been felt throughout the world, was noticeable in England even in 1929, and has not become less since. With two workers out of every twelve

being "on the dole," and half or more of the looms and mills of the country idle, taxes rising to nearly twenty-five per cent of all wages and income, considerable necessity for retrenchment is recognized throughout the kingdom, in the royal palaces as well as elsewhere. Queen Mary has never been a leader of fashion, and some have been surprised and disappointed that she has not worn a new hat every time she appeared in public or dressed more elaborately on unofficial occasions. Now we are told that for years she has felt the need for extreme care in domestic expenditures; in other words, she simply can not afford to be extravagant in matters which are nonessential.

Parliament grants the king and queen a yearly allowance of 417,000 pounds, we learned, but from that amount 360,000 pounds are immediately deducted by Parliament itself, for "household expenses, salaries, and special charges." So the actual amount the sovereigns receive is about \$110,000, from which personal and charitable expenditures of all kinds must be met. They must even pay their own traveling expenses as they go about, which in their case means not only regular train fare but, because custom has so decreed it, the expense, at scheduled rates, of the special trains they must use. It is said, too, that this allowance or salary is not a set one, being voted anew by Parliament each year. Should that body refuse to vote for the king's allotment, he would simply have to go without. Thus, while Parliament can not depose their sovereign, they can assuredly starve him out!

Not long ago I saw some statements concerning the sums paid other European rulers. Italy annually pays Victor Emanuel \$3,900,000; the ex-kaiser received \$3,500,000; while the King of Roumania gets \$4,000,000. The former czar of Russia received \$2,000,000; but the King of Siam, who recently visited America, has to skimp along on the paltry sum of \$8,000,000! Some earthly potentates surely have a hard time of it, don't they?

There are other palaces in and about London which are occupied at intervals by the ruling sovereigns, and others where members of their family reside. Still others, once used by royalty, have become museums or are used for other public purposes. Among the most noted of the royal edifices are Windsor Palace and

Hampton Court. The latter is on the Thames, above Kingston, and was originally built, in 1515-20, for Thomas Wolsey, that Cardinal-Archbishop who was chief secretary to Henry VIII and maintained an establishment which rivaled in splendor that of the king himself. After his rule had been snatched from him through the caprice of his king, the latter remodeled it into the magnificent place it is today. Husband and I did not get out to see it, though Rogene did, and brought back some views of its interiors, which for elaborate grandeur are possibly unmatched anywhere.

Windsor Castle, likewise, had to worry along without the honor of a visit from us, but Rogene brought to us most enthusiastic stories of its beauty and magnificence. Especially was she intrigued with the "Queen's Doll House," which, because it is truly such a unique and interesting thing, may with propriety be explained here.

THE QUEEN'S DOLL HOUSE

It seems that for some time there had been agitated a desire to devise a gift for Her Majesty, the present Queen Mary, which would represent the generous workmanship of countless hands, and symbolize the national goodwill held for that estimable lady. In 1920 the most original suggestion was made that a model, twentieth-century residence should be built, to the exact scale of one inch to the foot, which in every detail throughout would be as complete and perfect as British skill, art and craftsmanship could accomplish. The idea took hold, the project was begun, and from every part of the kingdom poured in the generous gifts, delightfully fashioned by clever designers and skilled workers.

This diminutive house is fitted up with perfect fidelity, and down to the minutest detail, presents a genuine and complete example in tiny scale of the domestic interior of the present day, containing all the household equipment and arrangements characteristic of such an establishment. It is intended that this "Doll's House" shall, in a way, become an historical monument, furnishing to future generations a visual exposition of the architecture, art, arrangements, and devices in use today. Another feature intended was that from an income derived from admission fees and the sale

of booklets, post cards, pamphlets and souvenirs, a comfortable sum might be placed at Queen Mary's disposal for her many and varied charities.

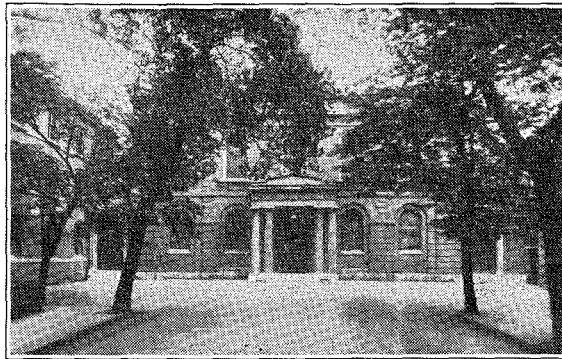
Everything about the house and garden adheres carefully to the tiny scale. Garages in the basement hold wee automobiles of types for every possible use. Laundry rooms are complete with every convenience, from electric washers to clothespins. There are wine-cellar, stocked with genuine bottles filled with genuine beverages of genuine vintages. There are vegetable bins, furnace, tool sheds, gardeners' supplies, maids' quarters, kitchen, scullery; dining room, fully furnished, drawing-rooms, and chambers, ditto; glass, linen, china, silver, draperies, tapestries, pots, pans, paintings, chandeliers, games, toys, books, carpets, in fact, everything imaginable, all executed in the most expert manner by skilled workmen and artists, each item finished with all the painstaking care lavished upon the real "life-size" article, but all in the wee sizes

which might have prevailed in Gulliver's famous island of Lilliput. Imagine how little girls would revel in such a place, exclaiming over every article in the house, or, with delighted squeals, examine the diminutive garden with its infinitesimal plants, shrubberies, trees, arbors and trellises!

One enthusiast has said, anent this glorified doll's house, "How delightful it would be if some such plan as this had been worked out in the early periods of our history. For instance, a Saxon manor would likely prove to be, after all, but a mixture of fortress and isolation hospital. A medieval castle, with its cold, ill-lighted, draughty, dirty, bathless, scantily furnished rooms, with stale rushes layers deep on the hall floors filled with dog-gnawed bones and filthy refuse, would show us that even romantic days of chivalry were full of discomfort. An Elizabethan mansion, with tapestries and paneled rooms, halls and galleries, and nearby a cottage with bare and meager accommoda-

tions, would demonstrate the fact that the dignity and elaboration of ceremony and pageant, of costume and jewelry, which marked that period, was after all only for the world of the wealthy and opulent, while the majority lived a rough-and-tumble sort of life in the midst of much drudgery and disorder. Even a Queen Anne house, with its pillared porticoes and classical parlors, would prove that while it had a rude and plentiful sort of comfort, in the matter of books and games, of lighting, heating, washing and sanitation, it served a life lacking in most of the recreations and refinements that made up so large a part of our modern existence."

PICCADILLY CIRCUS



John Wesley's Chapel

Our hotel, as perhaps has been mentioned, was situated at a large, open intersection known as Piccadilly Circus, considered the "hub" of the "West End." The name derived, we learned, from a gaming resort which once stood near Haymarket (which was really a hay market from the

time of Queen Elizabeth to 1830), built by a tailor whose specialty along sartorial lines was a certain frill popularly called the "pickadillie." The street itself was originally a part of the old Roman road to the neighboring villages of Staines and Bath. Not far away, also, are some remnants of genuine Romans baths, said to be nineteen hundred years old. At Piccadilly Circus is a fine station of the "Underground," great escalators—three of them, side by side—caring for the great throngs which pass up and down between the street level and the wonderful, rapid-transit lines below the city. Beautiful shops line the arcades of this modern terminus, where expensive and artistic wares from the finest stores are displayed for sale.

Once, as we boarded an omnibus near here, on one of our excursions, we noticed a man standing on the rear platform, with a leather sack of coal, which he was evidently taking home. Sister Baldwin explained that coal is so expensive there—twenty dollars a ton for soft

coal—that most people buy it in small quantities, and very few undertake to heat more than one room in their houses. The modern central heating plant, so universal in America, is practically unknown there, even new and otherwise up-to-date houses and apartments being built with only the old, time-honored fireplaces for heating purposes.

Sister Baldwin explained something about "The Store," a cooperative society which has branches all over the British Isles. Its slogan is "All for each and each for all," and practically all families in London are members. Coal, groceries, and practically everything needed, are provided, as well as a "sick benefit." Dividends are given quarterly on all profits, which dividend usually amounts to about ten per cent of the profits. "After all, it is not better than the Piggly Wiggly or A. & P. stores in America, for from them we get dividends as we buy," added the observant lady. It was in Saint Paul's, I believe, that we saw the tomb of Edward Neale, the founder of this national cooperative enterprise; it bore the couplet:

"He neither power nor riches sought,
For others, not himself, he fought."

NEAR-BY CHURCHES

One church, not far from our hotel, was Saint Martin-in-the-Fields. The coat-of-arms over the portico identified it as one of the "royal churches." It is here that all births at Buckingham Palace are registered. In the thirteenth century the site was occupied by a chapel belonging to Westminster Abbey. The present edifice is unique in that its steeple rises directly from the roof instead of from a tower.

There are two churches which stand in the roadway at one end of the Strand. They were once surrounded by mean buildings which have been cleared away to emphasize the quaint charms of the old edifices. One is called Saint Clement Danes, and was originally the church of a Danish settlement in Anglo-Saxon days. Once a year, on June 15, the Danes of London attend a special service here in memory of old associations. There is a stained glass window memorializing the celebrated Doctor Samuel Johnson, and inside a marked pew which he used to occupy. Three times a day the chimes of this old church ring out an old nursery rhyme, "Oranges and Lemons, Say the Bells of Saint Clements."

The other "roadway church" is called Saint Mary-Le-Strand, after an earlier one pulled down in 1547 by Lord Somerset, the "Protector," who used the materials in building the first Somerset House. The parents of Charles Dickens were married in this church, the novelist's father having been a clerk in the neighborhood.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Trafalgar Square is one of the great centers of London. About a century ago considerable reconstruction and replanning of the city took place, and in the banishment of the "Great Mews" and the "Back Mews" a great open space was left. Curious as to what was meant by "Great Mews," etc., I learned these were the names given to the royal stables which were built on the old site of the king's "mews" or cages where, in medieval times, were kept the falcons once used by knights in their hunting sports.

In response to popular desire, this open space was laid out as a square, where by degrees several monuments to national heroes have found placement. The entire area was never completed according to the plans of the designer, Sir Charles Barry, until 1926 when the large flags of the pavement were laid. Most imposing is the monument erected here to the memory of Nelson, the naval hero, where an eighteen-foot statue of the commander adorns a tall shaft, whose top is nearly one hundred and eighty-five feet from the street. The panels on the base, depicting his victories, were cast from guns captured from the French. The sculptured lions about its foot—unveiled in 1867—of which Londoners are very proud, were made by Sir Edwin Landseer, whose paintings of animals are considered the finest in the world. Every year, on October 21, the anniversary of Nelson's death, wreaths sent from every part of the Empire are laid at the foot of the Nelson column, and the stone benches and steps about the pool caused by the playing fountains at the corners, are favorite lounging places for visitors, and Londoners of all ages and conditions. About hover great flocks of pigeons, which for numbers and friendliness, vie with the famous ones of Saint Marks' in Venice.

Other statues in the Square are of Generals Gordon, Havelock, and Napier, and there is an equestrian of King George IV, originally in-

tended to be placed on the Marble Arch when it was the grand entrance to Buckingham Palace.

FLEET STREET AND THE "CHESHIRE CHEESE"

Fleet Street is called "Newspaper Row," and smells of printers' ink, some declare. The first printer here was Wynken de Worde, who died in 1500; the first daily newspaper was *The Daily Courant*, founded in 1703. Some people think English reporters lack the breathless hustle of the American brand, out for a "scoop." They have engraved calling cards, and make appointments for interviews instead of ringing the front door bell and asking impertinent questions.

Not far away is "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," that famous rendezvous of Oliver Goldsmith, Doctor Johnson, and other men who have brought luster to English letters. To enter, we had to go around to a side door, reached through a court or alley. Then into a small dark entry, which via narrow stairs led to an upper story, where a number of rooms opened into each other or into the narrow hallway. The woodwork throughout was stained, by Father Time, much smoke and many vapors, to a rich, dark brown. The place was so crowded that we had to wait our turn to enter, and only by slow degrees could accomplish the journey up the stairs; there we found a bench upon which to rest while waiting for a vacancy at table, caused by departing patrons.

Upon the high mantle was a plate setting forth the names of illustrious patrons of this "House of Goldsmith," popularly so-called, with its plain furnishings, and small, many-paned windows. The famous eating place has lost its celebrated swearing parrot, we were informed, though it still features the particular dish which, since 1667, has made and held its popularity. On the bill of fare this notable item is called simply "Ye Pudding," and is composed, we were assured, of the identical ingredients of the original dish—steak, kidney, lark and oysters. It is supposed to be accompanied by a bowl of genuine old, smoking-hot, "Bishop," and both items are said to be very popular with American tourists. However, we omitted the "Bishop," substituting therefore "sweets," which in our language would be called ice cream and wafers.

We found the famous dish very palatable indeed, and thoroughly enjoyed thus "sitting at meat" with Goldsmith and his associates, though we could not catch the witty, profound, classical and philosophical banter which undoubtedly enlivened the board nearly three centuries before!

A VISIT TO JOHN WESLEY'S CHAPEL

One day we went with the Moats family to visit the home of John Wesley, founder of Methodism. In our company was also a Baptist minister by the name of Edwards, who in the old days of World War conflict had worked, as "Padre Edwards," alongside Sister Moats and her friend, Myrtle. The hardships and danger they had shared together in their humanitarian labors as nurse and religious counselor, had established a tie of friendship which, through correspondence, had been kept unbroken through the years and had brought about this brief reunion and visit in the great metropolis. Reverend Edwards had a pastorate at Briston, some distance away.

John Wesley's first parish was at "the Foundry," in 1739. When his increasing congregations demanded more commodious quarters, a chapel was built near his home, the simplicity and unpretentiousness of which were evidently intended as a challenge and rebuke to the extravagant ornamentation of the orthodox churches of his day. He preached his first sermon here on November 1, 1778, and the November before our visit, a great celebration was held commemorating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that event, in which the Lord Mayor of London, the Prime Minister of England, Archbishop of Canterbury, and other notable persons participated.

This chapel is the "mother" of over one hundred and eight thousand churches which have been erected since it came into existence. The figure means that for every day of the one hundred and fifty years which have intervened, about two preaching places have been opened in the world—speaking in averages, of course. It is estimated there were about forty million Methodist people at the time of this celebration, while at the time of Wesley's death, no more than two hundred thousand could be called by that name in the whole world.

Falling into considerable need of repair, the devotion and contributions of thousands of

members, everywhere, made possible a complete restoration and renovation, of this mother chapel which was completed in time for the ceremonies mentioned. Shortly prior to that gathering, it was discovered that the beautiful alabaster arch over the apse was in danger of falling, and the whole wall behind the pulpit had to be reconstructed—an unexpected and additional expense in the project of preservation. The balcony and ceiling are exactly as they were in Wesley's day, though the organ is new. Around the balcony runs an interesting motif of carved decoration—a dove encircled by a twining serpent. In the study of the church may be seen the chair and desk of John Fletcher, who worked with the noted reformer.

In the rear of the Chapel is John Wesley's grave, the monument being "Erected by the Children of Methodism," while across the plat is the founder's home in which are preserved a large collection of personal relics. In the churchyard is a monument to the mother, Susannah (Hammersley) Wesley, who gave to the world it is said, a family of twenty-six children, of whom John was the thirteenth and Charles, noted for his hymn writing, the eighteenth.

This brother Charles lived, we were told, in a beautiful house loaned him by a nobleman. It was some miles away, at "Marilybone," if I got the name correct, but he worshiped at this church. Tradition says he would come up to the city, riding on a grey cob, and would knock vigorously upon the door for admittance. He used, occasionally, to preach from the pulpit here.

It was with distinct reverence we ascended the winding stairs, steep and narrow, which led to this same lofty pulpit, and stood behind the identical desk upon which these noted brothers once leaned as they thundered out their challenges to the churches of their day. We could but recall with gratitude the work of this man, whose fearless utterances did so much to pave the way for tolerance and freedom in religion. Latter Day Saints, especially, can not forget that under the power of the urge which motivated him, he looked forward to a time when God himself would again speak to mankind, would call his own servants and apostles, and usher in a new dispensation, freed from the abuses and corruption then prevailing among

the churches on the earth. With such thoughts as these we went softly about this Methodist shrine, sharing in great measure the affection and reverence which adherents to that faith cherish for the building—similar to the feelings accorded to Saint Peter's at Rome, or the great Westminster Abbey.

Of the several fine stained glass windows, gifts from various devoted groups throughout the world, one, comparatively new, attracted our ardent admiration. It contained a standing figure of the Christ, looking down with ineffable love and pity upon a soldier boy who leaned, in utter spent exhaustion, upon His breast. The window was the gift of Wesleyan Free Masons and was a memorial to the Methodist boys of the World War.

Across the street from Wesley's Chapel is Bunhill Fields, the old, poplar-shaded burying-ground of the Dissenters. The names of many noted people who are interred here, are engraved upon the entrance piers and some other columns just inside. The graves are green with moss and mold of the years, here and there a tablet surviving with inscription legible enough to be understood. A path one way leads to the grave of John Bunyan, author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, who died in 1688 at the age of sixty, and another conducts the visitor to the grave of the equally famous Daniel Defoe, author of *Robinson Crusoe*, who died in 1731.

Behind Bunhill Fields is the old Quaker Cemetery, where rests the body of George Fox and other members of that much persecuted sect. He wrote that *Book of Martyrs* which still holds a leading place in literature describing the horrors and barbarities once practiced in the name of religion.

Shopping one day, a machine in a department store intrigued us with its promise to not only weigh us correctly, but to tell our fortunes as well. Dropping the required coin in the slot, a small ticket emerged, upon one side of which was recorded the weight (in stones and pounds) and upon the other, the fortune. Mine read—oh, I am disdainfully ignoring the *stones and pounds!*—"You succeed not by windfalls, but by intelligence and mental efforts." Rogene's read, "Of a strong, original character, be certain to live your own life. Don't let others dictate, as it will spoil your success."

And that's that!

Reunion Institute Courses

Over a period of years, class work has become an important part of the reunion program. This is a most favored occasion for the training of teachers and leaders and for the general education of our people in the distinctive message of the church. Such training is especially significant now as a part of the general church endeavor to make progress with a reduced number of men under appointment.

To assist in the organization of most helpful material for reunion use, four studies are being prepared with outlines and references for the use of institute instructors and students. These will be prepared for an eight-session course and published in *Vision* for

May and June. When conducted by instructors of extensive training and experience one point of credit per hour will be given to those in attendance at not less than six of the sessions in each subject. This assumes that those who seek credit will make consistent study of the outlines and the subject matter, and enter fully into the spirit and work of the class. Personal study should begin weeks previous to the reunion.

Arrangement for accredited classes should be made with the Department of Religious Education, The Auditorium, Independence, Missouri.

Course Number One

THE CHURCH SCHOOL

In Organization and Administration

The following outlines are designed to assist in an intensive study of *The Church School Handbook*, to which page references are made.

LESSON ONE: *Purpose and Plan*, pages 7-14.

A single department of religious education, which seeks to unify and conduct with economy and efficiency all educational activities of a branch is known as the church school. Provision for the change from the former three departments was made by the General Conference of 1930. The purpose, objectives and major emphases of the church school were clarified and the plan given further endorsement in the recommendations of the Joint Council adopted by the General Conference of 1932. (See Church Objectives, pages 16-19.)

- A. Why religious education is important to the church.
- B. The church school is organized under the pastor. Why should this be so?
- C. Elections, note time and method. Why is an early fall election desirable?
- D. Finance, why are a branch budget and a single treasury desirable?
- E. Councils, note the make-up and responsibility. Is this democratic?
- F. Relation to general church. Church officers, general, mission, district, and branch are each responsible for the administration of religious education in their respective fields.
- G. Records and Reporting. Only such as are significant and vital to the work of the church school. What items are vital?

LESSON TWO: *Administration of the Church School*, pages 14-20.

- A. Responsibility—primarily the pastor, then elec-

tive and appointive officers, teachers, leaders and committees.

- B. Qualifications of leaders—necessity for training.
- C. Supervision—sympathetic, helpful leadership. How may your work be improved?
- D. Promotion—Note the basis and principles involved. Who is responsible for failure of promotion? Discuss plans for promotion exercise.
- E. Growth through study—Emphasize importance of personal endeavor; opportunities for study. An intensive study of the curriculum will be made later.
- F. Classes—the strategy of class formation, subject matter, consecutive courses, social units.
- G. All-the-week programs—What should they include? Why important? Is religious education possible and needed in week-day activities? Discuss the teacher-leader.
- H. Workers' Conferences—importance of mutual improvement, sharing of problems, making plans, and meeting other leaders socially.

LESSON THREE: *The Adult Division*, pages 21, 22.

- A. Three suggested types of branch organization. Discuss type adapted to the several branches represented. How far has each gone toward the ideal? What conditions have hindered?
- B. Organization.
 1. Work of the adult supervisor and assistants.
 2. The women's group leader, and working groups. Note the wide range of group activities of an educational, social, philanthropic, money-making nature open to women's groups. This is definitely a con-

tinuation of the work of the former Women's Department, of vital importance to the work of every branch. The women's group leader may be elected, or appointed. She works under the pastor and with the adult supervisor. How fully and efficiently are these groups working. What successful experiences?

3. Priesthood classes. In addition to regular adult classes consideration should be given to specific classes for priesthood development. What is the need? How supplied?
4. Extension of time for class study; Sunday morning, Sunday evening, during the week. How fully are we using opportunity?
5. Parent responsibility. Fathers and mothers are jointly responsible for home building and family welfare. There is demand for parent classes and community projects undertaken by both fathers and mothers. What is being done?
6. Training for teaching and leadership. It is evident our supply of leaders must be drawn from the adult group. What is being done to train for service?

LESSON FOUR: *The Young People's Division*, pages 24-26, 53-74.

- A. Discuss aims and objectives. Which of these are being best attained in the branches of the district? How extensive is the program? Why should it include seven days a week?
- B. The Young People's supervisor—qualifications, responsibilities, range of activities.
- C. The Young People's Council—composed of all elected officers and leaders of the division. These meet with the director of the church school and the pastor to plan an efficient program for the young people of the branch. How many councils are organized and active? Why not such a council in every branch? What activities may be sponsored and controlled?
- D. Presidents of young people's group. Approval was had at the recent general conference for the action of a council of presidents of local young people's groups within districts, and within the whole church, to make provision for district and church-wide activities of young people. See "A Working Agreement," *Conference Daily*, page 117.
- E. Activities. Note the wide range, calculated to meet the needs and to be within reach of each local group. Measure your schools by this list. How may our activities be made more helpful educationally? socially? spiritually? financially?
- F. Scouting Activities. Emphasize advantages of organized activities under trained and earnest leadership.
- G. *A Year's Recreational Program*, page 58. Which of the eight lines of activity are already being developed? What success has been had?

What more is needed? What immediate plans may be made?

What purposes are conserved in a reasonably full, rich and varied yearly program? What advantage in planning months ahead?

Note the general discussion, pages 53-56. How to Plan a Party, pages 59, 60. How to Build a Literary Program, page 61. How to Lead Dramatics, pages 61-64. List of Recommended Plays, page 65. How to Lead Singing, pages 66-68. How to Tell a Story, pages 69-74.

THE CHILDREN'S DIVISION, pages 33-42.

- A. Objectives. How fully are these being met?
- B. Grading. Note the basis.
- C. Organization. What activities are provided for?
- D. Relation of parents and teachers, necessity for mutual understanding and cooperation.
- E. The Nursery Department. Nature and importance of nursery work. Two splendid books available. A mimeographed 40 page Nursery Manual may be had for fifty cents at the Department of Religious Education.
- F. Junior Worship, planned for junior appreciation and participation. Care must be taken that our effort to introduce juniors into the joyous, helpful and inspiring experiences of worship within the range of their understanding shall not divorce them from the adult services. It should interpret the meaning and purpose of worship, and give freedom and confidence in participation.

About one third of our branches have junior worship. What experiences have been had? What successes? What consequences if we fail to train in worship?

The *Handbook*, pages 33-39, presents specific consideration necessary in efficient junior worship. Further helps may be had in the following mimeographed studies at 25 cents each: Principles of Junior Church.

Story-telling in Religious Education.

Stories to Tell in Religious Education.

Pictures and Art in Religious Education.

Printed programs as found in *Vision* are suggestive only and must be adopted to local needs.

- G. Blue Bird girls and Cub Scouts. These junior organizations provide splendid opportunity for separate girls' and boys' activity programs.

LESSON SIX: *The Church School Curriculum*, pages 43-52.

Discuss the quarterly series as a "departmentally graded" plan and stress the fact that the church has

developed its own carefully planned system of lessons with great labor and considerable cost, to provide a graded series of studies covering the entire range of gospel themes, each fairly well suited to the particular age for which it is written. Including the new lessons being written for the year beginning October, 1932, we have, as may be noted, 32 one-year courses with a dozen or more books and pamphlets prepared for study purposes.

Emphasize again the need for personal study on the part of all who would become informed and who would make the growth anticipated in the gospel. Our classes would be many times more efficient if the class members would *study* at home and use the class time for *mutual discussion*.

Stress the value of a quarterly in the hands of every pupil. Parents should encourage their children to study at home. Teachers must conduct the lesson so that to have studied the lesson is a distinct advantage, if not a necessity.

Quarterlies should not be destroyed. If stored at the church at the end of the quarter they can be used by succeeding classes in years to come.

A complete list of the study materials for the year beginning October, 1931, will be found in the *Handbook*, pages 43-52. Additional copies of the *Curriculum*, new each year in July, may be had on request. Beginning with the nursery age, call attention to each book and quarterly in the order they are listed. Note the subject treated. It may be helpful to write these subjects on the blackboard where the entire range may be seen and appreciated.

The following changes for the year beginning October, 1932, should be noted:

Junior, third year, "Stories of the New Testament Church," by Hallie Gould.

Senior Young People, third year, "What It Means to be a Latter Day Saint," by the Department of Religious Education at Graceland.

Older Young People, "The Call of the Church," by Alice M. Burgess and Elva T. Sturgess.

Adult, "A Study of the Revelations to the Church," by F. Henry Edwards.

Stress the fact that in a small school the *current* or *third year* quarterly in each department should be ordered for use in October, 1932.

Note the range of adult electives. In most places the current adult quarterly will be used on Sunday morning and then choice made of other electives for Sunday evening and week day classes.

It may be interesting to find how many of the adult quarterlies have *not* been studied by our people. New lessons are continually being written. Some of us will have to have extra classes to catch up.

LESSON SEVEN: *Our Training Program*, pages 89-96.

There is the greatest need for efficiently trained and experienced officers, teachers and leaders. Especially with the shortage of missionary help, local forces must be mobilized, trained and organized for

active work in the teaching task of the church. See pages 8 and 9.

The plan of credits for training effort of standard grade, with general department certificates awarded for specified attainment, has for its object the stimulation of training and the development of prescribed courses and agencies in religious education. Thousands of students in all the church are accumulating credit in the general office. They are acquiring knowledge and gaining skill in the technic of church school work. Hundreds of teachers and leaders are receiving certificates and applying their skill in improved teaching methods.

A. Means of Preparation.

1. Seven Courses by correspondence. See the *Handbook*, pages 94-96.
2. Gospel quarterly courses—selected from the adult list. See the *Church School Curriculum*.
3. Local Independent class—Under an accredited teacher, subjects arranged with the general department.
4. Approved local, district and general institutes. These should be parts of yearly programs, well planned to offer most needed courses.
5. International Council schools—opportunity is often afforded to secure exceptionally helpful courses in these schools. However, they should not take the place of our own training effort.
6. College courses in religious education.
7. Other credits. Limited credits may be had for other college courses, for research themes, and book reviews.

B. Grades of Certificates.

1. Second Grade, for 150 credit hours.
2. First Grade, for 300 credit hours.
3. Gold Seal, for 500 credit hours.

C. Discussion:

Determine how many in the district hold one or more of these certificates. How many now have credits toward a certificate?

What are the possibilities of holding local or district institutes? Independent classes? Quarterly credit courses? Correspondence courses?

What opportunity to attend classes under the International Council? What objection? General courses in psychology and methods are the most helpful. Consult your pastor and director of Church School before enrolling.

Discuss in detail the purpose and scope of each of the seven correspondence courses.

LESSON EIGHT: *Teaching and Observing the Financial Law*, pages 86-88.

The Church School is responsible for the adequate teaching of the "fullness of the gospel" as we have occasion to organize and direct our class work. The law of the tithe and the surplus is no exception. They must be taught as being as necessary as any other of the principles of the gospel.

Recent adult quarterlies have treated fully of the financial plan. *Church History*: DeLapp, Financial Law and Stewardship, page 50. Outlines of Stewardship, Carmichael, and Community Stewardship, Koehler, page 51.

Note also Stewardship, page 86, and Junior Stewardship, pages 86 and 41.

For a full discussion of the Tenth Legion, see page 56.

Discuss the purpose and plan of the Christmas

Offering, the Birthday Offering and the Birth Offering.

Develop immediate and concrete plans to carry out the teaching and observance of the financial law.

Other items to be discussed if there is opportunity.

The Junior Service, see pages 33-39.

The Continuous Service, see page 84.

Suggested Sunday Programs, see pages 81, 82.

What Constitutes Good Teaching, see page 14.

Course Number Two

CHURCH OBJECTIVES

LESSON I.—THE MAJOR TEACHING OBJECTIVES OF THE CHURCH

(See "Church Objectives," pages 3 and 4.)

Introductory Comment:

In this resolution the church looks upon itself as a great teaching agency, organized and maintained to present a distinct message to the world. This document sets out certain matters which are to be given special emphasis and certain objectives which are to be sought through the teaching of the church.

Points for Study and Discussion

1. *The message of the Restoration* should be kept to the fore in all our work of teaching. The essentials of this message may be found in certain statements of principles of belief, ("Official statement of Belief and Epitome of Faith and Doctrine," and "Belief and Practice.") together with certain distinctive features such as continued revelation, divinely authorized priesthood, *Book of Mormon*, the divine mission of the church.

a. Note the suggestion that this message may not only be applied in actual life, but that its authority may be found in life. Can you show how the principles of the gospel are true to the nature and needs of men? Is the gospel way indeed the way of life?

b. In what ways does the distinct message of the restoration challenge the present social order? What are the ideals of the restored gospel? What are the ideals of Paganism? Is sin out of date? What makes sin sinful?

2. Here are set out the two major objectives of the church. Which of the two do you feel to be most important? Is one of them realizable without the other?

3. What is here suggested as the heart of the gospel message? How is it defined? Do you agree that it is summed up in the doctrine of stewardship? Read again the two great commandments given by Christ as a summary of the "true human and divine relationships."

4. What is the "law of temporalities" as taught by the church? What suggestions are offered as to

procedure of those who would teach this law? What is the purpose of this law? Financial returns? Spiritual growth?

5. The "affirmative spiritual ministry" here referred to is considered sufficiently important for a separate lesson. (See Lesson No. II.)

6. Is the message of this church for adults only? For nonmembers only? Why is it necessary for those who teach to adapt their methods to the varying needs and capacities of the groups to be taught? Is it contrary to the idea of an unchanging gospel for a teacher to change his methods?

LESSON II.—AN AFFIRMATIVE SPIRITUAL MINISTRY

(See "Church Objectives," page 4, paragraph 5.)

An Introductory Note:

In this paragraph it is suggested that those who represent the church in its teaching should present to the Saints an "affirmative spiritual ministry." A number of the points to be emphasized in such ministry are set up. These principles may be considered both as guides to the preacher, teacher, or visiting officer, or they may be set up as standards or marks of Sainthood. Any Latter Day Saint studying this lesson might well endeavor to measure himself by the standard of Saintliness herein outlined.

Points for Study and Discussion

a. Why is both individual and family devotion essential? What is the meaning of the word devotion? Does it include prayer? Does it involve more than prayer? To what extent may one's life measure devotion? List the reasons why individual prayer and family worship are essential for the Saints.

b. List the reasons why Latter Day Saints should study the word of God. Is the word of God limited to the three standard books? What opportunities are available for Latter Day Saints to carry out this study? Does the average Latter Day Saint make the best use of these opportunities? Is one hour on Sunday morning adequate for this purpose?

c. What per cent of the membership of your

branch subscribe to at least one church periodical? How many of these subscribers read these periodicals with regularity and intelligence? It is possible to be informed about the program and progress of the church without such study?

d. Make a list of at least five reasons why it is essential for a Latter Day Saint to attend church regularly.

e. Make a list of at least five reasons why every Latter Day Saint should share in the work of the church. Have you noted some Latter Day Saints who are willing but not able? Have you noticed others who are able but not willing?

f. Make a list of at least five reasons why every Latter Day Saint should support the church now in compliance with the financial law.

LESSON III.—MISSIONARY POLICY

Introductory Comment:

This document dealing with the missionary policy was reported to the conference by the Quorum of Twelve, and while not formally acted upon, it was included in the minutes without objection and thus is generally accepted as a guide to our missionary endeavor.

Points for Study and Discussion

1. Make an outline of the major points set up in this missionary policy. What would you have added? What, if anything, would you have omitted?

2. Discuss the wisdom of our missionaries giving special emphasis to the fundamental teachings of the church in their missionary work.

3. List the activities of the branch which may be utilized as missionary opportunities.

4. What are the advantages and disadvantages of large branches when it comes to serving as centers of missionary endeavor? Small branches?

5. If the church could only send missionaries into one or two fields, what considerations in your opinion should govern the choice? What is meant by unproductive missionary fields?

6. In what ways may the local priesthood promote missionary endeavor? Should they be expected to do so?

7. In what ways may the Saints assist in this work? Should they be expected to so assist?

8. Estimate the value of the use of tracts in missionary endeavor.

9. Should our church, in your opinion, follow the practice of the Utah church—that of sending out young men, self-supporting, for a period of two years as missionaries?

10. Discuss the value of designating special days or periods for intensive missionary endeavor.

11. Discuss the value of classes for nonmembers as a method of preparation for church membership.

LESSON IV.—FINANCIAL POLICY

(See "Church Objectives," pages 7-9.)

Introductory Comment:

The reader will find included under the heading, "Financial Policy," two documents. The first, con-

sisting of some thirteen points, was adopted unanimously by general conference on April 13. The second is included under the heading, "Present and Future Policy." This is in a sense a summary of the above mentioned program and was approved by the Joint Council and Board of Appropriations in February, 1931, and included in the report of the Presiding Bishopric to general conference in 1932. This document has been considered as binding upon the general officers since February, 1931.

Points for Study and Discussion

1. Make a list of the thirteen points in the financial policy of the church as approved by conference.

2. What principles would you have added? Which, if any, would you have omitted?

3. Are these points all covered in the briefer statement found on page 9?

4. What evidence can you find in the comparative budget, 1931-1932, that some of the elements of this program are already being carried out?

5. Have you observed similar procedure in regard to local State and National Governments and also in industries with which you are connected or familiar?

6. Formulate an individual or family financial policy using many of these same principles.

7. If it is wise for the church to follow such a stringent policy, what about the necessity of individuals and families following the same procedure?

8. What have you observed as the possible effect of the adoption of a definite financial policy upon the confidence of the membership of the church?

LESSON V.—OBJECTIVES AND PROCEDURE IN ZION AND HER STAKES

(See "Church Objectives, pages 11-15.)

Introductory Comment:

This document was unanimously adopted by the general conference, April 12, 1932. It represents the conviction of the Presiding Bishopric and has been approved by the Joint Council of Presidency, Twelve, and Presiding Bishopric and deserves careful study and consideration. Some of its provisions may be considered at first to be harsh, but undoubtedly mature reflection will reveal the wisdom of such provisions.

Points for Study and Discussion

1. Be sure to distinguish between *ultimate* and *immediate* objectives. Why is it necessary to have both?

2. Formulate in your own words the two ultimate objectives for Zion and her stakes.

3. What are the characteristics of the "society of people" which is here considered as our ultimate objective?

4. Do you agree that the physical and temporal aspects are but the supports and the background of the Christian life and Christlike society here set up?

5. Enumerate the fundamentals of this economic background.

6. Make a list of the immediate objectives. Suggest that some member of the class or group make a further report in regard to the three projects mentioned in the document.

7. Are the Bishops, in your opinion, justified in recommending an experimental approach to the project in the Ozarks?

8. Giving consideration to the question of "procedure" be sure to distinguish between the "inflexible" provisions and the "flexible" provisions.

9. Enumerate the inflexible provisions of the law.

10. Enumerate the flexible provisions of the law.

11. Discuss the wisdom of "having all things prepared" before entering Zion.

12. Do you agree with the suggestion that the unemployed and the dependents of other places should not now attempt to come to Zion?

13. Make a list of the qualifications of the individuals who may first be encouraged to gather.

LESSON VI.—THE NEXT STEPS IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

(See "Church Objectives," pages 16-19.)

Introductory Comment:

This document was also approved by the general conference by unanimous vote although it is not so indicated in the pamphlet. In a very vital sense all of the work of the church is Religious Education. This document refers particularly to the objectives of the "Department of Religious Education," which finds its expression in the local branch in the "church school." Therein is considered the definition of the church school, its objectives, the points of emphasis in its immediate program. Throughout the document there is emphasized the close relationship that must exist between the church school and the church itself.

Points for Study and Discussion

1. Formulate a definition of the "church school." Formulate a statement of its purpose. Discuss the meaning of the paragraph, "The specific work of the church school consists in providing occasions under guidance for study, instruction, worship, work and play through which may come the growth and service contemplated in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

2. Do you agree that this work in its essential spirit is consistent with the word of God and the teachings and practice of the church from its very beginning?

3. Do you agree that this work is and must remain a very definite and integral part of the total work of the church?

Note: The objectives of the church school are deemed of sufficient importance to be considered in a separate lesson.

4. List the points which are set up for special emphasis in the immediate work of the church school.

5. Do you see why the church and not some department of the church should be held responsible for the important work of religious education?

6. Suggest some ways in which the church school may become missionary in its spirit and work.

7. May we expect other institutions and churches or even our schools and colleges to furnish the leadership and teachers of our church?

8. List the reasons why our church should organize a training program for the development of teachers and leaders.

9. What purposes are suggested for such training? Do you agree with these as well as with the order in which they are emphasized?

10. Why is it necessary that consideration be given to the various interests, needs and capacities of different aged groups? Why is it especially necessary that adolescents be given opportunity to participate in the work of the church?

11. Consider the merits as well as the dangers to be found in materials prepared for the study of our children and young people. Do you agree that the best qualified persons available should be put to work preparing this material?

12. Note the suggestion that the major teachings of the church should be given the principal place in the work of the church school. Do you agree?

LESSON VII.—OBJECTIVES OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL

(See "Church Objectives," pages 16, 17.)

Introductory Comment:

This paragraph is taken from the document entitled, "The Next Steps in Religious Education," for special emphasis. The material contained in it may well serve as a basis for a series of lessons in itself. In fact, it has been so used.

Points for Study and Discussion

1. State the purpose of the church in terms of persons.

2. Make a list of the qualifications or qualities of character required of persons if they are to carry forward the work of the church.

3. Discuss the significance of the statement, "The church school seeks to guide growing persons." Consider the terms "guide," "growing," "persons."

4. Note that the document sets up under "a," "b," "c," "d," "e," a number of changes which the church school seeks to bring about in the developing lives of persons.

5. Make a list of these changes.

6. Why is it necessary for a Zion builder to have a "true and adequate concept of God?"

7. Discuss the expression, "responsive relationship with God." Is it sufficient that we merely know God?

8. Does the average Latter Day Saint of your acquaintance have an adequate knowledge of Christ or a sufficiently rich appreciation of him and loyalty to him? In what way may the work of the church school be improved here?

9. Set up in contrast a Christian philosophy as over against a pagan or unchristian philosophy of life. One is a philosophy of love, the other a philosophy of hate. Continue the contrast by use of other terms.

10. Discuss the value and need of intelligent, active, and efficient church members. Have you noted some with the disposition but lacking ability? Have you noticed others with marked ability who were unwilling to help?

11. Discuss the essential value of a knowledge and appreciation of the standard books of the church. Do these books contain all the religious experiences of the race that are of value?

12. What about a knowledge and appreciation of the best religious pictures? music? literature? drama?

13. Can you see the value of such in the providing of persons with a rich religious understanding and appreciation?

14. How well, in your opinion, is our church school at present succeeding in developing these characteristics in the growing persons it endeavors to serve?

15. What steps do you feel should be taken to improve our work in this respect?

LESSON VIII.—GRACELAND'S IMMEDIATE OBJECTIVE

(See "Church Objectives," page 20.)

Introductory Comment:

The student is warned not to let the brevity and apparent simplicity of this document mislead him. It, too, has the unanimous approval of general conference and thus becomes a definite objective of the church. The reason for this action will become apparent as the wording of the document is carefully studied.

Points for Study and Discussion

1. Discuss the relationship of Graceland College and the church. In what way is the welfare of Graceland College closely coordinated with the welfare of the church.

2. Consider in this connection the report of the Graceland College Board of Trustees to the general conference as published in the *Daily Herald*. Note especially the extent to which the graduates of Graceland are now serving the church.

3. What reason is given why Graceland could well serve a much larger number of students than she is serving at present?

4. Discuss the value of having our young people continue their higher education in our own church college.

5. Note that the action calls upon the officials and membership of the church to give support to this effort of encouraging our own young people to attend Graceland. There is a responsibility on the part of the young people themselves to respond to this call. There is also a responsibility resting upon the parents and conference appointees in this respect.

6. Note that after careful study it has been determined that it would cost practically as much to protect the interests of the college if its doors were closed as it does to maintain it now.

7. It will be of special value for the student to make a study of the attitude of the church toward education from its very beginning. It would seem from such a study that those opposed to education in the church are the ones that have "departed from the faith." The faith of our fathers from the very origin of the church included a belief in education for children and adults, both secular and religious, for priesthood as well as laity.

LESSON IX.—MINISTERIAL STANDARDS AND PROCEDURE

(See "Church Objectives," pages 21-23.)

Introductory Comment:

This document was also approved by general conference and is thus binding upon the church. The general officers of the church were unanimous in the conviction that greater care should be exercised in the calling and ordination of men to the priesthood of the church. They were agreed also that a higher standard of life and character should be maintained by those who stand as the representatives of God in ministering to the needs of his church.

It would be well for both priesthood and laity to study the provisions of this document carefully.

Points for Study and Discussion

1. Make a study of the Scriptural references which are given in support of the statement, "Men are called to the priesthood by God through his son Jesus Christ by the power of his Spirit."

2. It is specially important to note the provision regarding those through whom calls to the priesthood should come. Note scriptural references here.

3. Note that provision has been made for the endorsement of both branch and district on the one hand and higher church officials on the other in all such "calls." Discuss the wisdom of such provision.

4. List the standards set up on page 22 for men of the ministry. Do the scriptural references given support such standards?

5. Why should the men of the priesthood maintain this high standard of character?

6. Have some member of the class look up and report on Conference Resolution 772. Discuss the meaning of the term "silence."

7. Discuss the value of "silencing" as a measure for the protection of not only the individual involved but the church.

8. Note that ample provision is made for the securing of justice by the officer placed under silence.

9. Discuss the sin of "inactivity" upon the part of any member of the priesthood.

10. Is an inactive Saint in reality a "Saint"?

THE CHURCH SCHOOL

Worship Programs for June

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "AN OPEN DOOR—
DECISION."

The following programs have been prepared by a group of church school workers at Buffalo, New York. They are suggestive only and should be adapted to local needs.

FIRST SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1932

Theme: "Personal Belief and Obedience."

Prelude.

Call to Worship: "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." (James 1: 5.)

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 295, "Jesus I My Cross Have Taken."

Prayer: That we may have the wisdom and the courage to make wise choices in planning our life's courses.

Theme Talk: "An Open Door: Personal Belief and Obedience."

Personal choice is extended to all men; God has purposed that they may either have life or death in keeping with the way they choose. The wise man said: "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." (Proverbs 23: 7.) One of the great leaders of ancient Israel said, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." (Joshua 24: 15.) Man has the privilege of being obedient and living, or of being disobedient and thereby ending in death. "To obey is better than sacrifice." (1 Samuel 15: 22.) The gospel offers life to man if he will obey its laws, death if he refuses. He must make his own decision. "Let everyone be fully persuaded in his own mind." (Romans 14: 5.) It is our privilege to lead men into the truth. "We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." (2 Corinthians 5: 20.) The Twelve and Seventy are traveling ministers and preachers to persuade men to obey the truth. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 120: 3.) It is our privilege to show mankind the open door, it is for them to decide whether they will enter it or not.

Let me believe thy truth, O Lord,
With courage to obey and do
The things that to mankind seem hard,
But were indeed a joy to you.

Let me, I say, receive the touch
Of wisdom, and of patience, too,
For there is ample need for such,
To all that's good let me be true.

Poem: "Crossing the Bar," Tennyson.

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 241, "I'm Pressing on the Upward Way."

Offering.

Unison: The Lord's Prayer.

Music.

Classes.

SECOND SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1932

Theme: "Personal Prayer."

Prelude.

Call to Worship: "Seek the Lord and His strength; seek His face continually." (1 Chronicles 16: 11.)

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 117, "Those who seek the throne of grace."

Prayer: That we may learn the secret of comfort, joy and strength to be found only in personal prayer and communion.

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 27, "Praise Ye the Lord."

Theme Talk: "Personal Prayer."

Jesus said, "Men ought always to pray and not to faint." (Luke 18: 1.) Paul advised, "Pray without ceasing." (1 Thessalonians 5: 17.) He also taught, "Pray always." (Ephesians, 6: 18.) Again he said, "That men pray everywhere." (1 Timothy 2: 8.) James the Just, and brother of our Lord, urged, "Pray for one another." (James 5: 16.) Man may well be measured by his prayer life. He who has learned to commune with God in personal prayer is able to influence for good the lives of others. He who has learned to pray for others will bring himself very close to God. The Psalmist said, "Evening and morning, and at noon will I pray." (Psalm 55: 17.) Daniel prayed three times daily. (Daniel 6: 10.) . . . and he was safe in the den of lions. The man of prayer is a man of courage. The man who prays has access unto the open door.

Poem:

Give to the world the best that you have
And the best will come back to you.

Plant lilies and lilies will bloom,
Plant roses and roses will bloom
Plant hate and hate in life will spring,
Plant love and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

Offering.

Benediction.

Music.

Classes.

THIRD SUNDAY, JUNE 19, 1932

Theme: "Personal Service."

Prelude.

Call to Worship:

"Lord God of Hosts, whose purpose never swerving
Leads toward the day of Jesus Christ thy Son,

Grant me to march among Thy faithful legion
And with courage till the world is won."

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 294, "I Would Be True."

Prayer: That we may be able to enter with joy into the personal service of God to which each is called.

Theme Talk: "Personal Service."

When Jesus was here upon earth He said: "I am among you as he that doth serve." (Luke 22: 27.) The spirit of love that constantly predominated in the life of Christ caused Him to serve humanity in the best possible way. If we learn of Him we, too, will serve because we love, and this makes great demands upon us. "If ye love me ye will serve me and keep all my commandments." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 42: 8.) "In the name of Christ thou shalt serve." (Ibid. 59: 2.) The gospel of Christ opens the door of service to us and bids us enter in and occupy, but each one must decide for himself whether he shall enter or not, but he will receive the reward of his choice.

As Jesus came among men and rendered service of value to them, so we should reach our fellowmen and render that service that will enable them to find God. It is our privilege to open the door of truth unto all the world of humanity.

Poem:

Why should we either fear or doubt
If we are sure what we're about?
For knowledge we are told is power
And man shall triumph in the hour
Of his devotion to his best:
When he the highest good has stressed,
When he has overcome the base
And runs with patience in the race,
Determining to reach the goal
Through wisdom and self-control.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 214, "Send Me Forth O Blessed Master."

Offering.

Closing Prayer.

Music.

Classes.

FOURTH SUNDAY, JUNE 26, 1932

Theme: "Personal Consecration."

Prelude.

Call to Worship:

I say, why should men falter here
When Christ hath made the pathway clear?

Now is the appointed time
Now is the day of salvation.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 31, "O Jesus the giver of all we enjoy, Our lives to Thy honor we wish to employ."

Prayer: For a spirit of personal consecration that will send us out in sacrificial service for the Master.

Theme Talk: "Personal Consecration."

To consecrate a thing is to set it apart for a sacred purpose, therefore, in making a personal consecration I must give myself unreservedly to God, and this I can do only as I see the need of serving as He did. In the Scriptures we read, "Who is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" (1 Chronicles 29: 5.) We read, too, that Christ is consecrated for ever. (Hebrews 7: 28.) He has opened the door for us and we have the privilege of consecrating ourselves together with our service to His cause. It is also our privilege to consecrate our talents and our means to the building of the kingdom of God among men here upon earth. Christ has consecrated for us a way. (Hebrews 10: 20.) It is therefore our privilege to present ourselves a living sacrifice, wholly acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service. (See Romans 12: 1.) Christ has opened the door for us; it remains for us to determine whether we shall enter and live.

Make me the friend of all mankind,
A servant unto those in need;
Let me be patient, meek and kind.
Thy spirit be my daily need,
That I thereby may lead the way
Into the depth of love and truth,
To somehow be a strength and stay,
And brother to the church's youth.

Let me not fail to do my best,
To consecrate my all to Thee;
Give me a true and worthy quest,
And somehow let me learn to be
The humble servant of the race
Inspired with a love most true,
Possessing here Thy blessed grace,
Determined here God's will to do.

Bible Reading: Isaiah 62: 10.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 291, "Faith of Our Fathers."

Offering.

Benediction.

Music.

Classes.

CHILDREN'S DAY SERVICES, SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1932

By JOHN AND NELLIE BLACKMORE

We are suggesting three types of services for the Children's Day service from which leaders may choose. We know there are a great variety of branches and that the same service will not be successful in all places. Therefore we are merely suggesting the following:

I. An adult service where "The Children" is the theme. Skeleton outlines for two sermons are suggested.

II. The Children's service. A service in which the children meet in their usual place of meeting and have their own service.

III. A unified service in which the adults and children combine in their worship on Children's Day.

I.-A. AN ADULT SERVICE

Theme: "The Ministry of Children."

Scripture: Matthew 18: 1-11.

Texts: "And a little child shall lead them."—*Isaiah* 11: 6.

"Take this child away and nurse it for me and I will give thee wages."—*Exodus* 2: 9.

Sermon Outline:

Children's day the time to speak of children, pray for God's blessing on them, confer with each other in regard to their interests, and learn lessons from them.

Children teach many lessons and shed great influences.

1. They purify.
2. They elevate.
3. They instruct.
5. They reconcile.
6. They gladden.
7. They lead Godward—"A little child shall lead them."

I.-B. AN ADULT SERVICE

Theme: "The child in the midst."

Scripture: Matthew 19: 13-15; 18: 2, 3.

Sermon Outline:

The responsibility of the child in the midst. The home, family, school and church have the chief reason for their existence in the purposes of the child. In childhood lie hidden all the possibilities for the improvement of mankind. "Tomorrow is in our hands."

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." The talk of the children is an unconscious revelation of the family and the community.

The Responsibility.

1. To keep the children alive.
 - a. Each year there are thousands of needless infant deaths.
 - b. Heavy infant mortality registers the breakdown of home and community.
 - c. The community should supply the depleted resources of the child's life.
2. To provide "guided play," childhood's great vocation.

"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."—*Zechariah* 8: 5.

- a. Need of space and equipment for play.
- b. Contrast of free, spontaneous play with commercial amusements.

- c. Need of organized recreation.
3. To protect the child against the contagion of evil.
 - a. A properly controlled program of recreation will realize this ideal.
 - b. Play has great character and educational value.
4. To provide spiritual growth.
 - a. The coming of a child into a home means a spiritual transformation.
 - b. We must realize that the child is an integral part of the church.
 - c. "Childhood is ever the new material for the commonwealth of God." "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Reference: "Christianizing Community Life," by Ward-Edwards.

II. THE CHILDREN'S WORSHIP SERVICE

(Note: The place of worship should be made as beautiful as it is possible to be made for this day. Flowers and even canary birds may be used to add to the beauty of the occasion. Those who wish to incorporate the baptismal service as a part of the regular morning worship will find suggestions on other pages of this issue. The following service does not include the ceremony of baptism.)

Theme: "Jesus, the friend of all children."

Quiet Music: "Suffer Little Children." *Zion's Praises*, 55.

Call to Worship:

"I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart,
I will show forth all thy marvelous words.
I will be glad and rejoice in thee;
I will sing, praise to thy name, O thou Most High."

—*Psalms* 9: 1, 2.

Morning Song: "Child of Galilee," *Zion's Praises* 36.
Leader:

We are thinking about children today. Boys and girls who do not necessarily live as we do. They dress differently and play differently than we. But no matter where they are, they have a friend and that friend is Jesus. I have a picture that shows the friendship. (The leader displays the picture. It may be the "Hope of the World," by Copping, or "Christ Blessing Little Children," by Plochhorst.)

Scripture Reading: Mark 10: 13-16.

Period of Meditation followed by oral prayer.
Stories told from memory by three juniors of how Jesus was a friend of children.

"A child in the midst." (Matthew 18: 1-4.)

"Jesus Raising the Daughter of Jairus." (Luke 8: 41, 42, 43, 50-55.)

"Jesus Healing the Nobleman's Son." (John 4: 48-55.)

Song: "Jesus Is the Children's Dearest Friend."
Zion's Praises 179.

Sermon: "Jesus, the Friend of All Children."

A small world globe and a few national flags may be used in this talk to show that God is not partial to people of any particular country. The customs and habits of the people of Germany, Norway, Sweden, The Islands of the Sea, The British Empire, The United States and any other country may be stressed. Point out the fact that God is not particularly interested in any one group of children or people to the exclusion of all others.

The Lord's prayer was given for all mankind, "Our Father." We are all brothers and sisters together and Jesus loves all.

Song: "When I Read That Sweet Story of Old."
New Saints' Hymnal.

Story: "How the Artist Forgot Four Colors," *Missionary Stories*, Book I, Applegarth.

"The Lost Boy," Henry Van Dyke. (This story is quite long. It will need to be abbreviated.)

Benediction.

III. A SERVICE FOR ALL AGES

Theme: "Our Children."

Musical Prelude.

While the congregation is seated, the children might march from their place of worship into the adult auditorium. The march may be led by two junior boys carrying large baskets of roses. The two boys march down the center aisle of the build-

ing and place the roses on either side of the altar, then return to their seats. As the marching column files down the center aisle of the church the boys and girls may separate to either side of the building and sit with their parents.

Call to Worship:

Leader: "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving.

And into his courts with praise."—*Psalms* 100: 4.

Response: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."—*Psalms* 122: 1.

Hymn Response: "The Lord Is in His Holy Temple," or "Oh, Jesus, Our Lord, Thy Name Be Adored," *New Saints' Hymnal*, 92.

Silent Prayer.

Hymn: "Holy, Holy, Holy." *New Saints' Hymnal*, 39.

Scripture Reading: Matthew 18: 1-11.

Anthem: By the adult choir.

Offering: "Every good and perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father."

Story: "How the Artist Forgot Four Colors," or "The Lost Boy." (Stories suggested in service above.)

Hymn: "I Love to Tell the Story," *New Saints' Hymnal*, 306.

Sermon: Theme, "Our Children."

(Suggestions may be had from the suggestive outlines above.)

Children's Choir: "When I Read That Sweet Story of Old," *New Saints' Hymnal*, 150.

Benediction.

THE CHILDREN'S DIVISION

Worship Programs for June

Prepared by RICHARD and ALICE H. BALDWIN

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "DECISION"

THE story material will be found in one of the three following books: *Knights of Service*, by Bradshaw (85 cents). *Stories for the Junior Hour*, by Demerest (\$1.35). *Seventy-five Stories for the Worship Hour*, by Eggleston (\$1.50). One or more of these books should be purchased by each school. Order through the Herald Publishing House, Independence, Missouri.

The hymn material suggested is from the new *Saints' Hymnal*, unless otherwise specified. If your school does not have copies, one should be purchased for the leader's use. If the tunes are not familiar to the children, the words should be copied on the black board, or typewritten, and the tunes learned in practice for the worship service.

These programs are suggestive only, and should be adapted to the needs of your own department.

FIRST SUNDAY, JUNE 5, 1932

On this day the juniors should meet with the adults, and take part in the sacrament service.

SECOND SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1932

Theme: "A Pledge of Service" *Decision Day*.

Prelude: "I Would Be True," page 294, *New Saints' Hymnal*.

Call to Worship:

Girls: I heard the voice of Jesus saying,

Boys: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

All: Then said I, "Here am I, send me!"

Hymn: "Just as I Am," page 296.

Prayer.

Scripture Reading: Matthew 5: 18-22.

Picture Study and Story:

"The Call of the Fisherman," by Zimmerman, (David C. Cook Co., Elgin, Illinois, 15 cents, or large size from Herald Publishing House, 25 cents). With this picture use the story, "The Four Fishermen of Galilee," (*Knights of Service*, page 47).

Hymn: "Oh, Jesus Prince of Life and Truth," 303.

Sermon:

Since today is being observed in a great many branches as "Children's Day" and many have made their decisions to serve the Master, and have made their pledge through baptism, a sermon on the Principles of the Gospel might not be amiss. A little talk on the word "*principles*" would make a good introduction.

The story of Paul's conversion may then be told, and of his "pledge" to serve, and his baptism. From this story the children may turn to their *Bibles*, and read with the leader the first two verses of Hebrews 6. (The juniors should be encouraged to bring their own *Bibles*, and learn to use them, and to love them.) Paul is writing this letter to his Hebrew friends and he mentions the principles of the doctrine of Christ: Faith, repentance, baptism, laying on of hands, resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment.

Today many boys and girls have been buried in baptism, and their past lives are forgiven, and they have been resurrected to a new life. When Christ shall come those who have kept their pledges and lived clean, pure lives shall rise with Him. And God shall judge us, and we shall live for ever with Him.

Let us all pledge our service today. Can we come to the mid-week prayer service this week, and tell the Lord and His people that we desire to serve Him always? This may be our project for the week, and maybe the entire group of children can attend, if they are properly invited and urged.

Closing Hymn: "Youth's Prayer," (Tune, "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning," Hymnal 211.)

Father, we have heard thy pleadings,
Shall we fail thee? Never more:
For the goal is bright before us,
And we love as ne'er before.

Chorus:

We'll go forward unto Zion,
We will pledge our lives to thee;
May thy gentle Spirit's whisper
Lead thy youth to victory.

May we hold thy trust most sacred,
May our faith be shown with deeds,
For our task, God, make us stronger,
Oh, thou knowest the spirit's needs.

Let no thought of pain or pleasure
Ever dim our vision clear,
Without ceasing we would serve thee,
That thy Son may soon appear.

—Bertha Constance Woodward.

THIRD SUNDAY, JUNE 19, 1932

Theme: "Deciding to Become Stewards of Our Lives."

Prelude: "O Jesus I Have Promised," 298.

Call to Service:

Leader: "O Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth."—*Psalm* 8: 1.

Response: "I will give thanks unto Jehovah with my whole heart; I will show forth all thy marvelous works."—*Psalm* 9: 1.

Prayer.

Hymn: "We'll Scatter Good Seed," 220.

Poem:

"Can you say tonight, in parting with the days
that's slipping fast,
That you helped a single brother of the many
that you passed?
Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or
said?
Does a man whose hopes were fading, now with
courage look ahead?

Did you waste the day or use it; was it well or
poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness, or a scar of
discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber do you think
that God would say,
"You have earned one more tomorrow by the
work you did today?"

Hymn: "O Jesus, I Have Promised."

Sermon:

We are stewards over our educational opportunities. If we do not study and learn all we can we are not faithful stewards.

We are stewards over our friendships. We must be kind friends, loyal, and true. Jesus has said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." To be the kind of friends people admire we must be neat and clean, and show by our examples that we are serving Christ. We must have courage to stand alone, if necessary, in our decisions, so that we may be true patterns of Sainthood.

We are stewards over our spiritual lives. We must make the best of our opportunities to become spiritual in every way, in prayer, in church attendance, by bearing our testimonies, by being true in all things.

We are stewards over our work. We must do it faithfully and to the best of our ability.

Each one of these thoughts may be developed to the extent that your time will permit.

For a closing thought touch lightly upon the stewardship of possessions, as a project for the sacrifice period. As the sacrifices of God's people shall be brought to the church next Sunday, it

Benediction.

might be well to tell the story of Jehoash and the repairing of the Temple, recorded in 2 Kings, 12. The chest that was placed beside the altar had a hole bored in it, and the money was placed in the chest. It might be a good thing to make a chest of heavy construction paper for each child, with his name on it, and a request be made that they place within the chest the money which represents their sacrifice. Such a chest can very easily be made by following any good box pattern (such as a toothpaste box, etc.)

Closing Thought, read in unison:

Let me lay before the Lord,
My life and talents, too,
Without the thought of vain reward,
And He will then renew
Within me life and peace and joy,
A happiness serene;
For nothing can my peace destroy
With mind and heart made clean.

Hymn: "O Master Workman," 152.
Benediction.

FOURTH SUNDAY, JUNE 26, 1932

Theme: "Stewardship of Possessions."

Prelude.

Call to Worship:

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open to you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." (Malachi 3: 9, 10.)

Sentence Prayer.

Story: "Not what we give, but what we share,"
Knights of Service, page 132.

Hymn: "We Give Thee But Thine Own," 347.

Scripture Reading: Acts 2: 41-47.

Offering:

Let each boy and girl bring their chest containing their offering to the altar (chest mentioned in last Sunday's program), and tell how they earned or obtained their offering. Do not ask them to state the amount, however, for it is the gift and not the amount that should be emphasized. A few pennies given by one child may represent greater sacrifice on his part than the same number of dollars given by another. After the chests are all placed upon the altar, let the children bow with the leader while God's blessing is asked upon the offering.

Sermon:

As the offering service may have taken most of the time you have on hand, the sermon may be

very short. It might be well to draw attention to some who have not known they were stewards over their possessions, such as the rich young man, and Ananias and Sapphira. But be sure and recite to them as a closing thought examples of those who have been blessed because of their sacrifices.

Hymn: "Consecration," 293.

Benediction.



Life's Gold

By FAYE GOULD McLEAN

You say that you can find no good
In things you see around;
Do you not know that purest gold
In earth's rough spots abound?
It's hidden there by God's own hand,
His children to inspire—
It only takes a little search
To find it midst the mire.

Do you not hear on any morn
Along a busy street
The ring of some one's merry laugh,
Or sound of childish feet?
Do you not see a mother's face,
Or flowers set in the sun,
Or hear a bird sing merrily
Because the day's begun?

There's beauty hid in all these things,
Rich gifts from Heav'n above;
But he who hopes to find the gold
Must look through eyes of love.
Not love that makes the heart beat stop,
Or soar on joy's swift wings,
But that which comes by seeing God
In all Life's little things.

It may be just a sparrow's flight,
Or trees seen by the road;
Or cheering some despairing heart
By carrying half its load.
Or in a smile on baby's face—
Who's life is just begun;
Or in an airplane that you see
Go winging 'cross the sun.

Think twice, tired heart, before you say,
The gold you can not see;
In this old world we're traveling through
There's joy for you—and me.
Lift up your head and laugh at Life,
Bid sorrow's gloom depart;
Find God in all the little things
Let love into your heart.

A SUGGESTIVE SERVICE FOR BAPTISM

PRELIMINARIES

Proper and adequate preparation of all details should be made before the service. Each step in the service should be so arranged that announcements will not be necessary during the progress of the service. It is important that all details should be explained to the candidates so that they will be at ease and not worried and troubled as to their part in the service. An atmosphere of sacredness should be secured and maintained through the whole of the service.

Candidates should assemble in an adjoining room before the opening of the service proper and there be addressed by the pastor or officiating minister in reference to the procedure. Where possible the congregation should assemble before the candidates enter.

STEPS IN THE SERVICE

1. Prelude music. Old hymns suggestive of the value of church membership. Dignity and reverence are essential elements to be secured in this music.

2. Processional of candidates and officers. Special seating accommodation should be arranged for the candidates. Parents and close relatives of candidates should also have reserved seats close to the font.

3. Call to Solemn Assembly:

"O give thanks unto the Lord: call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people.

"Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him: talk ye of his wondrous works.

"Glory ye in his holy name; let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

"Seek the Lord, and his strength; seek his face evermore.

"Remember his marvelous works that he hath done; his wonders and the judgments of his mouth."—*Psalms* 105.

4. Address by the presiding officer. This talk should not be more than three or four minutes long. It should be a brief and dignified statement of the sacred purpose of the occasion.

5. Congregational Hymn (standing), *Saints' Hymnal*, 170:

"O Jesus, the giver of all we enjoy,
Our lives to thy honor we wish to employ."

6. Prayer, suggestive of obedience and of desire for divine recognition.

7. Scripture Reading: John 3: 1-8 is suggested.

8. Address to candidates, by officiating minister, candidates standing. This address should be in the form of a definite charge, accompanied by a definite promise made by each individual.

The charge may be given in the following form:

You are about to make a solemn covenant with your heavenly Father in the presence of his Saints. Do you solemnly promise that you will fulfill the obligations of this covenant to the best of your ability so long as life shall last? If so, say "I do."

Note: Friends and parents may here be asked to stand and accept the charge to assist these candidates to practice virtue and truth, as they grow through obedience to the gospel.

9. Congregation seated, music commences (very, very softly).

a. The minister now enters the water as soft music is being played.

b. The candidate enters, music continues to be played until the minister raises his hand to repeat the baptismal service.

Note: If there is more than one candidate, the music, immediately after one candidate is immersed, may pick up the strains and follow until the next candidate is ready in the water, and the minister again raises his hand for the baptismal service. This may continue until the last candidate has been immersed.

10. Congregational Song of Triumph as the last candidate leaves the water. This song should be one of joy and gladness. It should mark a moment when the Saints are rejoicing over those who have been baptized. The angels in heaven would undoubtedly sing songs of praise and thanksgiving. We suggest choice of the following:

New Hymnal, 178, "Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning."

New Hymnal, 35, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

New Hymnal, 205, "God Is Marching His Army." This may be used in a children's baptismal service.

11. Prayer of Thanks.

a. This prayer is one of thanks for the strength that the church receives by the addition of membership. This should always be with a view of the triumph of right over wrong—good over evil.

12. Scripture.

a. Two verses only, Galatians 3: 27, 28:

"For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ.

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

13. Congregational Hymn: *New Hymnal*, 100, "This God is the God we adore."

14. Benediction.

15. Recessional.

VISION



THE WHISPER OF NORTHERN PINES

By Mary Jane Schreur

POT OF GOLD

By Elsie Smith Mann

OUR KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR

By Frances C. Booker

USE OF POSTERS IN JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

By Fern Weedmark

FAITH. A PLAY IN TWO ACTS

By Maxine Post

PURPOSE AND METHOD IN STORY-TELLING

By Carmie Shelley

REUNION INSTITUTE COURSES

JUNE, 1932

A decorative border with a repeating scrollwork pattern surrounds the entire page content.

A CREED

There is a destiny that makes us brothers:
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,
One thing holds firm and fast—
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of a man is cast.

—*Edwin Markham.*

VISION

A Magazine for All Ages

Devoted to the needs and desires of the individual, the program of the church, and the activities of the social group.

LEONARD LEA, Managing Editor

For the Board of Editors

Volume 45

Independence, Missouri, June, 1932

Number 6

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Editorial



In Times Like These—

Men who, a few years ago, were careless and extravagant and drifted easily from one occupation to another, always boastfully certain that "I can get a job any time I want it," are now clinging desperately to whatever little occupation they may have, hoping to put off the evil day when the business paralysis will cut off their income and leave them utterly without resources. The young people of a few years ago who were proud, irresponsible, and scornful of responsibility have been succeeded by a generation of more serious and earnest youngsters who see life as it really is. The gay, immoral philosophy of life affected by that reckless band of *poseurs* known as the "post-war generation" has been proved false, and inadequate for the tests imposed by the harsher conditions of life that have come in recent years. In times like these, the old ideals of honor, integrity, and righteousness, prove their superior value, and those who abide by them are endowed with a superior strength.

Thousands of Young People—

One writer has commented, are now living who have never known what it means to have steady employment. To some who have spent their lives in continuous toil this may not seem to be a misfortune. But what a deprivation of opportunity, what a serious lack in the training of character! How futile and frustrated life must be for such young people, especially when they have ambitions for their own homes and for financial independence.

It must be pointed out that this condition in the lives of young people must inevitably have its moral consequences as well as the financial ones. The habits of thrift and industry, the zest for useful work, the joy of achievement—among the most precious of the rights of men

—can not be theirs in the measure needed. To be held useless, to find no place in the world of affairs, to have no occupation—that is a curse of far more sinister effect than anything else that could be suffered.

Occupations for the Idle—

There is something, however, for these unoccupied young people to do, as recently pointed out by an editorial in the *Kansas City Star*. The young people who are being graduated from high school into a world that holds little opportunity for them to make money do have some occupations open to them. They should continue their studies, preparing for the time when conditions will improve. While cultural education could be continued with benefit, training for some trade or profession would be more desirable. Young men could study electricity, mechanics, advertising, salesmanship, or any of the other various lines of business or industry. The girls can study domestic science, cooking, dress-making, office work, and other things.

There are two values, both of them highly important, in the plan. One of them is practical. It prepares the individual for that time in the future when opportunities will come to those who have trained. And there is no question that a trained person has a superior chance to place himself in the business world. The other value is psychological: It gives the person something to do, to keep his mind from fretting and worrying, and it prevents the creeping paralysis of despair and discouragement. Parents should see to it that their children do not give up and accept the defeat which the times would impose upon them, but should do everything in their power to encourage them to keep on preparing for the chance which is certain to come to those who are qualified.

POT OF GOLD

By ELSIE SMITH MANN

MRS. MATHEWS always called Richard "the boy." She spoke with just the right shade of maternal tenderness one would expect from one as small and dainty and exquisite as she. Mr. Mathews, who was big and brawny, was different. He too called the lad "the boy" but he boomed it with a chesty pride, as if to say: "Here he is—my son!"

To Joan Kent, Richard was just "boy" whispered beneath her breath, uttered with a bewildered joy that hurt. Joan lived in the cottage at the back of the huge stone Mathews' mansion; back of the well-kept lawn and bordered rose garden. She had played hide-and-seek, and leap-frog with him since he was five. It was to Joan he carried all of his troubles.

"It's just that I'm not getting any place here, pal, that's all," he complained. They were sitting in the rose arbor in the garden. Joan pressed thin, scarlet lips that turned up at the corners tightly together.

"But why, boy?" she questioned softly.

"Because I need a change," he scowled. "Mother simply smothers me with her affections. Not that I don't appreciate it all—of course I adore Mother, but——" he broke off abruptly and stared dreamily into space.

"But what?" Joan's whisper aroused him. He sighed deeply, with an effort.

"I want to travel, Joan, and study and paint. I want to paint beautiful, far-away scenes; portraits of charming women and famous men." He drew his six feet of masculine brawn from the bench to the railing and pulled Joan up beside him.

"Don't you see, little pal? I want to go to Paris! To enchanted Paris, where I can work and play—and love," he added softly.

"But why away?"

Richard missed the quivering of Joan's scarlet lips. He could not see the clinched hands, trembling like aspens behind a tense, straight back.

"You are hunting the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, boy," she said; "you will never find happiness, for he who seeks happiness will miss it."

The boy's amused laughter filled the arbor.

"Oh, no, Joan, you shall see. Somewhere

over there I shall find the girl of my dreams, and when I do I shall paint a picture of her that will startle the world and make us both famous." The boy's chest heaved and into his dark eyes crept the far-away look which Joan had learned to fear. Her lips were drawn to a thin straight line, but he did not notice.

SO THE BOY went to Paris. He told Joan good-by in the rose arbor, and the moonlight, sifting through the fragrance of the trelis fell upon her small oval face, strangely white.

"It will be a wonderful adventure, Joan," he cried, laughing in great high spirits. He lifted her in his strong young arms and set her on the railing so he could look into her fringed blue eyes. He kissed her on lips that were cold, and held her rigid, slender body close. Her thin, strained, whispered "good-by" sounded in his ear, then the grape arbor hid her sudden flight. He could see flashes of her ruffled white dress through the shrubbery in the moonlight.

In Paris the boy was very gay. He studied, and laughed, and played, and he met Dorothy. Dorothy had sleek black hair like Joan's, but she did not have lips that turned up at the corners or fringed blue eyes. Dorothy's eyes were green and she had a vile temper, but of course the boy did not discover the temper until later.

For long weeks he basked in the sunshine of her smile and she teased him to paint her portrait, but he did not. She was not the one woman. It was then he found out about the vile temper, so he did not see her again.

He studied hard and was becoming known by his paintings.

"You will be famous some day, my son," the old master said; "but you must play more. You must have an all-absorbing love; all great art springs from a great love or from its ashes."

The old master's hair was snow-white, and he was stooped and walked with a cane, but in his twinkling blue eyes one saw great wisdom. "Great loves are inspirations," he said. "Come, I will show you."

RICHARD went with the old master to the opera, and behind the stage he met LaRue, the great nightingale of Paris. LaRue called

him "boy," in the quick, breathless way of Joan's, and she had small, childish hands like Joan's. But LaRue's eyes were dark, and flashing, and hard, too, so the boy found. But LaRue knew human nature and she played the game well. She sang to him alone, putting her soul into her voice, and the boy was intoxicated by her loveliness, and her sweet graciousness. He almost painted her, but one day he found her harsh, insincere, selfish—and greedy. LaRue wanted jewels, and clothes, and money!

So the boy plunged into work again. His scenic paintings were sold as fast as they were put on the market, but he painted no portraits except copies from the old masters.

"Come," said the old master. "I will show you again." His small eyes twinkled brightly.

To Montmorancy's they went, and there they met Antra. In all of Paris there was none like her. She was Pavlowa the second, and every night she expressed her emotions through a great art to the cafe crowds.

The boy could not rest until he had met her. She looked at him from deep blue fringed eyes, and spoke from lips that turned up at the corners, and she had sleek black hair like Joan's. Night after night the boy was with her and each morning he painted her, and each morning tore the painting up because it was not so beautiful as she.

Then one night she promised to marry him.

"In a week," the boy urged, delirious with joy, and she nodded her sleek black head.

The next morning he painted a portrait that would have startled all of art-loving Paris, had art-loving Paris ever seen it. It was Antra in an old-fashioned gown with a rope of pearls hung from her fair slender neck. He caught something of the best of her, something which she did not even know about; the boy himself drew it from her. He called it "*Youth of Yesterday.*"

The old master kissed him on both cheeks and embraced him excitedly.

"See," he cried, "it is from a deep love. Great loves are great inspirations. But you will do a better one. That is splendid, but pathos is not there. When you have known a great sorrow, then you will paint your masterpiece."

But the boy was thrilled. He wrote a long letter to Joan. "I have painted a marvelous portrait of the one woman, Joan," he wrote.

"We are to be married next week." He gave it to the old master to mail and hastened to tell Antra the good news.

He would slip in and surprise her, he thought, blissfully unaware of Fate's malicious leer. He found Antra in the arms of another, and she laughed in his face.

Richard was staggered, stunned. His feet dragged out of the room that had been the scene of such utter happiness. He went back to his studio, tore the picture to shreds, and shut and locked the door.

The old master was dismayed. He pleaded for two days at steady intervals for the boy to see him, but the door remained locked and no sound came from the darkened room.

The boy kept his room all the long, dreary hours, flung across the bed, sunk in abject misery. He could not bear for anyone to witness his suffering. He knew now that he hated Paris, the city of mean, narrow streets and bright lights. He hated its painted, hardened women who laughed without mirth; its restless, lucre-mad men; its sinister air of mystery and death.

BUT on the third morning, when the sun came through the window and made a huge square on the polished floor, he roused himself. He made breakfast, and as he ate he thought of what Joan had said.

"He who seeks the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow will never be happy," she had said. "Dear little pal, Joan," he mused. Suddenly he realized that he had been attracted to Antra because she was like Joan. Then he knew. He loved Joan—had loved her all the time. He had been hunting the pot of gold and it was in his own back yard!

Laughing excitedly he grasped his brush and stood before a fresh canvas. Joan was beside him in spirit with all her fresh, sweet wholesomeness. The square on the floor grew smaller and smaller, and finally faded all together, but still the boy painted. Noon came and passed unnoticed. It was not until the shadows began to fill the corners and throw grotesque shapes on the walls that he threw the brush down and stepped back to gaze upon his handiwork.

"It is my masterpiece," he murmured reverently. "It is the one woman. I shall call it '*Youth Eternal.*'"

From the canvas, a lithe young girl in a short, scant frock, standing poised on a bluff over-

looking the sea, gazed back at him. There was in her face, expectancy, desire, pathos, and challenge, as if she would brave the pounding, surf-tossed sea if there were the need of it. There was about her flamboyant youth, and yet there was the touch of a madonna soul; she had the soul of Joan.

The old master knocked at the door again and this time the boy opened to him. He saw the canvas and walked over and stood in front of it. The boy watched from the corner of his eye although he appeared nonchalant.

For a long time the old master stood silent, but at last he turned, with tears streaming down his cheeks and placed a short, stocky arm across the tall youth's shoulders.

"My boy, my boy," he whispered over and over, "it is a masterpiece! It will bring you a fortune."

"But it is not for sale," the boy cried; "it is not to be put on display."

"W-what," gasped the old man.

"I have found real love at last." The boy's eyes were shining and the look of reverence still touched his face. "I am leaving for home tonight."

Then he remembered about the letter he had given the old master to mail.

"Oh, if only I hadn't mailed it," he groaned. Instantly the old man divined the workings of his mind and his hand strayed to his pocket and fingered an oblong outline. But he said nothing, for he was wise indeed.

Together they hurriedly packed his things for the time was short.

"You will come back?" the master peered anxiously into the youth's face.

The boy nodded.

"I shall bring her, too," he boasted, and was gone.

But on the boat, the boy thought of Joan's words again with a premonition of disaster but he laughed it away. It was but the black tossing waves making him depressed. Joan was wrong. They would still be happy together. She would see.

JUNE was again in the garden back of the big stone mansion. The boy realized as he walked up the terrace steps that he had been gone a year. His mother cried on his shoulder and clung on his neck, and there was a suspicious moisture in his father's eyes, and his

booming voice wavered a bit as he greeted him, the surprise had been so great.

Over the soup at the dinner table in the long, paneled dining room they talked, and Richard asked, oh, so casually, of Joan.

"We see her much too seldom," complained Mr. Mathews, but he lowered his eyes to hide their laughter.

"You haven't quarreled with her," the boy's voice was sharp and he leaned forward anxiously.

"No," smiled Mrs. Mathews. "You see, Joan is in love."

"With whom?" the boy demanded, but his parents only smiled mysteriously. They watched him go down the path to Joan's cottage, chuckling together over their conspiracy. He whom Joan loved, they knew, was their own son!

The boy had purposely waited for the moonlight to greet Joan. He wanted things to be as they were before. As he neared the rose arbor, he stopped. Some one was there. Could it be Joan? He tiptoed closer behind the shrubbery and peered through the trellis. Joan's soft laughter, mingled with deeper masculine tones, floated to him.

The boy felt an icy hand grip his heart. Like a wounded animal he slipped into the dark to lick his wounds. But he crept back. His soul was seared, yet he could not stay away. Even as he watched, the man arose and kissed Joan tenderly.

"You will come again soon?" the girl asked, with a note of entreaty in her voice that cut the watching boy's heart like the turn of a knife. For a moment he saw the man clearly in the moonlight, heard his murmured answer, then he was gone.

The boy stole softly from the shrubbery. "Joan," his whisper was a mere thread of sound, but the girl turned, poised like a frightened bird, her lips slightly apart, one hand clutching her slender throat.

"Boy," her lips moved but no sound escaped them. Through the moonlight their eyes met and held for a space, and in the stillness the small sounds of the night stirred around them. The boy spoke first.

"You were right, Joan," his voice was husky. "I shall never be happy. Do you really love him?"

(Continued on page 231.)

"OH, DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S LEAP YEAR?"

By EVE THORNTON

TO LEAP or not to leap—that's the question. "Come on in," invite some of my friends who have taken the high dive, "the water's grand!" "Be careful," splutter others, "there are sharp rocks at the bottom and the water's cold!"

Don't I know this is Leap Year? Since I don't consider myself an imbecile and hope that I am not a moron, I ask you—How could I help but be fully aware of the fact that this is Leap Year when at least a dozen people teasingly reminded me of it during the first week of 1932? When I went to get my watch mended, the jeweler (quite married) shoved before my eyes a tray of attractive men's rings, I mean men's attractive rings—you know, good looking rings for men. The candy man (even more married) came very much alive and made a generous Leap Year offer of his bonbons to all the girls in the neighborhood. "Why don't you girls gather up your boy friends and have a line party?" demanded the theater manager (very much married). "Special rates for all Leap Year couples, and the show this week is a dandy—'My Man!'" In the garment shop a safely-married, safely-divorced clerk archly reminds us: "My dear," (syrupy smile) "we women must look our best during Leap Year." Good advertising, you say? Uhhuh. And then some middle-aged, wise-cracking male croaks: "World-wide depression? Why, of course—it's Leap Year!"

Yes, indeed, we girls know that it's Leap Year. The year was not yet born when we were reminded of it. Everywhere at parties, when poor old 1931 was drawing its last breath, our partners smiled banteringly at us and reminded us of the wonderful opportunities of the year ahead, "not just an ordinary year, my dear, but *leap year*." I am told that at one party, the guests were gathered about the punch bowl. As the New Year was rung in, one life of the party raised his cup and proposed the toast, "To the New Year and to the Ladies—May they get their hearts' desire!" Very witty.

And though the year is six months' old, I write, not as one disillusioned or disgruntled—I'm too old for the first, and yet too young

for the second—but as one who enjoys a good joke on the women—and on the men. The joke? If you're properly curious you'll know and appreciate it before December 31, 1932. You see, this isn't my *first* Leap Year.

Hurrah for Leap Year! Year of expectation and pranks and fun. Year when we can make our own dates in spite of Emily Post (as if the bolder spirits don't do it any old time). It is the time when womankind girds on the armor of feminine charms and wiles—baby stares, spit curls and glittery finger nails included—and sallies from parental rooftrees in every village and hamlet. From pretty lips comes the war cry: "A Man for Me This Year!" Every maid, be her locks golden or grizzled, feels the urge of the conquest and becomes a dangerous blot on the landscape to the so-called "eligible male." *Of course* we women know it's Leap Year.

Formerly the institution of Leap Year was taken very seriously in some countries. We wonder what crimes have been perpetrated in its name. State and church sanctioned the activities of the feminine proposer, and the masculine proposee was victimized to the extent that he was compelled to prove himself already married, engaged, or forfeit certain of his goods as recompense to the fair proposer for the abasement of her pride. We have no doubt but that any number of harassed males succumbed at once to free themselves of further feminine attentions.

Today in America those who take Leap Year seriously are very few indeed. Women of the 1932 model no longer wear kneecap callouses—silk stocking, even at present low prices, are too expensive for that. Leap Year frolics are frequent. Little Mary may take her Oscar awalking, to the movies, or to church. And since it is Leap Year and if the occasion is special enough, she may call at his home, help him into his overcoat, and promising to return him at an early hour (?), bear him from the midst of his amused family.

Strange it is that in spite of all this Leap Year gaff, Dan Cupid, sly little fellow, plies his trade as usual. The marriage license bureau office and the preacher are not visibly affected

by "the depression." The newspaper daily bears announcement of one couple, two couples, or more who have ventured out upon the "sea of matrimony" with Captain Mr. and First Mate Mrs. in charge of the good ship *Honey-moon*. The bridegroom bears up admirably under the accusation of having been "caught," or as our anglers of both sexes prefer to say, "hooked," and the bride blushing denies the charge of having "popped the question."

There is the story of the Leap Year wedding February 29. A strange wedding date! "It's this way," explained the bride. "Think how many family quarrels will be averted—Jim won't have the chance to forget our wedding anniversary but once every four years."

What a wallop the younger crowd gets out of Leap Year, the high school youngsters and college freshmen! "What do you do at a Leap Year party?" animatedly demands a young fellow, and it would be cruel to say: "That's right—you don't know. Last Leap Year you were only thirteen, weren't you?" What a lot of flowers and parties and candy and jokes are femininely given on and about the campus!

Certainly I remember the fun I got out of my first Leap Year party.

And then—after the three hundred and sixty-six days of Leap Year are gone, comes the time to balance the ledger. If little Mary has "got" her Oscar, there wells up in her heart a fountain of sympathy for her less fortunate sister. Advice tumbles from her lips, and if Oscar doesn't take up too much of her time and attention, match-making schemes crowd into her mind. Then, oh, then, single sister, you who have failed to bring home the Leap Year bacon, beware!

As for the one who has failed, hope springs ever in the human breast. She lays her weapons of warfare away in the cedar chest where also repose sundry other possessions "in hopes." Perhaps a tear falls, and perhaps it doesn't. Perhaps she sighs, "Not now—but in 1936—maybe," and perhaps she doesn't. And somewhere the man who was not quite eligible enough to be a 1932 Leap Year catch, may also murmur: "Not now—but in 1936—maybe." Maybe he does and maybe he doesn't.

Anyway it's a good joke, this Leap Year business. Oh, don't you *know* it's Leap Year?

POT OF GOLD

(Continued from page 229.)

An enigmatical smile crossed the girl's lips. For an instant she felt an intense desire to hurt him even as she had been hurt.

"Very, very much," she said.

At her words the boy felt an impotent, helpless rage.

"But he is old, Joan." The hot words of protest seemed wrenched from his throat. In that moment he aged ten years. "You can't marry him."

She stood silent, struggling in her mind against him. She could scarcely bear to see the pain in his hurt, young eyes. Then because her love for him was so great that all thought of self was effaced, she whispered gently:

"Must one marry every man whom one loves, even a dear old uncle?"

"Uncle?" the boy was stammering incoherently. "But they said at the house that you were in love—"

"So I am, boy," her voice broke, then lifted

again with pride and dignity, "but the man I love is blind. He has sought the world over for that which he could not see at home."

With a glad, incredulous cry the boy sprang forward, but as he reached her, he stopped and his outstretched arms dropped lifelessly to his side. Suddenly he realized his unworthiness. He dropped to his knees before her.

"Beloved," he entreated heavily. "If you could but condescend to love one so stupid—"

The rose arbor seemed alive, vibrant with their sweet, young passion, as she knelt beside him in the moonlight.



WHAT IS IT WORTH?

Not, "What does it cost?" but, "What is it worth?"

"What can I give?" not, "What will I get?"

Not, "Can I escape it?" but, "How can I do it?"

That is the way life's problems are met.

—Alan F. Bain.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

By AUDENTIA ANDERSON

WOULD it be a fair warning for me to say, "If you don't like to 'dig among the bones' or dream yourself into the lives of people of a far-away past, you will likely find little of interest in this article?" For one with strong imagination and the ability to follow vicariously the fortunes and misfortunes of those who lived centuries ago, visible evidences of their existence, even if viewed only in the form of tombstones and memorials, bring a series of thrills and real delight.

We count it a distinctly happy coincidence that as we stood before the stately pile of Westminster Abbey preparatory to a visit within, there should come dashing along, with dapper cane and derby, our rising young architect brother, John Worth, on his way back to his office after having lunch. Following the introductions by the Baldwins and Elder Hanson, he decided to go with us on our tour of inspection. In the pursuit of his profession Brother Worth had studied the old structure as a child studies its primer, and knew it "inside and out." Thus his company proved vastly entertaining and instructive—to the visitors from "the west," at least.

On the outside he called our attention to many fine points of line and design, of ornament, window, or pillar which bespoke this or that school or period of architecture. He showed us which portions were the work of Sir Christopher Wren (designer of Saint Paul's Cathedral and many other notable buildings in London and elsewhere), which were of early Norman origin, which of later remodeling, why and how they could be so distinguished, and in countless ways opened slightly a door of appreciative information concerning architecture which revealed an alluring vista of study hitherto close to us. Through his professional contacts he seemed to be well-recognized and was permitted access to many parts of the historic old building not commonly shown to visitors. Altogether we consider our lucky star was in the ascendancy when we met this enthusiastic and well-informed young brother on the steps of the Abbey.

Across the street was a hospital, he pointed out, which once was a royal palace but later

"swapped" to the monks when they needed to enlarge their facilities. It has recently been remodeled. The land the monks gave in exchange is situated near where Saint James Palace now stands.

Close by the Abbey is the Church of Saint Margaret. It originated in a remote period, whether in Saxon or early Norman times is undetermined. It was used as a place of worship for the people living in the vicinity of the monastery. In the fifteenth century it attained its present general form, though undergoing later restoration. It is considered a popular place for the weddings of "society folks."

Just when Westminster Abbey had its beginnings is not clear. It is technically the "Collegiate Church of Saint Peter, in the Borough of Westminster," and the huge structure has evolved through centuries from a church built from 1049 to 1065 by Edward the Confessor around the original church of a monastery founded in the eighth century. This pious king was canonized in 1163 by Pope Alexander III, and is known as "Saint Edward." To venerate his memory King Henry III, who reigned 1216-1272, began to reconstruct the building, arranging it much as it is today, with the exception of the elaborate Chapel of Henry VII, which obviously is of later date.

This work of reconstruction stretched over centuries, the nave not being completed until about 1500. It is the highest Gothic nave in England, being one hundred and two feet from floor to ceiling. The western towers were added by Sir Christopher Wren, although a central tower and a steeple, which seemed to have been in the original design, have never been attempted. This celebrated man, who died in 1723, left an indelible impression upon the architecture of his own country as well as that of others. In America, we have the Library building of William and Mary's College, at Williamsburg, Virginia, as one example, at least, of his designing. It was built in 1720.

Wren's attempts at restoration of the great Abbey was but one which the historic old pile, mainly of early English architecture, has undergone. About fifty years ago some extensive work was done, and quite recently public sub-

scriptions have made possible some further needed repairs.

About one hundred and fifty monks located here originally built the Abbey—the cloisters first, of course, for that was where they lived as they labored. The old stone quarters were barren and cheerless, but very interesting. We peeped into their kitchen, with sleeping rooms above, saw their cupboards for towels and utensils, and their closets for meager clothing supplies. We saw their prison used for discipline. We noted the unglazed windows, open alike to the zephyrs of summer and the biting blasts of winter, some with only a grating for protection. We saw the bench where a Queen once sat and for a penance washed the feet of passing beggars. We saw the cloister rooms which are now the private homes of Deans Foxley, Morris and others, and were told that the more comfortable hospital quarters around the court have become the homes of various Bishops and Cannons. In one corridor were tablets showing the interment of bishops from 1068 to 1214.

Brother Worth led the way into some subterranean passages not usually shown, pointing out the very oldest parts, strictly of Norman origin, with the rounded roofs and arches peculiar to that period. In the Undercroft we saw relics and effigies of various notables, mainly members of England's royal families of a bygone day. Among these I noted Edward III (died 1377), James I, Henry VII, and Queens Katherine of Valois and Anne of Denmark. There was one eccentric one memorializing a bishop—Islip, I believe it was, if my notes may be trusted—which was very grotesquely decorated. Brother Worth explained that when a king or a bishop was popularly disliked the designer of his tomb often managed to put in its ornamentation some clownish gargoyle to express contempt.

The Jerusalem Chamber, a small, circular-domed, ivy-clad wing, was built of Roman masonry. Here died Henry IV in 1413 when brought to the room as he was seized with a fit while praying at the shrine of Edward the Confessor. This Chamber is noted for the reason that here met that body of forty-seven divines who, by order of James I, were engaged in making translations of the *Bible* from the Hebrew. There were originally fifty-four of these

prelates, each of whom was given a certain portion to translate; but before the group met in this Chamber for the final revisions and comparisons, seven had passed into the great beyond. Because of its excellence, this translation, known by the name of the monarch who sponsored it, has practically superseded other translations.

As designed by King Henry III, Westminster Abbey was to provide a fitting burial place for the English sovereigns, and many indeed lie there. The last one of the royal lines to be interred there was George II, who died in 1760, since which time the sovereigns have been buried at Windsor. Other honored dead of the nation have been given nook there, and many others memorialized in tablets and statues which adorn the walls and niches. These are largely grouped according to their specific contributions in life. Thus there are corners devoted to poets, philosophers, inventors, statesmen, ministers, explorers, and whatnot. No special corner is provided for the soldiers, however, their memorials being found throughout the building.

Volumes could be written about this remarkable church and its contents, all filled with description and charm, and yet inadequate to perfectly portray their interest and beauty. The light in the interior is very soft and subdued, some lovely stained glass windows of modern construction, in the transept and elsewhere, enhancing the effect. High among the arches are the balconies, their fronts latticed with ornamented carvings.

Though the altar has been restored, the pavement within the rails is the one brought from Rome when Henry III was rebuilding the church. There, too, may be seen the stone benches formerly used by the monks during mass. Before this High Altar the Archbishop places the jeweled crown upon the head of a new sovereign, which latter then ascends a dais to receive, in kingly state and splendor, the homage of his courtiers and subjects of the Peerage.

There is an ornamented shrine dedicated to "Saint Edward" where rests the body of the king who was considered good enough to receive cannonization. Only the base remains of the original memorial, said to have been as splendid as that one at Canterbury which honors Saint Thomas. The body of Edward lies in

a wooden coffin above, and grouped around are tombs of various sovereigns of the Plantagenet lines. This grim array reflects the design of the church as a royal mausoleum. The tomb of Henry V is surmounted by an effigy of the royal personage, who lies beneath, as is the case with some others. Most of these effigies are fairly well preserved, two being considered as especially fine examples of that old memorial custom. The graceful effigy of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I, (known as Edward Longshanks), is said to have served as a model for sculptured figures of the Virgin.

About this good Queen Eleanor of Castile many interesting stories are told, for she is held in loving memory. One day when her husband was sitting in his tent in the far East, he was stabbed by a Moslem assassin. Blood poison developed, and the devoted wife, regardless of the hazard to herself, sucked the virus from the wound, and carefully nursed him back to health. She died about 1291 when the Prince of Wales, her only surviving son, was but seven years old. Her body was carried from Hornby, near Lancaster and the Irish Sea, in the western part of Westmoreland county, to Westminster Abbey, accompanied by her grieving husband and a large coterie of mourners. Later he erected twelve memorial crosses, marking each of the places where her bier rested as the sad cortege wound its way across the country. They are called "Eleanor Crosses," and of the twelve only three remain today—those at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham. The one nearest the Abbey was at Cherringe, an old village named for its dominant family. It was located just south of what is now Trafalgar Square, in London. The Gothic cross placed there was destroyed by the Parliamentary party under Cromwell in 1647, but in 1865 a copy was erected near the original site, and is pointed out today as "Charing Cross." It was of extreme interest to us, as was the one in Waltham which we saw the day we visited Waltham Abbey.

Edward I was the last English monarch to embark upon a crusade in participation in the "holy" wars, and within the next twenty years all that had been gained by the Christians in the Holy Land, at the cost of so much blood and treasure, had been won back by the Turks.

Edward I was often called the "Hammer of

the Scots." He was greatly loved, and was a capable king, one who believed it of great advantage to unite the whole island, then composed of three divisions—England, Scotland and Wales. Though formerly under the control of the kings of England these portions had become independent. In pursuance of his desire, Edward led an army into Wales and conquered it almost without a battle. The reason for this bloodless victory seems to have lain in a superstition centering around an old prophecy which had long been given credence. This prophecy was to the effect that when English money became round a Prince of Welsh birth would be crowned in London. About the time of Edward's invasion a new coinage of copper had been made, which was round in shape, and the Welsh people believed the ancient prophecy was about to be fulfilled, hence made little resistance.

This incursion occurred in 1283, and the very next year Queen Eleanor did indeed give birth to a son, while occupying a castle in Wales. To gratify the Welsh, the child was given the title of Prince of Wales, starting a custom which has since obtained in regard to the heir to the throne of England. This prince did, in time, become king of England, though he was not the eldest son (his brother Alphonso died the year after the Prince of Wales was born), and thus old Merlin's prognostications were fulfilled. As King Edward II, this prince did not prove so popular and efficient as his father, and was deposed after a reign of twenty years. It was in the stirring times of these Edwards there occurred the thrilling and colorful events of Scottish history which center about the exploits and achievements of Robert the Bruce and William Wallace.

Perhaps the most notable thing about this shrine of Edward the Confessor, especially to Americans who can trace their ancestral lines to this ancient king, is the Coronation Chair which he brought from Scotland as a trophy of his victories. Under its seat is the "stone of Scone," or "stone of destiny," which tradition says is the identical one upon which the ancient patriarch Jacob pillowed his head the night he had his wonderful vision of heaven and which he built into a cairn erected to memorialize that spiritual experience. It is said that when the prophet Jeremiah escaped from the Babylonish

king at the destruction of Jerusalem, he fled into Egypt, carrying with him this historic stone and one or more of the little daughters of his captive king, Zedekiah.

It is not a small stone, as I recall it, being about the size and shape of a small pillow, but it was large enough to have been an object of some hindrance and care in a flight taken for self-preservation. However, if household things were taken along, in a cart or other vehicle, the preservation of this, to the prophet, sacred relic of red sandstone might be deemed possible. After many wanderings and several generations it is supposed to have been brought into Scotland, and for centuries when a Scottish king was crowned he stood upon this sacred stone, held in great reverence. The Scottish people believed that wherever it was, there would be the center of their monarchy. Edward carried it to Westminster in 1296, and it was enclosed in this coronation chair, once highly ornamented with carvings, but now marred and defaced with the pencillings of time. Sitting in this old chair, above the ancient "stone of destiny," many English sovereigns have been crowned.

There was an interesting tomb surmounted by a cradle in which reposed two sleeping infants. We were told we could "peep inside so long as we did not disturb the babies!" It is the tomb of a very youthful King Edward and his little brother, both lads having been assassinated in their sleep as they were prisoners in the Tower of London. This was in 1483. It was Richard, the regent-uncle of the thirteen-year-old sovereign, who paved the way for the perpetration of this dark deed when his own ambitions for personal power proved too strong for his moral perceptions and inhibitions.

The exquisite chapel of Henry VII, founder of the Tudor line, recalled the famous "War of the Roses." This prolonged struggle between the houses of York and of Lancaster raged for thirty years. The nobles who upheld the House of York wore white roses as badges and those who favored the Lancaster family wore red ones. When it terminated, at Bosworth Field in 1485, there were but few powerful dukes or princes left on either side. This left an open field for the ambitious Henry VII. Through his politic marriage with Elizabeth of York, the two contending houses were united,

the war ended, and the "hatchet was buried," though the exchequer of the kingdom was sorely bankrupt.

In a magnificent tomb, in this beautiful chapel with its carved stalls, its delicate fan-tracery of ceiling, and its fine bronze entrance portals, lie the remains of that king and his consort. All about hang the banners of the "Knights of the Bath," an order whose installation ceremonies took place here. There are stalls, or niches, for forty-eight knights. This order was originated in 1725 by George I, and was at first military in its scope but, since 1847, has been extended to civilians, as well. There are three classes in this order, we were told—Knights Grand Cross, Knights Commanders, and Companions.

Here is the tomb of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, the only Stuart sovereign who has a monument in the Abbey. It was in this Chapel, also, that Cromwell and other leaders of the Commonwealth movement were first buried, but their bodies were disinterred later and subjected to dishonor, Cromwell's being dismembered and his head picketed on a gibbet before the public gaze. This gruesome action was performed at the order of Charles II, son of that Charles whom Cromwell, as "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth," had caused to be executed. Cromwell died in 1658.

In the Statesmen's Corner we noted the tombs or memorials of Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh, Gladstone and others. In the Poet's Corner was a monument embracing most of the illustrious names in English literature—Chaucer, Spencer, Dryden, Browning, Tennyson, Dickens, and many others. In Musician's Aisle were Purcell, Bennett, Balfe, and others, though Handel, I noticed, is placed in the Poet's Corner.

Brasses memorialized architects and engineers—Barry, Scott, Pearson—and Robert Stephenson, and Talford. Livingston's tomb is near that of Tompion, the "father of English Watch-making." There is a Whig's Corner. Near the west door is a monument where "Rests the Body of a British Warrior, Unknown by Name or Rank, Brought from France to lie among the Most Illustrious of the Land. . . Nov. 11, 1920."

Joseph Addison, editor of *Tatler*, a writer whose diction was so unusually clear and polished that it became a standard for later literature has an honored place. According to a

custom observed about the time of his demise, we were told, his body was borne to the Abbey at midnight, at the head of a torchlight procession, there to lie in state until interment. A little boy when shown the tomb of Addison asked, "Was he the man who invented the telephone?"

Near the tomb of Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, is shown the carved pulpit last used by that noted reformer before being burned at the stake in 1556. John Wesley and Charles Wesley, the latter dying in 1780 eleven years before his brother, are memorized, inscriptions from their own lips adorning the marble: "The Best of All is, God is With Us," "I look upon All the World as my Parish," and "God Buries His Workmen, but Carries on His Work."

At the tomb of David Livingstone (died 1873), Scottish explorer in "darkest Africa," we read that his blessing was pronounced upon everyone—"American, English or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world." There are also the significant words: "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold; I go that they may hear my voice."

Isaac Newton is highly honored in memorial. Another which greatly intrigued us was the tribute to that twenty-nine-year-old British agent, John Andre, whom American Colonists captured and executed as a spy. His services to his country and his loyalty to his King are highly eulogized in the inscription.

Some of the tombs are of granite, some of marble, and some, such as that of Edward III, of alabaster. That sovereign died in 1377 after ruling fifty years. In his reign Windsor Castle was built, Wycliffe exposing the corruption of the Pope and the Catholic Church began the First Reformation, the Flemings came to England and set up their fine weaving mills, and many other notable and progressive events occurred. Nevertheless in his last days he was deserted by nobles and courtiers, and when he died he was chiefly mourned by the common people. His son, the Black Prince, idol of the English, had died the year before. The monument to the latter is near the tomb of Edward the Confessor, though his body was interred in Canterbury Cathedral. A heroic figure of this favorite Prince constitutes the memorial in Westminster. It is carved in stone and repre-

sents him in the old black armor, lying on his back in the sleep of death. An ancient coat-of-mail, a helmet, and a pair of gauntlets hang near, which people like to believe were worn by the popular prince.

It was in the time of Edward III that the "Order of the Garter" was founded. Tradition avers that at a ball the King picked up a lady's garter, and remarked, "Evil be to him who evil thinks of it." From this incident evolved the great dignity of the highest order in England. Its members are the sovereign, the Prince of Wales, and twenty-five Knights companions, besides such other English princes and foreign sovereigns as may be specially chosen. Before the time of George III membership was conferred by election. The badge and insignia bear in Latin the reputed remark of the founder.

Many chapels in Westminster are now without altars, and are crowded with memorials, some of huge proportions. In one there is an effigy in Limoges enamel work, said to be the only one of its kind in all England. In another are a number of wax effigies, curious funeral relics of departed and well-nigh forgotten entities of the distant past. One which attracted my attention particularly was a very stately one, erected to the memory of the ancient knight, De Vere, to whom, in common with many other Americans, my ancestral lines have been traced. The memorial is surrounded by the figures of four kneeling knights.

Occasionally as we traversed various parts of the Abbey, we saw troops of lively, khaki-clad Boy Scouts. Their international meeting had been held at—was it Greydon, Wimbledon? I forget—just the week before, and swarms of the eager, fresh-faced young lads overran London, "doing the sights." We encountered them everywhere. A young priest, acting as our guide, stopped suddenly in his lecture as he watched another such unit entering, and remarked, resignedly,

"Ah! I have conducted only ten such groups through the Abbey today!"

On the tomb of Charles Dickens we saw a spray of fresh carnations, bearing a card "From the Hungarian Boy Scouts."

Just here we will emerge from the dim old church, peopled with the shadowy figures of England's past. Since we shall not have time

(Continued on page 249.)

THE WHISPER OF NORTHERN PINES

By MARY JANE SCHREUR

“W HOOPEE”
“Hurrah for Ruth!”
“Viva la Ruth.”

“Three cheers for the new champ!” The spectators were plainly enthusiastic; but the object of their pride was absorbedly peeling off her tight cap, and shaking out short straggly curls. She seemed calm enough, well poised in her new championship. Inwardly she was raging. Silly people! That’s all they were. She had expected it—but there was no making Mother or Dad see it.

She forced the corners of her mouth into a natural-looking smile. Then, saying she was chilly and wanted to dress, she escaped.

She stumbled into her tent and threw herself upon her cot, taking no heed of the enmity between wet bathing suit and fresh, clean coverlets. Wild disappointment depressed her.

Splash! drum! rum! splash! beat the water against the rock-strewn shore. The pines nodded their wise heads, and whispered together as if holding council in the case. Importunate pines! Even the scented air bore witness of their presence. The red squirrels, noisily chattering as they ran to and fro among the white birches, seemed to mock her with the thought that all the world was gay but she.

Her reverie was suddenly interrupted by the laughing voices of her approaching pals. Fae Milton rushed into the tent followed by Sally, Jean, and Sue.

“Congratulations, ole top! Have you heard the latest? There’s a new man in camp—a real man—and he’s mine. I saw him first, and I’m warning you—no trespassing.”

“Oh, time will decide,” commented Sally coolly. “You know, possession’s nine points of the law.”

“And don’t forget, all’s fair in love and football,” chimed in Sue.

“Well, it’s every gal for herself, and may the best woman win!”

“Count me out,” ordered Ruth Ann. “No competition from me. You girls fall too easily. Why kid yourself? You know that no real man would come to this dump!”

Even as she said it she felt guilty; but her sense of sheer boredom had prompted her.

“Why can’t I play the game like the rest?” she wondered, after the others had departed to their own tents to make initial preparations for the conquest. “This man-hating camouflage is getting a trifle stale. But I guess I’ll have to keep it up. No one ever falls for me except old men and cripples. Why! I haven’t had a date since way back when— Perhaps I’m doomed to be an old maid and swim for a living. Pouting around like this won’t help much anyhow. I might as well flaunt my laurels and accept the proud title of queen of the water.”

She donned a crispy dress of sea blue voile and skipped up the steps of the terrace just as the supper bell was ringing.

It was a custom of that camp for everyone, young and old, to take his turn in serving at the dining hall. It was Ruth’s turn to serve, so she entered the kitchen and was immediately stormed with greeting and praise. Slightly embarrassed she escaped to the dining room with a plate of bread. As she was placing it Mrs. Crandine motioned to her. “Miss Borden, may I present my nephew, Mr. Proctor?” At the very formal words of his aunt Mr. Proctor arose in acknowledgment of the introduction. A few commonplaces, and Ruth went back to her work.

“So!—Well, not bad looking. The girls deserve a break. Fae’s been a good pal; perhaps I can play cupid for her.”

SEVEN THIRTY. The bell was again tolling, and the people were gathering at the tabernacle. All kinds of people they were— young and old, rich and poor; from the tiny babe to the great-grandfather; from the able financier to the common day laborer. All had come for the selfsame purpose, to worship at the shrine of nature.

Suddenly the building was flooded by a profusion of beautiful melody. A tall young man was deftly bowing—producing lovely sound pictures. First it was the sea, surging, and leaping, then soft and low as frightened birdlings in the nest, then a rising storm, clouds scudding across the sky, rain fast falling, and then—sweet peace. The wrapt audience listened with awe.

When out in the cool night air Lucille Bonde, in answer to Ruth Ann's surprised questions exclaimed, "My dear, don't tell me you haven't heard. Why, he's Philip Kendall Proctor—only son of Doctor M. B. Proctor, professor of music at the University, you know. Isn't he just too marvelous? Did you notice how beautifully he manicures? And I just love dimples in the chin."

Ruth Ann's spirit was not the only one writhing in boredom that night. Philip Proctor was also struggling to down the demons of pessimism which fought to control his thoughts. His music was his only way of giving vent to his repressed spirit—and he could not disturb the slumbers of the camp by playing at this hour. He tossed in his bed, trying to analyze his feelings. He asked himself again and again, "What is it that I need to be happy? Haven't I had everything that any young man could ask for: college, travel, study abroad, a lovely home, sympathetic and intelligent parents, and a host of friends. What more could I want? Surely I do not crave feminine companionship—not after the dirt Peggy handed me. Women are narrow, flighty creatures of pleasure. They have no place in my life. No, I am through with women. I'm Phil, the woman-hater."

His thoughts wandered on as only thoughts can wander, until at last sleep submerged for a time that awful mountain of discontentment.

Ruth Ann awoke at dawn. For a long time she lay listening to the lapping of the waves against the beach. It was still very early when she slipped into her green suit and stole down to the beach. As she approached the shore she was startled by the sound of voices. It was Don Smitherson—the bore!—and who was with him?—was it that Phil person?

"Hi, Ruthie! Race you to the sand bar," called Don.

"Oke," called Ruth Ann, while again she raved inwardly. Don, she remembered, had always had a special power of making her feel uncomfortable. From the time when, at the mature age of eleven he developed the habit of publicly proclaiming, "Ruthie's my girl!" until now when he still called her "Ruthie"—and before this stranger, too.

"C'mon, Phil," called Don, and the three of them plunged into the cool water and were soon cutting the waves with their swift strokes. It

seemed good to Ruth to be in the water again. It seemed to soothe the anger that had been rising within her and to make her sane once more. She reached the shallow water of the sand bar and had opened her mouth to give a shout of victory when she discovered that the "Phil person" was there before her. Her mouth closed again, and a blank expression swept her face.

"You swim well—for a girl," he stated politely—too politely, thought Ruth Ann.

A feeble "Thank you" was all she could manage, and Ruth Ann was glad when the first breakfast bell sounded and Don suggested that they swim back.

Hasty dressing, breakfast, and preparation for morning classes absorbed Ruth Ann for the next few hours and she had no time to consider the events of the morning. At nine thirty when comfortably seated in class she began to ponder them over.

"Well, at last you've had some of your conceit over your old swimming taken away," Ruth Ann told Ruth Ann.

Just then she was startled by some one behind her beginning to talk. The class had been given over to discussion.

Whose voice was that? Somewhere she had heard it before. She had heard it say, "You swim very well—for a girl." Again, that Phil person! Why should he continually startle her? He was probably nothing but a light-headed college boy who couldn't earn a dime if he had to.

"The *Book of Mormon* states—" the voice interrupted her thoughts. Oh! he had studied the church books? The voice went on discussing things which few others in the group had read. The girls exchanged significant glances.

When the class was over the girls gathered in Sue's tent.

"Didn't you feel cheaper than a German mark?" asked Sally. "We all sat there with our eyes and mouths wide open."

"Oh! he just wanted to show us how awfully smart he is"—from Ruth.

"Ruth Ann! how can you say that? I think you have the best chance of us all, too. I saw him looking at you all during breakfast this morning."

"He was behind me so I'm sure I don't know where he was looking; but I do know that your imagination is working overtime. He wouldn't

move that beautiful blond head of his to look at me," stated Ruth sarcastically. "Why, you should have heard the dirty remark he gave me this morning."

"This morning?" they all echoed.

"Well, I'd say that there is more than your imagination working overtime. None of us have even had a word with him," stated Lucille.

"I think this dope about your being a man-hater is all bunk," declared Sally.

"I envy you," sighed little Jean jealously.

"Envy? Why, he practically insulted my swimming."

"Now, Ruth, you can't string us any longer. From now on you are being shadowed."

"Say, did you see Dick Emmels this morning, Ruth? He was looking all over for you."

"Why, no. What did he want?"

"He's getting up a play and wants all of us to take part. We meet at one thirty this afternoon."

"Great!"

"Are we going to the lecture at eleven?"

"Might as well—come on."

ONE THIRTY found the crowd gathering at the Junior Auditorium. Everyone chattered sociably while they waited for the last ones to arrive. Dick Emmels soon came and with him was Phil Proctor.

"Folks," he said, "we are fortunate to have Phil with us. He has had a great deal of experience in dramatics and will be a great help in putting our play over in a big way. We have selected a very peppy little college play which I think will be a fine change from what we have given. Phil has consented to take the leading part—that of Bob in the play. Lucille, how would you like to be a wealthy aunt? We need Jean for a child's part. The heroine is a college freshman. Ruth, I'll ask you to take that. Sue, Sally, Peggy, and Fae are haughty sophomores. Don, Jack, Ted, and Dick have light comic parts. I hope you will like this play, and I'm certain that you will. Will you please have your parts as well as possible for tomorrow? We will plan to have it the last Friday of camp. I know you are in a hurry to get to the ball game so I won't keep you any longer."

There was a rush for the hill where two rival teams were playing baseball. The side-lines were crowded with excited observers. It was a

muggy afternoon in August and the sultry air seemed to be filled with suppressed excitement as a fore-warning of an impending disaster. The game was fast—they played earnestly, almost fiercely, one inning after another. Then in a rush for a base, suddenly, and without anyone knowing exactly how it had happened, there was a sliding in the wet clay, the sound of human bone against hard rock, the rush of the crowd about the two boys, loud cries of, "Who is hurt?" and "Bring water quick!" Then Dick Emmels calmly ordered, "Some one bring a car quickly," and it was soon generally known that Don was badly hurt.

It was Ruth Ann's brown, competent, young hands which first succeeded in guiding a car up the steep hill; and it was Phil Proctor who loaded Don into the low, graceful roadster.

They sped over the country roads, Ruth Ann driving fast but still very carefully. Within a half hour they were in the big hospital. Don was examined by an efficient young doctor and they were soon informed that he was suffering from several fractures and would have to remain in the hospital for a few days.

"And now, young man," said the doctor turning to Phil, "I think you are also in need of attention. Then, for the first time Ruth noticed an angry cut on the side of his face. He flourished a bloody handkerchief which made her gasp, "Why, I didn't realize you were hurt."

"I'm not hurt," he replied.

"Weren't you limping when you came in?" asked the doctor.

"My ankle is just twisted a little."

"Let's have a look at it."

"A bad strain," reported the doctor a few minutes later. "You must keep off from it for a while."

"But I must go back with Miss Borden. I'll promise you to keep quiet when I get back to camp."

Phil, after much talk, finally persuaded the doctor to let him return to camp—but only after he had promised to spend the next few days in bed and to give up baseball for the rest of the season.

The sun was setting as they climbed the hills on their way home. It painted everything with the rosy glow of an outdoor fire.

"You must be very tired, Miss Borden. This has been very hard for you—Don's being hurt.

You must think a great deal of him—I know he does of you.”

“We are only good friends,” replied Ruth Ann; and they drove the rest of the way in silence.

“You must go to your room at once, Mr. Proctor. I’m going to see that you obey the doctor’s orders. I’ll have your meals sent up.”

She was gone. It was true she was tired, and she longed to be alone. Such a reunion! Had exciting things like these ever happened here before? No. And she had begged to stay home. For once, she’d have to admit, the folks were right.

She changed her clothes quickly and raced hungrily to the dining hall. There she met the girls. They eyed her viciously.

“Where’s Phil?”

“In his room, and he’ll be there for the next two days—doctor says he’ll have to keep off his foot until his ankle improves.”

“Suppose that’s the end of our play—with Don and him both hurt.”

“Say, I’ve some news for you, Ruth. Jack told me today that Phil is a professional woman-hater. Isn’t that nice?”

“Here’s to the man-hater and the woman-hater,” giggled Sue, holding up her cup. “May cupid do the rest.”

The next few days were busy ones. They decided to go on with the play. A substitute was found for Don’s part; and Phil was able to come to the last rehearsal Friday afternoon. They worked a long time after practice to get the stage properties in order. At last everything was finished and they closed the doors of the Junior Auditorium.

The program was good. Everyone did his best. Phil played two solos and again thrilled the audience. He was an accomplished musician. The play came last, and for the first time in her life Ruth Ann admitted that she was nervous. “That’s because she is playing opposite Mis-ter Proc-tor,” piped Jean. Somehow they lived through it, and the audience applauded loudly as the curtain fell.

Community singing was announced, and the girls became interested at once. But Ruth Ann was not in the mood. “I’m going to the tent for a minute,” she said and went out into the starlit night. From the tent she walked on

down over the stones of the beach and stood looking at the dark water.

“Race you to the sand bar!” said a laughing voice behind her. Arm in arm they strolled along the beach until they found a huge stone. They sat listening to the pines still whispering overhead, the water still drumming against the rocky shores, then from the tabernacle came the sound of hundreds of voices blended into the beautiful harmony of “Park of the Pines.”



The American hates solitude as much as we hate association. A “meeting-going animal” he was called in the seventeenth century, and although that applied then only to his religious life, it is applicable now to all his activities. From the time he cuts his eye-teeth, he belongs to a club. As a student, he joins a fraternity. He feels the need of contact with other people. The words he loves: good feeling, good will, cooperation, are all words expressing combined efforts. A Frenchman is only happy when working alone. He scarcely tolerates the eye of the State in his affairs, never that of his neighbor. The American seeks association; the Frenchman loathes it. The former is bubbling over with public spirit, of which the latter has none.—*Andre Tardieu.*



Christian monarchs, statesmen, soldiers and ministers were responsible for the world war, not atheists, pagans, infidels, and agnostics.

Look at Europe today. After that last terrible lesson, there are more youths in the prime of vigor and life being taught and trained to kill each other than at any time since the foundations of the earth were laid.

I say—as British Minister when the World War broke out—that if all the churches in Christendom had said in 1914, “Halt. This murder must not begin,” not a monarch nor minister in Christendom would have dared to start it. . . .

If the Christian churches of the world united they could force disarmament. You never will get peace by declarations outlawing a war.—*David Lloyd George, addressing the Welsh Church Union.*

DIETARY FACTS

Fat Soluble Vitamins D and E

By MAE CLARK WARREN and BARBARA MULLER

IN THE article of last month, the main features of fat soluble vitamin A were considered. The vitamins D and E, which are being discussed in this article, are also fat soluble vitamins. Vitamin A, you will recall, is the anti-xerophthalmic vitamin, because the complete lack of it in the diet will cause an eye disease known as xerophthalmia. A low vitamin A dietary causes a general weakening of the body and increases its susceptibility to many infectious diseases; such as respiratory diseases which include bronchial pneumonia, lung infection, and sinus infection.

Not only is vitamin A important in the diet, but vitamin D is also very important. Vitamin D is known as the antirachitic vitamin, because the lack of this vitamin will cause a bone disease known as rickets.

Rickets is a disease of growing children in which there is an abnormal development of the bones. There are three types of rickets. These three types are the low-phosphorous type, the low calcium type or the type which is caused by a deficiency of both calcium and phosphorous. In the low-phosphorous rickets, the amount of calcium taken into the body is sufficient, but there is not sufficient phosphorous. Therefore, since it takes both calcium and phosphorus to build bone the calcium is not used, and rickets is the result. The same is true of the low-calcium diet. The phosphorous taken into the body is sufficient, but because the calcium is not present in sufficient quantities, the body can not make use of the calcium which is present. In the low calcium-phosphorous type, there is a deficiency of both the calcium and phosphorous.

If rickets is caused by a deficiency of calcium and phosphorous, why is vitamin D the antirachitic vitamin? It is called the antirachitic vitamin because it is the controlling factor in normal bone development. Vitamin D was identified only eight years ago. In that short time probably more has been discovered about this vitamin than any other, and an enormous amount of research has accumulated. As a result, it is now thought that any calcium and phosphorous disturbance is adjusted most

readily by vitamin D. The vitamin may be obtained through the food eaten, by including cod liver oil, or by treatment with direct sunlight¹ or by ultra-violet radiation. If vitamin D is not obtained through one or more of these sources, even with an abundance of both calcium and phosphorous, normal teeth and bone development is impossible.

The most noticeable symptoms of rickets are the changes in the bones. Until this disease is well advanced, however, one can not observe these bone deformities. Rachitic children are usually restless, irritable and listless. The muscles are relaxed; the bones are softened; the child is often constipated, and the abdomen becomes distended. The ribs fail to develop normally, and a pigeon breast may be formed. Children who have severe rickets may carry the deformities throughout life. Some children may show anemia, some may show a nervous reaction, resulting in convulsions. Rickets may also cause a lack of resistance to other diseases, especially those diseases of the lungs and of the throat. Children suffering from a mild case often contract colds and may succumb to bronchitis or to pneumonia.

Rickets appear to be more prevalent among artificially-fed babies than among breast-fed babies. This does not mean that breast-fed babies are immune. It does mean, however, that the mother's diet may be an influence in preventing the development of rickets. The influence of the mother's diet was shown by an investigation made by Hess in the year 1917. In a Negro community in New York, Doctor Hess found that ninety per cent of the infants had rickets. Upon investigation it was discovered that the mothers' diets were almost wholly lacking in green vegetables, eggs, milk, and butter. These foods, together with sea foods² and cod liver oil, are our richest source of vitamin D.

The teeth, like the rest of the bony tissues, depend upon an adequate diet for their proper development. In past years, it has been thought that the principal cause of decayed teeth was due primarily to poor care. Now, more stress is being placed upon the diet. It is a well

known fact that babies with rickets exhibit delayed teething. The teeth are poorly formed and they decay very easily. The prenatal period is of very great importance since the calcification of the first set of teeth is said to begin between the fourth and fifth month of pregnancy. The calcification of the first permanent teeth begins in the last three months of prenatal life, and are rapidly formed during the nursing period. Pregnant women should receive well-balanced diets. This well-balanced diet should include an abundant supply of green vegetables, whole milk should be taken regularly (one quart a day), and in addition, the mother should spend a part of the time in the sunlight³.

The baby should receive the direct rays of the sunlight for a part of each day, and cod liver oil for the first two or three years, especially during the winter months, when it is difficult to expose the child to the direct sunlight.

Of all natural foods, except sea foods and fish oils, egg yolk appears to be the highest in antirachitic value. It is wise to include in the diet of young children at least one egg yolk daily. Milk, because it can be taken in considerable amounts, has important antirachitic value, but it should not be depended upon as the sole source. Butter has a higher concentration than whole milk.

At present, one can buy some irradiated food⁴, and individual irradiated chemical substances such as cholesterol and phytosterol. Steenbock, at the University of Wisconsin, was the discoverer of this important laboratory method of producing vitamin D. At present, there are on the market some irradiated food. Gradually more is being added. In years to come, all food manufacturing concerns will probably give to their customers the benefit of this great discovery.

VITAMIN E

The lack of vitamin E, unlike the other vitamins, is not identified with any disease. In experimental work, a deficiency of vitamin E affects the reproductive organs in the male and in the female. In the male the germ cell is destroyed. In the female, the placenta fails to function. Vitamin E is therefore designated as the anti-sterility vitamin. The name is unfor-

tunate because with any dietary deficiency, reproduction is not normal.

Contrary to vitamin D, vitamin E is not found in cod liver oil, but is found in vegetable oils. The germ of seeds is the richest source of the vitamin. Therefore, the oil of the wheat germ is one of the best sources. Another rich source is whole cereals. Refined cereals have the germ of the grain removed, thereby eliminating the vitamin.

An adequate diet is one which is not only palatable, digestible and able to sustain growth, but it is also one which makes it possible for a mother to bear children without undue cost to her health. Successful reproduction is less likely to be interfered with by a shortage of vitamin E, than by a shortage of vitamin A. The growth of the child is measured more by the supply of vitamins A, B, C, and D, than by the supply of vitamin E.

¹Not through ordinary glass, which does not permit the passage of ultra-violet rays.

²As a result of a comprehensive investigation, the United States Department of Agriculture has found that canned salmon is one of our richest sources of Vitamin D.

³Sunlight or its equivalent in ultra-violet rays obtained by irradiation, act upon the skin and Vitamin D is formed. The cholesterol always present in the outer layers of the human skin, reacts in the presence of direct sunlight or ultra-violet light and forms Vitamin D.

⁴Irradiated food is food which has been exposed to the ultra-violet light. This must be done very carefully and the exposure must be for a specified time. The time depends upon the food which is being irradiated. If exposed too long, decomposition takes place, and a poison in the food is formed.



We can not go on having revolutions in order to discover patriots. It is too expensive a method for discovery of political genius, for revolutions stir life to its deeps, and creatures as terrible as the Kraken rise from the slime, as well as the dragon slayers.—*The Irish Statesman*.



The truly illustrious are they who do not court the praise of the world, but perform the actions which deserve it.—*Tilton*.



Let God do his work.—*Last words of Robertson*.

MY FATHER'S LETTERS

Part Six

Letters of Joseph Smith to His Daughter

Contributed by AUDENTIA ANDERSON

In the following letter from my father is a slight reference to the trip we, as a family, made to the fall reunion of 1887, held at Harlan, Iowa. We were accompanied by my uncle, Martin Madison and his wife, and Cora Leonard a domestic helper. Two covered wagons and a light "buggy" were in our overland caravan. Father was an unusually resourceful camper, and his provisions for our convenience and comfort were quite remarkable.

In the hope that his suffering from facial neuralgia might be overcome, he had had all his teeth removed, some time before the following letter. His son-in-law, Alex. McCallum, was his dentist.

Independence, Mo. Oct. 4th, 1888.

Dear Audie:

1. Do not accept a position as singer in a M. E. church choir.

2. I received the receipt; but I do not know now whether it left you with 3, 5, or 8 dollars for incidentals. I rather conclude it only left you 3 out of the 20 I sent you last. Let me know so that I can send you more if you need it.

Eunice Allen was burnt by gasoline Sunday noon. When I left home it was only a chance for her to live—a poor chance at that.

I came here Tuesday noon. Emma Kennedy traveled with me. I have the upper set of teeth in; will get the lower to-morrow. It will be some time before I can wear the lower with any comfort—gums are so sore and tender. The upper seem all right.

Attended a Republican Young Men's Club meeting last night. J. S. Crosby, candidate for State Senator, was the chief speaker. A Mr. Dickey, candidate for the Assembly of the State, was second speaker. Mr. Crosby was teacher of elocution at St. Joseph for several years. In his lower tones his voice was pleasant, but when he spoke in the upper register he fairly screamed, so that it was difficult to understand him.

I should have liked to go to the reunion this fall with the team again, if Mother would have gone with me; but she preferred the trip to Arkansas. Besides, she has "boils," and could not stand the joggling of the wagon. I sent the tent on Saturday, and have my clothes and bedding with me; so that, if I feel that I can stand the talking—my face has been bad now since Tuesday week—I will go from here. Yes, indeed; we had a pleasant trip last fall, and *how we did eat, eh?*

Emma McCallum is better than when I was here in July.

Dust was deep and roads, rocks, cliffs and fields were dry when I came. Last night it rained a little, just a sprinkle, and at 5:30 this evening it commenced blowing, and rain and hail have both been falling. The dust will be laid.

It is expected that Jennie Robinson and a Mr. Newton will soon be married. So goes the rumor.

I was to have taken supper at Sr. Shaw's*; but the impending storm scudded me home; I did not want to get wet and muddy.

The stone work on the church here still goes on, but it is very slowly. Bro. Luff went to K. C. ("Kay-see" here stands for Kansas City) to-day, to see if he can raise money to finish the roof this fall.

I have not seen Susie‡ here yet. Carrie Lake lost three days of school last week, and Monday of this she was complaining and stayed out. I think that so far as graduating next June is concerned "her goose is cooked." I do not think she has the ambition to endeavor to catch up. It is too bad, and is not treating her brother Charley anyways near right. She and Hattie Hudson are very "thick," too thick to last, I fear. They were at the fair at Leon the three days Carrie lost.

I had no ink, and so wrote in pencil; beg pardon.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

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VISION

Address me at home; mark "personal" on the envelopes.

**This was Sister Marcus Shaw, formerly Sister Bentley of Lamoni.*

‡Susie McMullen, mentioned earlier as a helper in the housework at Liberty Hall.

Shortly after the reunion that fall of 1888, Father visited me at the college in Shenandoah, and one morning addressed the students and faculty at chapel. He was treated with marked respect and courtesy by Professor Croan and his associates.

Lamoni, Iowa, Oct. 22, 1888.

Audie:

I arrived home, safe, at 3 this afternoon. Find things in town and at the office all as usual; have not yet been home.

The receipt is all right. Just wanted it correct, that is all. Yours, J. Smith.

Lamoni, Ia. Oct. 23rd, 1888.

Audie:

I send you this a. m. a Hymn Book, and a Book of Mormon. The Harp is for you. The Book of Mormon is for Mrs. Croan. Please ascertain her given name; write the following inscription on the fly leaf, and present the book to her.

To Mrs. Croan,
From
Mary Audentia Smith
of Lamoni, Decatur Co., Iowa
Oct. th, 1888
A Token of Respect.

You may write it as neat as you choose; or, if the foregoing does not suit you, use words to suit yourself. Yours, Joseph Smith.

All well at home.

Lamoni, Iowa, Oct 23, 1888

Audie:

I left the shawl straps, lent us to wrap those pillows in, on the pillows I returned to Sr. Briggs. Please call and get them; coil them up closely; wrap them, and send them to me by mail. I send stamps, I think enough to carry them. Bro. Elvin will want them, and I "clean done forgot 'em."

I wrote you yesterday and this morning you.

Oysters this evening; I do not expect to be there. Proceeds are to go for a reading room in Lamoni. All well at home.

Jennie Robinson and Bro. A. L. Newton were married at Independence the 20th.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

I dropped my pen on the envelope and made a long mark. 'Scuse.

Lamoni, Iowa, Oct. 29, 1888

Audie:

Sr. Walker and I have sent Frances, Sr. Julia and you a barrel of apples, for consumption in your room, if not against the rules. I enclose the freight bill, prepaid, and a quarter to pay the dray man to bring it to the College. I presume you can store it in your room; or unload the barrel and carry the apples upstairs and store them in your rooms till they disappear. And I presume you can hardly get away with them by "Sunday evening," as you did the cake. If not permitted to store them in your room, get them in at Bro. Wilcox' cellar, where you can have access to them.

Anyway, manage to eat the apples till they are gone—you girls and your companions. They cost here \$1.00 for the barrel—4 bushels.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

Lamoni, Iowa Nov. 1st, 1888

Miss Audentia Anderson,

Dear Audie:

I can not consent for you to go home with Julia, as she requests, because I feel that the money so spent would be better applied in meeting some of the necessary expense attendant upon your stay at the College. It will be all I can do to meet the outlay, and every dollar counts. Julia must understand that it is on no account because of her or her people; for I have the highest respect for them; it is a matter of prudence with me. Besides, I think that even a temporary diversion from your studies, such as would occur in such a trip, would require two or three additional days to overcome, and your mind grasp your studies again. I hope Julia understands me.

I shall send you to-morrow a box of nuts, a hammer, and a stone. In the box will be a pair of slippers for you. Mother will arrange about the dress. Shawl straps came yesterday; thank

It is rumored here that Bro. Alex McCallum has lost one of his eyes by a blow from a stick of wood he was splitting. Don't know how badly he is hurt; have not heard from himself or Emma.

Elvira, Bro. Lyle's daughter, was married to Mr. John Graham, that elderly Scotchman who sometimes comes to church with Bro. Lyle. They were married at our house, in the sitting room. Elvira looked blooming.

Carrie Weld is at Sienna Wight's at Ridgeway, on a visit; went Saturday last.

What you wrote about my conversation with Prof. Croan is quite comforting. I was fearful I had monopolized the conversation unwarrantedly; I was ashamed to talk so much about myself; guess it is all right.

Take care of the hammer so that you can bring it home when you come. Don't crack nuts with your teeth. And I noticed you cracking your finger joints and knuckles with your fingers. Don't do that; it has a tendency to enlarge the joints and spoils the smooth appearance of the hand. It makes the joints appear large and coarse. *Don't Do It!*

It has been unusually warm for three days past. I baptized Ben Anderson and his wife yesterday—Austin Anderson's brother.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

As will be noticed, the next letter is written in verse, though he did not arrange it in the form of poetry. However, by following his use of capital letters, the intended rhyming is apparent. His idea of sending apples and nuts to us indicates a good conception of what young folks at school enjoy. They afforded us many joyous moments, and our sitting room (there were two rooms in the corner "suite" we three occupied) became quite a famous center for evening gatherings. It is interesting to know that along with the hammer and stone mentioned, he sent six bright, new horseshoe nails—very adequate substitutes for nut picks. Why six, I wonder! The round smooth stone he enclosed, I may add, is still in my possession. It is about four inches in circumference and an inch and a half in thickness, and has, throughout these many years, given valiant service along the line intended when he sent it—that of cracking nuts! Uncle Alexander was living

then upon a farm, some few miles into Missouri, straight south of Lamoni.

Lamoni, Iowa, Nov. 2nd, 1888

Audie:

Nuts in a box, with hammer and stone, Went forward by express to-day; A bill I enclose, which when it is shown, Will state that you've nothing to pay. The stone I picked up on uncle's A.'s farm, Not far from the well in the run; This adds to its use a memory's charm, With the girls, of past frolic and fun. Use the hammer and stone, When the nuts you would crack, For your teeth were not made for such work; Then in your old age, in oft looking back, You'll have no regret for advice you did shirk—Which saved your good teeth and sweet breath! At home all are well, in the house on the hill, From Lucy, clear up to Mamma; So that when this you receive, I am sure that you will, End it all up with a hearty Ha! Ha!

Yours, Joseph Smith.

P. S. I send bank draft for \$30.00 which please hand to Prof. Croan, taking receipt therefor. J. S.

Lamoni, Iowa, Nov. 14, 1888

Audie:

Enclosed find draft for \$32.00. Please pay to Prof. Croan the amount due on the term and send me a receipt. The \$5.00 is yours for incidental expenses. *I expected you would have to pay for the music you use;* but was not aware of what the amount would be. Now that you know that you will have to pay for it, do not buy more than you need. I presume the charges for it are not extravagant; but they get—they must get—all it *costs them.* Is it yours after your pay for it? Or does it return to the College after its use?

Use your opportunities while you have them. It will be out of my reach to give you another term after the present one closes. Do the best you can; and may God help you to keep your soul pure.

I was at Lucas, Iowa, Sunday; returned yesterday.

Bro. McCallum has, I expect, lost the sight of his left eye.

Mother has the dress business in her hands.

Yours, as you know,

Joseph Smith.

Lamoni, Iowa, Nov. 26th, 1888

Audie: We are all well. Mother goes after corn, to Uncle Martin's this morning. It is cool and frosty. Mother sold Midget to Minnie; soon after Minnie got her home to the mother's, the animal got something to eat that disagreed with her, and died.

Sr. Louise Derry, Ada's mother [Sister George Derry.—A. A.] died Saturday morning at about 2 o'clock; was buried yesterday afternoon, from the church. The singing was good.

Sr. Banta has a niece from Minnesota visiting her; a Miss Hattie Garrett, a school teacher and teacher of music; rather a nice looking body.

You have not stated whether the nuts, hammer, &c, reached you, or not. I presume they did; but do not know. Sort your apples, and don't let them spoil; three healthy girls, like you three, ought to get away with a pile of them. If you can not eat them fast enough to keep them from spoiling, get help from your neighbors.

There is not much gossip moving nowadays. Carrie Lake and Hattie Hudson are going to school together. They stop at Bro. Frank Hopkins' out in the country. Carrie thinks it the nicest sort of an arrangement. Uncle Alexander, Gracie, Joe and Arthur were up yesterday. Uncle Alexander preached last night, good and strong.

Yours as you know,

Joseph Smith.

P. S. Remember me to Prof. Croan and Mrs. Croan, Profs. Colbert, Longwell, and others; not forgetting your teacher Miss, or Mrs. Myers.

As can be seen from the foregoing group of letters from Lamoni, Father's letters written from his office were usually short and business-like. In these few short months I was away from home, he tried to keep in touch with me, and to pass on the general news of the town. In quite different tone are the ones written when he himself was away from home, for, having then more leisure, with attention given to less familiar sights and faces, he fills the sheets with impressions, descriptions, narrative and comment, happily reflecting his freshly-attracted interest.

San Bernardino, Cal. Dec. 15, 1888

Audie:

I arrived here on yesterday at 10 in the morning, all safe and well. Left Independence at 7 in the evening of Monday and "K. C." at 10, in an excellent company and an elegant, easy-riding coach. I had berth No. 1 in Room 10; which means the lower berth in section 10 of the car. In the day time I had the whole section virtually to myself, for the young man who occupies overhead at night would go off into the smoker, or day car, or lounge in the seats ahead.

My right hand neighbors (I was on the left side of the train looking toward the engine) were two elderly women, both having false teeth, like myself. One wore a wig and glasses; the other had a head crowned with silvery brown hair, a pair of bright, sparkling, hazel-brown eyes, and a laugh that would do you good to hear. She had been a widow twenty years, having three girls, one 5, one 2½, and one a babe in arms, at the time of her husband's death. She had raised and educated them all, and was now enjoying a green old age, running here and there visiting among her children, friends and relatives. Her name is Mrs. Sarah Beale. In her youth she was called "Saucy Sally Beale," who *would* laugh, whether it was sunny or cloudy weather. She was a hearty, healthy woman, fond of fun and joke, enjoying her breakfast best of any meal of the day. She was about such a built woman, and about the same size, as uncle David's wife Clara.

The other lady was Mrs. R. A. Spring. She was a tall, dark-faced woman, with kindly gray eyes that might have been blue forty years ago; a shrewd, loving, great-hearted woman, I judged, whose house must be a delight to grandchildren, if she has any.

Both live at Topeka, Kans., but the last named comes to Los Angeles to live with her youngest daughter, lately married, whose husband is auditor of accounts in the office of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R., at Los Angeles.

The young man sought other company, but these matronly belles were attractive to me who detested tobacco smoke and whose days of flirting with transient beauties, if they ever existed, were past. They were good natured; we

were traveling companions for four days and nights, sharing alike the dangers, the pleasures over new sights, and the attendant comfort and misery of a railway ride from the Missouri river to the fertile delta of the sunny southern California region—why should we not be so-
ciable?

And we were. Emma McCallum had put up for me an abundant lunch, a basket overflowing. I had a little quart pail, with cover and bail; these good ladies had their tea-cups, silver or planished tin, but no steeper. So my pail was muchly in requisition to boil water and make tea, not only for my immediate neighbors, but for others. Emma had made some mince pies. I had more than I could eat, so I divided, and all who ate of them praised them. They thought I was not only an old, seasoned traveler, but a thoughtful and provident one who had an excellent cook for a daughter.

A Mrs. Nickerson, wife of a Boston Railway magnate, 76 years of age and going with her husband to San Diego to winter on account of his age, was profuse in her praise of the pie. She got away with two pieces, and said she had not eaten anything with so much relish in two months. She was a solid bunch, so fat and full that she can hardly walk! They had a German servant along, a man with blue eyes, white skin, and light, sunny hair fluffy as cornsilk. He has been in this country three years and thinks it the grandest country ever. "Why," said he, "in Europe a man may start on a railway journey, and 24 or 36 hours brings him to the end. But here we have been traveling for seven days in one direction, and the end is not yet! 'Tis a big, big country!"

A little woman whose home is in Riverside, ten miles from here, had been to England and was on her way home, nearly worn out with travel. Hers was a seat or two ahead. She had two friends come on board at Albuquerque; one got sick on the second night—which was the last one for me—but, aside from being pale and languid, no lasting injury seemed to be done.

An Englishman, his wife and two pretty children, four young men, three women with no traveling companions, and two evidently married, middle-aged women, complete the roster of our party—none sick, no children to cry in the car; all was serene.

In the mountains in Arizona a truck (set of wheels) under the car forward of ours, jumped the track, ran on the ties a rod or two, and then turned across the way. The train stopped instantly; no one was hurt, though some were nervous the rest of the way. There was a delay of three and a half hours, so that we were until ten, yesterday, instead of 6:30, in getting here.

I was tired, and shaken in the long ride; so when night came I lay down *to rest*, lulled by the sigh of the wind, and the lullaby of the frogs outside. Their voices ranged from the little "neep," "neep," of the small ones to the bass "Over here!" "Drown him!" of the big one in the corner.

It rained the night before I arrived here, and it was muddy—oh, so muddy. This morning I slept late; the air was full of dampness; clouds were lying all over the valley and around the mountain rim. The flies pester me as I write; the room is partly warmed by a stove—a little iron box about 20 inches long, eight wide, and a foot high! It is about as big as Mother's sewing machine cover. In it some cedar wood from the mountainside (at \$9.00 per cord) is just smouldering. The frost has killed the chrysanthemums under the window; but, under the ministry of the rain, the grass is reviving from the long drouth of the summer, and all the trees hang full of freshening foliage. Hedge rows of privet and Monterey cypress are green; the eucalyptus and pepper, the palm and the pine, that line the streets, and the olive and orange of the gardens, combine to make a fine appearance.

The distant mountain tops are whitened with snow, while the nearer tops and hollows are alternately brown and green, with here and there a strip of white where the snows lie yet unmelted. Over the mountains the clouds are flitting, gray and white, or, as the haze lies against them, blue and leaden. The sun tries to shine through, but only succeeds in breaking, here and there, the sullen cordon, when, momentarily, may be seen the blue skies—God's blessed blue skies over us all, mute emblems all, of the grandeur and beneficence of Jehovah.

Vida is well; will be a mother again before long. Ina Inez is well and happy; Vida says she is "pooling her interests in California!"

(Continued on page 255.)

A FAMOUS ITALIAN DISH

Out of Humble Ingredients the Swart Cooks of Mussoliniland
Make Wonderful Dishes

By KARL HOFFMAN

HAVE you ever tasted European pie? No? Well, they tell us that you have not missed much. For pie is not a European dish, and they do not know how to make it "over there."

Have you ever tasted good, American spaghetti? No? That is easy to understand. Most Americans (unless the children of Italian parents) do not know how to prepare it. Must we condemn the dish because we do not cook it well and hence do not like it? "Not so!" say the dark sons of Italy.

For be it understood that, although spaghetti is cheap enough for the peasant, it is also good enough for kings—if you know how to cook it!

FINDING THE ROYAL DISH

I shall never forget the day that I "discovered" the true Italian spaghetti. It was a red-letter day in my life. On that day my joy in living was vastly increased.

It was a warm spring day in a distant city (Why are the *distant* cities always the most attractive?) and I walked by all the familiar restaurants. Ordinarily I liked them quite well, but on this day the odor of their cooking food depressed and revolted me. I longed for something I had never tasted before. Disconsolately I wandered up and down the street.

Then I met a friend to whom I confided my dissatisfaction with the state of affairs. Strangely enough, the spring air had affected him, too, and we shared our feeling of "wanderlust" for far-off things.

"Listen," said he, "I know a place. Of course it is in the North End, and the neighborhood is not very attractive. But there is a chef there who knows how to cook! And what he can cook! Let's go."

In twenty minutes, with the aid of a subway and an elevated, we arrived in the neighborhood. Across a heavy traffic street, skirting the market, and through some narrow, dingy lanes we went. Then we turned into *the place*.

"Leave it to me," said my friend. "I'll fix you up."

Then he called the waiter.

"Tony, two orders of spaghetti, with the meat sauce. And tell the cook to have it *hot*."

SPAGHETTI!

Spaghetti! All my life I had regarded this as mere stuffer, not as food. As prepared by all the cooks I had ever known, it was the most insipid of all dishes. It ranked even lower in my estimation than boiled potatoes, without gravy. *Spaghetti!* My hopes and my chin sank together. But I could say nothing.

Tony brought in water glasses, which he filled from an antique bottle. (Certainly, nothing but *water!*) Then he brought two small wicker baskets in which there was Italian bread, sliced diagonally. This was an interesting novelty. Then a jar of white powder.

"What is that?" I asked, when Tony had gone.

"*Parmesan* cheese," said my friend.

"What is it for?"

"Wait and see!"

Then Tony brought two large plates. On each one of them the spaghetti had been spread, and the Italian meat sauce was on top.

"Sprinkle some of the *Parmesan* cheese over it."

I did.

Gingerly I tasted the dish.

"Oh!" I said.

Neither of us spoke thereafter for twenty minutes. When I looked at my friend his eyes were shining.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"Wonderful!" And I really meant the word. Our friendship thereafter was permanent. Nothing could have disturbed it. He had done me a great favor.

I went back to see Tony in the Italian restaurant many times. I wondered how to make that excellent dish. But it was impossible to

ask the cook for the recipe, since cooks did not divulge their secrets.

Whenever I returned, I examined as I ate. With a little training in cookery I could see what were the ingredients. By visiting the restaurant occasionally, I felt that I learned enough to make the dish. Then one day I determined to try it. After a few attempts, with a study of the Italian cookbooks, I thought I succeeded very well. And here's how:

HOW TO MAKE IT

You must prepare the dish on a time schedule. We will suppose that you wish to serve it at six o'clock. The following measures will serve two very hungry people if they eat very little else. If you have several side dishes and a dessert, it will serve four, but probably not satisfy them.

Start cooking at five o'clock. Into a deep iron frying pan drop a big teaspoonful of butter and one of lard. For economy you may use all lard; for taste you should use all butter. The compromise is not bad. When the pan is hot put in a half pound of hamburger. Chop it up and keep it chopped up so that the little pieces of meat fry separately. While it is cooking, peel and dice two large onions and put them in with the meat. Do likewise with two cloves of garlic. (Yes, *garlic!*) Use an egg turner to keep the mixture from sticking to the bottom of the pan. Stir frequently. Add salt, and from three to five shakes of cayenne pepper. More if you can stand it.

While the mixture above is cooking (keep stirring it frequently) get a deep kettle full of hot water.

Your meat sauce will now be cooked to a savory mixture. At 5.15 open a can of tomatoes (at least nineteen ounces) and pour the contents in with the meat. There will be a sizzle and the whole thing will look like soup. You will be discouraged and think it is spoiled. But it will come out all right. Only keep it boiling and stir it from the bottom with your egg turner. It must not be allowed to stick to the pan. *As it cooks down, decrease the fire and let it cook more slowly.* When it is ready at five minutes to six, the tomatoes will have nearly disappeared from view, and the meat sauce will have the consistency (but not the

flavor!) of ordinary stew; chili con carne more closely resembles it in appearance.

At 5.30 have the other kettle (the deep one) of water boiling and throw in a heaping tablespoonful of salt. Into it put one fourth of a pound of spaghetti (half the usual little box) and let it keep boiling vigorously. There will be too much water, but don't let that worry you. It will not cook to pieces.

At five minutes to six both the spaghetti and the sauce will be ready.

HOW TO SERVE IT

Drain the spaghetti and spread it out on the plates. Dip out the meat sauce (with the rather oily gravy that now is rather abundant) and put it on the spaghetti. On top of all this put a light sprinkling of the grated *Parmesan* cheese. Then it is ready to eat. The spaghetti and the meat sauce may be brought to the table in separate dishes. It is important to keep them separate until they are ready to eat. And they should be eaten immediately when served. The dish will not wait.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(Continued from page 236.)

(in this article) to visit the grim old Tower of London, the British Museum, or other places of interest, let us follow our missionary friends as they steer us around some corner and into a "tea emporium." Let us get a bun, a "biscuit" or a scone along with the beverage, and as we munch and sip, let us watch the throng of Britishers about us seriously engaging in a like ceremonial, and try to realize we are in London in 1929, instead of in those far-away days when fingers were forks, when food was chiefly supplied from the forest and the chase, when the drink was stout old ale, and when even a slight political slip would cost a monarch his head!



Doctor Johnson turned upon one of his flatterers once and addressed him thus: "Sire, you have but two topics—yourself and me. I am sick of both!"



Despondency is ingratitude—Hope is God's worship.—*Beecher.*

OUR KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR

By FRANCES C. BOOKER

TO BE sure our knight did not come to us on prancing steed, sword clanking, and with the sunlight sending dazzling rays from his shining shield and helmet—not at all. He did not belong to the aristocracy and in no sense could he possibly be classed as a bold grandee. One must go further to define Henri's qualifications for knighthood.

In fact, first seeing Henri, one would never, never think of him as a knight at all; one would see a very tall, straight, slender man, shy of manner and with the bluest eyes, (maybe it was the reflection of the vivid waters of the blue Caribbean that made them seem so blue)—the kindest eyes one could ever look into—and sandy, slightly graying hair. Henri wore a moustache, a real man-sized one, if you please. Not one of these abbreviated "jelly bean" affairs that have such a snippy look and seem to give you a wink as much as to say, "I'm just playing a joke on this fellow's face anyway." No, indeed, his moustache was no joke. It deserved the high position it occupied and, being always well-groomed, it gave him a rather distinguished appearance—that, along with his always neat attire.

On work days Henri wore khaki shirt and trousers, brown shoes and wide-brimmed gray felt hat, all of which had a look of being a part of the man. His Sunday wardrobe consisted of white canvas oxfords, white flannel trousers, white shirt, usually a dark red tie, blue serge coat and white straw hat, and these, too, seemed a part of the man.

Henri was not an incessant conversationalist by any means but when he talked we early learned to pay attention. His remarks were frequently punctuated by "Huh," and Henri's "huh" was not to be ignored. It repeated itself until his listener made some sort of recognition. Much of his conversation, too, was carried on with his long arms and hands. At times it seemed difficult for him to find words to convey his message and at this point his gestures completed the tale. He had a way of brushing his hands together in a sort of gesture of dismissal which in itself told volumes.

It so happened that our first conversation with Henri was carried on before we ever saw

him. We had anchored in the river at Nueva Gerona, Isla de Pinos, just as the sun had dropped from sight behind the palms and mountains, and the shades of night had fallen very suddenly upon the quaint little town with its red tile-roofed houses. How longingly we looked ashore, for after five days of sailing aboard a small schooner—five days of seasickness—we were eager to put our feet on the solid earth. And we were sick with disappointment when we were informed that it was too late for the officials to come aboard that night. It was just too much for words; our hearts sank with despair. That night appeared to our distorted vision as a thousand years and we were sure we could not survive until morning, especially when we overheard the crew telling of the armies of hahennies (maybe they were hay hennies. I can't be sure of the spelling, but we later learned that they were sand flies, though at that time we had no idea what they were) which swarmed over the river at night and absolutely prevented sleep or rest. But it was then that our knight—bless his heart—came to our rescue.

Across the water came his voice to us, sweet as any music bearing the tidings that money could talk in Gerona the same language that it does in the United States and that ten dollars would speak loud enough and strong enough for the customs officers to come aboard and let us ashore that night.

Soon inspection was over and we were setting our feet—rather wobbly feet, I confess, on foreign soil, and with Henri as guide, we made our way through the streets, past the curious, watching eyes of the natives, and were shortly ushered into the mission house where we lost no time in exploring just enough to find beds and make them ready for a night of rest, feeling safe in our rooms with their heavily barred windows.

Early the next morning our good knight appeared bearing an offering of delicious tropical fruits and vegetables together with nice fresh eggs from his own flock of hens. So it was, day after day; we knew we could expect Henri to drop in to see us, always bringing some treat with him.

One day he announced that we were going on a sight-seeing trip. It took us but a short time to make ourselves ready and then we set off in a car with a lady driver—should I say a chauffette?—and how we did enjoy ourselves! We traveled so many kilometers—not miles over there—to Santa Fe where there was located a large and once flourishing hotel where we were informed the late William Jennings Bryan was at one time a guest. From there to some beautiful springs and bathing pools and thence on past large estates belonging to rich Americans (at least they were rich when they arrived on the Isle of Pines). They had invested great fortunes in grapefruit groves. There are many such on the island.

Henri aroused our curiosity by informing us that we were headed for "Jones' Jungle." We were to learn that Jones himself had invested no small sum in his "Jungle"—a park, in reality, composed of vast acreage, and a beautiful spot, truly bewitching. Here were to be found trees imported from practically every country in the world growing side by side with the native trees and shrubbery; a gorgeous riot of color in the beds of flowers here and there and everywhere. Through the "jungle" rippled and sang a stream of clear sparkling water where Mr. Jones kept his own pet fish, beautiful and graceful as they darted to the surface to catch the choice bits of bread cast to them.

Then there were the trails that led us on and on, and the inviting grassy plots that tempted us to tarry a while and dream. Ah, what a place to inspire dreams!

But here, this story was to be about Henri. Well, so it is, for he seemed a part of all that we ever admired and loved on this enchanting isle which might have been Stevenson's *Treasure Island*.

Our sojourn on this island was not long. All too soon we found ourselves abroad a vessel destined for another island, Grand Cayman. Henri was there to wish us *bon voyage*, and as a parting gift he left with us a five pound box of delicious chocolates. We could scarcely believe our own eyes for we had not had that much candy in five years before.

While upon Cayman, during the better part of three years, we kept in touch with Henri and upon every boat we had him send us fresh vegetables and groceries. He never failed to

include some special treat which was not upon our list.

Once while back on the Isle of Pines for a few week's stay we all loaded into Henri's wagon and drove to the foot of the mountain and prepared our supper over a camp fire. What did we have? Oh, it doesn't matter. It was just the best ever. Who would dispute that a meal cooked and eaten in the great outdoors surpasses any banquet in its elaborate and formal setting? I do recall that from somewhere Henri produced a surprise, a whole box of chocolate nut bars as a climax to our feast.

One October a terrible storm swept over the island, (we were on Cayman at the time and were not so hard hit) and destroyed almost everything on the island. Grapefruit groves were devastated; whole groves, miles of trees were uprooted. The finest and best buildings as well as the humble thatched cottages were demolished. The large Catholic church, with cement walls two feet thick at the base, was entirely destroyed. The streets were flooded with water and many lives were lost.

We were so much concerned about our good friend that as soon as possible my husband made a trip to the island to see about him. But Henri was all right. There was no need to worry about him. He had an abiding, an enduring faith in the heavenly Father, a faith that did not tremble, nor shrink though the elements raged about him. But let him tell his own story:

"Afraid? No, I wasn't afraid. Was I praying? No, I did my prayin' before the storm came. Yes, I knew it was comin' for weeks before it struck down. Didn't I write you that you had better not have any more supplies sent over before the middle of November? Huh? Well, maybe I didn't say that a storm was comin' and it is bad that the *Tuecoi* was wrecked and you lost your groceries. Good thing I cut down your order that time."

And "believe it or not," Henri's home was the only one we ever saw or heard of on the island that was not damaged in that storm.

Henri's home? Our knight's castle? You want to know about that? Let me see. How shall I describe it? Only the distance of three or four blocks from the main street of Gerona it was located, but one reached it by winding trails and the jungle had so encroached upon it

that it was hidden from view until one was almost upon it. Stately Royal palms guarded the entrance. Vines and shrubbery clambered about the walls. The house itself? Oh, just a tiny thatch-roofed cabin with walls of unpainted, rough boards, wide cracks in the walls through which vines—and sometimes *snakes* crept through. The furnishings were a collection of antiques. Some beautiful pieces. A great wardrobe of real walnut, a marble topped commode, a desk of mahogany, and so on down to some rudely constructed tables and cupboards. Only one room, so crowded that there was just sufficient space for him to make his way to his couch in the corner and pass through to a little shed at the rear which served as a harness room, tool room, and kitchen combined.

I cooked supper in that kitchen on the eve preceding the day upon which we took our final departure from the Isle of Pines with Henri accompanying us. I think we really invited ourselves to dine with him. We told him we were coming and he made no objections; in fact, he seemed rather pleased and informed us he had plenty of fresh eggs he would like to have eaten up before he went away. We took a big slice of ham with us. It was real fun and adventure to get out in the little shed whose roof was so low that even I could not quite stand up straight and fry ham and eggs—two dozen of them actually—over a little pile of ashes, a few bricks, and a piece or two of iron which answered splendidly for a stove. And it was a banquet we had, an abundance of good things to eat with everybody happy and congenial. Friends and joyful conversation. What more could we want?

Nevertheless, I feel quite sure that Henri must have felt a wave of sadness, for after all was he not on the morrow leaving his unpretentious island home, humble, yet a castle for a true knight, maybe never to return.

When we steamed away from Gerona the next evening as the stars of night were studding the heavens with their glorious gleams we sat for a long time on deck dreamily, and I'm sure rather wistfully gazing upon the receding shore; upon quaint and enchanting Gerona with its picturesque setting of palms and mountains in the background. Though we had not made our abode upon the island for long yet it had left its grip upon us—had cast its spell and

we knew we should never be quite the same again. If it had done that to us, what had it done to Henri in all the twenty-three years since he first set foot upon it and not once in all that time had left its shores?

Our visit to Havana was made more interesting because Henri was now of our party. He could speak a little Spanish which was most convenient.

It was thrilling to all of us to be in a large city again, a foreign one at that. As we strolled up and down the Prado exclaiming over the shops and all the sights and wonders, one member of our crowd who three years before could be called a little girl but was now in a somewhat long and lanky stage stopped at every jewelry shop we passed—and I think about every third shop had jewelry—and exclaimed over the wrist watches—raved as no one except a fifteen-year-old girl can rave. It was, "Oh, Mumsie, look at that one. Isn't it just too dear?" or "Daddy, see this one over here. It is positively darling." "Oh," with all the longing a young girl is capable of expressing shining in her eyes, "I *do* wish I could have one."

That evening as we sat in our hotel room Henri arose to bid us good night. Taking a small package from his pocket he shyly extended it to this same lassie with the casual remark, "This is something I overheard you say you would like to have." Do I need to say what that package contained or what thrills and exclamations it elicited from a very much excited recipient?

One day we hired a car for a sight-seeing trip. Unfortunately our driver neither spoke nor understood English. It was seemingly impossible to make him understand where we wanted to go. In fact, we ourselves did not know. However, we did know that we wanted to see *something* and he was taking us through a section of country where there was not an interesting thing to see. Not even people living there. We wanted him to turn back, for we had planned to do some shopping and to visit Morro Castle that afternoon and it seemed to be such a waste of precious time to just ride. Even Henri did not have sufficient vocabulary to make him "savvy." He seemed so dumb.

Something had to be done. Finally this con-

(Continued on page 255.)

NO SHORT CUT POSSIBLE

An Essay on Right Living

By MRS. VASSIE SHEETS

AS WE think of our topic, "*No Short Cut Possible*," we are forced to look at life with a different view. As I seriously think it out I find there is no place in life where a short cut to success is possible. As we consider the vocations in life, if we desire to become a Doctor, Nurse, Machinist, Electrical Engineer, or any of the many vocations, we must come to the same conclusion.

As we start from the first grade in school we must apply ourselves and study or we do not get any place. The boy or girl who fails to take advantage of their education are robbed of the tools that will help them make a success in life as well as the vocation they have chosen.

A story I once read of a cross-country race shows the folly of a short cut to success. Some boys of a certain school were entering and had been very faithful in training each day with the exception of one boy, who failed to take the required training. The race was to be three and one half miles in all, twice around a course, beginning at the boathouse, mounting a series of heavily wooded hills and returning to the starting point. Albert took the lead at once and set a fast pace for the other runners. Frank was third at the half mile mark with James a close fourth. Clifford managed to jog along fifth but the pace was beginning to tell on him. At the mile the boys retained the same positions, but when they reached the boathouse again, the half way mark, Albert had lost the lead and Frank had gone into second place. Clifford was third from the last but he kept struggling along. As they started the second half Clifford slackened his speed considerably and let the others pass him. They were in a lonely section of the road, with deep woods on either side. A youth on a bicycle called to Clifford pointing to an opening in the trees to the left:

"Here's the path across. You cut over here and wait in the bend of the road on the other side. Hide yourself, and after they all pass you, start after them. You'll be able to catch them all, because you will be good and fresh after your rest," the boy told him.

"All right," Clifford answered nervously, "you keep on going around following the last man. When I see you I'll come out, and you can set the pace for me to finish."

Quickly Clifford darted into the woods and made his way across to the other side. There he crouched in the shelter of the trees, waiting for the runners to appear around the bend. Some minutes passed before he heard the tread of feet and saw the first come into sight. It was Frank with James following. When the last runner had disappeared from view, the lad on the bicycle came around the bend and Clifford stepped out into the road.

"Hurry up now," called the rider. "Start right in and catch them."

Fresh from the rest in the woods, Clifford swung down the road and soon caught up with the last of the runners, who were straggling along, now almost exhausted. With scarcely an effort he passed them and started out for the leaders. They were now a little over a quarter of a mile from the finish, and Clifford was about one hundred and twenty feet from Frank, who was in the lead. Thus encouraged, Clifford put forth renewed energy and flew down the road, passing several boys. Soon he gained second place, and set himself to catch Frank. He was running at top speed. As he drew near, Frank, glancing over his shoulder, gave a start of surprise as he recognized Clifford. Putting forth greater effort he, too, increased his speed, and as they drew near the finish the two lads were separated only by inches. But endurance finally told. Frank, who had practiced faithfully, put forth one final burst of speed, and when but fifty yards of the goal shot ahead and crossed the line, the winner by two yards. A cheering crowd surrounded the boys and congratulated not only Frank but Clifford who apparently had made such a good race. But Clifford tried to slip away.

As the runners started for the bathhouse, some one spied little Tommy struggling down the road, running manfully. The applause he received was as great as that given the leaders.

"Who won the race?" he asked breathlessly when he arrived.

"Frank was first, but he beat Clifford only by a couple of yards," he was told.

"Clifford, you say?" gasped Tommy.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Why, I was ahead of him at the last half of the race, and he never passed me."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Certain!" maintained Tommy stoutly. "Where is Clifford? I'll ask him myself!"

Shamefaced and resisting, Clifford was pushed forward to where Tommy stood.

"Clifford," he cried, "you never passed me in that race or I would have seen you. I was ahead of you on the second round. You cut across the woods and waited on the other side."

Tommy pointed with a trembling finger to where his Jersey was torn by the bushes. Clifford tried to reply, but no words came. He hung his head. Suddenly Clifford straightened his shoulders and looked squarely at his accusers.

"I didn't want to do it," he said quietly, "but some one told me it was so easy that I thought I'd try it. I regret it more than I can say. Here is the medal." He handed the box containing the second prize to the judge.

"Bravely said," replied the bewildered official, to the repentant boy. "Clifford has found that in the long run there is no short cut to success."

In everything we do in life we get just what we work for and no more. If we do our best in all things success will be our reward. We find in our religious experiences as well as other things that there is no short cut to success.

The purpose of God, as revealed in the scriptures, is to qualify men and women for eternal life and celestial glory through the gospel of Jesus Christ. In order that he may be enabled to accomplish his great purpose, he requires a response on the part of the children of men. We must give our lives unreservedly to his service. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice," says Paul.

One writer tells us our "power supply" is gained through prayer and study. The hill up which we must travel, if we are to win the best that life has to offer, is steep. To make the grade we need regular supplies of power. We make contact through prayer and *Bible* study.

The Holy scriptures have lifted untold numbers of people over difficult places and have given them reserve for the climb up the hill of holiness. The deep wells of inspiration in this book are available; go to them throughout the year and read them thoughtfully.

Try to discover afresh the meaning of prayer. Learn that prayer is fellowship with God, not a means of getting things from God. Seek to know the uplift that comes through companionship with the Father while doing the commonplace duties. Become acquainted with the Lord in his temple at the appointed times for public worship. Then you will know that you are on the up grade.

Another writer tells us, the gospel does more than bring home to us the conviction that we lack power to lead life as God would have us lead it; it brings to us the assurance that God can and will supply the power. Suppose that we took the promises of the gospel seriously. There would not be an occasion in life when difficulty confronts us, or our task bears heavily upon us, that we should not draw upon God. We have the assurance of Christ. If you ask in my name, he will do it. And yet often our last resource in difficulty is prayer! That is what we need, to take Christ and his promises seriously. That means more prayer, more courage and will to believe that life and strength and power flow into us from God through the channel of prayer.

In 2 Peter 3: 18 we find these words, "But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." The principle of growth is the distinguishing characteristic of childhood as compared to maturity. If we meet a child whom we have not seen for some years, we expect him to have changed, advanced and developed, but do we expect a degree of spiritual and mental development in our adult friends as the years go by?

If we are not going forward in character formation, we are not living up to the light we are given day by day, and we may expect some day to find ourselves outside the kingdom. We can not stop growing and developing spiritually if we are ever to reach in this life or the next an approximation of the Christ like stature.

The scripture tells us, "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light." In other words, if our every thought, every ambition,

OUR KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR

(Continued from page 252.)

and every action in life have but a single objective—the glorification of God through service to human creation—then carrying out those thoughts, ambitions and actions your whole soul shall be filled with the light of God and with enlightenment of his Spirit. The spiritual light which you receive as the result of your singleness of purpose will make you even better fitted for a continued glorification of God through service, and the continuous outpouring of spiritual light which you give to men along with your service rendered in singleness of heart will make it possible for God to bless you with a constant replenishing of your own store of spiritual light.

But if one's eye turns to evil, if it is seeking light for selfish purposes, or if it is trying to pay attention to all the attractions of the world as well as to the things of God, to that extent is the light of God obscured, and the whole body shall be full of darkness.

The scriptures also say that you should let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven. If you attempt to let your light shine so that men may glorify yourself rather than your Father in heaven you will soon find that your light has ceased to shine.

*We are writing a gospel,
A chapter a day,
By deeds that we do,
By words that we say;
People read what we write,
Whether faithless or true,
Say! What is the gospel according to you?*



MY FATHER'S LETTERS

(Continued from page 247.)

(His name is Charles Poole—so they say.) Heman, the elder, is well and busy with the yard, hedges and out-of-doors affairs. He has just failed to get Heman, the younger, to sleep.

Bro. and Sr. Burton are here. We will dedicate the church to-morrow. The choir is training for it, and the building will be decorated this afternoon.

This gossip letter will do you for the first cold, nipping day. Hope you got the box Mother sent you the day I left home.

Father. "Papa."

versation took place between two members of our party though I shall modestly withhold the names of those involved. "Where is that Spanish leaflet?" "Here it is. What do you want with it?" "Oh, I want to look for something." (Takes leaflet and searches through it frantically and impatiently.) "My stars! What in the world are you looking for?" "If you must know, I'm trying to find some words to cuss that dumbbell with." We got to Morro Castle that afternoon.

We parted with Henri in Miami, he going on to his boyhood home in Canada and we to Tampa, thence to Mobile and our little home in the wildwoods of southern Mississippi. It was early in the morning, but few places of business were open so it was no fault of Henri's that we had no box of candy to take with us. He tried hard enough to get one.

Since that morning we have neither seen nor heard from him, but we often speak of him and we shall ever cherish our grateful and happy memories of "Our Knight in Shining Armor."



THE EVENING STAR

See how her body pants and glows,
See how she shakes her silver wings!
Ten thousand stars, and more, are mute,
And she, and she alone, that sings.

Ten thousand stars, and more, are mute,
All listening in the quiet sky,
While that bright star sings wildly there,
And happy they hear more than I.

Bring me my strange invention now,
That I may sit at home in ease
And have fresh music brought by air
From towns beyond our curly seas.

In vain, in vain; the power to hear
The music of those heavenly spheres
Is but a wild, fantastic dream—
But who can read the unborn years?

—W. H. Davies, in a *Poet's Calendar*, by permission of Jonathan Cape (London).

Reunion Institute Courses

Course Number One, The Church School, and Course Number Two, Church Objectives, appeared in the *Vision* for May.

Course Number Three

THE MESSAGE OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

The following lesson material is planned for use in eight consecutive class hours of a reunion institute. The text will be found in the current adult gospel quarterly, *The Message of the Book of Mormon*, parts 1, 2, and 3. These copies should be in the hands of both teachers and students for immediate use in class research. Single copies may be secured from the Herald Publishing House at 15 cents each.

THE LESSON PLAN

These lessons are designed as content materials, as subject matter with which we wish to gain familiarity for the value of the information contained. It is assumed at once that the *Book of Mormon* record was of great worth among the ancient Americans, that it was designed to perform an important work in the latter-day Restoration, and that in its teachings there are light and truth and power destined to be of great assistance in accomplishing the Lord's work in our day. These three purposes must be kept in mind as we study.

For convenience we may suggest the division of our lesson time into three fairly even divisions: (1) The lesson statement, in which the experiences of the lessons are clearly understood and appreciated; (2) evaluation of those experiences in terms of present day life; and (3), application of the truths discovered to our own every day living.

To give any one of these three parts an undue proportion is to rob the lesson of vital elements and to fail of successful teaching. We suggest then the following as a desirable division of time and method of procedure in the study of the present *Book of Mormon* lessons.

- A. Lesson Statement (about one third of class time). The lesson story told, events, incidents, characters, etc., preferably by various members of the class. See that the ideas are clear and their relation to other incidents and events understood. As nearly as possible, relive the experiences that the situations, the choices, and the results may be evident.
- B. Evaluation, (about one third of class time). Compare these events with others of a similar or contrasting nature where comparison will be helpful to appreciation. Compare with other *Book of Mormon* times, *Bible* times, latter days.

etc., especially in our own times. Develop appreciation of the beautiful, the true and the good: in literary expression, in human sympathy, in spiritual devotion, in divine direction. Notice the vile and evil only for the sake of contrast. Seek for causes and effects, try to discover principles of life and truth.

- C. Applications (about one third of class time). Discover meanings in *Book of Mormon* times. What would similar situations mean today? To what extent are situations similar? How can the principles discovered be applied in our immediate lives? What is our present duty in this regard? That is, What are we going to do about it? What outcomes may we reasonably expect from this lesson? What present plans or project may we undertake for immediate action?

LESSON ONE: *The Mission of the Book of Mormon*. See Part one, Lesson Eight; Part Three, Lesson One.

Note "Observations" and "Questions for Discussion." The *Book of Mormon* is a unique contribution of the Restoration to the religious world. It comes in fulfillment of Biblical prophecy, and is being verified more and more each succeeding year by the evidences of ancient American tradition, and by archaeological research. Yet the greatest evidence of its divinity is the gospel which it teaches and the witness of the Spirit to its truth.

Discuss the record as being of divine origin in plan and purpose, but carried out and made effective through human instrumentality. Its account is both historical and scriptural. Its most beautiful passages contain the inspired word of God, ministered among the ancient Nephites and Lamanites, but recorded, preserved and translated in our day, that it may be effective as a witness to Jew and Gentile and Lamanite remnant that Jesus is the Christ. In it is contained the fullness of the gospel as had anciently on the American continent.

Discuss the *Book of Mormon* as a message from God. In what sense is it a revelation?

Relate the vision of Nephi and the mission of the record he saw prepared by his seed.

What worldly conditions of the latter days were

clearly foretold in the record? How have these predictions been fulfilled?

List the purposes and mission of the *Book of Mormon* as they are evident in the record. What purposes have already been accomplished? What purposes remain? What use are we making of this important message? How may it function more fully in our lives and work?

LESSON TWO: *Its Message to the Gentiles*. See Part One, Lesson Eleven.

Make use of the "Observations" and the "Questions for Discussion" on pages 79, 83, and 84.

The records from which Mormon and Moroni made their abridgments doubtless had value among the ancient peoples of America. At least they preserved a knowledge of God, his ways and his will, and the religious experiences of the people, for the use of succeeding generations. But the purpose of the abridgment was that a brief, concise record should be available in the last days, to come forth under divine power and to go to the world. According to prophetic declaration, the *Book of Mormon* is destined to play an important part in converting the Jews and the remnant of the Lamanites to a knowledge of Christ. This may well be reviewed from lessons nine and ten.

But the message it bears to the Gentiles is of paramount importance now to us. Recall with their significance the prophecies concerning America, its discovery and settlement, the nature of its government and religion, the coming of *Bible* and Protestant Christianity, and finally, the Restoration and the New Jerusalem.

What is the challenge of this message to us? to American nations? What are we doing about it? What of the future?

LESSON THREE: *The Risen Christ in America*. See Part One, lesson seven; Part Two, lesson eleven.

Note the "Observations" in the above lessons; also the "Questions for Discussion."

It is significant that Jesus fulfilled his promise to visit his "other sheep" as recorded in the Nephite record. He manifested the universality of his message and mission.

It is also evident from both the Jaredite and the Nephite records that a much clearer knowledge of Christ and his mission in the world, and the gospel plan, was brought to America and had among ancient Americans, than is shown in the Old Testament as we have it today.

The ministry of Christ among the Nephites is a beautiful revelation of the love and power of God manifest among a righteous people. We are able to see the perfect working of the church under ideal conditions.

The legends of a "culture here," the visit of a white-bearded god, had among all civilized tribes of ancient America, give evidence of coming from a

common source, from just such a visit as is described in the *Book of Mormon*. Archæologists are unable to account for the prevalence of these legends, and their striking similarity among the varying tribes. Nor can the presence of the cross in some of the temples be accounted for, indicating a pre-Columbian Christian civilization. It has been reserved for the *Book of Mormon* to declare the truth, as a part of the "Marvelous Work" of Isaiah's prophecy.

LESSON FOUR: *Evidences of an Ancient American Christian Civilization*. See Part One, lesson twelve and thirteen.

Make use of "Observations" and "Questions for Discussion," pages 90, 94, 99, 107.

There is a vast amount of strikingly significant evidence being discovered to prove that just such a civilization as the *Book of Mormon* describes existed upon the American continent in pre-Columbian centuries. More evidences are daily being brought to light, although the whole matter is still a deep mystery to the most advanced archæologists of our day. The "wisdom of their wise men" is hid, although the secret is revealed in the Lord's way, and in due time the truth and power of God will be made openly manifest.

Much has been made clear in the *Book of Mormon* record, yet it is a mistake to assume definite geographical locations with the meager exploration had up to the present. Important discoveries are continually being made, and we may well watch with deep interest the confirming evidences which bear testimony to the message of the Restoration.

Interesting and valuable as are these wonderful discoveries in Mexico, Yucatan, Central America, and South America, it is of far greater importance that we should come to sense the spiritual significance of the record and receive for ourselves a personal testimony of its divinity, because we have prayerfully and earnestly applied its teachings to our lives.

LESSON FIVE: *The Brother of Jared, and Nephi*.

See Part Two, lessons one and two.

This lesson and the one following are taken from the quarter of biographical studies of *Book of Mormon* times.

Make use of "Observations" and "Questions for Discussion," pages 7, 8, 13.

The lives of these two men stand out in *Book of Mormon* history, because of their faith, their love, and the power of God manifest in their service. They are widely separated in time, but their work is similar, and we may learn most valuable lessons from their experiences and from their ministry.

Note that the Jaredites came out from the Tower before the days of Abraham, and long before the Mosaic covenant. They evidently had a knowledge of the original gospel plan and the redemption promised in Christ. The brother of Jared was a man of great faith, but also a man of dynamic spiritual power. Discuss the elements of his leadership.

Nephi is described as the most complete character of history. What were the elements of his greatness? Discuss the incidents of his life chiefly to see the man in the setting of his times.

If desired emphasis may be placed upon the wonderful visions of Nephi as given in 1 Nephi 2, 3, 4, and 5, and in the vision of the brother of Jared. —*Eth 1: 76-117.*

LESSON SIX: *The Two Almas.* See Part Two, lesson six and seven.

Note "Observations" and "Questions for Discussion," pages 33, 40 and 41.

The conversion of Alma under the preaching and martyrdom of Abinadi is a striking illustration of the working of the Spirit of God. There was evidently much of good in the young man which responded to the truth in Abinadi's testimony. Perhaps faithful Abinadi never knew in this life of the rich reward of his labors, for it was his faithfulness unto death that convinced Alma. Discuss the difficulties of Alma's life and ministry after conversion. How do you account for his power? Comment on his life of service.

The younger Alma has many counterparts today. How do you account for his early attitudes? What, however, laid the basis for his change of life? What lessons may we draw?

Discuss the incidents of Alma's later ministry. What evidences of power? What do we see in Alma to admire? What principles of life are demonstrated? How may these be made effective today?

LESSON SEVEN: *Life, Death, and the Atonement.* See Part Three, lessons seven and eight.

Make use of the "Questions for Discussion" on pages 41 and 47.

This lesson and the one following deal with items of the faith, belief and practice of the church in *Book of Mormon* times. These lessons are selected as treating of themes considered of great importance by the writers and evidently of great worth to us.

Values in life are determined by a people's philosophy. Usually the Lamanites were materialists, they were selfish, arrogant, living but for the pleasures and satisfactions of the moment. They had no concept of an hereafter and wished to be unhampered by ideas of duty. Their god was gratification of selfish lust.

The philosophy of the righteous Nephites and others was a Christian philosophy of life; service, fellowship and good will. Ideas of God, righteousness and an hereafter conditioned all their living, and brought a rich reward in the fruits of the Spirit. Their God was a living presence, benign, powerful, ever calling them to their best in life and service.

Similar philosophies are bringing similar results today. Note prevailing ideas of the verities of life as held about us. What differences do we observe in the lives of people? How much depends upon the fundamental ideas held concerning life and death and God? What were the ideas held by *Book of Mormon* writers? How do these compare with the ideas

of New Testament writers? with latter day revelation?

The fall of man and his rescue through the atonement and the gospel plan was declared in plainness by *Book of Mormon* writers. The law of Moses was had among the Nephite records brought from Jerusalem. Its observances were kept as types and shadows of the atonement to be made in Christ, but the gospel covenant was also in effect among them. Note the discussion of the effectiveness of the atonement, and the conditions under which one may regain his lost estate.

How does the *Book of Mormon* teaching on these points compare with *Bible* teachings? What then is the opportunity and responsibility of Latter Day Saints?

LESSON EIGHT: *Prayer and Spiritual Gifts.* See Part Three, lessons nine and ten.

Make full use of the topics discussed in these lessons, noting the "Questions for Discussion," pages 54 and 59.

These two lessons are closely related and the choicest ideas may be chosen from both for presentation. It will be well to have such topics as the following presented by different members of the class:

- Christ an example in prayer.
- Amulek's direction in prayer.
- Effects of prayer.
- Purposes of prayer.
- Prayers of the righteous, etc.

Discuss the purposes of spiritual gifts as given by Moroni. Under what conditions does Mormon say the gifts ceased?

Discuss the spirit of prophecy as manifested among the ancient Americans. What purposes were served? To what extent do similar purposes obtain today?

Under what conditions were revelations given in the Nephite church? What may we conclude concerning the church in our day?

(Note: It was originally planned for a fourth course, in the history of the church, to have been ready at this time, but the pressure of other work on the part of the one to whom the assignment was made has prevented its preparation. We suggest as further choice of reunion class material the following:

The Priesthood Manual. This is just off the press and makes an excellent study, especially for groups of the priesthood. Price, each, forty-five cents.

The Teaching of Religion. This is a recently prepared book in the pedagogy of religion, and is an excellent beginner's course in our own church school method. Price, each, twenty-five cents.

The Background of Our Church History. This is an outline treatment of our church history, well planned as a guide for class use. Price, each, ten cents.

Any of the above supplies will be sent on consignment to reunion officials on request. Address The Herald Publishing House, Independence, Missouri.)

THE CHURCH SCHOOL

Worship Programs for July

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "ADVENTURING IN THE GOSPEL LIFE."

The following programs have been submitted for church-wide use by a group of church school workers in Buffalo, New York. They are suggestive only, and in every case should be adapted to local conditions.

FIRST SUNDAY, JULY 3, 1932

Theme: "The Call to Adventure."

Prelude: Piano and violin, men's voices, new *Saints' Hymnal*, 228.

Call to Worship: "Then Samuel answered, Speak, for thy servant heareth." (1 Samuel 3: 10.)

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 229, "Marching With the Heroes."

Prayer: That we may interpret the call correctly and then act in accordance.

Scripture Reading: 1 Samuel 3: 1-10.

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 227, "Yes, We Feel the Clouds Are Breaking."

Theme Talk: *The Call to Adventure*:

The Master called his disciples to a life of adventure; he said unto them, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." (Matthew 4: 18, 19. See also verses 21, 22.) Abraham was called to a life of adventure when the Lord bade him leave his father's house to do the work of the Lord. (Genesis 12: 1.) Moses was called to adventure when the Lord talked with him in the burning bush. Exodus 3: 10.) Joshua received such a call when he was instructed to take Israel over the river Jordan. (Joshua 1: 1, 2.) Others were included in this kind of call. (See John 1: 43-46.)

"God's goodness hath been great unto thee
Let neither day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done."
—Shakespeare.

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 430, "The Breaking Waves Dashed High." (Two verses.)

Offering, etc.

Concluding thought: Now is the time to answer the call to adventure in the gospel life.

Hymn: 430. (Last verse.)

Classes.

SECOND SUNDAY, JULY 10, 1932

Theme: "Preparing for the Adventure."

Prelude: *Silver Clouds*, by Nevin.

Call to Worship: "Before us, even as behind, God is, and all is well." (Whittier.)

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 429, "We Plow the Fields."

Prayer: That we may be willing to forego worldly pleasures in order to prepare for greater things in the gospel.

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 433, "Come let us anew."

Scripture Reading: Saint Luke 4: 18, 19.

Theme Talk: "Preparing for the Adventure":

"Study to show thyself approved unto God." (2 Timothy 2: 15.) The Bereans were preparing for adventure. (Acts 17: 11.) We are commanded to prepare. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 104: 44, 38: 5; 43: 3; 85: 21; 85: 36.) Jesus was preparing for the adventure when he spent forty days in communion with God. (Matthew 4, 1, 2, Inspired Translation.) The Master was seeking to prepare his disciples for the adventure when he said unto them: "Watch and pray." (Mark 14: 38.)

Joseph Smith and his brethren were adventuring when the church was organized on April 6, 1830. We adventure when we join the church, and we renew that adventure daily as we go to our tasks under divine benediction.

Watch ye as men and be prepared
For trying times are near at hand,
With you my blessings shall be shared
If firmly for the right you stand.

Offering.

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 436, "Onward to Zion."

Concluding thought: "I'll work hard and be prepared and some day maybe my chance will come." (Lincoln.)

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 346.

Classes.

THIRD SUNDAY, JULY 17, 1932

Theme: "Meaning and purpose of the adventure."

Prelude: "Liebstod" (Tristan) Wagner.

Call to worship:

"One resolution I have made
And try always to keep, is this,
To rise above little things."

—John Burroughs.

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 345, "Is Thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?"

Prayer: That we may have an understanding heart to grasp the significance of the gospel's worth.

Hymn: New *Saints' Hymnal*, 344, "Hark the Voice of Jesus Calling."

Theme Talk: *Meaning and purpose of the adventure*:

The purpose of the adventure is to build up the

Kingdom of God and establish his righteousness. (Matthew 6: 33. See Inspired Translation, verse 38.) It is to make men in the image of God. (Genesis 1: 26.) It is to renew the soul and make the life pure and lovely. (See Ezekiel 18: 31. Also Psalm 40: 7, 8.) It means the developing of a life that is possessed of all the elements of Godliness. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 11: 3, 4.) It is to fit men for a dwelling place with God. (Matthew 5: 8; Revelation 21: 3, 4.)

God wills that we should grow in grace
And fill our days with service kind,
For then we may behold his face,
And life eternal we shall find.

Story (by a woman): A miracle for a woman. (Luke 13: 10-13.)

Offering.

Concluding thought: That which carries us toward the ideals of Christ is worth while.

Hymn: 348. (Quartet.)

Classes.

FOURTH SUNDAY, JULY 24, 1932

Theme: "Achieving Skill in the Adventure."

Prelude: "Berceuse," by Dickinson.

Call to Worship: "When we look down the long avenues of the future and see the good there is for us to do, we feel after all what a beautiful thing it is to work, to live and to be happy."

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 31, "O Jesus the Giver of all we Enjoy."

Prayer: That we may gain skill in service to God as we live and serve among our fellow men.

Scripture Reading: *Doctrine and Covenants* 10: 2-6.

Hymn: 203, "Father bear the prayer we offer." (Quartet.)

Theme Talk: "Achieving Skill in the Adventure":

By searching the Scriptures. (See John 5: 39; *Doctrine and Covenants* 1: 7; 2 Timothy 3: 15; *Doctrine and Covenants* 85: 21.) "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ." (Philippians 2: 5; Matthew 11: 29; John 13: 15; 1 Peter 3: 15.) Be ready to give answer for the hope that is within you." (Colossians 4:6.) "Know how to answer every man." (Ephesians 6: 11, 12.) "Put on the whole armour." See also Psalm 19: 14.)

Be skillful in your work each day,
Your calling is a sacred thing;
Search out the true, the perfect way,
For this the best returns will bring.

Offering.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 268, "Savior I follow on." (Two verses.)

Concluding thought: Read third verse of above song and then congregation join in singing.

Classes.

FIFTH SUNDAY, JULY 31, 1932

Theme: "All the way with Christ."

Prelude: "Dreams," Son, 7, by Guilmant.

Call to Worship:

"Every noble life leaves the fibre of it
Interwoven for ever in the work of the world."
—Ruskin.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 298, "O Jesus I Have Promised."

Prayer: That we may not hesitate or falter in service, but have courage to remain firm for the right.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 241, "I'm Pressing on the Upward Way."

Scripture Reading: Psalm 50: 1-15.

Theme Talk: "All the Way With Christ":

A young man who started out in an eventful career said, "I will do the thing the Lord hath commanded, for I know the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men save he shall prepare a way for them to do the thing he hath commanded." (*Book of Mormon*, 1 Nephi 1: 65, also 5: 59.) To go all the way with Christ demands that I put my whole being into the work he has committed unto my trust; it means that I will become a Zion builder; I will use my time, means, talent and life itself to carry forward his work. I will become a worker with him. (2 Corinthians 6: 1; *Doctrine and Covenants* 119: 8.) With Christ I will be able to say, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." (John 5: 17.)

"And good shall ever conquer ill
Health walk where pain hath trod,
As a man thinketh, so is he,
Rise then and think with God."

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 209, "Look for the Beautiful."

Offering.

Concluding thought: It takes a real man or woman to go all the way with Christ.

Hymn: *New Saints' Hymnal*, 210, "Rise Up O Men of God."

Classes.



If there is any one magic word which promotes harmony and cooperation in the organization it is the word "We." The wise leaders learn to use it and make it a part of their thinking. It signifies that the organization is not a one man affair. It is not an individual matter. It is a cooperative organization. (From an editorial in *Church Management*.)

THE CHILDREN'S DIVISION

Worship Programs for July

Prepared by RICHARD and ALICE H. BALDWIN

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "ADVENTURING
WITH JESUS."

FIRST SUNDAY, JULY 3, 1932
SACRAMENT SUNDAY

It is suggested that the children meet with the adults for this Sunday.

SECOND SUNDAY, JULY 10, 1932

Theme: "Preparing for the Adventure."

Prelude: "God Is Marching His Army."
Call to Adventure:

Oh, Jesus, once a Nazareth boy,
And tempted like as we,
All inward foes help us destroy
And spotless all to be
We trust Thee for the grace to win
The high victorious goal
Where purity shall conquer sin
In Christlike self control.

—Anonymous.

Hymn: "Jesus Calls Us." *Hymnal*, 337.

Scripture Reading: Luke 2: 40-52.

Picture Appreciation: "Christ and the Doctors."
Hoffman.

This picture is so popular that undoubtedly you already have a copy. A very good appreciation is found in "The Gospel in Art," by Bailey. If you can not procure this book, the question and answer method of appreciation may be used. This consists of questions as to what the children see in the picture.

Sentence Prayers:

Sentence expressions of desires to prepare for the adventure, the things we believe Jesus wishes us to do to prepare, etc.

Solo: "Ob, to be mora like Jesus." *Zion's Praises*, 128.

Story: "A Cup of Cold Water." Page 128, "Knights of Service." Bradshaw.

Sermon: "The Fourfold Life."

Text: Luke 2: 52. "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

We must grow as Jesus did. People have always tried to be like Jesus. The first account of his public work was his adventure in the Temple, where he was not afraid to talk with the wise men. Very little is told of his life after being found in the Temple up to the time he took up his ministry except the one verse which shows he increased in every possible way.

He increased in wisdom. He must have gone to school, and learned of the things of this world.

He increased in mental power, and in understanding. We, too, must increase in wisdom.

He increased in stature. He learned to live a life of health, strength, and wholesome recreation. Paul wrote, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit? Glorify God, therefore, in your body." "I beseech you therefore—present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God. Jesus took care of his body. The Word of Wisdom may be mentioned as part of our guide for increasing our stature. While it may not be wisdom always to present a negative side to the children, in this case we believe a little talk on some of the abuses of our bodies might be beneficial.

He increased in favor with God. He cultivated the fruits of the Spirit, Love, joy, peace, long suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, etc. From his parents he learned the right way of living. He attended the synagogue schools. In those days the children were taught the scriptures in these schools. We have the opportunity of growing in favor with God in many ways—learning at home, in the church school, from sermons, attending prayer meetings, from books, etc.

He increased in favor with man. He was a true example of brotherhood, our Elder Brother, loving kindness. He lived with his family, he went to visit homes, and ate with his friends, in the community he healed the sick. At the seaside he met with his disciples, and he fed the multitude. If we practice the Golden Rule, we, too, shall grow in favor with man.

(For a project during the coming week we might ask the children to live as Jesus would, and report on their adventures next week. Let them decide for themselves in every situation that confronts them just what they believe Jesus would have done at their age.)

Hymn: "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life."
Hymnal, 350.

WE THANK THEE

We thank thee, Father, for the life
That Jesus lived on earth,
For crowded inn at Bethlehem
That saw his wondrous birth;
That as a lad in Nazareth,
He grew in strength each day,
That wisdom filled his heart and life
Alike in work and play.

In village, synagogue, at school,
He learned the ways of God,
The laws and statutes of the past,
The path their heroes trod.

In Joseph's shop, with saw and plane,
He learned his humble trade;
In quiet home, when work was done,
A thoughtful son he made.

And he increased, as days went by,
In stature, wisdom, truth;
Beloved by men and by his God,
He lived his early youth.
For manhood's stern and trying tasks,
Those years of growth prepared;
He lived his whole life close to God,
Whose purposes he shared.

—Selected.

Benediction.

THIRD SUNDAY, JULY 17, 1932

Theme: "Purposes of the Adventure."

Prelude.

Hymn: "Hark the Voice of Jesus Calling." (344.)

Prayer.

Scripture Readings: *Doctrine and Covenants* 81: 4;
46: 13, 14.

Special Number: To be sung by a class of five girls,
each girl singing one verse: "The Saints Shall Wear
Robes as the Lilies." *Hymnal*, 185.

Poem: "God Is Working His Purpose Out." (To
be read by an older boy or girl.)

God is working his purpose out,
As year succeeds to year;
God is working his purpose out,
And the time is drawing near;
Nearer and nearer draws the time,
The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God,
As the waters cover the sea.

What can we do to work God's work,
To prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind
The reign of the Prince of Peace?
What can we do to hasten the time,
The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God
As the waters cover the sea?

March we forth in the strength of God,
With the banner of Christ unfurled,
That the light of the glorious gospel of truth
May shine throughout the world:
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin
To set their captives free,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God
As the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth,
Unless God bless the deed;
Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide,
Till God gives life to the seed;
Nearer and nearer draws the time,
The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God
As the waters cover the sea.

Hymn: "Lord, God of Hosts." *Hymnal*, 172. (May
be sung to the tune of "I Would Be True," 294.)

Sermon:

(The purpose of our church is missionary. The children can help to bring about God's purpose. A sermon on Zion would be very fitting in carrying out this theme. No better outline for a sermon talk could be given than President Frederick M. Smith's definition of Zion. "A beautiful people, living in a beautiful environment, with beautiful ideals.")

A beautiful people. Tell what it takes to become beautiful. Beauty always comes from within. Again President Smith may be quoted, "A clean body and a clean mind make a clean soul."

In a beautiful environment. We can create a beautiful environment, especially in our own homes. We can do our part to make the community in which we live more beautiful.

With beautiful ideals. Hold before the children some of the high ideals of our church, as contained in the *Bible*, *Book of Mormon*, and *Doctrine and Covenants*.

Hymn: "Onward to Zion," *Hymnal*, 436.

(It might be explained to the children that this inspiring hymn was written by President F. M. Smith, while in the solitude of his home in meditation. Sometimes when overburdened with the problems of the church he seeks solace in music. One night while playing a record which he particularly enjoyed, these beautiful words came to him, fitting into the music as it progressed. It has a deep appeal to the Saints, and gives us an insight into the wonderful visions he has for the church.)

Benediction.

FOURTH SUNDAY, JULY 24, 1932

Theme: "The Adventure Begun."

Prelude.

Pledge of Service:

We would live ever in the light,
We would work ever for the right,
We would serve thee with all our might,
Jesus to thee we come.

Prayer.

Hymn: "We're Marching to Zion," *Hymnal*, 5.

Scripture Reading. *Phillipians* 3: 13, 14.

Story: "The Four Fishermen of Galilee," in *Knights of Service*, page 46. (These were the first men who joined Jesus in the Great Adventure.)

Hymn: "Hark, Listen to the Trumpeters," *Hymnal*, 219.

Sermon:

Tell brief stories of some of the life of Christ, miracles, parables, sermons, his visit to America. Mention some of the disciples who early joined him in the adventure. "The Champion Christian Soldier." (*Knights of Service*, page 89, by Bradshaw) makes an inspiring story of adventure.

Do not leave your sermon until you have men-

tioned some of those who have joined the adventure in the latter days, bringing it right down to some of the missionaries with whom the children are acquainted, and finally make an appeal to them, that they, too, join in the great adventure with Christ.

Hymn: "Just As I Am," *Hymnal*, 296.
Closing thought, to be read in unison:

Sturdy of limb, with bounding health,
Eager to play the hero's part,
Grant to us each that greater wealth
An undefiled and loyal heart.
God of our youth, be thou our might
To do the right, to do the right.

Benediction.

FIFTH SUNDAY, JULY 31, 1932

Theme: "Going on With Christ."

Prelude.

Call to Service:

O God, who worketh hitherto, working in all we see,
Fain would we be and bear to do, as best it pleases thee.
Our skill of hand, our strength of limb, are not our own, but thine.
We link them with the work of him who made all life divine.
Where'er thou sendest we will go, nor any question ask,
And what thou biddest we will do, what ever be the task.

Hymn: "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee."
Hymnal, 213.

Prayer.

Story: "The Boy Who Became a Friend of Jesus."
(*Knights of Service*, Bradshaw, page 58.)

Hymn: "O Master Workman," *Hymnal*, 152.

Sermon:

Reverting to the story of Christ in the Temple, used previously in the month, the following text may be used, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Or the last line of the first verse of the hymn just sung may be used, "Did ye not know it is my work, my Father's work to do?"

If we are to go on with Christ in the Gospel Adventure, we must grow as he grew.

A good object sermon may be preached in the following way, by use of the blackboard:

"Growing as the Trees."

A beautiful tree grows down right. Sketch the roots of a tree on the board. Tell how necessary it is we shall be rooted and grounded in the truth. Our training at home and at church constitutes our roots. Then we can withstand the storms because our roots will be deep.

It grows upright. Draw a tall, straight trunk

of a tree. Reaching upward to the sun. So must we grow upright, being faithful and honest in every way.

It grows outright. Makes the limbs of your tree now, and make it a widespreading tree. This makes it beautiful, and it also enables it to be a shelter in time of storm, or from the sun's piercing rays. We, too, may grow outright and become helpers to everyone, for if our hands are outstretched to help our neighbors, we shall be like the trees with their widespreading arms.

It grows inright. With the flat side of your chalk fill in the trunk. If it were decayed at its heart it could not stand the storms. If we grow inright, our hearts and our minds will be right.

The best kind of trees bear fruit as well as leaves, and then they are useful as well as beautiful.

(Have red chalk handy and have several, or all, of the children mention some fruit that must grow in our lives in order that we shall be going on with Christ. They will mention truth, honesty, fair play, love, charity, cheerfulness, etc. Have each child come forward, and make a filled in circle of red, representing fruit, for the virtue they name. We may now liken the tree to the Tree of Life.)

Hymn: "Oh, Jesus I Have Promised," *Hymnal*, 298.

Benediction.

(Note: Brother and Sister Baldwin call attention to the satisfactory weekly program sheets which may be obtained by the use of a hectograph. These may be purchased of the mail-order houses as low as \$2.15 complete. A printed program in the hand of each worshiper is a great help, and the programs may be made very attractive.)



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SAYS

If time be of all things the most precious, wasting of time must be, as Poor Richard says, the greatest prodigality, since, as he elsewhere tells us, lost time is never found again; and what we call time-enough, always proves little enough. Let us then be up and doing and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy, and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night. While laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him, as we read in Poor Richard, who adds: Drive thy Business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.



Empty hours, empty hands, empty companions, empty words, and empty hearts draw in evil spirits as a vacuum draws in air. To be occupied with good is the best defense against the inroads of evil.—

Selected.

MUSIC IN THE HOME

By MURIEL WHITING

(The following paper was submitted as a part of the required work in one of the correspondence courses in Leadership Training.)

RUSKIN has said that the four necessities of life are food, shelter, raiment, and music, and yet how sad it is that so many American homes as well as homes of the Saints make an effort to provide food, shelter and raiment and neglect the musical education of their children, which Plato states is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten.

Love and harmony are synonymous terms, and a home without both is in reality not a home but merely a dwelling place where the aforementioned food, shelter and raiment are provided. One very important factor which helps to build characters that radiate love and harmony is music which leads to all that is good, just, and beautiful.

In considering the actual value of music in home life we may note a few concrete forms in which it has a beneficial effect physically, intellectually, spiritually and socially.

Especially in this age of rushing madly from one thing to another do we find an increasingly large number of cases of shattered nerves; many of us have the "hurry habit," and find difficulty in really relaxing. Experience has taught that nothing is more effective in relieving the strain of hurry and quieting the nerves than music. It causes the nerves to relax and sleep to come. A certain physician has been quoted as saying that by using certain records on the phonograph he was able to reduce the amount of anaesthetic about to be administered to patients who were being prepared for operations.

The health of members of the family is indeed of very vital concern, and if music can have a beneficial influence physically in the way of relieving nerve strain and creating an atmosphere of relaxation, then it is a need that should not be disregarded.

Perhaps even more important in home life than the physical aspect is the spirit of cooperation, harmony and understanding which can

be developed between members of the family by music in any of its many forms. A family orchestra is an ideal plan of teaching its members to work together. With a knowledge of music a boy or girl is enabled to play the accompaniment for the fun of an evening family "sing," and a mother can turn her home into a heaven by playing songs for her children as well as by playing for musical games in which they can all participate.

The question is not one of becoming a master of Beethoven or Bach, but rather one of appreciating music and using it in a way that may have a practical value and lend grace and harmony to life.

One author of child psychology has said that the child's greatest means of education is the home, and it is also a generally known fact that once a sense is awakened music becomes a practical help in education. Once more we can see how closely linked up are the home and music. Music develops the power of concentration, for it is an individual effort which requires personal application, and it brings about an inward development toward which all education is directed. In this same connection we know also that such application and concentration do much in the way of developing patience. The child learns that to accomplish the desired results he must be willing to patiently repeat over and over certain selections until he has acquired technical proficiency and a definite understanding.

When we see groups of young people or children congregated on street corners or when we see instances of where children are very seldom found at home but merely treat it as a lodging place, we at once decide that home life to them is not attractive. We admit that they need the association of other young people their own age, but life can not be complete for any individual that does not find home life sufficiently attractive to induce him to spend a goodly portion of his time in it with other members of the family. There are any number of features that go to make the atmosphere

of the home such as to draw its inmates toward it and away from undesirable outside influence, but perhaps none has such a magnetic influence upon young people as does music. If they are studying it in any form it may be looked upon as an occupation to fill their time. Mr. J. C. Kelley, superintendent of the Washington State Training School for Boys, states that unemployment is the cause of much juvenile delinquency and defines unemployment as "the lack of opportunity to apply oneself usefully." Let's give our children an opportunity to devote their energies to something that will not only be beneficial to them as a means of consuming their energies, but also as an asset to their individuality. Children who are surrounded by the influence of music in the home are glad to invite their friends in to spend an evening, and have an excellent means of entertaining them, while without this attraction they are prone to seek outside associations. Not only within the home is the influence of music felt in a social way, but in their outside social circles children and young people who have been given the advantage of musical training have a very definite contribution which they can offer to the group. In that way they are made to feel useful and are very much less apt to seek undesirable avenues in which to direct their energies.

In many homes it seems that the present "radio age" is having an undesirable effect for unless the situation is carefully supervised the radio interferes with the practice periods of children who may be studying music, and again we have heard the argument, "Why should we spend years gaining a musical education when we can get good music by merely turning a dial?" For those who really appreciate the value of musical training there need be no answer given to that question for they realize that the process of education is perhaps of even more value to the individual than the pleasure derived from playing or merely listening to music, but the responsibility devolving upon parents in this respect is not an insignificant one, for they must help their children to see the value from both a material and an aesthetic viewpoint. We must admit, however, that the radio has its place and a very prominent one, for many very splendid programs

are obtainable by means of it which help to create a happy atmosphere after the conclusion of the activities of a busy day. Then, too, the radio is one more of those features which add to the attractiveness of the home and tend to draw children and young people to it.

In many homes the radio has replaced the phonograph, but perhaps this is a mistake, for young children especially can gain much from phonograph records. Nursery rhymes have been set to music and are very attractive to children. They like to hear them played over and over, and because of their simplicity are able to sing with the music and in that way they become acquainted with and learn to appreciate songs that they might otherwise miss.

The piano of course is an instrument that should be in every home for it is fundamental to any phase of music study. At least a few piano lessons should precede the study of any other instrument for from that the child gains a basis for his musical education. More especially for vocal work is piano training essential, for students of voice are greatly retarded in their work if they must depend upon another for accompaniment.

Perhaps the gravest problem in the training of children in musical art is that of causing them to appreciate classical music and not limit their development to the popular dance melodies of the day which contain few elements of *real* music. If permitted to interest themselves to any great extent in this type of music, children are apt to dwarf their appreciation for classical music, and they feel that a study of it requires more effort than they are willing to exert. Let's help our young people to appreciate music that has depth and make them feel dissatisfied with the shallow type that the dance halls sponsor.

Most children who are engaged in the study of music are happy over an opportunity to make use of what they have learned, and it is in providing these opportunities for expression that the church department of music and church school can play an important part in supplementing the home training and influence. Orchestras, junior choir work and programs so arranged as to employ the musical talent of our young people are invaluable in developing interest in the art of music and

(Continued on page 267.)

THE USE OF POSTERS IN THE JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

By FERN WEEDMARK, Topeka, Kansas

AS TEACHERS and leaders of children, we are helping to build character. We desire to lead them through experiences which will help them develop right attitudes, desires, habits, and skill in living.

The following discussion concerning "Poster Work" expresses but one of the many means by which we can interest and help our junior boys and girls. If our teaching is to be life centered, we welcome each new thought or plan which will encourage our juniors to live more abundantly.

The poster is recognized as an affective means of teaching and may be used for various purposes and occasions. The Chinese tell us that "one picture is worth a thousand words." The poster is but a picture which tells us something. It may present a problem or a question which will stimulate thinking and action on the part of the pupil when many times the spoken word will fail. This kind of a poster is an ideal means for purposing a project. It will first attract and hold the attention, then deliver a message, and stimulate action.

The poster may tell a story in an unmistakable manner. The type of poster is of special value when worked out by the children. The Christmas story, and the Easter story are especially interesting for this work, and there are many others.

Seasonal posters may be made by the children also. This poster brings cheer to the room and stimulates an attitude of appreciation in the child for God's wonderful gifts. Children enjoy a new poster each month of this year. It is well to talk about the poster, or perhaps sing about the thought expressed on it, or to build a prayer about it. The April poster may tell about "rain" with pictures and lettering. May brings the thought of flowers. The children will enjoy collecting pictures. Special holidays offer splendid ideas for posters, too. Washington, Lincoln, and other heroes may be used as subjects. Valentine's Day brings the thought of love and may furnish inspiration for a very beautiful poster.

Posters may be used to stimulate regular attendance, to remember birthdays, and to make memory work interesting. Songs may be illustrated in this way; or a Psalm, memory verse, prayer, or particular lines of scripture.

The color and arrangement of material attract the eye. The colored pictures are most effective in poster work. The poster should not be crowded with too many pictures for this not only spoils the effect but may detract from the message the poster carries. Always be sure that pictures are true to facts.

Teachers will need to always be looking for pictures. The children like to collect pictures also, so a very helpful collection can be made by a class in a very short time. The magazines will furnish many good seasonal pictures as well as other kinds. Many of the larger newspapers print splendid pictures on special days and it is well worth one's time to make a special visit to the news stands on a holiday.

Picture catalogs from various picture houses should be in the hands of every junior teacher and leader. (These are sent free upon request.) Almost any desired picture may be obtained at small cost. These catalogs afford a splendid opportunity also of acquainting one with pictures, various subjects and artists. Sacred art calendars which are used for advertising purposes by most funeral homes contain many beautiful religious pictures in color. These business places are glad to give calendars to anyone who cares to ask for one.

One junior class has friends and members of the branch saving pictures, magazines, and calendars for them. Friends are always glad to do this and enjoy helping.

Pictures should be trimmed and filed away under various headings, for example: Summer, Winter, Patriotic, Animals, Play, School, Harvest, etc. When this is done, pictures are always at hand for immediate use.

Good foundation materials for posters are: bristol board, large construction paper, and photographers' mounting pasteboard. Oatmeal

wall paper in plain colors makes very good posters and is especially good when panel posters are desired, as it will furnish any length desired. Another satisfactory material upon which to make posters is a paper window blind which may be obtained at the ten-cent store for ten cents. These come in several colors, are six feet long and three wide, and are good and strong.

Bristol board is the most satisfactory because of its durability, and also because it may be purchased at any stationery store at small cost. Bristol board comes in several colors and is just the proper size, 22x28 inches.

Gummed letters may be bought or a good letter pattern may be used for the lettering on the poster. Letters may be colored or painted on the poster or cut from paper of contrasting

color and pasted on. A very fine pattern of just the proper size for poster work may be found in the second, third, and fourth grade public school drawing books. Also large letters may be cut from magazines for patterns.

Posters may be used more than once if properly cared for. They should be taken down from the wall when no longer needed and put away in a dustproof place. A poster should never be left on the wall after it has served its purpose, for the children will grow tired of it.

Doing things and making things are finding a place in our church school curriculum. But there must be a specific purpose in each thing done, for each thing a child does, sees, and hears, bears fruit in character. Each experience into which we guide the child must make its contribution of good to his character.

SIR OLIVER LODGE AFFIRMS IMMORTALITY

The soul does not die with the body. Physiologists do not find any spirit in the brain by analyzing it, of course, and they have a different opinion altogether from mine on the reaction of the brain.

I think the brain is an instrument used by the mind. They apparently think the brain is the mind. I do not look at it that way. The brain manifests the mind, but that is not the same thing as being the mind. A violin manifests Beethoven but it is not quite the same thing as being Beethoven. If you smash the instrument, of course, the mind can not manifest itself. That is all right, and what scientists know about the brain and the way it acts on muscles and nerves is all good.

It is all part of the machinery, and they know a terrible lot about the working of machinery. But there is something more to be said than that. Anybody can point out how a typewriter works, and you can not get it to go unless it is properly connected and in good order. But that does not explain the sense or meaning of what comes out of it.

The brain or any form of matter can not evolve Shakespeare's poetry or sense of meaning. It manifests it like the typewriter. . . . If the brain is the mind and the one is de-

stroyed, the other goes, too, but if it is only the instrument, and if one smashes an instrument such as a violin, it does not kill the music, the real thing behind the scenes. (Statement of Sir Oliver Lodge, in answer to Sir Arthur Keith.)



MUSIC IN THE HOME

(Continued from page 265.)

lending an incentive to study, for young people like adults appreciate activities just insofar as they are able to apply their knowledge and their effort.

Both the home and the church have a grave responsibility in providing training in music for the youth as well as opportunities for expression of the knowledge and appreciation gained, but too many people fail to sense the importance and vital necessity of musical training for growing children and young people. Many also fail to realize the effect of music on the developing mind and personality of a child, and as a result do not provide the influence of music in the home and church which does so much to cause the individuals within them to appreciate the beautiful in life and to build characters that radiate love and harmony.

FAITH

A Play In Two Acts

By MAXINE POST

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mary Duncan.....	The mother
Josephine Duncan (Jo).....	Oldest daughter
Anne Duncan.....	Youngest daughter
Lillian Booth.....	A "flapper"
Brother Smith.....	An elder
The Doctor.....	
Miss Deborah Rivers.....	The landlady

SCENE PLOT

Act 1:

Scene 1—Living room of the Duncan home (a missionary family).

Time Autumn
Early Evening

Scene 2—The same—Two hours later.

Scene 3—The same—Twenty minutes later.

Act 2:

Scene 1—The same—Next morning.

Scene 2—The same—Afternoon of the same day.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

Mary Duncan—40 years old. Neat plain house dress throughout play.

Jo Duncan—16 years old. Act 1—House dress. Old coat to wear over house dress as she goes to party. Act 2, Scene 1—House dress. Scene 2—Nice dress, coat and hat.

Anne Duncan—10 years old. Act 1—Gingham dress. Act 2—Bathrobe and slippers.

Lillian Booth—18 years old. Act 1—Evening dress and coat. Act 2—Coat suit.

Brother Smith—35 years old. A business suit.

The Doctor—30 years old. A business suit.

Miss Deborah Rivers—A wealthy woman about 35—dressed richly—nice shoes, hat and coat, or coat suit, hat and purse.

Properties—Divan; small table; telephone and stand; Straight chair; rocker; Bible; school books and pencil; box containing pictures and handkerchief; dress of flowered silk for Mary to bring in to show to Jo in Act 1; dress, needles, thread, and thimbles to use in Act 1.

Playing Time Forty Minutes.

Act I

SCENE I

Place: Living room of the Duncan home. Small table containing Bible at "Center" stage; divan at "Left" of table; straight chair at "Left" side of table between divan and table; rocker at "Right" of table; telephone near "Right" entrance. There are two entrances, "Right" entrance is outside door, "Left" entrance leads to bedroom.

Time: Early evening.

(Mrs. Duncan seated in rocker mending. Anne seated at table studying her lessons. Enter Jo from left with dress to mend.)

Jo: This old dress just looks terrible. I don't see why I can't have nice clothes like other girls. Lillian asked me to go to the party with her tonight. (Sits down on divan, threads needle and starts mending dress.) She'll have on pretty clothes, but look at this old rag I'll have to wear. I don't see why daddy had to be a missionary anyway. You have to work so hard, and we don't even have half enough to eat sometimes.

MRS. DUNCAN: Why, Josephine!

Jo: It's true and you know it. I want to go and have a good time like other girls, and I could, too. I could be as popular as anybody if I had nice clothes. Just look at this rag! (Holds up dress.) LOOK AT IT! (Stamps foot.)

MRS. DUNCAN: I'll tell you what I'll do dear, I can fix that old flowered silk of mine. I'm sure I can make you a pretty little dress out of that.

Jo: I won't have your tacky old made-overs, that's all I've had all my life. That's all we ever do, MAKE OVER, SKIMP, DO WITHOUT. I don't see why daddy can't come home and take care of us. But NO he has to chase off somewhere in the mission field, while we stay at home and DO WITHOUT.

MRS. DUNCAN: Honey, mother is so sorry she can't give you all the pretty things you want, but you know we haven't received our allowances from the Bishop in almost four months. (Puts arms around Jo, who pushes them off.)

Jo: Do you really expect them to send it to you? OF COURSE NOT. They don't care how much we starve. (Mary exit L crying.)

ANNE: Jo, aren't you ashamed of yourself, you made mother cry. I'll give you this new handkerchief my Sunday school teacher gave me, you can take it to the party. (Offers handkerchief.)

Jo: I don't want your old handkerchief. (Slaps it out of her hand.)

ANNE: You don't have to be so mean about it. (Picks up handkerchief.) Ever since you have been chasing around with that Lillian Booth and those two boy friends of hers, you aren't near as nice at home as you used to be. I don't have any pretty clothes either. You know, after you wear your clothes out, mother takes the good parts and makes them over for me. Sometimes—I wonder—if that's why Joseph had the coat of many colors. Maybe his mother took the good parts of all his brothers' coats and made them into one for him.

Jo: Think you're smart, don't you?

ANNE: Well, wasn't his father a missionary, too?
 JO: Oh! Shut up. You make me tired.

ANNE: Well, really Jo, don't you think you ought to be nicer to mother about it? She can't help it because she can't buy us pretty clothes.

JO: Well, doesn't the *Bible* say the "laborer is worthy of his hire"?

ANNE: But Jo, the Bishop can't help it if the Saints don't pay their tithing, can he? You know, if they don't send him any money, he can't send us any.

JO: Well, why don't they pay it then? No, they're busy buying fine clothes, automobiles, and spending it on good times—anything, except paying their tithing. We gave our daddy, we can't even have him at home. What do we get out of it? OLD CLOTHES AND STARVATION.

ANNE: I don't believe many of the Saints realize what the missionary families go through. If they knew we didn't always have warm clothes and enough food, I believe they'd pay their tithing better. Every night when I go to bed, I ask Jesus to tell them how much we need things.

JO: You can if you want to, but I'm THROUGH praying for things. It doesn't do any good, anyway.

ANNE: Why, Josephine! *(Enter Mary L.)*

MRS. DUNCAN: Look dear, I think I can fix this dress for you. *(Holds up flowered silk dress.)* I'm sure it'll look real pretty.

JO: Well, I'm not, but it couldn't look any worse than this thing.

MRS. DUNCAN: Come to the mirror, dear, and let's try it on. *(Exit Mary and Jo L.)*

ANNE: *(Assumes attitude of prayer.)* "Dear Jesus, can't you please help us? Josephine needs a new dress, and I need a coat. That old coat I have, I've worn three winters, and it's so short, my knees get awful cold. I want a nice new one, with fur on it, and Dear Jesus, can't you make mother feel better so she won't cry when she can't buy things we want. I'm expecting you to do it, Jesus . . ." *(Knock at door.)*

ANNE: Mother! Some one's at the door. *(Enter Mary L, crosses to center stage as Lillian opens the door and enters R.)*

LILLIAN: It's just me. Is Jo ready?

MRS. DUNCAN: She's getting ready, she'll be out in just a minute.

JO: *(Through the open door.)* Hello! Lillian—Be with you in just a minute.

MRS. DUNCAN: Won't you sit down?

LILLIAN: No, I haven't time, the boys are waiting. Come on Jo, we're gonna be late.

JO: Coming right now, don't be in such a hurry. *(Enter L.)*

MRS. DUNCAN: Good-bye dear.

JO: Bye. *(Carelessly.) (Exit R Jo and Lillian.) (Mary turns to Anne.)*

MRS. DUNCAN: Young lady, it's time you were in bed.

ANNE: Oh! Mother, I don't want to go to bed.

MRS. DUNCAN: It's time all good little girls were in bed.

ANNE: That lets me out, I'm not good.

MRS. DUNCAN: You're the best little girl a mother ever had. *(Kisses her on forehead.)* Why, dear, you're so hot, don't you feel well?

ANNE: No, Mother, I haven't felt well all afternoon. *(Yawns and stretches.)*

MRS. DUNCAN: Come, let mother put you to bed. *(Exit L—Mary's arm around Anne.)*

CURTAIN

SCENE 2

(Two Hours Later.)

(Enter Mary L—crosses hurriedly to phone. Gives number, pauses.)

MRS. DUNCAN: Hello, Doctor, this is Mrs. Duncan. My little girl is very sick. How soon can you get here? Right away? That's good—Hurry, Doctor. *(Again gives number, pauses.)* Brother Smith? Anne is very sick, will you come and administer to her? She's unconscious, and I'm so frightened. Oh! Do hurry, please—Thank you Brother Smith, I knew you'd come. *(Exit Left crying.)* Oh! Anne! My baby.

CURTAIN

SCENE 3

(Twenty Minutes Later.)

(Knock on door R.) (Mary crosses stage to admit Brother Smith.)

MRS. DUNCAN: Howdy do, Brother Smith! *(Shakes hands.)*

BROTHER SMITH: How is she?

MRS. DUNCAN: She doesn't know me at all, she's awfully sick, come right on in. *(Exit L.) (Thirty seconds clear stage.) (Knock on door—Mary crosses and opens door to admit Doctor.)*

MRS. DUNCAN: Come in, Doctor.

DOCTOR: How's the little girl, Mrs. Duncan?

MRS. DUNCAN: She's very sick, Doctor. Come this way. *(Brother Smith enters L and greets Doctor.)*

BROTHER SMITH: Howdy do, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Howdy do, Mr. Smith.

MRS. DUNCAN: Have a seat Brother Smith, I'll be out in just a minute. *(Exit L with Doctor.)*

BROTHER SMITH: All right. *(Picks up Bible and turns casually through it—Reads first four verses of twenty-third Psalm.) (Enter Mary and Doctor L.)*

MRS. DUNCAN: So you think there is no hope for her, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Well, Mrs. Duncan, there's always hope while there's life. I'll have this prescription filled and have it sent out right away. *(Shows a piece of paper in hand.)* Give her a teaspoonful every hour. If she isn't better by midnight, call me. Can I drop you some place, Mr. Smith?

BROTHER SMITH: Thanks, Doctor. *(Turns to*

Mary.) If there's anything else I can do, just let me know.

MRS. DUNCAN: Thank you. (*Exit R—Brother Smith and Doctor.*) (*Mary sits down in rocker—picks up purse from table, takes out a few coins looks at them, and puts them back, and picks up piece of paper.*) What will I do? Here's this notice for the rent. I'm three months behind with it now, my grocer bill's past due, and I have scarcely any money. I'm afraid to think what the landlady will do when she can't get her money. And now Anne's sick. What will I do? (*Knock at door—Mary answers.*)

MRS. DUNCAN: Wh-why howdy, Miss Rivers, W-won't you come in?

MISS RIVERS: Howdy do, Mrs. Duncan. I've called for the rent. Seems that sending you bills doesn't do much good. You're three months behind now. I've waited just as long for that money as I'm going to. You either pay up, or get out, one of the two.

MRS. DUNCAN: Well—I'm sure, Miss Rivers, if you'll just wait a few days, I'll have the money for you. You see I haven't received my allowance yet this month.

MISS RIVERS: That's what you told me last month. I've had enough of this stalling. The grocerman told me you hadn't paid him for almost three months. Expect the community to support you? Why don't you bring that lazy, good-for-nothing man of yours home and put him to work? Other men work—it won't hurt him to work a little.

MRS. DUNCAN: I'm sorry, I haven't the money for you right now. I have a few trinkets I think I can sell and maybe get a little money that way. I may be a little hard pressed for a few days, as my little girl was taken suddenly ill today and we don't know whether she will recover or not.

MISS RIVERS: Well, you get that money by tomorrow afternoon, or out you go. I'll not wait a minute longer. (*Turns to go.*) Oh, yes, and let me tell you something else, the grocer says he's coming for his money in the morning. No more groceries, my good woman, until you pay up. As he happens to be a good friend of mine, I think he'll do exactly as I say. I'll see you tomorrow afternoon. (*Exit R.*) (*Mary drops down by table in attitude of prayer.*)

MRS. DUNCAN: OH FATHER . . . HELP ME . . . I NEED THEE! (*Drops head in hands crying.*) (*Hidden choir sings one verse and chorus of "I Need Thee Every Hour" as Mary sits crying.*)

CURTAIN

Act II

SCENE 1

(*Next Morning.*)

(*Enter Jo, starts dusting—Enter Lillian R.*)

LILLIAN: Hello! How's Anne this morning?

Jo: Oh she's lot's better. You know Lillian, (*Walks over and sits down.*) I'm ashamed of myself.

Last night before I went to that party, I was so mean to Mother and Anne.

LILLIAN: Why, what about?

Jo: Well, you know all the other girls have pretty clothes, and we never do have any. Of course, mother does the best she can for us, but I just got impatient last night. I wanted a pretty dress to wear to that party, and—well—I guess I just got real ugly with mother about it. Then Anne tried to tell me I ought to be ashamed of myself and I slapped her.

LILLIAN: Why, Josephine Duncan! You oughta be ashamed of yourself.

Jo: I am ashamed. I wonder if God made my little sister sick to punish me for being so ugly. I promised him last night, when you and I came in and found her so sick, that if he would just make her get well, I'd never be mean again.

LILLIAN: Well, I certainly am surprised at you. You've always had such a sweet disposition and always have been the best liked girl in the crowd, even if you didn't have nice clothes. You should have some rich aunts or uncles to send you pretty clothes and things. Say, doesn't your mother have any relatives at all? I've never heard you speak of any.

Jo: Yes, she did have a younger sister.

LILLIAN: What became of her?

Jo: Well, you see my grandmother and grandfather separated when mother and her sister were little. Grandfather took mother and grandmother took Aunt Deborah. Grandmother moved away and married again so they lost track of each other.

LILLIAN: Gee, wouldn't it be great if you could just find her, and she'd be rich, and buy you a lot of clothes and maybe send you to college. Oh boy! Wouldn't that be wonderful?

Jo: It certainly would, but there's not much chance for that. (*Enter Mary L.*)

MRS. DUNCAN: What are you girls plotting about in here?

Jo: I was telling her about Aunt Deborah, and we were just thinking how nice it would be if she'd show up and be rich and buy us a lot of pretty things and maybe send me to Graceland.

MRS. DUNCAN: I don't imagine we'll ever find your Aunt Deborah. I gave up hope years ago.

LILLIAN: Have you any pictures of her, Mrs. Duncan?

MRS. DUNCAN: Why, yes, I believe I have.

Jo: I'll get them, mother. (*Goes to table, takes pictures out of box.*) (*Mary sits down as Jo comes with pictures.*)

Jo: Here they are. Aren't they funny looking? Did you really look like that, Mother, when you were little? (*Mary smiles—takes picture, shows to Lillian.*)

MRS. DUNCAN: This is my sister and I when we were quite small.

LILLIAN: I'm glad the kids don't have to dress like that now. Look at those long dresses. (*Laughs.*)

MRS. DUNCAN: That was the way they made

them in those days. They were very beautiful dresses. (*Knock at the door—Mary rises.*)

MRS. DUNCAN: Come in. (*Enter Miss Rivers—Mary sits down suddenly then rises.*)

MISS RIVERS: Well, have you got that rent?

MRS. DUNCAN: I'm awfully sorry, but you see I haven't had a chance to get to town yet, to dispose of those trinkets. You know, you said you'd give me until this afternoon. My little girl has been so sick. I didn't like to leave her.

MISS RIVERS: That doesn't concern me at all. I'm interested in that rent. Are you sure you have something you can sell, and get the money?

MRS. DUNCAN: Why, yes, I'll show them to you if you want me to. (*Exit L.*) (*Miss Rivers walks over to Lillian who is still holding picture.*)

MISS RIVERS: What have you got?

JO: That's the picture of mother and her sister when they were little. That's the little sister she lost.

MISS RIVERS: What'd she lose her for?

JO: She didn't intend to . . .

MISS RIVERS: Wh-where did you get this picture? (*Sits down and almost faints.*) (*Enter Mary L.*)

MRS. DUNCAN: Why, what in the world? (*Jo begins to fan Miss Rivers.*)

LILLIAN: I'll get some water. (*Lillian runs for a glass of water.*)

MRS. DUNCAN: Why, what happened, Jo?

JO: I don't know. She looked at that picture and just fell over. (*Lillian enters, puts water to her lips and she comes to slowly.*)

MISS RIVERS: Wh-where did you get this picture?

MRS. DUNCAN: That's the picture of my sister and me.

MISS RIVERS: A-are you—MARY ROBERTS'?

MRS. DUNCAN: Why, Y-yes. . .

MISS RIVERS: I'm your sister—Oh! Mary!

MRS. DUNCAN: Deborah! (*Arms around each other.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE 2

(*Later the Same Day.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Duncan and Anne L—Mary assisting Anne.*) (*Anne sits on divan.*)

MRS. DUNCAN: I'm glad you are so much better, dear. Mother was so worried.

ANNE: Why, Mother! Doesn't Jesus always help us when we ask him? (*Enter Jo and Aunt Deborah R—both with arms full of packages.*)

JO: Mother, look what Aunt Deborah bought me! (*Puts packages on divan and turns around to show coat and dress.*) (*Miss Rivers looks on, smiling.*) A dress and my shoes and Lookee, Lookee, My hat. This is for Anne, and this is for you. (*Handing each a package.*)

ANNE: Oh, boy! I knew if I prayed hard enough somp-em would happen. (*Opens package.*) (*Anne and Jo opening packages scatter paper all over the floor.*)

MRS. DUNCAN: Children, Children!

ANNE: Oh, my pretty new coat with the fur on it, with the fur on it. Oh, Aunt Deborah.

JO: Come on Anne, let's try on these things.

ANNE: Coming! (*Exit both L with arms full.*)

MRS. DUNCAN: Oh, it's so wonderful to find you again. (*Both sit down.*)

MISS RIVERS: And to think, you have lived right here in one of my houses all this time, and then we discovered each other by accident.

MRS. DUNCAN: I don't think it was an accident. I have asked divine help in locating you, for so long. Maybe the Lord decided to answer my prayers at last. I have been so alone, you and I being the only ones of our family left.

MISS RIVERS: (*Sadly.*) I, too, have been lonely. Wealth doesn't necessarily mean happiness, you know. I want to help you raise these two sweet girls you have. Isn't Jo almost ready for college?

MRS. DUNCAN: Yes, and she has her heart set on going to Graceland, our church college, but I did not see how I could send her.

MISS RIVERS: I'll take care of that. We'll send her anywhere she wants to go. (*Pause.*)—So she really wants to go to your church college. Well—I've never thought much of any church, or their schools either, for that matter. There always seems to be so much confusion among the different churches.

MRS. DUNCAN: That's because you have not come in contact with the church we represent. (*Takes Bible from table.*) Let me show you, right here.

MISS RIVERS: I am sure, dear, you must have a wonderful church, and a wonderful faith, or you would never have been able to endure the hardships and trials you have.

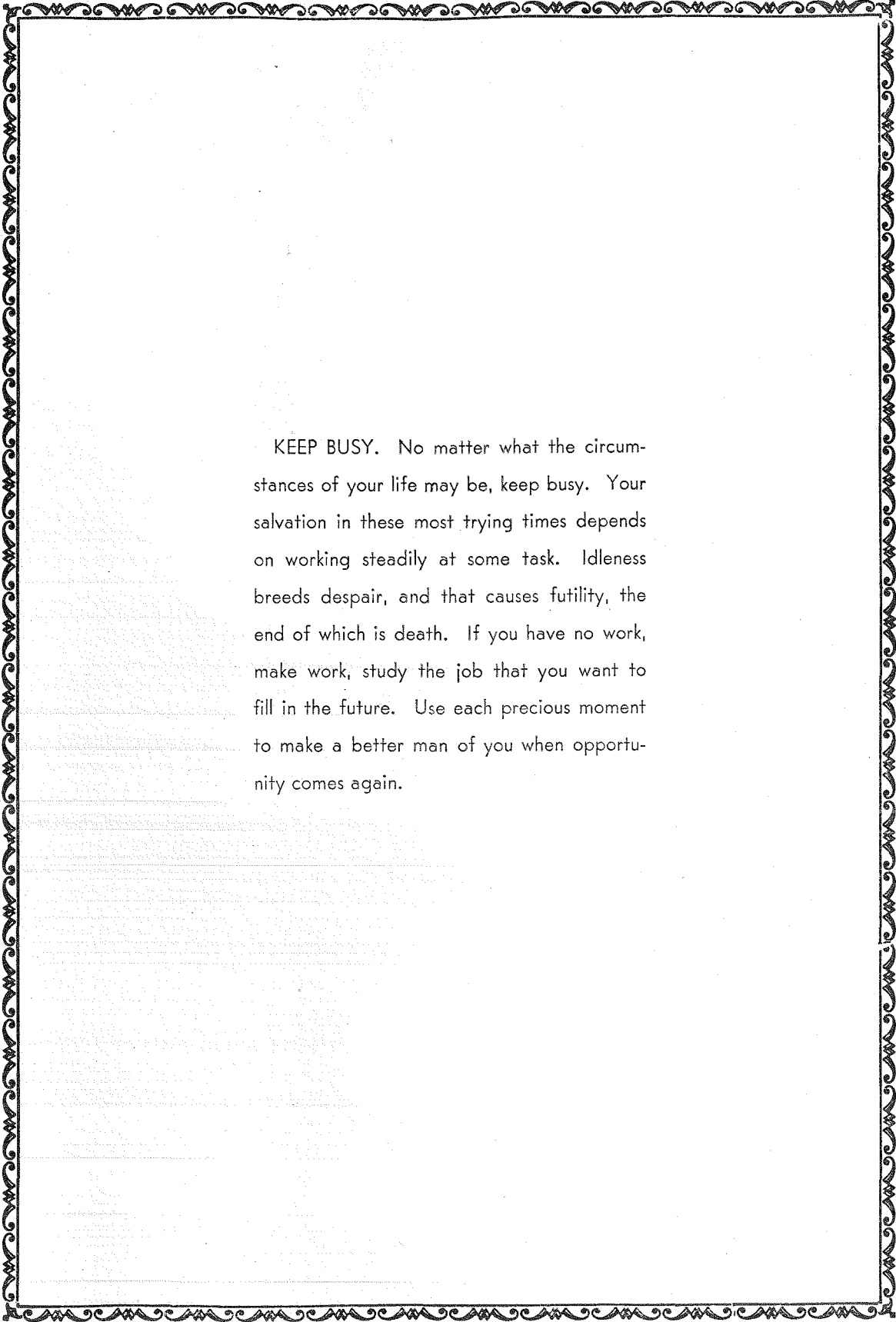
MRS. DUNCAN: Hardships? Trials?—Maybe, yes—But when the burden gets too heavy, I know I can always get divine help to ease the load.

MISS RIVERS: Oh! I wish I could believe like that—(*Pause*)—Will you teach me, Mary?

CURTAIN



For every man is a magnet, highly and singularly sensitized. Some draw to them fields and woods and hills, and are drawn in return; and some draw swift streets and the riches which are known to cities. It is not of importance what we draw, but that we really draw. And the greatest tragedy in life, as I see it, is that thousands of men and women never have the opportunity to draw with freedom; but they exist in weariness and labor, and are drawn upon like inanimate objects by those who live in unhappy idleness.—*Selected.*

A decorative border with a repeating scrollwork pattern surrounds the entire page content.

KEEP BUSY. No matter what the circumstances of your life may be, keep busy. Your salvation in these most trying times depends on working steadily at some task. Idleness breeds despair, and that causes futility, the end of which is death. If you have no work, make work, study the job that you want to fill in the future. Use each precious moment to make a better man of you when opportunity comes again.

VISION



PURPOSE AND METHOD IN STORY TELLING

Carmie Shelley

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

Clara L. Nicholls

EXCURSIONS IN ENGLAND

Audentia Anderson

HIS TWILIGHT HOURS

Winifred Milner

THE POSSIBLE YOU

Mrs. W. W. Hield

DECENT BLACK

Gussie Ross Jobe

JULY, 1932

DON'T let adversity make you unhappy. Your strength is developed and proved by the difficulties you encounter. Many a young man has skulked about thinking he was a coward until he was forced into a corner and made to fight; and in that fight he discovered his most precious possession—his courage. As a matter of fact, we are made weak by easy living, suffocated by luxuries, and beaten into pathetic submission because we have not been forced to fight. Strength is gained in struggle; character is the product of toil and suffering; and all the qualities that make men most admirable are the result of a heroic soul's meeting with its adversaries.

VISION

A Magazine for All Ages

Devoted to the needs and desires of the individual, the program of the church, and the activities of the social group.

LEONARD LEA, Managing Editor

For the Board of Editors

Volume 45

Independence, Missouri, July, 1932

Number 7

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DECENT BLACK

By GUSSIE ROSS JOBE

TRIPPING across the plushy carpeted floor of the ready-to-wear department in the "Emporium," Miss Ann caught sight of a little old lady who looked strangely familiar to her. Now who could she be? Miss Ann knew everybody in town—the little old lady looked a trifle dowdy in her black dress—a little bent—and there escaped from under her hat brim a wisp of greying hair.

Miss Ann peered at her, and seeing that the little old lady was not going to turn—to avoid a collision—Miss Ann turned, smiling the sweet, tender smile that she gave to everyone. The little old lady smiled also, and turned at the same moment. Why! it was Miss Ann's own reflection in the long, beveled mirror! Miss Ann felt a qualm of revulsion sweep over her. Was this really Ann Preston?—this old, worn woman? Could it be possible? Poor little Miss Ann, she wanted to cry out, "No, no, I can't be old. Why! I've never had time to be young!" voicing the age-old protest of woman against time.

Thirty years of service, of sacrifice, of love and devotion to the whole community had turned her youth and beauty into this—a queer little nondescript aging woman dressed in her "decent black," the black garb that was a part and parcel of her very being.

She had begun wearing it—this "decent black"—when she was only seventeen, for Mamma, and after the year of mourning had expired and Miss Ann was established as the head of a household of young brothers and sisters, and teacher of Number Two A at the grade school, it seemed appropriate that she annex the garb permanently. It gave her radiant youth a proper balance, toned her vivid hair and wild rose color; it gave her poise and assurance. As the years flew by and the five of her own and the hundreds that she had taught grew up and made room for others, the town-folk became accustomed to Miss Ann in her habitual dresses of black.

Harvey hated it. Poor Harvey—poor faithful, cheated Harvey—he had waited so long for Miss Ann, that people always spoke of Harvey and Ann together as casually as they said "bacon and eggs." It was a shame that they

couldn't get married and live their own lives instead of letting the years slither away, with always some interference that postponed the event until "next year."

Then the next year would find an obstacle in "Papa's arthritis" or the passing of Harvey's mother or the closing down of the saddle tree factory in which Harvey had been employed so many years. So, like thousands of others with their untold love tragedies, Miss Ann in her decent black and Harvey with his thinning hair continued to love and hope and wait "until next year."

MISS ANN had been the "first sweetheart" of every little boy in town. "Who's your girl, Freckles?"—or "Red"—and Freckles or Red would invariably scrape an embarrassed toe on the floor and respond. "Miss Ann of course." And Harvey averred that not only was she the township's sweetheart, but she was the township's slave as well. If there was a big donation to solicit from Banker Walters, Miss Ann was chosen to do the soliciting; for how—the citizens asked you—was a pompous banker going to refuse the blue eyes that had, in his youth, shamed him from sucking his thumb? Then, too, it was Miss Ann who interceded for Tom Platt when he had gotten into that trouble in the city. Mrs. Platt had come sobbing to Miss Ann. Thomas, senior, was bitter—he was determined to let Tom, junior, take his medicine—let him go to prison—if it came to that.

"Why the *idea!*" said Miss Ann. "Just wait until I see him—he's forgotten, I guess, that I once caught *him* stealing marbles at the Toy Shop, by hiding them in his mouth. People who live in *stones* shouldn't throw *glass houses!*" said little Miss Ann in her excitement. "The very *idea!*"

It was Miss Ann who was sent to follow beautiful, willful Letha Dillard to the station and turn her back from an elopement with a married man. Letha was Mrs. "Congressman Swope" now and deeply grateful to Miss Ann and painfully ashamed of her youthful escapade. These were only a few of the many, many things that kept Miss Ann from giving

herself—and Harvey—full justice. It was as Harvey said—he shared his sweetheart with the “whole blooming community!” It irked him as did her constant dressing in black, and he envied other fellows that “stepped out” with their girls on a summer night. He looked longingly at the sheer beauty of a pink, a blue or yellow gown, swishing the trousered legs of her attendant, and wondered how Miss Ann would look in a lovely lavender or even a pink. Harvey doted on pink.

MISS ANN thought of this now as she stood looking in shocked wonder at the black figure in the mirror. True, she had seen herself daily in the mirror, in her black, but here it seemed different under the blaze of lights in a full length mirror, a mirror selected for its clarity. She was a little sick, a little sad and startled. Why! she was old—*old*—and to have it brought home so forcibly on this, the eve of the greatest triumph of her life.

She was here today to buy a gown for the momentous occasion. Tomorrow would mark the end of her years in public service. A pension had been awarded her and her last day was to be celebrated by the unveiling of a public drinking fountain dedicated to her. This fountain was the work of a former pupil, who had attained no little fame as a sculptor. There was to be a band and speeches, and Miss Ann was to make a speech. The dress she had in mind was to be of black chiffon, with perhaps a touch of ecru lace—say a vest or collar. She'd see.

Miss Ann could go nowhere nor do anything without coming in contact with a former pupil. It was little Frankie Sanders who came forward now to wait on Miss Ann. One would never have suspected that this slim, chic girl with her “line” of suave sales chatter had once been little freckled, snub-nosed Frankie Sanders with a terrifying stutter. Miss Ann, by patient perseverance, had cured Frankie of stuttering. It had taken a long time but there was no trace of a stutter as Frankie rushed up to Miss Ann and gushed, “A dress, Miss Ann? Oh, I've the very one for you. Wait! I'll bring it out. There! Isn't it lovely?” she held it up to her own youthful figure, where with its old crafty art it enhanced each charm, but Miss Ann was disillusioned. Time was when it would have done the same for her—brought out the gold lights

in her hair and deepened the blue of her eyes—but now—Miss Ann shook her head, her finger pinching her lower lip. Miss Ann was thinking—thinking. She stood looking at the black dress held up by Frankie, not really seeing it. A vivid panorama of the past years swept through her mind. How many of them there had been—those years—with their work and sacrifices, and running through each had been Harvey's patience—his dearness; he had always said there would come a time when they could live their own life—and now—she was old. Was it still possible? She was alone now and so was Harvey, but they were so accustomed to being alone. Would it work out? Miss Ann's head buzzed; she motioned the dress away. “Black, Frankie, belongs to youth. Could you show me . . . ?”

Two hours later Frankie sank down upon a seat and mopped a bedewed brow. She talked to herself, lapsing back to her stutter. “Well! My aunt's cat's pants,” said she, looking after Miss Ann's retreating form, carrying a pasteboard dress box.

“**O**OMPA! OMPAAH! Tra-la-la.” The town's brass band was almost apoplectic in a frenzy of melody, playing “*Washington Post*.” It was the only tune they could carry through without a hitch, but no one would have known the difference had the whole band been playing a different tune on each separate instrument. There was so much else to attend to, and that the band just make a noise was all they asked of it.

There never had been such a perfect day, the square was crowded with the people that Miss Ann had known and loved all of her life, over the milling throng there brooded the spirit of friendly communion. Children ran here and there, calling out to one another, their voices rang out on the sweet-scented air. The fountain was veiled in bunting that billowed and strained in the breeze. “Look! here they come!”

Mrs. Banker Walters brought her huge shining car to a halt before the stand, and Banker Walters adorned by a speaker's badge assisted Miss Ann and his wife to the pavement.

The crowd made way for the trio, and Miss Ann's blue eyes smiled impartially upon all. They ascended the bunting draped stand and the ladies dropped their light coats from their

shoulders to the backs of their chairs. And *lo!* Miss Ann stood revealed.

Gone was the "decent black"—the badge of her service and sacrifices, gone was the stoop in her shoulders, the subdued manner, so associated with Miss Ann. She gazed out upon the throng of friends gathered here today to honor her and they stared back at this new creature, this resplendent personage with something that seemed like—could Miss Ann imagine it?—antagonism in their eyes.

Miss Ann twitched the soft skirts of the shell pink chiffon and gave a furtive downward look at the vestee of French lace buttoned by almost infinitesimal pearl beads. She turned a softly withered cheek that it might touch the fresh orchid pinned upon her shoulder. Then she rose in all her splendor. This was a signal to the little flower girl to liberate the bunting that draped the fountain.

The little girl, handicapped by an arm full of flowers tugged at the cord and bit her lip in nervousness, a panic-stricken moment in which it seemed that the slide would not work—then, all at once, it moved smoothly and with a graceful swoop the bunting fell in folds away from its secret.

Miss Ann's eyes sought the fountain, the work of her famous pupil, the work so long talked of, which no one but the committee and the artist had beheld.

Why! Why! Miss Ann's blue eyes widened. It was the little gray and black figure that she had seen in the department store mirror—the Miss Ann in her "decent black"—the black that she had relegated to the limbo of the past. This effigy was herself as she appeared to these—her people. The wrought iron folds of the figure's skirts swirled in graceful tenderness of the pose. The pose that was tenderness, strength, sympathy. The artist had used his memory of her without a model—had caught the spirit of her very characteristics and made them immortal in bronze and iron. The figure bent over a tiny child figure offering a cup. This cup, urn-shaped, comprised the fount head. The theme suggested, "*Giving*."

Tears sprang to her blue eyes—suddenly she felt unclothed, indecently garbed, the splendor of the shell pink chiffon made her feel that she had betrayed an ideal, created of her by these, her pupils, whose very characters she had been

a prime factor in molding. Miss Ann longed intensely for the security of her discarded "decent black" that would somehow give her the right to reach out and claim this tender monument as herself.

Through the mist of tears that dimmed her eyes she looked down in the throng pressed about the grand stand and caught sight of Harvey's pitying, adoring gaze, and her spirits rose. She felt comforted; the crowd was cheering and calling, "Speech, speech."

Away back in her orderly school-mistress mind there was an especially prepared, perfectly memorized speech—a masterpiece of English, interspersed with some sentiment, some allusions to each of her famous pupils, a graceful acceptance of the kindness, the fountain and the pension.

"Friends, and pupils," she began. Then suddenly her voice broke, her school marm manner slipped away from her, her chin sank upon the exotic orchid as she turned her head to hide the falling tears. "I can't—I can't tell you how lovely it seems to me—how unworthy I feel—" Stooping, she reached a withered little hand down to Harvey and urged him to the platform by her side.

Using her free hand to designate the fountain, she continued: "It's so lovely that it hurts me—I can not express—" The sweet old voice trailed away. Then lifting Harvey's hand she continued, "In lieu of the speech I will give you some news. We were married last night—Harvey and I, and this," her fingers carressed a ruffle of the French vestee, "is my wedding dress!"

(End.)



Immortality in this world depends upon how much you have impressed your fellow men: and this can only be done by something within yourself that is more than material. The majority of mankind is material and unimaginative. Tribulation sits uneasily upon them, and they feel little concern in other people's sorrows. . . . Not having felt the full power of Love, they have never been able to receive it, and have in consequence been denied the greatest of human experiences.—*Margot Asquith*.

HIS TWILIGHT HOURS

By WINIFRED MILNER

WHEN Old Darrell Haworth lost his wife, everybody said the only place for him was with his son Phillip; that was why he went. He stayed because the only other place he could go was the poorhouse, and Phillip seemed to want him.

The first time he looked at Phillip Haworth's big, rambling, frame house, with its vine-covered windows and spacious lawn, located on the edge of town and within walking distance of fishing streams and green woods, it had seemed quite the ideal place for an old man to spend his declining years. But after spending a week under the same roof with Phillip's wife, Vina, Old Darrell Haworth knew his coming had been a mistake. No house, no matter how large, was adequate to shelter them both, without uncomfortable feelings cropping up to mar the serenity of things.

Vina disliked Old Darrell from the first—jealous, he found out. He would have left, but he knew the poorhouse would hurt Phillip's pride and his business. Then there was the baby Nickey—somehow Old Darrell couldn't tear himself away from his only grandson. So he stayed.

After a few months, Old Darrell adjusted himself to conditions. He became family fisherman, hunter, gardener, and Nickey's playmate. Vina never opposed his fervent devotion to the child, though often Old Darrell was conscious of her burning eyes upon him, and at times he seemed to feel the chill of her consuming hate. Sometime Vina would explode, unless Old Darrell could make her like him before that time.

NICKEY was two years old. A summer and a winter had made him strong and sturdy. Now it was summer again.

Old Darrell came into Vina's kitchen with his arms full of roses—some delicate pink, others lovely red, and a few exquisite yellow ones. Nickey trailed behind him, with a rose in each hand.

The kitchen floor was clean, except where Old Darrell and Nickey left dust tracks on it with their feet.

Suddenly Vina appeared in the doorway. She

stood there frowning at the dust tracks, then like a fighting bantam rooster, she frigidly advanced toward Old Darrell.

"Get out of here, both of you. Can't you see you're ruining the floor? You must think I have the strength of an ox. All I do is clean up after you, all the time."

Nickey came forward, holding out his flowers. "Woses, mamma. See f'owers."

Vina's face flushed an angry red; she looked past Nickey to Old Darrell.

"Why did you give Nickey those choice yellow roses to tear up? And why did you pick so many? I only wanted a few to decorate the tables for my luncheon."

Old Darrell laid the roses on the sink, picked up the mop, and began carefully wiping up the dust tracks on the floor.

"Daisy Marlow's sick. I thought it might make her feel better if I carried a few to her after a bit."

"Daisy Marlow indeed! You'd scatter my flowers all over town if I'd let you. You'd better ask, before you go traipsing all over, peddling what don't belong to you."

"The vines are full of bloom this time of year, Vina. They bloom better when they're kept picked."

Vina watched Old Darrell put the mop where it belonged, on the back porch; how capable he seemed for such an old man. Suddenly she felt ashamed, and going to the sink she separated the roses into two bunches. "Here," she said, handing a bunch to Old Darrell. "Go ahead. Take these to Daisy Marlow, and give her my regards."

"Me do too," piped up a dancing Nickey.

Vina looked at Old Darrell. "I suppose you might as well take him along, then I'll be sure my rooms will be clean when my guests arrive. You'll probably stay all afternoon, so I'll get his sweater in case it turns cool before you get back."

It pleased Old Darrell to take Nickey. Vina called from the nursery, "Is his face clean?"

Old Darrell lifted Nickey up and looked him over carefully. He took a handkerchief out of his pocket, wet it at the sink, and daubed Nickey's face, laughing at the wry face he

made. Then he kissed the dimples in his cheeks and chin.

"He's got strawberry jam on his rompers, Vina. Maybe clean ones would freshen him up some."

Old Darrell unbuttoned the dirty rompers, counting each button, "Nickey loves me, he loves me not. Nickey loves me——" And Nickey, with blue eyes full of interest held very still till the last button was unfastened. By the time Vina came back from the nursery, Nickey was ready for the clean blue rompers with the rabbit pockets.

Vina watched Old Darrell as he slipped Nickey into the clean rompers. He made everything fun for Nickey when they were together. The smouldering fires of jealousy were burning in Vina's eyes again. If Vina had had two or three children, she would have welcomed Old Darrell's help, but she had waited so long for Nickey, she didn't want to share him. She had been jealous ever since Nickey's baby fingers had reached for Old Darrell's long, slender ones, in preference to her own. Constant brooding and imagining was making her unreasonable.

"He's stealing my baby from me, before my very eyes. Every day I can see Nickey depending on Old Darrell more, and me less, and I'm his mother. I can't stand it." Vina suddenly turned and left the room.

Old Darrell went to the shelf and took down Nickey's comb.

"Don't tomb hair." Nickey backed away shaking his yellow curls.

"Once there was a fairy comb," Old Darrell began, putting the comb in Nickey's hair.

"It went into a little boy's head, where the tingly tangley's grow."

Nickey was all interest.

"It said to those tingly tangley's, get out of Nickey's hair."

Before Nickey knew what had happened, Old Darrell was through, and had put the comb back on the shelf. He lifted Nickey to the ceiling three times, and sat him down on the floor.

"Come, fellow, let's be goin'. You look like a big yeller rose, honey, that's jest been bathed in mornin' dew. Find your mother, and kiss her good-bye." Old Darrell's fingers gently

brushed back a curl from Nickey's soft, baby cheek.

VINA watched them until they were out of sight. The old man and the child did seem to belong to each other. They were walking slowly, hand in hand; Old Darrell's plodding steps matching Nickey's toddling ones.

"Thief," thought Vina, gazing after Old Darrell's receding back. "If the club wasn't meeting, you couldn't have taken Nickey with you today. You don't know it, but I'm going to put a stop to your spending so much time with my boy. I know you teach him a lot that's good, but Nickey's too fond of you. He wants you the last thing at night, and the first thing in the morning. You mash his food at the table, you hang around the nursery after he goes to bed, singing him to sleep. You tell him his rhymes, and jingles—and last night you were teaching him to pray."

Vina was suffering. Nickey's tinkling laugh floated back to her, and she clenched her hands.

"I wish Old Darrell were dead," she muttered, harboring her bitter thoughts. "Some day, if the comradeship between these two goes on, Old Darrell will be the first to hear about Nickey's sweethearts, his school joys and sorrows—he'll share all his secrets. I'm his mother, but where will I come in? I shouldn't have let Old Darrell take him." She made a move as if she would call them back. "Oh, well, let them go this time. Nickey will enjoy the outing; but I'm a fool to leave them together so much. I'm his mother; it's up to me to stop it."

Vina bitterly watched Old Darrell and Nickey till a bend in the road hid them from view, then she went to the kitchen for a dust cloth and began vigorously dusting things in the front room.

Old Darrell and Nickey enjoyed every minute of their walk to Daisy Marlow's. It was a mile around the road, but after they passed the first bend, they took a short cut through a green field, into a wooded lane. When Nickey was tired, Old Darrell lifted him high on his shoulder and carried him.

Just after they crossed a narrow stream, sparkling clear in the sunshine, Old Darrell spied a dove's nest with four eggs in it. He showed it to Nickey.

"Don't step on 'em, honey."

Nickey inspected them with interest.

"Don't touch 'em. Maybe next time we come you'll see four baby doves in the nest, providing the mother hen doesn't see us looking at her eggs, and leave her nest."

"Nickey eat 'em."

Old Darrell laughed. "They wouldn't make four whole bites altogether."

THEY found Daisy Marlow propped up in bed with pillows banked around her, sipping a cup of tea. Her thin little face looked pinched and drawn; the gray hair curling about it, made her look like a wistful child.

Daisy's daughter, Amy, was by the bed, arranging her mother's tray. Her slender figure added beauty to an already comfortable room.

Old Darrell and Nickey stood for a few seconds, enjoying the picture, before Nickey's low laugh caused the women to turn and look at them. Something in Daisy's eyes, as she looked up, made Old Darrell glad he had come.

"It's Darrell, Amy—Darrell Haworth," she murmured softly.

Amy left the tray, and running to Old Darrell, she took his hand, and brushed his cheek with her lips. "Come in, Uncle Darrell. We didn't hear you knock. Mother will feel better now that you have come."

Old Darrell went to the bed. He took one of Daisy's thin little hands in his big bony one, and smiled.

"This is a nice how-de-do—you're spendin' your time in bed, when the sun is shinin' and the flowers are bloomin'. I think she's playin' sick, jest to get a rest, don't you Amy?"

Amy boosted Nickey over her head, before she answered.

"I guess mother thinks the only way to get any work out of me is to go to bed, and let me do it all."

Daisy laughed softly.

"She's a sweet daughter—my Amy. I really enjoy lying here, watching her do things. What gorgeous roses—and you brought them for me. Darrell, you always think of everything, don't you?"

"I wish I could," the old man replied gently, "I'd like to."

Amy slipped into the kitchen after a vase. Nickey trailed adoringly behind.

"You didn't kiss Aunt Daisy, Nickey. You'd better kiss her on the cheek, or I won't take you

out to the barn to see the baby kittens. They haven't got their eyes open yet."

"Nickey tiss Ant Daisee's sweet spot."

"Kiss Amy's sweet spot, Nickey."

Amy bent over, and Nickey put his soft lips under her chin. "Now," he sighed, "I dot mine sugar."

When Amy and Nickey returned with the vase, Old Darrell had Daisy laughing.

"There ain't a thing wrong with her, Amy. All she needs is jollyin' up a bit. She tells me she's caught cold, and it's settled in her left lung, but as long as she's got one good lung—"

Amy smiled, "I put an Aspirin in the water, mother, so the roses will last a long time. She always clings to flowers you bring until the petals fall off, and then if they're roses, she puts them in a rose pillow, and sleeps on it, when she takes her beauty nap."

Daisy blushed.

"Darrell's flowers are about the prettiest ones I ever saw. Who wouldn't want to keep them? When I can't get out to the garden, he brings the garden in to me. Put them in the window, dear, where I can look at them till it grows dark."

Amy very carefully placed the flowers on the window sill, and made a face at Nickey. "You promised to kiss Aunt Daisy."

Nickey nodded solemnly. Amy carried him over and dropped him on the bed.

"Now, kiss her, and come on. Let's go look at the kittens."

"Don't, Amy," Daisy protested. "You might give him my cold."

"All right, young fellow, you can't kiss her—we're off to the barn."

"I don't know as he ought to touch 'em," Old Darrell put in. "Vina never lets him handle a thing that way."

When they were alone Daisy touched Old Darrell's hand gently, "Amy's such a child to be getting married, isn't she?"

"Gettin' married—not our little Amy—?"

"I thought you knew. You met George Harvey one day—remember? He's really a splendid boy."

"What are you goin' to do, Daisy—after the weddin'?"

"George Harvey has a good job up North. We'll have to move up there I guess."

"You—aren't—goin'—away?"

"Yes, it's the only way."

"Daisy, you ain't plannin' to leave this place fer good?"

"I love this place, Darrell. John and Amy and I were always happy here, and after John died, I don't know what Amy and I would have done, without our home all paid for."

Old Darrell's face was intensely grave. The long fingers of his right hand picked at the pillow, as he gazed intently into Daisy's face.

"So you're plannin' to live with Amy after she's married?"

"What else can I do?"

"I'm afraid you're plannin' a nice little hell fer yourself, Daisy."

Daisy reached over and took Darrell's long fingers in her thin little hand.

"I'm going to miss you, Darrell."

"When two young people marry, they don't like to be bothered draggin' around old pieces of driftwood like we are, Daisy. And no matter how congenial we try to be, we don't fit. It ain't right fer us to burden our young people that way. They ain't happy, and we ain't either."

Daisy's chin went up.

"I've done a lot for Amy. I guess she'll be good to me."

"It ain't Amy I'm worryin' about—it's the 'in-laws' that gets tired—"

"George isn't like Vina. I've got to go, Darrell. No one else would want to burden themselves with an old woman like me."

Old Darrell wanted to take her in his arms, to whisper convincingly that he loved her, and would take care of her. He wanted to kiss the lines of worry from her eyes and brow.

"But I can't. I can't," he told himself sternly. "What have I to offer her? I have no money, no home—nothing but an old worn out body, that can't run much longer, and a heart that seems young, almost as good as new. But it's not enough—it's not enough."

With suffering eyes he turned away. "I can't tell her how much I care. I guess—her place—must be with Amy."

ALL THE WAY home, Old Darrell was sad and thoughtful. He knew life would be lonely without Daisy, but he wasn't thinking of himself. Old Darrell wasn't selfish.

"Daisy ain't gonna be happy livin' with George and Amy. Ain't I tried livin' with my

children? Don't I know? Some things youth does will worry a woman as old as Daisy, jest cause it's youth doin' it."

Nickey prattled on and on, but Old Darrell didn't listen.

"Some things Daisy'll do, will worry George and Amy, jest cause they ain't lived long enough to understand."

They passed the dove's nest, near the stream. Old Darrell didn't notice, until Nickey had stepped into the water with both feet. A low cry escaped Old Darrell's lips, as he pulled him out.

"Yer feet are wringin' wet, Nickey. What will your mother say?"

Old Darrell lifted him across the stream and sat him down. He emptied out his shoes, wrung out his stockings, and put them in his pocket.

"I'll carry you home, Nickey. We can't have any more accidents today."

When Old Darrell entered their yard, his arms ached. He wondered what Vina would do about Nickey's wet feet, if she found out.

"We'll go in the nursery and get you some dry shoes and stockin's, young fella. Your mother's party must be over. I don't see any cars parked around anywheres."

Old Darrell had slipped Nickey's fat little foot into a shoe and stocking when Vina entered the nursery. His hand shook a little when he saw her standing there. She looked so uncompromising.

"Why are you changing Nickey's shoes and stockings?"

"Nickey gets 'em vet, mamma. See toes—" Nickey stretched his toes wide apart.

"He had a little accident when we were crossin' the stream, but he won't catch cold; it's warm today. I'll rinse out his stockin's pretty soon, and dry out his shoes."

"I thought you were so trustworthy with Nickey, so responsible, so—"

"Don't be foolish, Vina. The accident didn't amount to anything at all."

Old Darrell's unruffled voice aggravated Vina. All the ugly, unreasonable things she had been thinking about him during the past month, crowded to the surface of her mind, filling her with blind fury. It was low and mean to make so much of an accident, but Vina had been waiting for an opportunity to speak

her mind. Old Darrell was unprepared for the volley of words that followed.

"You're too old to be responsible for Nickey—he isn't safe with you any more. From now on I'll tend him, and feed him—you'll tend to the garden and keep the weeds out of the flowers. Stay out of the nursery altogether. You're not to touch him, nor correct him, nor comb his hair—" Vina's voice rose till it was harsh and shrill. "Oh, wouldn't I be glad to get rid of you!"

Old Darrell gathered Nickey in his arms. He was trembling. "You don't mean that, Vina, you can't mean it. You're tired, and needin' a rest. I didn't mean to let Nickey get wet—it was an accident."

"Everything you do lately is an accident. I suppose if you'd take him out and get him killed, that would be an accident, too."

"Vina, this is the first time——"

"Yes, and it's the last time. You've spoiled Nickey, spending so much time with him. He doesn't even care for his mother. Don't ever pick him up again, either. I noticed your step was unsteady, and your arms shook when you sat him down on the lawn awhile ago."

"That was because I carried him so far. I got real tired."

"You admit it, yourself."

"You're out of your head, Vina. You don't know what you're sayin'."

"Give me that boy, and get out of here." But Nickey clung to Old Darrell's neck, screaming, he didn't know why. Vina pulled him away by main force. "Get out, you've stolen him from me."

Old Darrell went as far as the door and turned.

"Vina, if you was wasn't so young I'd call you a fool. Children enjoy bein' with anyone that's good to 'em. I hope you have two or three so you'll get some sense. If you weren't so stubborn, you'd know I want Nickey to love and respect his parents. I know my *Bible*, Vina. 'Honor thy father and thy mother' is one of the commandments, and there's only one greater—'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.' When Nickey's old enough I want him to obey 'em both." Old Darrell turned and walked out of the nursery.

"Wonder what's got into Vina," he muttered

to himself. "I reckon she'll be all right by mornin'."

But morning sent Phil Haworth to the city on business, and Vina was more stubborn than ever. When Old Darrell went to the nursery for his morning romp with Nickey, Vina was there, putting his clothes on, but she couldn't hold him, when he saw Old Darrell. He ran to him laughing, and holding out his hands.

"High Nickey way up—High Nickey." Old Darrell lifted him up.

"Put Nickey down. I told you not to come in the nursery any more. Get out of here so I can dress him."

"Tiss Nickey Ga Ga."

Old Darrell kissed his dimples. "Hold me tight around the neck, Nickey. Now kiss my old cheek, that's right."

Vina was getting angrier. "Give him to me!"

"Get your clothes on honey. I'll watch for you after breakfast."

Old Darrell sat him down, and took the little face between his two big hands, "Listen, Daffodil, if you think old Ga Ga is actin' queer and unreasonable, you'll forgive me won't you, son?"

Old Darrell walked away from the nursery, and out of the house, with slow steps. Vina's foolishness was beginning to worry him. He walked into the garden, trying to think things out. Nickey's wheelbarrow half filled with weeds was on the sidewalk. Old Darrell walked over and took the handles reverently. He pushed it to the incinerator and dumped the weeds in.

"It's funny the way Vina's actin'. I wonder how she expects to keep me and Nickey apart." He went and got the hoe. "I might as well get some weeds out, before the sun gets too hot."

AFTER breakfast Vina spoke to Old Darrell curtly, "You'll find food in the ice box. Nickey and I will be gone all day. We're going to town." Soon after, Old Darrell saw them drive away in Vina's car.

"She'll have her way, fer one day, anyway," Old Darrell smiled. "I've been lookin' fer an explosion like this ever since I came here."

He went back to the garden to finish his weeding. By ten o'clock he couldn't find any more weeds.

"The day's mine to do as I please. I guess

I'll make Nickey the wagon I promised him, and see if she'll let him play with it."

Old Darrell was good at making toys. He had made them for Phillip when he was little, and for Nickey since he was old enough to enjoy toys.

He made the wagon out of a box, using a broomstick for a tongue. The wheels were some he'd picked up somewhere. By two o'clock he had painted it blue, and wheeled it in the sun to dry. Then for lack of something to do he went fishing. By the time he had caught enough for supper, it was late. Vina and Nickey were home, when he came in.

He cleaned the fish outside. Vina was in the kitchen getting supper when he brought them in. She hardly looked at him, when he handed them to her. She looked grave, almost afraid, he thought.

"You won't be fishing any more after today. Nickey and I found you a room in town. We're moving you in after supper."

"What did you say?" Old Darrell suddenly felt old and weak. The blood rushed from his face, leaving it chalk white. "What did you say, Vina?"

"Go get your things together while I finish the supper. I think it will be best to move you in tonight. You may not think so, but this arrangement is going to be better for all of us."

"Town? Town?" So that was why Vina went in this morning. Without asking him whether he wanted to go, she had got him a room in town. Old Darrell was trembling.

"I'm afraid—afraid of the traffic in the streets—afraid of the strange faces—afraid of the noise, and babble—afraid of the long days, and nights—alone—" his mind kept saying. "I'm jest beginnin' to realize that I'm old—old. But Vina will never know I hate to go—I'm proud—I'll go—I'll go."

With head proudly erect, Old Darrell went out to pack his things. And while he packed, his throbbing mind told him over and over:

"I'm leaving you, Nickey—my flower boy. It's too far for an old man like me to walk from town out here. They won't bring you in often—Nickey—Nickey—. See, Daisy Marlow, what comes of livin' with your children. Don't go to live with Amy, Daisy—don't go—don't go!"

Vina went about preparing supper with hur-

ried movements, and a half smile on her face. She filled a big dishpan with water, slopping it on the floor in her haste to get it on the stove. This time she didn't bother to mop it up. She put the fish Old Darrell had cleaned in a skillet of hot fat.

"This may not be treating Phillip's father just right. But we've kept him a long time—nearly two years. We don't owe him anything. I've got to get him moved before Phil comes back—after it's done, Phil will think it's all right. The room isn't very nice, but Old Darrell is so old he'll never miss white curtains, and soft blankets. He can put the plants he nursed through the winter in the window, it will hide the bleak view of people's back yards." Vina snatched the plates from the cupboard, and slammed them on the table. "I've got to hurry and get him moved—before I change my mind."

Nickey came into the kitchen, and presently Old Darrell came back. If his walk was a little more stumbling, Vina never noticed. His suffering eyes softened when he saw Nickey, and getting down on his knees, he held out his hands to him.

"Come here, yaller daffodil, I've got some-thin' for you. Painted it with some of that quick dryin' stuff your dad's got in the garage. Let's go out and see if it's ready to play with."

The spoon Nickey had been playing with landed on the floor. He ran into Old Darrell's arms, and one kiss after another, like the touch of a fairy's breath, found their way to Old Darrell's wrinkled cheeks. Then Old Darrell lifted him up on his shoulder, and they went out to get the wagon, with its broomstick tongue.

Vina was turning the fish when they came in. She eyed the wagon cynically.

"Nickey's going to have to get over this idea of having a new toy every day or two. I don't see where you get so much pleasure cobbling up stuff like that."

"I reckon I'll have more time than ever to make stuff for Nickey after I move into town. Your dish water's boilin', Vina."

"I want it to boil. I want it good and hot, so I can wash the dishes up in a hurry after supper. Put the chairs up to the table. Supper's ready to dish up."

When Old Darrell picked up one of the chairs, Nickey's red ball rolled out. Nickey

picked it up and began bouncing it in and out of the wagon. Suddenly he threw it toward the stove, and it stuck between the stove pipe and the wall. He began to cry.

"We've got to get it out of there. It'll burn up." Old Darrell pulled a chair over to the stove. "I'll get it."

"Don't get up on that chair," Vina looked at him angrily. "You'll get dirt in the food. Can't you see I'm taking up the supper. I'll get it myself. Stand back out of the way."

Perhaps it was because Vina was too angry to watch what she was doing; perhaps it was Nickey's crying that unnerved her. Old Darrell never knew. But some way, when she was climbing on the chair, with the broom in her hand, to poke the ball from behind the stove pipe, she pushed the pan of boiling water off the stove.

Vina let out a shriek, and reached out her hand to catch it. The action was fatal. The water went all over her. She screamed in pain, clutching at her steaming clothes.

"Run to your room—run to your room, and hurry." Old Darrell spoke sharply. Almost as soon as she reached it, he was there, with a mixture of egg and sweet oil, in a bowl.

"Pull off your clothes," he ordered sharply. "Here, I'll help." He laid the bowl on the table.

"Tear them off," Vina muttered between her teeth, and Old Darrell tore grimly, wondering how one pan of water could burn so many places. The flesh looked cooked in spots. He applied the sweet oil and egg freely. Vina marveled at the gentleness of his touch. After he was through he got her a soft dressing gown from the closet.

"I'm gonna call a town doctor. He'll fix you up, so you can rest."

Vina was crying softly. "You're so good—to me—" she sobbed.

She seemed such a child just then—a brave child, and Old Darrell smiled.

"That's all right. Ain't you my little girl? Now you jest try to rest. I'll feed Nickey, and get him to bed before the doctor gets here."

"The k-kitchen is in s-such a m-mess."

"I'll have that kitchen shinin' like a new pin in no time. Don't you worry about a thing. I'll get you Nickey's bell from the nursery. If you need me, ring it, and it'll surprise you, how

quick I'll be here. Could you eat a little bite?"

Vina smiled in spite of her pain. She shook her head. "I might be able to eat tomorrow—but tonight—I just couldn't—thank you. Try to get Phil on the phone, will you? I'd like to have him home now." She told him how to reach him.

Old Darrell trailed apologetically behind the doctor when he came. "I didn't have a thing in the house fer burns. The remedy I used was one the wife used on my boy when he was a kid."

The doctor looked Vina over carefully. "You must have known you would have to stay in bed awhile. You didn't burn your back, a bit. Sweet oil and raw egg is good for burns, but I've got some salve that will heal quicker." He turned to Old Darrell. "Apply it freely, according to directions. I'm going to leave you in charge."

Old Darrell went with him to the door.

"Do you want me to send a nurse out from town? She's got some deep burns on her limbs and hands."

Old Darrell shook his head. "I can manage. Count on me to do exactly what you tell me."

THERE was plenty to do in the days that followed. Sometimes Old Darrell wondered if he would have the strength to hold out. Phillip wasn't much help. He had his work, and he usually spent his evenings with Vina.

Amy Marlow came over every day or two, with something good to eat. Daisy always sent a note, full of good wishes, and Old Darrell looked forward to her visits. She made Vina more cheerful, although Vina was very brave, and she always found time to help Old Darrell. Sometimes it wouldn't be any more than drying the dishes, or sweeping a floor, but he always felt rested after she had gone.

Vina got so she listened for Old Darrell's step. He was always cheerful. He always remembered to put a flower on her tray, when he brought her food. He always came in quietly, often with the paper, once in a while with a picture, sometimes with a book; and he never brought Nickey in to see her unless he was clean.

Alone in her room, Vina had lots of time to think. "I wonder why I never noticed these wonderful things about Phil's father before.

He's so gentle. His big capable hands are always busy for some one else. His feet are never too weary to do one more errand. He's never too tired to speak kindly. What a fool I've been to think Nickey could spend too much time with a man like that."

Old Darrell celebrated, the day Vina was able to be up. He dressed Nickey in a yellow suit, and combed his ringlets, till his bright little head glistened. He dusted the furniture, and placed a bowl of roses on the dining room table. When Vina came in, he was at the oven, turning a roast, and didn't see her until she touched his arm, then he looked into her eyes, and smiled.

"Seems good to have you up. Stand right there. I'll get you a chair."

Vina sat down weakly on the chair he brought, not because she felt physically unable to stand, but mentally she was harrassed, and sick at heart.

"He's so good—so good to us. Why don't he hate me for the mistakes I've made—I was such a fool. If I could only make him understand how I feel about him now—" Aloud she said, "Oh, you've done so much. Everything looks lovely."

A second later Nickey came running to her. As she took him on her lap, and hugged him to her, her conscience smote her again. He looked so sparkling, so neat. Here was another evidence of Phil's father's kindness to her.

When Old Darrell looked at her again, she was sobbing. He closed the oven door, and went to her.

"Here, here, child, you mustn't cry on your first day up. You must laugh, and be gay."

Vina caught his hand impulsively. She held it bashfully; timidly she brushed it with her cheek.

"I was so foolish—about Nickey. I want you to know—he's yours—as well as ours—always. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, tut, child," Old Darrell replied awkwardly. "There's nothin' to forgive. There's too much work in this big house fer a woman that ain't very strong. You must have been tired all the time. I don't wonder your mind got off on the wrong track sometimes." He looked out the window for a moment, before he continued gently, "You didn't ask me to

come in the first place, Phil did. I've been intrudin' all the time."

"No, oh, no—you're wonderful! I—I—want you to stay. My accident has taught me many things—I can reason now with a woman's mind. Nickey, we're going to show Ga Ga just what he means to us, aren't we, dear?"

"We show 'em," Nickey answered, nodding his head solemnly.

"If you—won't—think—it—strange—and—unbecoming—I'd—like—to call you—father." Vina's eyes met his shyly.

Then Old Darrell did a strange thing. He stooped and kissed her forehead; his eyes, too, were full of tears.

After that Old Darrell walked out to the garden of roses, where the wind blew his white hair about his face. He had to think things out sanely and alone.

"She called me father," he whispered, gazing tenderly at the roses blooming around him. "She called me father—what wouldn't I do for that little girl now? She says she wants me to stay with them always, God bless her brave little life." He reached up and plucked a large crimson rose, idly picking the petals off, and letting them fall to the ground one by one. And he talked to Vina, just as if she were there in the garden beside him: "I can't stay, Vina, girl—it's like I told Daisy—there's seldom a house big enough to hold two families. Sometimes youth and age'll mix—but you and me—we ain't got enough patience yet, nor enough love, nor enough understandin' of heart to undergo the trials of wrestlin' with one another's weakness. It ain't our fault. Maybe we could learn in time, through sufferin'. Yer a brave warrior—if I got to be a burden, you'd clamp yer teeth and lips together, and carry me on, jest like you did when you fought the pain of them burns. I'm glad you said you wanted me, 'twill sort of smooth the road ahead, when I get lonesome fer Nickey and Daisy. Yer a fine little gal, Vina, but I can't stay, and burden the lives of my children. I'm scared of the city—I couldn't find peace there—but in the home for old folks I can make friends, and find happiness with folks my age. There's Amy Marlow. I guess I'd better go in and finish dinner. Maybe I can persuade her to stay and eat with us."

Amy stayed. Later she suggested that Old

Darrell take a walk, while she visited with Vina.

"You see," she laughed shyly, "I'm going to be married Thursday. You'd better make me work while you can. I'll be pretty busy with my own affairs in a couple of days. I'll take care of Nickey, and give him his nap. You may stay two or three hours."

Old Darrell was almost gay, as he went out of the house. He wanted to see Daisy, and talk things over with her. When he turned in at her gate she was in the yard.

He called to her softly.

Daisy looked up, smiled, and came down the walk to meet him. She gave him her two thin little hands in welcome.

"I didn't know—" Old Darrell began.

Daisy laughed happily. "You can't keep me in bed always. It's so good to see you again. I'm trying to get strong enough for the wedding. Is everything all right at home?"

Old Darrell still held the two thin little hands. "And I've missed you, Daisy. You'll soon be goin' away?"

She nodded, averting her eyes. "Let's sit on the steps. I'm still a little weak, but gaining fast for an old lady. The more I think about going away, the less I want to go. I'm afraid I'm in love with you, Darrell."

"Daisy!"

"Is there anything very terrible about my loving you?"

"Daisy, you don't mean that—you can't mean it—Why, I came over to tell you—to tell you—"

"To tell me what, Darrell?" Daisy was blushing and looking down.

"That I'm goin' away." He felt the little hands in his tremble.

"Oh," she murmured. "I thought perhaps it was something else." She arose. "Come, Darrell, let's go in the house." Under her breath she spoke softly, "I have always thought you cared."

Old Darrell caught her by the shoulders. "Oh, Daisy, Daisy, I do care. I have cared for a long, long time. I want you, dear, want you, do you understand? But I haven't a thing to offer you. I have no money, no home, nothin' but myself to give you. Oh, my dear, I wish I had more, then—"

Daisy faced him. She spoke so low Old Dar-

rell could scarcely hear. "I have a home. I have money enough to keep us. You say you love me—I'm satisfied."

Suddenly Old Darrell's arms were about her, his face was in her hair. "Daisy, Daisy," he spoke her name tenderly. "You're goin' to marry me. We're goin' to live here, you and me, close to Nickey and my children. Amy and George will be visitin' us sometimes—" His voice was full of wonder. "Kiss me, Daisy, so I'll know I'm not dreamin'—Nickey's goin' to have a grandmother. Life's beginnin' all over fer me, right now."



Old or Young

I questioned Poetry, "Say," I said,
 "What am I, old or young?"
 "Young as the heart remaineth," she smiled,
 "While laughter comes and song."

"Say, am I old, or am I young?"
 I asked Philosophy.
 "The way that women look at you
 Should answer that," growled he.

So when I claim, by my high blood,
 A life still young and jolly,
 Women, with their indifferent looks,
 Reprove me for my folly.
 —W. H. Davies, in the *London Spectator*.



There is no true nobility except the nobility of intellect, and in the course of years the princes choose their great men from among these noblemen. The nobility of Denmark are Tordenskjold, Bartholin, Griffenfeldt, Tycho Brahe, Orsted, Thorwaldsen.

The nobility of the world are the potter's son Themistocles, the tailor apprentice Tordenskjold, the tenement-dweller's boy Thorwaldsen. Most of the borne noblemen are but the shield-bearers for the nobility of genius. They are only stage viands, without juice or strength.
 —From *Hans Christian Andersen's recently published private notebook*.



Not you alone, not I alone,
 But all of us together
 Can keep the old sun shining
 In every sort of weather.

—Alan F. Bain

EXCURSIONS IN ENGLAND

By AUDENTIA ANDERSON

THE remaining days of our stay in England should be touched but lightly, perhaps, since this series is already well-prolonged. To us their memory is ever a rich treasure house, into which we joy to dip at will and relive many of our happy experiences.

Ben enjoyed having lunch one day with fellow Rotarians at the Hotel Cecil. The main speaker was a Mr. Barton—"F. R. G. S.,"—whatever that may be—from Australia. His subject was, "*Our Continental Customer: His Ways, Weights and Measures!*" Interesting possibilities there, you will agree. On the back of his menu card Ben obtained some autographs of the eight or ten men at his table. Some of these signatures remain a mystery, but two that I can decode indicate that one gentleman was from Bloomington, Illinois, and another from Parsons, Kansas—truly close neighbors (in London) to our Nebraskan. As announced by the hospitable Britishers, there were that day thirty visitors from "overseas."

Enfield Church

One whole day was spent with the Saints in Enfield, meals being enjoyed at church "head-quarters" as guests of Brother and Sister Baldwin, Brother and Sister John Foster, and Apostle Paul Hanson, and at the generous and infinitely "elastic" table of Brother and Sister Judd, in whose home the meetings of the branch were held. We were delighted to visit the site of the proposed new church, a block or so away, where at that time (August 18) the visible signs of their hopes amounted to foundation walls only, and a group of masonry paraphernalia under a shed. One high point of interest was that amongst the latter stood a pretty good-sized barrel filled with finely-ground colored glass. This, Brother Judd was planning to mix into the cement for the front wall of the church. He explained they had gotten the idea from reading about what was done on the Kirtland Temple, and, like their sacrificing American sisters of nearly a century ago, these good English home-makers were consecrating to the project many of their colored glass dishes and tumblers.

It is interesting to know that the Enfield Saints were able to hold their Christmas exercises that same year in their new church home—an achievement which speaks well for the industry, devotion, and enthusiasm of the little group. How we should have enjoyed being at the house warming!

Olmsted Hall

One day which stands out prominently in memory was that sunny one when Brother Judd took us into the country and, by means of directions obtained before I left home, from the president of the Olmsted Family Association, managed to find his way to Olmsted Hall, in Essex County. This ancient "shrine" stands in the midst of rolling wheat fields, the trail thither leading through many hedge-bordered lanes and past quaint villages with their squat stone houses and overhanging thatched roofs abutting the narrow, well-kept roads. The Hall is a long, low, rambling building of stone or cement, which has weathered the storms and sunshine of many centuries. A description of its size, possessions, serfs, grain, stock, vineyards, etc., is to be found in the "Domesday Book" of William the Conqueror. This seems to be "the original" tax survey, and was taken by order of the Norman in 1085 in order to check up on his income from the vast domains he had acquired by his bloody victories of 1066.

It was our privilege one afternoon to visit, in company with Brother Hanson, the office of public records in London where this ancient book—in two volumes—is preserved. The name was bestowed upon it by the bewildered subjects whose possessions were therein listed, because none could find a way of escaping the heavy taxes imposed through this survey. The lists and descriptions of manors and their holdings are entered in Latin, the letters being most painstakingly drawn by hand. Had we not been provided with page references it would have been difficult to have found the entry which particularly interest is—the one which referred to this ancient hall of our ancestors—for medieval English has tricks and turns of its own without the (to us) obscurities of Latin!

As to the age of Olmsted Hall it may be added that its listing in this ancient survey was there compared to "former" assessments. Thus it is a matter of uncertainty how long it has stood and sheltered the passing generations.

It is one of the few old homes in England which retain their moats, since more careful attention to the health of inhabitants has gradually and quite generally eliminated those disease-breeding relics of a feudal age. Perhaps the reason this one has been preserved is that it is fed by hidden springs, which keep the water sweet and pure, permitting its use for the animals on the farm as well as for cleaning purposes in and about the buildings. The depth of the water in the moat is regulated by an outlet. The banks are picturesque with bordering hedges of roses. From these, several small blossoms were gathered to find their way via the mail carriers of Johnny Bull and Uncle Sam, to certain Americans whom I knew would have been happy to share that visit with me—descendants of James Olmsted, Puritan widower, who with his motherless children, crossed the "big pond" in 1632.

We were made very welcome by Mr. Kiddy, owner of the Hall, whose family has gotten used to these visits by curious Americans with Olmsted blood in their veins. He told me there had already been thirty there that summer. We were privileged to roam about as we wished, and roam we did, to our hearts' content. In the low-ceilinged kitchen is the wide fireplace occupying one whole side of the room. An old worn stone sink was of interest, as also was the "brewing copper"—a huge concern which filled one corner. It was really a brick kiln built about an immense copper caldron with a great heavy lid. Below was a place for the fire. That it is still used for brewing "the brown October ale" was evidenced by the great brass-bound, spigoted barrel we saw in the dairy house adjoining.

There is simple dignity about the whole place. The main part was once just a long room opening to the roof, in which were held the "squire's courts"—hence the name of "Hall." Later, household needs divided it into smaller rooms, each with fireplace for comfort. Beams were put across overhead, upon which floors were laid; and dormer windows cut in the roof, and partitions built which divided the

upper space into sleeping-quarters. There are still to be seen the original hand-hewn beams and rafters, and they seem sturdy enough to last at least a half-millennium of years more.

The organization of Olmsted descendants in America is considering purchasing the Hall, feeling that with its moat, its thatched roof, its floors on varying levels, its gardens and apple orchards, it will prove a quaint and charming shrine for thousands of interested and appreciative members of this ancient family.

"The Great House" of Cardinal Woolsey

On our way out to Olmsted Hall, Brother Judd detoured a bit to show us "The Great House" at Chestnut. This immense building was once the home of Cardinal Woolsey, perhaps his least pretentious. Now it is owned by a group of Masons—possibly the Enfield lodge—and used by them for meetings. Among the rooms are two immense ones, the old banqueting hall on the main floor and abovestairs, the ceremonial chamber. In the basement was a great kitchen, with deep ovens and ranges designed for the preparation of food in large quantities. The uneven flags of the floor, the heavy and primitive utensils, the poor light and absence of conveniences would seem to make even more laborious the toil of those who worked there. However, we gathered that it is not much used nowadays, for on the main floor was the more modern kitchen of the family who lived there as caretakers.

It was with some shiver of horror we were shown the dungeons, the underground chapel, the confessional, the stone to which prisoners used to be chained, the apertures into the dark-cell through which scanty food was shoved, the torture room, and the openings (now walled in) of ancient subterranean passages to other places, notably one which led to a convent a mile or two away! How much of all this was founded in fact and how much in fancy we did not attempt to ascertain, but received a thrill in listening to the tales.

Just a Few Names

Starting homeward, about one thirty or two o'clock, we stopped at a wayside inn for lunch. It was quite deserted by any who could be called patrons, but a man came to take our orders, and we shall not soon forget the home-cured

smoked ham which formed the main part of our repast, nor the generously-proportioned salad of green vegetables which accompanied it. Also I think the men particularly "raved" about the mustard dressing served with the meat. (Ask Brother Rushton sometime, just what is the difference between the English and American conceptions of mustard dressing!)

This inn, by the way, was labeled "The Coach and Horses." I have mentioned, I am sure, how some of the names and signs in England intrigued us. "Ye Olde Nag's Head," "The Angler's Rest," "The Fishmonger's Arms," and "The Boot and Spur," were some we noted, all of them restaurants. And I must not forget that puzzling one: "Mrs. Fitch, the Local Pussy's Butcher," which left one in doubt as to whether she butchered the neighborhood cats or merely supplied them with rations!

With happy instinct, Brother Judd took us home "another way," passing through historic Epping Forest where much of interest was pointed out. In one village we passed by the door of one Fox, famous enough to be mentioned to us, but just which one is now obscure in my memory. I find that in a former article I have confused the George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends or "Quakers," with the John Fox of a century earlier who wrote that book of horrors describing the sufferings of those martyrs who were the victims of a certain ferocious and primitive "Christianity."

In one village a "fair" was in progress and the narrow streets were crowded. In the booths, on the tables, and peeping from the carts and wagons could be seen things of every description, brought on this certain week day to be sold, bartered or exchanged. Possibly it is a day and place where many "white elephants" change hands as well as food and the more ordinary commodities of life.

Memorials of King Harold

At Waltham we saw the lovely Eleanor's Cross, and entered the Abbey Church. Many

of the buildings which formerly made up a great abbey holding at this place have gone the way of all things material, demolished doubtless by one or the other of the two most ruthless enemies of such structures, War and Time. Of the once magnificent church built by King Harold, there now remains but the nave and aisles to which certain chapels and towers were added four or five centuries ago. The original portion is a splendid example of Norman architecture, with massive cylindrical columns, some decorated with zigzag and some with spiral patterns. Three tiers of arches formed by these columns bear similar decorations very charac-



Olmsted Hall

teristic of the period. It was Henry VIII who, in 1540, destroyed the choir portion and the transepts, and the central tower fell a few years later. In the work of restoration and preservation many lovely features have been retained and others added, among the latter a very beautiful rose window which has for its subject, "The Work of Creation." It, and the three lights below it, were designed by Sir E. Burne-Jones, of Royal Academy fame.

We were told that the popular King Harold consecrated this once handsome edifice on "Holy Cross Day," May 3, 1060, and that it has always been connected with his name. Here he knelt in prayer, six years later, just before setting out for the Field of Hastings. After that fateful and losing battle, his body was laid to rest in a temporary tomb on the Sussex cliffs, but later brought to "his own church" and buried near its high altar.

I must not forget to mention that at the end of one aisle I came across the tomb (or memorial tablet, I forget which) of one Robert Smith who died in 1697. We were informed he was the captain of a merchant vessel. I happened to know he bore the same name as my first American ancestor, a tailor by trade, who had migrated in 1638 from the vicinity of County Essex. "My" Robert died in Topsfield, Massachusetts, in 1693—quite close, in point of time, it will be seen, to the demise of this Essex "cousin" of the same name.

Stern Old Punishments

In the entrance or vestibule of this old Abbey Church we examined with curiosity the old whipping-post and stocks which once adorned (or disfigured) the center of the little village. Viewing these grim reminders of a stern past when sentence followed swift upon the heels of judgment, I could but wonder how our "gangsters" of today would respond to such summary punishment. I wondered how they would react to the necessity of having to sit in the stocks, for instance, in the center of the public market places of our cities, being securely held there to receive the jibes and contempt of the passersby! But alas, our "good" citizens seem to prefer acquiescent resignation to the ravages and indignities put upon society by these organized criminals rather than bend themselves to the sterner task of ridding our country of the ever-growing menace.

"In the cool of the day" a delicious and welcome supper awaited the tired motorists at the home of the Baldwins and Fosters. I have forgotten to mention that Brother Hanson accompanied us on this "ancestral" jaunt, and his presence added immeasurably to the joy of the day.

We took the "underground" home. It is also called "the tube," and truly it does shoot you along with marvelous rapidity. These lines are under the subway, and at large terminals you "bob up serenely from below" by means of huge escalators, the several wide sets of which care for the immense throngs which daily make the ascent or descent as the case may be.

"She Didn't Peek"

Without "the permission of the copyright owners," I can not refrain from telling you

about a statement made by the smallest member of the little party of friends who helped us to enjoy London. I refer to Franklin, five-year-old son of Brother and Sister Moats of Kansas City. Franklin proved to be a splendid tourist, asking intelligent questions, about things which attracted him, remembering well what he was told, and adapting himself pleasantly to any and all situations as they arose. On the evening of the party at Brother Judd's home, about which I wrote in a previous article, Franklin's modern and methodical mother thought it best for him to remain at the hotel instead of accompanying us, since she wished him to conform as much as possible to his regular schedule for sleep and meals. So he was left in charge of the chambermaid for the evening, who was to read to him and see that he got to bed at the proper time.

The next day, in a little teasing way his mother asked, "Who undressed you last night?"

"I did—behind the maid! And then I handed my clothes around in front of her and she handed my pajamas around behind her—and mother, *she didn't peek!*"

When Franklin gets older he will probably scold me for making this disclosure, but it *was* just too cute to omit—now wasn't it?



America is remarkable because there we find European human nature in the raw. . . . The American, thus, is a civilized man without a civilization. . . . There are more men than women in America, consequently men are cheap and the women have it all their own way because they possess what economists call a "scarcity value." The result is a petticoat-ridden society wherein feminine standards and ideals are paramount.—*Osbert Burdett, (Englishheritie).*



We have got to recognize that idleness is the unforgiveable sin which wherever it is found, breeds rot and decay. If the small family has come to stay, then with it must come the realization that motherhood is no longer a full-time job—is not in itself sufficient to justify existence.—*Lady Rhondda.*

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

A Short Play

By CLARA L. NICHOLLS

SCENE:

A city park.

CHARACTERS:

Robert, a youth searching for a happy person.

Irene, an accomplice on the search.

Annabel Atkins, spoiled by wealth.

Betty Lane, shop girl.

Mr. Black, a rich man.

Verna Baker, a would-be prima donna.

George Anders, politician.

Harry Nobles, "good-fellow."

Dick Fields, farm boy.

Mary Avery, the happy person.

—o—o—o—

(Scene. City Park. Robert and Irene enter from opposite sides. Robert carries a flashlight as though looking for something.)

IRENE: Well, good land, Bob, what do you think you're doing?

ROBERT: I'm Diogenes the Second, searching for—

IRENE: Searching for an honest man?

ROBERT: No, history doesn't say that Diogenes ever found his honest man. I'm searching for—

IRENE: Yes, what?

ROBERT: Well, you know the Constitution of the United States says we all have the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Now if we all have the right to the pursuit of happiness some one ought to have found it. I'm looking for that person. What's the use for me to go through life pursuing something that no one has ever found?

IRENE: Robert Davis, have you taken leave of your senses? You'd better at least get an aeroplane searchlight instead of that flashlight. You'd have more success! But you really don't mean that you expect to find a happy person, do you?

ROBERT: Why not? Isn't happiness what all the world's a-seeking?

IRENE: Yes, I suppose it is, but what are you going to do if you happen to find your happy man, or woman, or boy, or girl?

ROBERT: If I find such a one I'll find out their secret of happiness and do as they do.

IRENE: Yes, maybe you will. Well, this park on Sunday morning ought to be a good place to find such a one if one can be found. Why not sit here and ask those that go by? I'd like to see a happy person myself.

ROBERT: We won't have long to wait. Here comes Annabel Atkins. But no use to ask her, she's got a frown all over her face.

IRENE: Oh, yes, we'll ask her anyway. (Enter Annabel.) Hello, Annabel, are you happy?

ANNABEL (surprised): Happy? What a question! No, I'm not. I've got a headache. I was up so late last night at the Avis Brown's to Mabel's coming-out party; and I don't know how we are ever going to make my party as swell as that. But why do you ask me such a question?

IRENE: Robert is playing Diogenes the Second, and looking for a happy person. We're stationed here to ask all that go by.

ANNABEL: Well, he will never find one; but I believe I will stay awhile and watch results, if I may. I would like to find the secret of happiness myself.

ROBERT: You're very welcome. Take this seat. Here comes some one else now.

IRENE: Who is it? Oh, it's Betty Lane. She works at Jones. I don't think she gets enough to keep body and soul together. She lives in that little attic room at the Rambler. You ask her, Robert. (Enter Betty.)

ROBERT: Good morning, Miss Lane. Are you happy?

Betty: Happy? (Sarcatically). Yes, I'm very happy! I've just hung out my weekly washing in the back yard and have on my best bib-and-tucker and am out to get some fresh air; that is something they don't furnish with the rest of the third floor-back! If I had enough money to have beautiful clothes and a fine house and a car, and all that, I'd be happy.

ANNABEL: I wish some one would furnish all those for you like the god-mother did for Cinderella if it would make you a happy person. That is what we are looking for.

BETTY: Do you expect to find one, really? May I stay to watch?

ROBERT: Surely you may. Here comes Mr. Black—old "money-bags." Now, Betty, let's see if money makes him happy. (Enter Mr. Black.) Good morning, Mr. Black. We are trying to find the secret of happiness. Perhaps you will pardon our audacity in asking you if you are happy?

MR. BLACK (grouchily): Happy? Can a man be happy crippled up with rheumatism and gout?

BETTY: But Mr. Black, with all your money you ought to be able to find a cure for it, and with all the fine things you can buy with your money—

MR. BLACK: Money! Money, is it? I'd be better off if I had to work for my living by day's wages. Money brings care and worry; that's all the good money is. But if there is any chance of your finding that secret of happiness I'd like to know it, too. (Seats himself.)

IRENE: There comes Verna Baker, the girl with the wonderful voice. She ought to be happy to be able to sing like she can. (Enter Verna.)

ROBERT: Miss Baker, can you tell us how to be happy?

VERNA: How to be happy? I don't know what might make you happy, but for me I feel that if I could just sing in grand opera before great crowds of people and thrill them with my voice I should be happy.

ANNABEL: Let us hope you realize your ambition so we may really see a happy person some time; but that isn't finding one now.

IRENE: Here comes George Anders, would-be-lawyer, politician, and reformer. I wonder what he knows about happiness. (*Enter George Anders.*)

ROBERT: How do you do, Mr. Anders. Fine morning. Are you happy?

MR. ANDERS (*scowling*): What difference does it make whether I am happy or not? That's a state I never expect to attain. How can anyone hearing all the troubles and faults of the world expect such a thing as happiness? But what kind of a gathering is this that you are accosting people with such a question?

IRENE: We're looking for some one who has found the secret of happiness so we may not have to spend our lives in a will-o'-the-wisp pursuit.

MR. ANDERS: That sounds like a ridiculous notion. You'll never find anyone that is willing to admit that he is happy, and if he does he won't be able to tell you the secret of it. Just as well adjourn the meeting now.

BETTY: Oh, no. Here comes Harry Nobles. He spends all his time in having a good time. He should be happy if anyone is. (*Enter Harry.*)

ROBERT: Hello there, Harry, You seem to be always having a good time, can you tell us the secret of happiness?

HARRY: You can search me. It's a secret all right. I've tried all the so-called pleasures of life and there's nothing to 'em, I can tell you that. There isn't any such a thing as happiness. You think you're happy for a little while but the first thing you know you've done something you shouldn't and got into trouble, or else you find it wasn't as much fun as you thought it would be. No, sir, you'll never find a happy person.

VERNA: There's Dick Fields coming. He lives on a farm near my uncle's. Maybe country life brings more happiness than town life. We'll ask him. (*Enter Dick.*) Hello, Dick, are you happy this morning?

DICK: Am I happy? Maybe I should be but I'm not. I got so sick of milking cows and riding the cultivator and all that drudge work on the farm that I left it all and came to the city. I found work but I have to stay indoors all day—and a little stuffy room at night. I'll tell you if there is such a thing as happiness I haven't found it.

IRENE: Well, Diogenes the Second, it looks as though we may as well give up the search and call the meeting adjourned. I'm afraid the secret of happiness will always be a secret.

ROBERT: No, we'll wait a little longer. There ought to be some one in the world who is happy.

BETTY: Look at that girl coming! You can see

her smile from here. See how she stops to talk to that little girl. I'll bet she can tell us.

IRENE: That's Mary Avery. She's the last one you'd think would know the secret of happiness, with all that houseful of youngsters she's had to raise since her mother died, and her sweetheart got killed in France. She's had enough care to be the most miserable person in the world. But she does look happy, doesn't she?

MR. ANDERS: Yes, she does. See how she speaks to that old man and plays with that little dog. (*Enter Mary.*)

ROBERT: Good morning, Mary. You look happy. Are you?

MARY: Why—why—I don't know whether I'm happy or not. I've never thought anything about it. But I'm not unhappy. Yes, I think I am happy. This is such a glorious old world to live in. Isn't it a beautiful morning? I've been listening to a bird sing. It sounds so happy.

IRENE: Why, Mary, I believe you are happy. We've been trying to find a happy person so he or she can tell us the secret of happiness. Robert is playing Diogenes the Second, and looking for a happy person, but actually we were about to give up in despair. We've asked everyone that came along, but no one knew; but they have all stayed to see if a happy person could be found. You have saved the day for us. Now tell us the secret.

MARY: Secret? Why there isn't any secret; but it's something you can't find if you go out to look for it. I was ready to give up in despair once, but I had so much to do I couldn't give up or take time to think of my own troubles and when I finally had time to think of them I found I didn't have any troubles to think of. Perhaps if you forget that you want to be happy and find something interesting to do for some one else you will wake up some day to find that it isn't worrying you whether you are happy or not.

MR. ANDERS: Well, now, that's a good idea. I had never thought of it. I wonder how I can make it work in my case. Let's see, I believe I can help a lot of clients in their legal troubles more than I do. There's Widow Blake, and old man Jones—Yes, I'm beginning to feel happy already. Maybe I was mistaken about there being no happy people.

VERNA: Maybe I can do something to help some one by singing to them. They wanted me to sing in the choir, but I refused; and that old lady down the street likes music so well. I'll go and sing to her. Being a prima donna isn't all.

BETTY: I wonder what I can do. Oh, yes, there's Alice who works the next counter to mine. She's sick. I'll go to see her and see if I can't do something to make her happy.

DICK: I'm going back home. I'll be doing more for some one else by pailing the old cows and watching the corn grow than I'm doing here. And I'll enjoy it more myself. I wonder how Dad's been getting along since I left anyway.

(Continued on page 302.)

PURPOSE AND METHOD IN STORY TELLING

By CARMIE SHELLEY

“ALL THE WORLD loves a story, but few have learned to take story-telling seriously.”

When stories have been told for any purpose beyond that of entertainment, it has been as the first step in literary training or to call back the wandering attention of the pupil to a lesson that is dull.

In every age, really great teachers who have had character building as their aim, have known the value of the story, and have made it a most effective means of shaping the lives of both old and young. Jesus, Plutarch, the monks of the middle ages, Froebel and the kindergartens of today, have used the stories to accomplish their aim. Our greatest educationist has said, “good story-telling is the best intellectual qualification of the teacher.”

The very origin of the story-telling was in the teaching impulse.

In the long past of primitive life, it was almost the only form of literature, and was certainly educational. Events fraught with meaning were kept alive in memory and handed down from one generation to another, that they might help to shape the life of youth.

Jesus was a master story-teller. His stories were marvels of perfection, both in form and use. The conscientious teacher will make himself a teller of tales. This is his duty and opportunity, and when he has mastered the simple art, it will be his joy as well.

Many fail in story-telling because they do not know in what a story consists.

A *story* is a narrative of true or imaginary events which form a vitally related whole, so presented as to make its appeal chiefly to the emotions, rather than to the intellect.

A close analysis of the literary form that the story takes, reveals certain essential elements that are common to every story. In every story provision must be made for four elements: the beginning, a succession of events, the climax, and the end. Each serves its peculiar purpose, and that it may do it effectively, must be shaped to that end. Every story of necessity has a beginning, though it can not be omitted, it may easily be bungled. A bad start often means a handicap that can not be overcome.

The purpose of the beginning of a story is to introduce and characterize the leading person or persons, and sometimes to provide a background for the action. It is especially desirable that it should arouse interest and often it adds much to the story's power, if it gives a hint of the line of thought that is to be developed.

One invariable rule may guide the beginner here. The shorter the introductory step, the better, provided it accomplishes its purpose. Long explanations are tiresome, especially when they are given before there is anything to explain.

The sequence of events presents the movement of the story toward the climax which gives meaning to the whole. The great essential is that it shall be orderly, presenting the necessary facts, step by step, and preparing for the climax without revealing it in advance.

The climax is that which makes the story; for it all that precedes has prepared the way. It is the point upon which interest focuses. If a moral lesson is conveyed, it is here that it is enforced. Failure here means total loss. It is for the climax that the story exists, and skill in dealing with it counts more for success than at any other point. The climax must not be missed, for without it there is no story. Whatever tends to weaken or obscure its force, lessens the story's power. It is usually more impressive if there is something of surprise involved. If the story is to leave a moral impression, the moral lesson must depend upon the climax itself.

Important as the climax is, if one has the moral aim in view, the way in which the story is to end needs careful consideration. It should appear that the story has really arrived at the stopping place. Thus far event has succeeded event and the outcome has been in doubt. While the attention is centered on an unsolved problem, there can be no meditation on what has gone before. If one would have a story teach a lesson, the mind must be left at rest, ready to turn backward and think again of the deeper meaning of the tale. Sometimes the amateur's story wanders on and on, simply because he feels that it has not come to an end. Teachers who have this fault, can improve their

work by thoughtfully planning the story's end. In a short story with few characters, the climax may itself form the fitting close, but often a sentence or two must be added to give the sense of completion that enables the story to do its work.

To summarize: every good story must have a beginning that arouses interest, a succession of events that is orderly and complete, a climax that forms the story's point, and an end that leaves the mind at rest.

The power to quickly and accurately analyze a story into these essential elements is the most fundamental, and the most important part of the story-teller's theoretical training. It offers the means of determining whether a story is worth the telling at all. It makes it easy to condense a story that is too long, and expand one that is too brief. The first step in the preparation for the telling of a story is to determine the purpose for which it is to be used. The teacher must have clearly in mind the particular virtue to which the story is to incite the hearer, or the very fault of which it is designed to warn him. The second step is to become thoroughly familiar with it. There must be a clear appreciation of the feelings to be stirred, and then a mastery of the general outlines of the events.

In all story-telling, the story must fit the audience. A child's story, to interest, must have a strong sense appeal.

A really successful story-teller knows how to select a story and then put it in language to fit the apperception of his audience. Apperception is the involuntary mental process by means of which the human mind makes its own, the strange, the new and the unfamiliar by a method of fitting it into the class of familiar ideas already known. It is a means of quick mental interpretation.

Thus, a story-teller must first study to discover what is the store of ideas in the minds of the children who will listen to the story. We must secure involuntary attention in children through studying their interest.

The story-teller must ask herself these questions, "Does the story interest begin with my first paragraph, my first sentence, my first word? Will the opening of my story find an apperceptive basis for attention in the minds of my chil-

dren? Has my story a sense appeal in the first sentence?"

After the beginning of a story, to hold the child's interest, we must keep him in suspense. Let the different scenes, the events that go to make up the story, be told in the order of their relative interest appeal to the child mind. The child listens involuntarily as the story proceeds because, he wants to know what is coming next. Suspense is the story quality that stimulates curiosity and in this way develops concentrated thinking on the part of the child.

The closing of the story should be as mind stimulating as was its beginning. The climax of a story should be a complete surprise to the listener and to the characters in the story, as well.

This quick note of the unexpected, coming with compelling suddenness at the end of the story, clinches the interest of the plot, and makes the story indelible on the child's mind.

The mental appeal of climax is a very real and vital one for the consideration of the story teller. Climax knots the thread of the narrative.

We train a child's memory by means of story-telling. Memory is a process of association of ideas. Every well told story means an added possibility of a recall in the child's mind and strengthens the general process of memory.

Memory training by means of story-telling is a legitimate "short cut" in teaching. The nature fact, the difficult bit of geography, the fine point of ethics, may all be given a permanent place in the child's mind if we can find just the right story to help in fixing them.



Yesterday was the past—and you assumed the right to forget? Tomorrow is the future—and you have confidence in your power to begin a new life? Today is the present and you suppose yourself looking forwards and backwards from a fixed point? What would you think of a swimmer who was making his way through a rapid stream and at each stroke imagined that he had succeeded in dividing it into three parts? —*Arthur Schnitzler, in Vanity Fair.*



It is a part of my religion never to hurt any man's feelings.—*W. D. Howard.*

THE POSSIBLE YOU

Studies in Vocational Guidance

By MRS. W. W. HIELD

A Preface to the Guardian

Vocational Guidance is the giving of information and directing of experience toward the selection of, preparation for entrance upon, and making progress in a vocation. Your purpose as a guardian in a vocational way should be to stimulate interest in a life career, to assist each member of your group to find a satisfying type of work, and to start each girl on the best road to the realization of her dreams.

Before attempting to plan the vocational work with your group, it will be necessary to read as many as possible of the books listed at the end of chapter on Vocational Guidance in the manual. Along with these read *On Being a Girl*, by Gibson, and *The Boy and His Future*, by Ricciardi. While this last-named book is written for boys, there is little in it which does not apply to girls also.

No definite plan of study can be given you, each group is different and the study should be planned by one acquainted with the group, but a few general suggestions may be of some help.

First of all an appreciative attitude toward work should be developed in your group. All honest work is honorable. The street laborer as well as the Doctor contributes to the welfare of society.

A few of your girls may already have a vocational aim, but the majority must be led to realize the importance of fitting themselves for some kind of work. Even though an emergency may never arise in which a woman must support herself and family, she is a better citizen, a better companion, and a better mother for having had enough contact with the occupational world to earn a livelihood.

Group study of the occupations in some instances might prove successful, but ordinarily better results are obtained if assignments covering certain occupations are made to those already interested in that particular occupation. The reports should be given at the regular meetings so that each member may benefit. Your meetings may be made more interesting if successful men and women in your community will talk to the group on their occupations.

Don't forget the home maker. Find a resourceful, lovable, happy mother and let her present the advantages and disadvantages of homemaking while studying this occupation.

You might arrange group visits to the factories, industrial plants, etc., but visit these places alone first in order to ascertain whether or not the visit will prove beneficial.

If the spirit of your group is that of sympathetic understanding, good fellowship, and mutual helpfulness, a spirit conducive to the free expression of opinion, your opportunities for discovering the talents and interests of your girls are unlimited. Help them sum up their abilities, aptitudes, and interests, and weigh them against the requirements of the occupation; but actual choice should be their own. Assist your girls to see that in choosing an occupation they are also choosing their place in society, their station in life, and their friends.

To be successful in guidance work you will need a clear vision of the needs of youth, so study youth. Growth must be from within outward. Much of the joy of life comes from service. Your opportunities for service are great, and your compensation and joy will come through the years in seeing your girls grow and serve and become useful, respected citizens in their community.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

There are two things into which most of us fall—love and a vocation. Falling in love sounds romantic, and the very thought of it sends little shivers of pleasure chasing up and down your backbone, no doubt; but falling into a vocation hasn't even romance to recommend it, and there are methods of choosing a career which have better results. Instead of leaving this important decision to chance, why not make an intelligent choice based upon the study of self and the occupations? The extent to which you can assist in the world's work, and in the building of Zion, will be largely determined by your choice of vocation. Do you think Edison could have served humanity to the same extent had he chosen farming? Could

Christ have rendered so great a service had he continued to follow the vocation of his father? We no longer believe that there is but one line of work in which a given individual may succeed—most of you could expect different degrees of success in several occupations—but we do believe it probable that there is a certain type of work for which nature has best fitted each of you. This section of your manual is written in an effort to assist you to find your type of work.

The newspaper and magazines are full of articles about the success of women in all kinds of endeavor; women who once were girls just like you; girls who found and increased their special talents or interests; girls who were determined to make good in spite of hard work, failures and discouragements. They were girls who felt that some contribution was expected of them; that the world should be better for their having lived. To be sure your individual problem is different, but all girls entering upon the world's work have much in common, and many factors of success apply to many lines of effort. If these factors can be learned without the actual experience, you will save yourselves much heartache, valuable time and expense.

Many girls today are seeing the wisdom of preparing for their life's work—that of homemaking—rather than for the few years of self support in between school and marriage. Regardless of what other lines of work the American girl is prepared for, about ninety per cent of them become homemakers sooner or later. Is there any other vocation of more importance than homemaking? Is there any other vocation which offers an equal challenge to the girl of intelligence, ability and high ideals? Homemaking is a highly specialized form of production. It is a partnership with God—a creative calling—and its object is to adequately train each member of the family for citizenship. If Zion is to be redeemed it is essential to produce and rear the right sort of citizen. What a glorious opportunity is yours? What can't your generation do as an army of trained, efficient homemakers; rearing your children to live in peace and harmony with God and man; helping them to develop the Christlike character and attitudes? Homemaking is now a profession, and there are many and varied opportunities for gainful occupation open to the college

trained girl. And many untrained girls are getting valuable experience and training, together with a good living wage, while assisting others in homemaking. This work is not degrading in any sense—whatever line of work we follow we are but serving some one—and some of our college trained girls prefer this type of work to that of teaching, managing tea rooms, coffee shops or doing institutional cooking. So in view of the fact that most of you will marry, investigate and study the opportunities in homemaking, and unless you dislike it thoroughly do not pass it up for another occupation.

Six Steps to Success. In order to make a systematic study of success we have divided it up into the six steps which follow:

1. Self Discovery.
2. Occupational Study.
3. Choice of Vocation.
4. Preparation for Vocation.
5. Making Advantageous Entry into the Vocation.
6. Making Readjustments and Progress in the Vocation.

Self Discovery. One of the most important factors in making a sound choice of vocations is that of self-discovery. Wasn't it Socrates who commanded, "Know thyself"? If we were all alike, made after the same pattern, there would be no need for self study. But as we differ in personal appearance, we also differ in spirituality, personality, physical vigor, mental capacity and special vocational aptitudes; and because of this individual difference, some are best fitted by nature for one kind of occupation and some another.

Individual Differences. Now in order to know where you stand in relation to any position or occupation, it is well to strike a balance between your personal assets and liabilities as compared with the job requirements. Or in other words, take stock of yourselves; attempt to learn your strong points.

Abilities. Your abilities, or powers to perform, may be outstanding or they may be quite lost to view. Compare yourselves with your companions, and note the things which you do best.

Aptitudes. In the wisdom of nature each of you has certain aptitudes or capacity for training along certain lines. For instance, no amount of musical training would make a musician if one lacked the aptitude for music.

Watch yourselves and note the degree of ease with which you learn to do certain things.

Interests. You can have no interest in anything about which you know nothing. So in order to learn your interests in occupations, study occupations. Ascertain whether or not your interests couple up with or parallel your greatest abilities and aptitudes. Talents in the most brilliant of intellects are doomed to failure if wrongly invested. There is no easier way to wrongly invest talents than to do so without interest in the investment.

In your attempt to discover your individual differences, make use of the home, school, and church as laboratories. Try yourself out in the different activities of each.

I am reminded of Marie who loved to arrange and rearrange the furniture, flowers, vases and other movable objects in her mother's home. When Marie entered high school she elected Domestic Science, and after three years of this study discovered her real talent in interior decoration. Her drawing had been good in the grades, and she had liked it, but her special interest was aroused only after learning how to apply her art to the beautifying of the home.

School subjects are quite helpful in learning one's likes and dislikes. For instance, if you dislike arithmetic, you would eliminate such occupations as bookkeeping, statistics, and a number of others, because a certain knowledge of arithmetic is necessary. On the other hand, if you like English you could either prepare to teach the subject or try your luck at writing. For a tryout report the games or social events of the week for your school paper, or write a short story. Success in this may lead to the study of journalism. Or maybe you are interested in music. Follow it up. Join the glee club and church choir; or if your interest is in instrumental music, get into the orchestra or band. This interest may lead to preparation for a position as teacher, supervisor of music, or professional entertainer.

An acquaintance of mine learned of her ability to teach children while substituting in the primary department at Sunday school. Later she studied kindergarten work, and is now considered a very successful teacher in one of our large cities.

Even in your own group of Temple Builders

there should be ample opportunity to tryout in story-telling, and in directing games and plays. Perhaps you are interested in first aid or health work.

Mention has been made of a few ways in which you might find yourself; you can think of many more. The important thing is to be alert at all times; use every available means to discover your talents and develop the useful and helpful power within.

Personality. Personality is quite an important factor in success. Many a girl has failed in her chosen vocation in spite of splendid preparation because she lacked a pleasing personality. What is personality? Webster defines it as "that which makes one individual different from another." For the purpose of this study we will say it is the summation of our personal appearance, self-direction abilities, and cultural characteristics. Now what about your personality? Is it pleasing? How do you rank with those of your acquaintances? What are your standards of conduct?

In order to assist you in the process of self-analysis, the following list of questions has been formulated. Note the columns at the right labeled "yes," "no," and "doubtful." Read each question carefully and if you can answer "yes" place a check mark in the first column. If your answer is "no" check the second column. If for any reason you can not answer either "yes" or "no," then check the "doubtful" column. The "no" and "doubtful" checks will in most cases indicate your weak points, and if you are wise, you will begin at once to center your attention upon improvement along these lines and develop a personality which will be an asset all your life.

<i>Personal Appearance</i>	Yes	No	Doubtful
1. Do I keep my body clean and free from odor?	_____	_____	_____
2. Do I keep my teeth clean?	_____	_____	_____
3. Do I keep my nails clean?	_____	_____	_____
4. Do I keep my shoes clean and heels straight?	_____	_____	_____
5. Do I keep my clothes clean, mended and pressed?	_____	_____	_____
6. Do I study my type for color and style, and dress accordingly?	_____	_____	_____
7. Do I stand and sit properly?	_____	_____	_____
8. Is my smile friendly?	_____	_____	_____

- 9. Is my handshake firm and agreeable? _____
- 10. Do I possess some dignity? _____

Self-directive Abilities Yes No Doubtful

- 1. Am I systematic? _____
- 2. Do I plan my day? _____
- 3. Am I honest and conscientious? _____
- 4. Am I dependable? _____
- 5. Am I resourceful? _____
- 6. Do I control my emotions (anger, etc.)? _____
- 7. Am I mentally or physically lazy? _____
- 8. Am I optimistic? _____
- 9. Do I tolerate the opinion of others? _____
- 10. Am I able to put off a present pleasure for a future good? _____

Cultural Characteristics Yes No Doubtful

- 1. Do people seek my society? _____
- 2. Do I talk about things which interest others? _____
- 3. Am I a good listener? _____
- 4. Do I make people comfortable in my presence? _____
- 5. Am I unreasonably sensitive? _____
- 6. Have I a service ideal? _____
- 7. Am I frank, kindly, cordial and courteous? _____
- 8. Have I disagreeable habits? _____
- 9. Is my voice pleasing and distinct? _____
- 10. Am I open to new ideas? _____
- 11. Can I cooperate with others? _____
- 12. Have I a sense of humor? _____

By the time you have answered these questions you will agree with me that personality is quite complex—too much so to place any great amount of confidence in the quack character analyst, palmist, phrenologist, and other get-there-quick schemers who advertise systems to sell, or offer sudden success or short cuts to fame and fortune. There are no short cuts in the choice of or preparation for a vocation. Every personality is different, and because of this fact everyone needs an individual plan for achievement and success.

Health. Health plays no small part in the success of women. I have yet to see an application blank for any occupation which failed to ask the state of applicant's health. Inasmuch as

some occupations require the expenditure of more physical vitality than others, it is desirable to know your physical condition before choosing a vocation. A thorough examination by a competent physician will be adequate.

OCCUPATIONAL STUDY. While acquiring some knowledge of yourselves, you may also consider the second step to success, and study the world of occupations. Several centuries ago when man's needs were simple and few, the world's business and industries were carried on in the home. The sheep were sheared in the back yard; the wool cleaned, carded, dyed and spun into yarn by the women of the family. Later the cloth was woven, cut, fitted, and made into garments—all within the home. The man of the house or his servants butchered his own animals for meat. The hides were tanned and made into shoes, gloves, saddles, and other leather goods—all within the home. During that period each member of the family was acquainted with most of the industries because they were a part of family life. But conditions have changed. The home is no longer the scene of such activities; and as a result few girls of today are familiar with the processes used in the manufacture of the simplest household article.

Need for Study. With new methods of business and new inventions, the number of occupations increases steadily. Then, too, this is an age of specialization. The old family doctor of a century ago treated everything from a corn to brain fever. Today we have chiropodists who care for the feet; chiropractors who are backbone specialists; ear, nose and eye specialists; stomach specialists; and even beauty specialists along with a host of others. Do you realize that there are hundreds of occupations and thousands of different kinds of jobs in the world? Since there can be no intelligent choice of a vocation without reliable information concerning the many and varied opportunities in occupations, the need for study is quite evident.

Sources of Information. There are numerous ways of gaining information about the occupations. If you are living in a city your opportunities are almost unlimited to visit the large offices, banks, manufacturing plants, and public offices where you may see many varieties of work being done, and in some cases interview the employee as well as the employer. If you

live in a small town, perhaps most of your information will be secured through the study of special occupational literature, books, pamphlets and educational pictures. A survey through correspondence would help in some occupations. Write direct to prominent men and women already succeeding in the field, and ask for the information desired. People are anxious to assist if they know your object. A careful reading of the books listed at the end of this chapter will prove of interest and benefit. Some of these may be found in your library. Some will be worth purchasing, and others may be borrowed.

Method of Study. No doubt you are already interested in a number of occupations. Interest is an important factor in the choice of a vocation. Achievement and success can not be expected unless the driving force of interest is felt to urge you on to concentrated effort. Superficial interest will not do this, as in the case of Janet Brown who wanted to be a nurse because some one of her acquaintance reported such a good time while training. Janet entered the hospital for training but didn't have the fun she expected, so gave it up after a few weeks. Janet's interest was in fun, not in nursing. However, interest alone should not be the deciding factor in choosing a vocation. A thorough study of the occupations is first necessary, and for this purpose you will find the classifications of labor used by the United States Census quite helpful. They are as follows:

1. Agriculture, forestry, and animal husbandry.
2. Extraction of minerals.
3. Mechanical and manufacturing industries.
4. Transportation.
5. Trade (buying and selling).
6. Public service.
7. Professional service.
8. Domestic and personal service.
9. Clerical occupations.
10. Homemaking.

It would be a good idea to make a brief study of one occupation in each group in order to get acquainted with the different fields. In order to simplify this study the following check list may be used. This list will help to develop a standard of judgment which can be applied to all occupations. Write out the answers for the occupations in which you are most interested and compare the advantages, preparation, income, etc. Much of this data has already been

gathered, and you will find "Occupations for Women" and "The Girl and the Job" very helpful in this study.

The Importance of the Occupation

1. Is this occupation really necessary?
2. Is the occupation a growing or diminishing field?
3. Is the occupation overcrowded or is there a shortage of workers?
4. Is the occupation stable or is it tending to frequent change?
5. Is the trade seasonal or uniform throughout the year?
6. Is there a great demand for the products of the industry or the service rendered by the profession?
7. Are the services rendered in this occupation of social significance or are they solely for selfish ends?
8. Is it a stepping-stone to something better? If so, what?

The Work Done in the Occupation

1. What is the nature of the work done in this occupation?
2. Does the work require mechanical skill or mental ability or both?
3. Is the work done in well ventilated or spacious rooms?
4. Does the work involve eye strain? Severe nervous or physical strain?
5. Is the worker subjected to dangers that may lead to accidents?
6. Does the work require nonskilled, skilled or professionally trained workers?
7. Does the work involve tact and ability for leadership?

The Income of the Occupation

1. Does the worker receive enough pay to maintain an American standard of living?
2. What is the pay at the beginning?
3. Does one secure an increase for further experience?
4. Are the wages definitely regulated according to the efficiency of the workman?
5. Does the firm have a profit sharing plan? Sick benefit fund?
6. Does one secure pay while on vacation?
7. Does one receive a pension if in service for some time?

The Preparation Required for the Occupation

1. What courses should be taken in school for this occupation?
2. How much education is a minimum requirement?
3. Is special or vocational education such as that obtained at college, university, or vocational school necessary or desirable? If so, where best obtained? How long will it take? How much will it cost?

What entrance requirements, if any, would one have to meet?

4. Must the worker serve a preliminary or apprenticeship period? How, when and where?

5. Does the occupation require experience in some related field before the individual can enter the chosen field of his endeavor?

6. Is special talent, ability, or special skill essential for efficiency in this occupation?

The Advantages and Disadvantages of the Occupation

1. Are the hours of the work reasonable, and do they come during the regular working day?

2. Is it easy to find employment in the occupation when changing from one place to another?

3. Is there much overtime work in this occupation?

4. Do many of the workers leave during the first year in this work?

5. What social relation does the worker have to the community?

6. Is the worker restrained by the employers from taking active part in the civic affairs? Why?

7. Is the vocation likely to change on account of inventions or of a change in public taste?

8. Is promotion dependent mainly on hard work and good behavior or length of service?

The General Requirements of the Occupation

1. What would be the best age to enter this vocation? Why?

2. Does the work require more than average mental or physical strength?

3. Is any particular church affiliation necessary?

4. What are the sex requirements or barriers in this occupation?

5. Does the work require executive ability?

CHOICE OF VOCATION. A very serious task now awaits you—the investment of yourself, your hopes and ambitions. You have perhaps decided on the type of work you like best—indoor or outdoor, physical or mental, abstract or concrete—and you are somewhat familiar with your assets and liabilities. Now compare them with the requirements of your favorite occupations. Everything else being equal your first choice should be the one which more nearly balances. Circumstances over which you have no control may influence your decision, and sometimes a rechoice is necessary. This is a good time to seek the assistance of a Vocational Counselor if you have not previously done so. Because of his training and experience in the vocational field his advice would be invaluable.

Motive for Choice. Perhaps the most important motive in choosing your career is the serv-

ice motive. See, then, that your choice contributes to the well-being of society. Consider only honorable vocations—which of course includes all honest work—and avoid wealth and ease as a motive if you would be happy in your work and respected by your fellow men.

When to Choose. Make a tentative choice before your next term of school begins so that you may elect the courses which are related to your vocation. Do not consider this choice final, but continue to study and explore. Your powers are expanding. By choosing now you have an aim—some place to go—and while you may change your choice later, you will have started on the right road.

Importance of First and Second Choice. Regardless of what vocation you choose, it is well to make a first and second choice—one your vocation and the other your avocation. Then, if for any reason you wish to change, you will be partially prepared for entrance into the occupation of second choice. This arrangement should work out especially well if your outstanding talents are in some line of work unrelated to homemaking. Prepare for your first choice and use homemaking as a hobby, and ride it hard so that when you marry you will be acquainted with the duties and responsibilities of a wife and mother.

PREPARATION FOR VOCATION. After your first and second choices are made preparation may begin. Your study of the occupations has brought to your attention a number of related school subjects which you will want to include in your course. Continue the study of your vocation; get acquainted with the people in your field of work while getting a general education. There are many levels in any occupation just as there are many degrees of success. A broad general education will help prepare you for service on a high level, thereby increasing your chance for a greater degree of success and happiness.

Where to Prepare. If your chosen vocation requires college preparation, your choice of a school will be quite important. Perhaps those already successful in your field can give you the best advice concerning colleges. The best is none too good—remember you are investing your all. Consider the schools and colleges in your own State, and of course Graceland. New courses are being added there from time to time

and if your course is given, the moral and spiritual influence, as well as the thorough training, will mean much to you. Everything else being equal, choose the college which can give you some practice along with the necessary ideals and technical knowledge.

Financing Your Preparation. If you lack sufficient funds to finance a college course, this fact may influence your choice of schools. Some schools maintain a self-help bureau through which one may secure employment outside of school hours. Don't forget that many scholarships are available. Ask about them. No girl today with good health and a determination to win need be without a college education. But working one's way through college is no easy task, and for this reason some prefer to borrow the amount necessary or work several years and save enough to finance their course. The latter plan seems the happier choice since you are freer to enjoy the college life, the social and recreational life, which means so much to your development.

MAKING ADVANTAGEOUS ENTRY INTO THE VOCATION. With your preparation finished you are now ready to enter your vocation. Don't become discouraged if you fail to find the perfect position. There aren't many such. Seek a position with a future—one in which you have a chance to advance. Sometimes the "blind-alley" jobs pay more to begin with, but it is better to take a smaller salary in the beginning and get somewhere in the end. Don't be afraid to start at the bottom. It is well to know the business from the ground up.

Method of Obtaining a Position. There are numerous ways of obtaining positions—by written application, advertising, through employment agencies or friends—but the most satisfactory way is through personal application. Be sure you are immaculately clean and simply but well dressed. Do not be afraid. You are not begging. You have your services to sell. Be courteous, straightforward and pleasant. Show your interest in the work. Ask about the duties belonging to the position and the opportunities for advancement. This is but good business and most employers will appreciate it.

MAKING ADJUSTMENTS AND PROGRESS IN YOUR VOCATION. When you have secured a

position, seek to fill it, to outgrow it, and thus move on up the ladder of success. In order to do this you must keep physically fit if you are to have the needed energy to become an efficient worker. Be alert; do your job a little better each day. Forget your salary after making sure you are worth it. Be enthusiastic and optimistic. Above all things grow: don't get in a rut. Study your work. Keep up to date. Be adaptable and learn to cooperate with those around you. Keep busy, contented and happy, and prepare yourself for the job ahead. Out of the little things well done today comes the success of tomorrow.

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THE CHURCH SCHOOL

Worship Programs for August

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "A PURPOSE TRUE"

The following programs have been prepared by a group of church school workers at Buffalo, New York. They are suggestive only and should be adapted to local needs.

FIRST SUNDAY, AUGUST 7

Theme: "The Power of a Purpose."

Prelude: "Glow-Worm," Lemare.

Call to Worship:

"Send forth thy word and let it fly
This spacious world around;
Till every soul beneath the sky
Shall hear the joyful sound."

Hymn: "Awake My Soul and With the Sun," *Hymnal*, 44.

Prayer: That we may be steadfast and not turned aside from our purpose of service.

Scripture Reading: *Doctrine and Covenants* 102: 1, 2.

Theme Talk: "A Purpose True: The Power of a Purpose": He who would succeed must have a purpose; the nobler that purpose the greater the possibility of achievement. Paul portrays the power of a purpose in his message to the Romans. (Romans 8: 28.)

Shakespeare gave expression to the power of a purpose when he said:

"This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

In his message to the Philippians, Paul brings to us something of the power of a purpose. (Philippians 3: 7-14. See also Romans 8: 37, 38.)

Throughout your life in all you do
Keep evermore a purpose true,
Prepare each day to do your best
Pursue with zeal some worthy quest,
Without a purpose life is vain,
Nor can one to the best attain
Until with purpose one doth plan
To live with God and be a man.

Hymn: "Hark the Voice of Jesus Calling," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 344.

Offering.

Concluding Thought: A righteous purpose determined, has attractive power to draw help from sublime sources.

Hymn: "It May Not Be on the Mountain Height," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 292.

Benediction.

Classes.

SECOND SUNDAY, AUGUST 14

Theme: "Lord, Speak to Me."

Prelude: "The Shepherd," Lutkin.

Call to Worship: "Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother. And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home." (John 19: 27.)

Hymn: "With Thankful Hearts We Meet O Lord."

Prayer: That we may be able to recognize His voice, and willing to obey instruction.

Scripture Reading: *Doctrine and Covenants* 66: 1.

Theme Talk: "Lord, Speak to Me."

The Lord spoke unto Moses in the burning bush. (Exodus 3: 4-10.) He spoke to Zacharias as he was ministering in the temple. (Luke 1: 11.) He spoke to the boy Samuel in the quiet of the night. (1 Samuel 3: 4-10.) He spoke to Paul on the Damascus road. (Acts 9: 5.) He spoke to John on the Isle of Patmos. (Revelation 1: 11.) He spoke to Joseph Smith in the grove near Palmyra, New York.

God does not change. (Malachi 3: 6.) So He will speak to us if we make the conditions right. It is well, therefore, that we pray, "Lord, speak to me."

Reading (by a boy): "And the Lord said unto Moses, I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken: for thou hast found grace in my sight, and I know thee by name." (Exodus 33: 17.)

Offering.

Concluding Thought: "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Hymn: "Take Time to Be Holy," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 322.

Classes.

THIRD SUNDAY, AUGUST 21

Theme: "Workers Together With God"

Prelude: "The Swan," Saint Saens.

Call to Worship: "Keep my commandments and seek to bring forth and establish the cause of Zion." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 10: 3.)

Double Quartet: "Earnest Workers for the Master."

Prayer: Recognizing God as one worthy to serve.

Hymn: "O Master Let Me Walk With Thee," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 213.

Scripture Reading: Psalm 121.

Theme Talk: "Workers Together With God."

We should be workers together with God. (See 2 Corinthians 6: 1; *Doctrine and Covenants* 119: 8.) We should be found in Him. (Philippians 3: 9; Colossians 1: 27.) We should be one in Christ. (Galatians 3: 28.) "I and my Father are one." (John 10: 30.) It becomes a matter of identification, for if we are not workers with

Him we are likely to be found working in opposition to Him.

Lord, let me work with Thee each day,
Guard well my thoughts, direct my way,
Sustain me with Thy love serene,
In word and deed, Lord, make me clean.
I then can walk in Thine own way,
Sustained and cheered from day to day;
Let me Thy servant wholly be
To bless mankind and make them free.

Story: "The Great Commission." (Mark 16: 15.)
Offering.

Concluding Thought: God's ways are always best—
work with Him.

Hymn: "Send Me Forth O Blessed Master," new
Saints' Hymnal, 214.

Classes.

FOURTH SUNDAY, AUGUST 28

Theme: "The Things Which Are Before"

Prelude: "Lovely Appear," Gounod.

Call to Worship: "Looking unto Jesus the author
and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was
set before him endured the cross, despising the
shame, and is set down at the right hand of the
throne of God." (Hebrews 12: 2.)

Hymn: "Father Lead Me Day by Day," new Saints'
Hymnal, 262.

Prayer: To see beyond today—preparing for the days
to be.

Hymn: "I'm Pressing on the Upward Way," new
Saints' Hymnal, 241.

Theme Talk: "The Things Which Are Before."

"Behold I have set before thee an open door."
(Revelation 3: 8.) The open door of opportunity
is ever before us. Hope is also set before us. (He-
brews 12: 1.) Reaching for the things which are
before. (Philippians 3: 13, 14.)

A blessing and a curse is set before us. (Deuter-
onomy 11: 26-28.)

Herein we see the need of volition. "Choose ye
this day whom you will serve." (Joshua 24: 15.)

Before me thou hast set the task
But for one thing I humbly ask,
Give me a vision clear and true
That faithfully I may pursue
The task thou hast assigned to me,
Nor may I ever fearful be
Until the goal I have achieved
And of thy perfect life received.

Duet: (Selected.)

Scripture Reading: 1 Corinthians 15: 1-3, 58.

Offering.

Hymn: "O Jesus I Have Promised," new Saints'
Hymnal, 298.

Classes.

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 287.)

ANNABEL: What can I do to make some one
else happy? Oh, I know! I'll tell my father he
doesn't need to spend so much to make my party so
grand. I don't care whether it rivals Mabel's or not.
Won't he be tickled!

HARRY: Yes, I expect he will. I don't know
about myself. I've searched in all the pleasure resorts
where happiness is supposed to be found but have
not found it. I believe I'll give Mary's prescription
a trial and go to work. I've always intended to do
something sometime but just never found the time
to begin. I will start tomorrow.

MR. BLACK: You folks are making me rather
ashamed that I should pay so much attention to my
aches and pains when I might be able to forget them
if I would think of helping others and doing some
good with my wealth. I will certainly try it. Thanks
to you, Miss Avery.

IRENE: Well, Bob, are you satisfied that we have
found the secret of happiness?

ROBERT: Yes, I believe Mary is right. I have
been looking at it the wrong way. I've learned a
lot of things this morning. We all have the right to
pursue happiness but we are more likely to find it if
we let it *pursue* us. Happiness comes in service to
others.

MARY: And by serving others we can best serve
the One who taught us all the greatest lesson of serv-
ice the world has ever known.

(All sing: *This Life Is What We Make It,* found
in *Merry Melodies*. Or any other suitable song.)



STRANGENESS OF HEART

When I have lost the power to feel the pang
Which first I felt in childhood when I woke
And heard the unheeding garden bird who sang
Strangeness of heart for me while morning broke;
Or when in latening twilight sure with spring,
Pausing on homeward paths along the wood,
No sadness thrills my thought while thrushes sing,
And I'm no more the listening child who stood
So many sunsets past and could not say
What wandering voices called from far away:
When I have lost those simple spells that stirred
My being with an untranslated song,
Let me go home for ever; I shall have heard
Death; I shall know that I have lived too long.

—Siegfried Sassoon, in *The London Mercury*.



Every man hath within himself a continent of
undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts
the Columbus to *his own soul*.—Stephan.

THE CHILDREN'S DIVISION

Worship Programs for August

Prepared by RICHARD and ALICE H. BALDWIN

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "A PURPOSE IN LIFE"

FIRST SUNDAY, AUGUST 7

SACRAMENT SUNDAY

It is suggested that on this Sunday the juniors should meet with the adults, and take part in the sacrament service.

SECOND SUNDAY, AUGUST 14

Theme: "The Power of a Purpose"

Prelude.

Call to a Purpose:

The world is eager to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Who with a purpose stanch and true
Will greet the work he finds to do.
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind,—
To good, awake; to evil, blind—
A heart of gold without alloy
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.
—Mizan Waterman.

Hymn: "Jesus Calls Us," Hymnal, 337.

Prayer.

Scripture Reading: John 15: 1-17.

Story: "The Man He Wanted to Be." (Stories for the Junior Hour, by Demerest, page 141.)

Hymn: "Yield Not to Temptation," Hymnal, 269.

Poem: "I Would Walk Along Life's Pathway."

I would walk along life's pathway day by day along
the helper's road,
For there I would find true happiness by lifting some
one's load.

I would learn the art of being kind, through loving,
gentle deeds;

The byways I would fringe with flowers that now
grow useless weeds.

I would sing each day the gladsome song that every
heart should know,

'Tis love that makes the world go round, and keeps
our faith aglow.

Sermon: Use as a basis for the sermon, "Youth's
Creed," by President F. M. McDowell:

I will keep in touch with God.
I will have a living faith.
I will be pure in body and mind.
I will qualify for efficient service.
I will unselfishly cooperate with others.
I will make my choices with care.
I will be a master builder.
I will be loyal and dependable.
I will be master of my pleasures.
I will be true to my heavenly vision.

I will keep in touch with God: Through prayer and
daily living.

I will have a living faith: Tell some instances of the
the value of a living faith.

I will be pure in body and mind: Cleanliness of body
and purity of thoughts.

I will qualify for efficient service: Even though
young the children may begin to qualify for
service. The thought of "learning to do by
doing" may be developed.

I will unselfishly cooperate with others: We must
work together and not want our own way al-
ways.

I will make my choices with care: Enumerate some
of the everyday choices that are to be made, and
because of making these choices wisely we learn
to make our big choices with care.

I will be a master builder: Will not tear down by
faultfinding but will build up by helping all
who are trying to make a success in life—and
in so doing our own lives will be successful.

I will be loyal and dependable: This portion of the
purpose of youth could easily be used as a basis
for an entire sermon. Illustrations and Bible
stories are easily available.

I will be master of my pleasures: Will not allow
any pleasures in our lives that may be harmful
to body, mind or spirit.

I will be true to my Heavenly vision: We have our
goals before us and the greatest of these is our
vision of Zion. We will be true to these ideals.

Hymn: "I Would Be True," Hymnal, 294.

Benediction.

THIRD SUNDAY, AUGUST 21

Theme: "Lord, Speak to Me"

Prelude.

Call to Worship:

Unto Thee, Jehovah, do I lift up my soul.
Show me Thy ways, teach me Thy paths.
Guide me in truth and teach me,
For Thou art the God of my salvation
For Thee will I work all the day.

Hymn: "Jesus Is Calling," Hymnal, 332.

Prayer (to be read in union):

I pray that I may
Keep my body strong, that I may be
Ready for service when He calls for me.
To keep my spirit pure that I may hear
And answer quickly to the summons clear.
To keep my courage firm, that I may know
No thought of fear when I am called to go;
To keep my trust in God for ever true
That I may do what He would have me do.
To march straight onward where my Captain leads,

VISION

Proving my loyalty by simple deeds.
This is my prayer, Lord, May I faithful be,
That by true service I may honor Thee.

Amen.

—Bessie Dickerson Ducey.

The Story of Samuel: (Told by a Junior.) 1 Samuel, third chapter.

Hymn: "Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us," Hymnal, 263.

Poem: "Just Two Words."

Just two words that Jesus spoke,
By the quiet sea,
Just two words, but, oh, how sweet,
Words that all the years repeat:
Hear them, "Follow Me!"

Just two words that mean so much,
Kinder could not be!
Calling us to joy so bright,
Calling us to life and light:
Hear them, "Follow Me!"

Just two words that Jesus said,
Oh, so lovingly!
Yet they open wide the door
Giving life for ever more:
Hear them, "Follow Me!"

Sermon: Instances in the *Bible* and *Book of Mormon* where God spoke to individuals may be recalled—as many as your time will allow. Tell the children God is still speaking to us. His message to His children today is contained in the *Doctrine and Covenants*. Read to the children and explain to them the last Revelation given through the President of the Church, Frederick M. Smith, at the 1932 General Conference.

God speaks to us, too, when we are praying to Him. Praying is not only *talking* to God, but *listening* to Him. He will talk to us through our conscience, and He will guide us if we ask Him in prayer. Ask the children to go to God secretly at least once a day and ask Him to show them what they can best do *now* to show their love for His work.

Hymn: "O Jesus, I Have Promised," Hymnal, 298.
Benediction.

FOURTH SUNDAY, AUGUST 28

Theme: "Workers Together With God."

Prelude.

Call to Work: "All are called according to the gifts of God unto them; and to the intent that all may labor together . . . with God for the accomplishment of the work intrusted to all." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 119: 8.)

Hymn: "Consecration," Hymnal, 293.

Prayer.

Poem: "Jesus Christ—And We."

Christ has no hands but our hands
To do His work today;
He has no feet but our feet

To lead men in His way;
He has no tongue but our tongues
To tell men how he died;
He has no help but our help
To bring them to His side.

We are the only *Bible*
The careless world will read;
We are the sinner's gospel,
We are the scoffer's creed;
We are the Lord's last message
Given in deed and word—
What if the line is crooked?
What if the type is blurred?

What if our hands are busy
With other work than His?
What if our feet are walking
Where sin's allurements is?
What if our tongues are speaking
Of things His lips would spurn?
How can we hope to help him,
Unless from Him we learn?

—Annie Johnson Flint.

Scripture Reading: "The Great Commission." (Matthew 28: 18-20.) (To be read by an invisible reader.)

Hymn: "Join the Children of the Lord," Hymnal, 399.

Scripture Study: "The Joy of Working Together With God."

Instead of the usual sermon have the children find and read the scripture, then help them to understand its meaning. We feel the children do not use the *Bible* and the church books enough, and we believe they would enjoy such a study of the scripture. The following passages are suggested:

Psalms 37: 3.

Psalms 90: 17.

Matthew 6: 1.

Matthew 10: 42.

John 3: 21.

2 Corinthians 9: 8.

Galatians 6: 4.

Colossians 1: 10.

Hebrews 10: 23, 24.

Doctrine and Covenants 4: 1.

Doctrine and Covenants 11: 2.

Doctrine and Covenants 11: 4.

Hymn: "Work Song," Hymnal, 222.

Benediction (to be read in concert):

We thank Thee, dear Lord, for Thy clear call to us to be of service in the world. We are glad that we not only have the opportunity but are called of Thee to do our part in the work of Thy great world. We know that the Christ who gave Himself to a life of service lives among us now. Though we do not see him, help us to feel his presence. Speak to us, and teach us the joy and glory of honest work. And may we, like the disciples whom Thou didst call, rise up and follow Thee in the work that is before us in Thy great Church. We ask it in Jesus' name, Amen.

VISION



SHORT TRIPS IN ENGLAND

Audentia Anderson

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING

Alta Kimber

EXPERIENCES FROM LIFE

Kaye McNeil

VITAMIN B COMPLEX

Barbara Muller

IN DEES A CONTRY

Vincent R. Shultz

AUGUST, 1932

VISION

A Magazine for All Ages

Devoted to the needs and desires of the individual, the program of the church, and the activities of the social group.

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Live Bravely

LIVE BRAVELY.
Be worthy of the race
That came unarmed into a savage world
And bent it to their will,
That wrought with elemental things
And forged from rocks and fire
Their weapons strong and true
And conquered all their foes.

Live bravely.
You are a son of men who dared.
Yours is a heritage of power;
Halt not; with courage take
The onward way. Ripe dangers cow the weak
But flee the strong.
They conquer everything who have no fear;
The timid heart is always wrong.

"IN DEES A CONTRY"

By VINCENT R. SHULTZ

"IT'S NO FON in dees a contry," complained Tony Garcia, stonecutter, to Sam Turner, foreman, as they sat on a crude bench in front of Tony's shack after Sam had explained the blue prints for the big skew-backs and keystones that were to form the arches of the pergola and the four doors of Lakehurst College.

Sam was not a mollycoddle nor on the other hand was he the cursing, slave driving kind of foreman that Tony had always known. No, Sam Turner was a *man* and recognized those who worked under him as such also.

Tony's violin lay beside him in its open case and Sam picked it up and looked it over carefully. "An old Amanti," he said in amazement. "May I try it?" he asked, eagerly.

"Sure," Tony replied, "go ahead; play a da tune."

Sam's eyes sparkled and his face grew radiant as he drew the bow across the strings—and no wonder, for the tone that swelled from that old violin was like a voice from Paradise. And Sam could *play* a violin. But in all his fifteen years of playing he had not drawn a bow across a violin like this one.

As Sam swayed to the rhythm of a soft, dreamy selection he had learned from an old Venetian gondolier, a lovely, olive-skinned woman of perhaps twenty-five years stood in the doorway, market basket in hand, a far-away look in her lustrous, dark eyes and a flush of soft red on her velvety cheek.

As the sweet strains floated out on the evening air the dark eyes grew misty—a tear dripped from beneath long lashes and a stifled sigh escaped unbidden from the little woman's ruby lips.

When Sam finished the selection she told her husband she was going to the store, then to Sam in very broken English: "My Tony, he used to play a dat tune for me in old a contry. I like eet verra much."

Tony offered to go to the store for her but she said in Italian: "No, Tony, you have worked hard all day; you must be very tired. I need the fresh air and the walk will do me good. If little Pedro wakes up, take him up so

he will not fall out of bed. I will not be gone very long."

"Play one for me now," Sam said as he handed the violin to Tony. And how Tony could play! The violin became a living thing, throbbing, pulsating and sighing. But there was no joy in the strains. Instead a wailing, plaintive, almost crying melody sobbed, swelled and echoed through the twilight air.

"Why so sad, Tony?" asked Sam. "Why do you play such melancholy music? Are you homesick for Italy?"

"It's no fon in dees a contry," the stonecutter replied sadly. "In olda contry I play in a da orchestra. I meet a Bonita, (she's a my wife a now). She play a da piano, da pipe organ, da harp.

"I love a Bonita; she love a me too. 'Bonita,' I say, 'I no gotta da money now. I spend a all for hospital and a doctor for my fadder and he's a dead. Better we don't get a married for long a time,' but Bonita she say, 'Tony, I love a you. We get married; we go to America. You cutta a da stone, make a lotta da mon, and pretty soon we come back a to Italy and buy nice a little a house, and be happy.'

"We come to dees a contry. I work a hard and make a da mon. Every ting look a fine and den one day comes a little Pedro. Bonita she needs a doctor and a nurse. When she's a well da money it's a gone. But Bonita she say, 'Don't a you worry, Tony, you have good a job. Pretty soon we save a lotta da money'; but it's a slow job. I tell you, Mr. Sam, it's no fon in dees a contry."

"Well, Tony," Sam replied sympathetically, as he rose to go, "everything will come out all right and you'll be able to go back to the old country before long."

Sam didn't know why he had stopped stock-still in the black shadow of the water tank that stood between the railroad and the dusty, unpaved street that led to Rockton's business section, nor did he know why he was listening so intently until he heard again a name that had become associated in his mind with a beautiful Italian woman; "Bonita."

As he stood there in the darkness he did not

realize that he was eavesdropping. He only knew through his limited knowledge of the Italian language that Milo Dominetti, a bootlegger and gambler, was making love to Tony Garcia's wife and trying desperately to persuade her to leave Tony and return with him to Italy.

"But I don't love you. I love Tony," she was saying as they drew nearer to the water tank.

"Listen to me, Bonita," commanded Milo, as he turned her around facing him there in the dim light of the street lamp. "If Tony really loved you he wouldn't have brought you to this country, away from your family and friends. I have always loved you, Bonita, and I knew you wouldn't like it here, so I came along to take you back home to Italy when you got home-sick."

"But I can't go with you," the little woman answered firmly, and Sam thought she looked more lovely than ever, there in the dim lamp-light. "When I married Tony," she continued, "I promised to go with him through good times and bad as long as we both live. No, Milo, I couldn't think of leaving him now."

"But think of your father—and your mother, Bonita. Think of your friends and your beautiful home. And think what it would mean to little Pedro. He could have a good education. I have twenty thousand dollars, Bonita. I can send him to the best schools in Milano. He may be a great artist or perhaps a musician some day. You'll go for his sake, won't you, Bonita?"

"I—I—don't know what to say, Milo," she said, weakening. He had touched tender cords when he mentioned her parents and little Pedro's prospects for the future.

"Say 'yes,' little Bonita," he said entreatingly, as he started to draw her to him.

"No, she won't!" Sam hissed through clenched teeth as he stepped from the shadows and, taking Milo by the coat collar, sent him sprawling on the ground.

With an oath Milo sprang to his feet, a mean looking knife gleaming in his upraised hand, but before the blade could descend Sam caught him squarely on the chin with an uppercut that dropped him to his knees and with a right swing, struck Milo's arm and sent the knife spinning into the brush at the roadside.

"Listen, you bootlegging snake-in-the-grass!"

Sam said in menacing tones, to the cowering Milo, who was helpless without his knife, "you're going back to the old country—but you're going alone. And you're going on the nine o'clock train when it leaves tonight! Now go and pack up—and make it snappy."

Sam started to follow Milo to town but was halted by Bonita's timid voice calling in broken English, "Oh, Mr. Sam!"

"What is it, Signora?" he asked softly.

"You please won't tell my Tony? I must be a crazy to t'ink I should leave a heem; please you won't a tell heem?"

"No, I will not tell him," Sam replied. "You go home now and forget about Milo. You are too good a woman to think about a bootlegger."

"T'ank you, Mr. Sam," she said, smiling as she turned to hurry homeward.

When the nine o'clock train pulled in Sam stood on the depot platform to see that Milo got aboard. He did not hear the terrible threats that his enemy muttered to himself but perhaps he would not have worried much about it if he had heard them.

The next day Tony cut one of the keystones. Sam checked it with the blue print and found it perfect. "Good work, Tony," he said. "You may go ahead and cut all the keystones and skew-backs. It will take you about twenty-four days to cut the twenty-four stones."

"I will try to do them quicker. Maybe I can do them in twenty days," Tony replied.

"Tony," said Sam, as they walked homeward that evening, "bring your wife and little Pedro and come up to the house tonight."

Tony hesitated. "Bonita she don't speak very much a English," he said.

"My wife speaks a little Italian," the foreman responded. "I think they will get along all right—and, Tony, bring your violin."

It was nearly midnight when Tony and Bonita wended their way down the moonlit trail from Sam's house, with little Pedro fast asleep in his father's strong arms.

"Signora Turner plays beautifully," Bonita remarked in her musical Italian.

"No better than my Bonita," her husband replied, squeezing her hand.

"And she is so lovely, with her golden hair, blue eyes and clear, fair skin. She told me she is past thirty and she hardly looks twenty-five," she continued.

"I like dark, wavy hair and dark eyes that look like moonlit pools, and soft, olive skin. And if you had some pleasure with your drudgery, you would look much younger than she."

"My work is not drudgery, Tony, when I work for you and little Pedro. Signora Turner is a lovely lady and I like her, oh, so much better than these," she said, waving toward the shacks of their neighbors.

"Did you have a good time tonight, little lady?" Tony asked as they tucked the baby into bed.

"The best I've had since we left the old country," she replied, and a happy light—a light that had not been there for many years—played in her dark eyes as they looked up into his and smiled.

Twenty days later the last skew-back was finished and loaded on to the cars with the others to be shipped to Lakehurst, and the next day was pay day.

Sam watched with a smile while Tony tore open his pay envelope to find two checks instead of one.

"Whassa matter?" he queried, excitedly. "How come I get two check? Bookkeeper make me mistake maybe, yes, no?"

Sam chuckled. "No, Tony, the check for thirty dollars is a bonus for good and quick work."

Tony was profuse with his thanks, but Sam only said, "That's all right, Tony; you earned the money. All I did was to convince the superintendent that you earned it."

"Can you come up to the schoolhouse tonight?" the foreman asked as they left the paymaster's office together.

"What's gonna be tonight?" the stonemason asked.

"We are going to organize an orchestra, so bring your wife; and tell Joe and Pietro to come. And don't forget the violin."

A year had passed and the Lakehurst College was completed and ready for the dedication. Through the influence of Sam Turner the Rockton orchestra was booked to furnish the instrumental music for the occasion.

The big assembly hall was filled to capacity as the sweet strains of the opening selection by the ensemble swelled out upon the air to hush

the murmuring voices of those who had been audibly admiring the gorgeous architecture.

When the last sweet whisper of the opening number had died away the president of the institution arose and announced the governor of the state as the first speaker.

This venerable gentleman painted a glowing word picture of the purposes and aims of the college: "To develop the talents, heighten the aspirations and broaden the vision of the young men and women who enter her portals, that they might become better qualified for *service* to humanity."

Interspersed with the oratorical part of the program were many musical numbers: vocal and instrumental solos, duets and quartets, as well as full orchestrations. And as a finale Tony stood there, tall and handsome in the spotlight and played a composition of his own with Bonita playing the accompaniment—playing very softly a beautiful background of harmony.

Tony's face was radiant. Joy filled every swelling, vibrating note that rippled forth from his wonderful old violin. The audience sat spellbound. For what seemed minutes after the last faint echoes faded away, they sat in silence; a silence that each was loath to break. There was no applause. The service was too sacred to be desecrated by rude noise and everyone filed out into the night as quietly as possibly.

Mr. Martin, the president, hurried backstage where the musicians were preparing to leave and after thanking them all for their contributions, turned to Tony, saying, "We have not yet engaged a professor of music, Mr. Garcia. Would you consider accepting the position at three thousand dollars a year until we can afford to pay more?"

"Would I accept!" exclaimed Tony, while tears of joy shone in his eyes. "All my life it has been a my beeg dream to some day be a teacher of music in beeg school lika dees. And t'ree t'ousand dollars is twice as much as I make when I cutta da stone."

The campus lights cast weird shadows across the tree-studded, grassy slope as the two tired couples made their way toward Sam's car which was parked a few blocks away.

Sam and Mrs. Turner were hurrying on, anxious to get home to their children who had been left in the care of a neighbor lady, but

Bonita and Tony were so thrilled and excited about the turn events had taken for them that they forgot everything else for the time. They walked slowly across the campus, hand in hand like two youngsters just beginning to learn the meaning of love. They were so happy they just walked on in silence, only occasionally murmuring, half incredulously, something about dreams coming true, or about friends like the Turners.

They were so completely apart from everything earthly that a sharp click coming from the shadow of a tree a few feet away startled them nearly as much as if a bomb had exploded at their feet.

They stopped short and listened. The sound was very familiar to Tony but for an instant he couldn't think what it was. Bonita suddenly clutched his arm and pointed toward the tree. A dim figure crouched in the shadows and something shiny gleamed in the stray rays of light that filtered through the branches from the arc light across the way. It was a pistol and it was being leveled at Sam! *His friend Sam!*

Tony sprang upon the figure in the dark like a tiger pouncing upon its prey and both men went down in a heap. In the skirmish the gun was lost and the would-be assassin, regaining his feet, ran as fast as he could go toward the wooded hill behind the college with Tony in hot pursuit. Tony did not follow far for the other man was soon lost to view in the thick underbrush.

"I wonder who it could have been?" he said in a puzzled tone when he returned to Bonita.

"Listen, Tony, I know who it was. I saw him. It was Milo Dominetti. I know why he tried to shoot Mr. Sam. One time when I was homesick Milo wanted me to go back to Italy with him and Mr. Sam——"

"Bonita! You wouldn't leave me? You—you wouldn't——"

Sobbing as if her heart would break, the little woman told the story, while Tony held her tightly in his strong arms, occasionally whispering soothing words as a mother whispers to a child.

"There, little girl. Everything will be all right, and we're going to forget these things ever happened."

"Can you ever forgive me, Tony? Do you

think you can ever love me again?" the girl said tremblingly.

"Love you again?" he repeated. "Little Bonita, I have never stopped loving you, and now that I know some one else wants you, I will love you all the more."

"Shall I tell Sam about Milo?" Tony whispered to his wife as they rode homeward in the back seat of Sam's sedan.

"Some day when you and he are alone," she replied as she moved closer to him.

The Turners stole a glance at them as they sat there in the soft moonlight that shone through the windows into two gloriously happy faces. "They both look ten years younger tonight than when we met them a little over a year ago," Mr. Turner whispered and his wife nodded assent.

"How do you like this country now, Tony?" Sam asked when he let the happy pair out at their door.

Tony looked up and smiled as he helped Bonita from the car and replied, "I tell you, Mr. Sam, it's a lotta fon in dees a contry."



Music

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young;
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Not in the song of woman heard;
But in the darkest, meanest things
There always, always something sings.
'Tis not in the high stars alone.
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There always, always something sings.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.



Our moods are lenses coloring the world with as many different hues.—Emerson.



Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—Spurgeon.

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING

By ALTA KIMBER

TOM Jennings stood before Lee and Myers Men's Furnishings and jingled the coins in his pocket. The coins and the bills felt good to his fingers after the dearth following the Christmas holidays.

His neatly clad figure unconsciously assumed a swagger as he studied the lavender silk shirt in the window, marked "Only \$3.98." That would be a classy rag to wear with his plum colored suit, if—But he already owed at Lee and Myers for the suit; maybe Johnson's had something just as good. He wasn't in debt there. His hands still fondling his money, he turned toward Johnson's.

"Hi there, Tom! Want to take a ride?" came from a car drawing up to the curb.

"Sure!" responded Tom. "Where to?"

"Preston! Basket ball game! Come out!"

"Soon as I run home!" and Tom was off, to reappear a few minutes later, ready for the ride. He climbed into the car which backed from the curb in a swift curve, shot out into the street and disappeared in a swirl of snow and slush.

"I wish Tom hadn't gone," worried his sister to her husband that evening. "The roads are turning icy and those boys are so careless."

"Time enough to worry after he is hurt," consoled easy-going Jim Ricks. "His guardian gave him another month's allowance today and it will burn a hole in his pocket if he doesn't blow it soon. Did he pay you any on his board bill?"

"No; he just rushed into the house and out again. He hasn't paid anything for two months."

"Oh, well! We can get along," responded Jim.

"It isn't the money," disclaimed his wife, "but going into debt is a bad thing, especially for a young fellow that has nothing to do but go to school. I don't suppose he has paid yet for the Christmas presents he got for us this year."

"Swell things like he buys cost something," excused Jim.

"Yes, that writing desk for June when she can hardly write her name, for instance; and Buddie's electric train—"

"And your ten-dollar purse with nothing to

put in it and all the other do-dads he bought," supplied Jim. "Oh, well! Don't worry, Sue, he'll learn." And Jim closed the discussion by going to bed.

Meanwhile, Tom and his chums reached Preston, enjoyed the game, ate a late lunch (the latter at Tom's expense) and prepared to start home.

As they stepped into the street they were immediately enveloped in the storm; they were blinded by a whirling mass of snow, and the cutting wind drove the blood from their faces with its icy sharpness. But in spite of the storm, they made the start. Before reaching the outskirts of the small town, however, the car was stalled, and the boys were forced to abandon it and fight their way back to town on foot.

The storm increased in fury; drifts piled high; roads were blocked; telegraph and telephone wires went down; all communications were severed; and it was several days before traffic could be resumed. Repairs on the car made necessary by the storm further delayed the return of the boys and there was very little jingle left in Tom's pocket when he burst into his sister's home several days later with a merry "Hello, everybody!"

There was no response to his greeting. Everything quiet. No one at home apparently. He went to his own room. No clue there. He returned downstairs. The usually neat rooms were in disorder, children's clothing and toys scattered about on the floor and the furniture covered with dust. The air felt cold and clammy and the lower corners of the windows were frosted over. Tom shivered and stepped outside.

Johnnie Miller, across the alley, was carrying a bucket of coal from the shed.

"Say, Johnnie," hailed Tom. "What's happened here?"

Johnnie stared amazed. Then, elated at the opportunity of being the first to tell important news, he set the coal bucket down.

"Why! Haven't you heard? Mr. Ricks fell and broke his neck!"

"Broke his neck!"

"Y-eah! struck on a hydrant when he fell. They had to keep him here till after the storm.

Then they took him back to his folks. Mrs. Ricks and the kids is stayin' there now."

"Johnnie, I'm waiting for that coal," came Mrs. Miller's sharp voice from the house, and Johnnie hurried away leaving Tom in a daze.

"Dead? Dead?" thought Tom. "Jim dead? It can't be, and I wasn't here with Sue to help her."

He reentered the desolate home. Everything he looked at reminded him of Jim; the window shelf Jim had made for Sue to set her plants on; the doll's cradle for June he had worked at evenings before Christmas; the splotch of blue on one corner of the rug where he had upset the enamel; and a score of other things brought Jim poignantly to his mind.

Mechanically, Tom began to set the rooms in order. The pieces of scattered clothing he put away, thinking of Jim—dead. The drooping plants he watered, still thinking of Jim. He arranged in an orderly manner the litter of magazines and papers on the dining table, Jim uppermost in his mind.

As he was sorting over the letters, he noticed several addressed to himself. Upon opening them he learned that they were bills and accounts against himself, some of which were long overdue. Bills—and debts—and Jim dead. How Sue hated debt!

An idea began to pound against Tom's consciousness—tapping lightly at first; then harder and more insistently until it finally took possession of his mind and drove him to action.

The result was that he obtained the position of temporary bookkeeper at the mill office which Jim had held for several years. Tom was put through a grilling interview by Mr. Wilson, the white-haired manager who, in the pioneer days had organized the company and who had directed its operation. He was grieved, he said, to hear of the misfortune to the Ricks family and regretted exceedingly that Jim had not been able to keep his life insurance paid up and had let it lapse. It was bad for the family.

The only part about this interview that stood out in Tom's mind was a trivial thing: the usual "How do you do?" of a salutation. But to Tom it was not a mere greeting; it was a searching question, a question that demanded an answer.

And Tom's answer was honest. How *did* he do? How *had* he done? He had taken the

best all his life; he had taken the best home after the death of his parents, while his sister was forced to make her own way. Even now he was accepting the bounty and sacrifice of that home. He was making no return to that home, either in service or loyalty. He was capitalizing on the hospitality of his sister's home and putting them in debt. And how Sue hated debt! How *did* he do? In his own words he answered, "Rotten!" He was a good-for-nothing.

For a number of days Tom lived much to himself, spending a great deal of his time at the mill office, getting acquainted with his duties. When college reopened after the holidays, he resumed his studies there, and did his office work afternoons and evenings.

One day upon his return home he found Sue and the children had arrived.

"You've been a fine housekeeper, Tom," she greeted him affectionately and the children were wild with delight at sight of him.

Tom gripped her hand, but could say nothing. Sue chatted away, ignoring Tom's show of feeling and soon had a tempting meal on the table.

"Come on, Daddy," called the children, escorting Jim to the table from the living room.

Tom's face went white, his eyes blurred and he sank into a chair.

"So hungry as all that?" jested Jim, grasping Tom's hand in a friendly clasp. "What's the matter?"

"I—I—was told you were dead," Tom tried to control the tremor in his voice.

"Me? Me, dead?" Jim's hearty laugh rang out, while a deep flush slowly overspread Tom's features.

"That is no joke, Jim!" protested Sue, hurrying to Tom's side. "I supposed you knew, Tom."

"How could I know?" countered Tom. "Johnnie Miller told me that Jim fell and broke his neck and they had taken him back to his folks and that you and the children were staying there. And I never heard any different!"

"But I wrote you every two or three days, Tom; didn't you get my letters?"

"I never thought of a letter," confessed Tom. "I was so dazed I didn't think of anything ex-

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EXPERIENCES FROM LIFE

By KAYE McNEIL

THE STORY of every Latter Day Saint begins at least as far back in history as the life of his first Latter Day Saint ancestor. Sometimes it dates back farther—to some devout Methodist or other sincere seeker after truth. My father's mother was the first Latter Day Saint in our family. She was baptized not long after the reorganization of the church.

My mother was baptized shortly prior to her marriage with my father. She had been reared in a home of luxury, and her "people" had little use for the Latter Day Saints in general and for my father in particular. She was compelled to listen to many false stories concerning the church. While debating in her own mind whether her decisions had been right, and whether my father was the man she should marry, she heard a voice say:

"You were sent to the world for him in 1872," that being her birth date. She was alone at the time, and the voice somewhat startled her. When she later related the incident to my father, he said:

"Why, Allie, that was the year of my baptism."

My father had been a soldier during the Civil War. He was a man of principle. If something came his way to be done and it was right, he grimly did it, no matter what the cost. His half brother and he enlisted at the same time and happened to be placed near one another in the same company. His half brother was shot in the arms and one hand in such a way that he could not manage his horse. My father, knowing that the lack of hospital facilities at the time and place would mean death to my uncle if he were left behind, led his horse through many dangerous circumstances. When he returned from the army, sick and weak in body, he returned also to added responsibilities at home. His father had died, and as the oldest boy of those who remained at home, he quietly stepped into the place his father had left vacant, and became breadwinner for his mother and ten younger brothers and sisters. He remained with the family, giving the younger boys all the help he could; and striving also to give his sisters a taste of education and culture

he himself had always longed for and seemed destined to miss.

He was nearly fifty when he married my mother, then only a girl. But he had recovered completely from his bodily weaknesses and was one of the strongest men in the county. He had gained quite a local reputation as a wrestler. But his main interest was in the church, and in books.

The first year of their marriage, and until my birth, they lived on a farm. They spent their evenings reading the church periodicals and books, besides which they worked through an advanced text in Arithmetic. But they were especially interested in the *Doctrine and Covenants*. They wished to keep the whole law of God. They decided it was right to pay tithes and offerings, so they paid them. They decided that since the Word of Wisdom proceeded from the mouth of God, it must have some great importance even though it was given "not by commandment or constraint" but "showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all Saints in the last days." My father gave up his tobacco, and my mother, having known for long that tea and coffee were harmful to the health, made up her mind that they were probably included with other drinks of a harmful nature, so she promised the Lord that if he would help her to get over her wakefulness at nights, and her nervousness, she would give them up.

And she did. Also they decided that since God said "Wheat for man" he meant whole wheat, and not the extract of wheat commonly called white flour. So for several years whole wheat bread, bread made from other whole grains, fruit and vegetables, milk and eggs produced on the farm, were the main articles of diet. Consequently I, who was the first-born, was a very robust child, though I never thought of my health as having been due to this simple diet until much later in life.

My father wished to move nearer to Zion, and also he desired a larger farm. As children came into their home, my parents' ambitions for them began to grow, and one of the first things I remember his saying concerning his desires for our welfare was:

"They must be educated, Allie. I don't suppose we will ever be rich, but we must somehow make enough money to send them to school. They mustn't miss the good things in life for want of opportunity."

Upon the advice of a brother Saint whom he trusted, he set out to a section of the country which he had never seen. The brother meant well, but my father lost all the little capital he had. I had an uncle who lived in Lamoni, Iowa, and was enthusiastic about that place. My father finally decided:

"We will go there. We can rent there as easily as here, and we know that it is a Latter Day Saint town, that there are good schools there, and best of all, Graceland College is there. Who knows? Perhaps we can even send the children to college."

But to say we were going was easier than the preparation for going, and it was a full two years before we actually set out for Iowa. During that time something occurred that had a profound influence on our lives.

A THEN PROMINENT missionary, whom my parents had always admired, came to our little community to hold services. He stayed at our house. My mother was delighted to have him with us, but troubled that she could not provide a better menu. She found, to her dismay, that the brother drank coffee; so my father bought a pound of it. The missionary was surprised to find that none of us drank it. My mother explained to him the reason why she did not partake. The missionary remarked:

"Well, sister, I think that is fanatical and unwise. You look to me to be rather run down, and I think you ought to drink a little tea and coffee to keep up your strength."

My mother was surprised and startled. "Don't you believe in the Word of Wisdom?" she asked.

"Why—yes—I suppose it's all right, but you know it is not given as a command, so is not part of the law proper. I have never paid a great deal of attention to it, and am fairly healthy most of the time. Anyway it doesn't say tea and coffee."

So it happened that we all began the use of coffee. Breakfast is a hard meal to prepare when food and money are scarce, and coffee seems to have the knack of producing a feeling

of satisfaction and exhilaration for little expense. It was but one more step to go from coffee to white bread and white sugar which were both procurable with less trouble than the whole wheat flour and honey.

Our family thereafter had much trouble and suffering in a physical way, though peculiarly we never attributed it to our change in diet. It seems to me now that my mother and father must have suffered mentally more than any of us suffered physically, for it seemed they could not bear to speak of the Word of Wisdom. At any rate the subject was avoided when we children were present. If it is ever "fanatical and unwise" to keep one part of the revealed word of God, where will you draw the line? Perhaps it is fanatical and unwise to pay tithing and offerings when the money can be conveniently used for other things. It seemed that this was logical reasoning, and we paid little into the church from that time on. Part of the reason doubtless was that we had little money to pay the church, but the subtler reason lay in the shock my parents' faith had received when this officer in the church, whom they had looked up to for guidance, had lightly and casually remarked that it seemed to him "fanatical and unwise" to try to live up to the Word of Wisdom, a portion of the revealed word of God. My father and mother never talked about it directly, but memories reaching back bring many little remarks and instances to mind which make me feel certain that this elder unwittingly did us untold spiritual and physical harm.

And yet he was indeed a man of God. He has now passed on to his reward. My mother and father received their patriarchal blessings under his hand, and many things told therein have been literally fulfilled. Having been given a strong physical body himself, and his chief interest lying in spiritual things, he gave the physical little thought.

There were five children in our family at this time, and from late fall until late spring one or all of us were sick. I remember one winter when my father lay in bed for six weeks suffering from bronchial trouble, after which we children had whooping cough; then almost before we had finished with that disease we all had the measles; I then developed severe tonsillitis, and a large lump began to grow on the skin just below my right eye. It grew until the

eye was almost half closed, and all were very much worried especially when the doctor said if the lump were not cut out I might lose the sight of that eye. My mother had a great fear of operations of any kind. She prayed about the situation and one night in a spiritual dream a lovely woman appeared before her. The most striking thing about this woman was her large, clear, brown eyes. She looked at my mother and said:

"See my eyes?"

"Yes," answered my mother. "They are beautiful eyes."

Said the woman: "When I was young I had two lumps, one under each eye, just as your little girl has under the one eye. The consecrated oil was used, and I was administered to, and the lumps disappeared."

Accordingly, the next morning, my eye was bathed with the consecrated oil, and my father, who had been an elder for some time now, administered to me. After that we dismissed all thought about the subject as we felt that my eye would be all right. Not a great number of days thereafter my mother said to me:

"Kaye, look in the glass at the lump on your eye."

I ran to the mirror and observed closely. There was no lump there. It was curious I had not observed its disappearance before, but it had not pained me or troubled me in any way since the administration and I had stopped thinking of it.

I WAS about eight and a half years of age when I was baptized. I wished to be baptized on my eighth birthday, but we had found ourselves so fully occupied with sickness that it did not seem possible or advisable to have the rite attended to until spring. My father and mother had tried to prepare my mind for it as the *Doctrine and Covenants* commands. I remember hearing several other Latter Day Saints say to my father:

"Don't you think eight years is too soon for baptism? A child of that age isn't capable of fully accepting the gospel. I am going to let my children grow up and decide for themselves."

My father's reply was: "I think children should be baptized as soon after the age of eight years as possible, if they have been properly taught, as directed, first, because the Lord

said they should be. This ought to be a sufficient reason in itself. I have observed that those who do not obey this command often lose their children to the church entirely." These may not have been his exact words, but this thought was expressed. I believe my father was right. I thought seriously concerning baptism. There were many nonmember children attending our little rural school and they had found out in some manner that I intended to be baptized. My life was made miserable thereafter, and some of the rougher and larger of the children seemed to take delight in tormenting me.

One morning, after I had been wondering about baptism, and why it should bring all this distress upon me, I awakened early. My father could be heard whistling as he went about his chores outside, and my mother moved about the kitchen quietly as was her wont. It was still dark.

My best prized possession was a little New Testament that had a clasp on it to keep it closed when not in use, and a picture of a white and suffering Savior on a black cross vividly portrayed on the front cover. My thoughts turned to that Savior. I knew I wanted to follow him. Suddenly there appeared on the ceiling above me a cross of white light. It stayed for a moment and slowly disappeared. I do not know where the light came from unless it came to help me. I wish to be truthful rather than dramatic. When I told my mother she looked startled for a moment, then said:

"It was probably a reflection from the kitchen stove." I felt it was something more than that, because it was a perfect cross, its outline vivid and perfectly formed, and it did not flicker but stood still. However that may be, it had a good influence upon me. I was able to see that the sacrifice Christ made for me was far greater than any I could make for him. My cross was bright and beautiful compared to the black one he bore. I determined to bear mine. Therefore, I was baptized with no hesitancy when the time came. The rite was performed in a water tank belonging to a Latter Day Saint neighbor, in a bleak and barren pasture lot. There was no beauty there except the clear blue sky and the glorious spring sunshine, but I felt the need of no more beauty. I feel that it is altogether right to bank our baptismal fonts with flowers

and to bring all possible loveliness to bear to enhance the ceremony. But if the heart of the candidate is right with God he will not grieve if physical beauty is unobtainable, for God will give his Spirit to accompany in such case no matter what the physical surroundings may be, and the occasion will be happy and memorable regardless of circumstances. Such it was with my baptism.

I was conscious of a great wave of happiness and peace surging over me during the performance, and as my father helped me out of the water an old sister, whose life I admired because of the many good things she had done, and because of the spiritual beauty that shone from her face, began to sing:

Jesus, mighty king in Zion,
Thou alone our guide shall be,
Thy commission we rely on,
We will follow none but thee.

And in my heart I cried, "Yes, dear Jesus, I will follow you, indeed I will. You guide on, and I will follow anywhere."

Of course it was a bigger promise than I then realized, but I made it with a full purpose of heart. I have never been sorry that I was baptized when I was a small child. I know that because of my obedience to the law of baptism, and through the ordinance of the laying on of hands, I have been given the influence of the Spirit many times, and it has helped me to choose rightly in many cases when otherwise I might have erred. The period of adolescence is a stormy period at best. The individual's character is being formed and his "sail is being set" for his life's journey. When the child receives baptism before this period, he has the promised Holy Spirit as a teacher and guide all through this time of stress, and it will influence him in many ways, even when he hardly realizes it. What a blessing this is. Should any child be denied?

MY FATHER began to realize that he was getting old. His shoulders stooped a little, and people no longer said, "There comes the strong man," when he entered into an assembly. An old man, with a wife and five children, no income, no home—I can understand now that it was more than the drug in the coffee that made his hand shake as he raised his cup to his lips. His side gave him a great

deal of trouble also, and he finally yielded to my mother's persuasion and consulted a doctor. He was given a thorough examination and the doctor said:

"Were you ever wounded, or hurt in any way?"

"One time in the army a horse was shot from under me and fell partly on top of me, and I was down and out for some time, but as I had measles and pneumonia directly after that also, I never knew whether the fall had injured me greatly or not."

"Well, it did, believe me," answered the doctor. "You could have got a nice pension on the strength of it too. Do you get a pension?"

"No," answered my father. "I never had any desire to ask for a pension before. I was always strong and able to earn a living, and it didn't seem right, somehow, to take money that I didn't need."

The doctor gave a short laugh. "Well, I happen to know you need it now," he said. "And my advice is, go after it."

My father took his advice, though it gave him much bitterness of soul to have to wade through all the memories of war again in supplying all of the detailed information he had to supply before the pension was granted. After a long while we received a monthly check for twelve dollars—not much for a family of seven, but it helped.

My mother was strong, very industrious and clever. She made dresses for the baby from the lower part of my father's worn shirts, suits for the small boys from his old coats, and it has always been a marvel to me how she contrived to supply us with so many comforts with so little with which to work. She did it all cheerfully and uncomplainingly, and very seldom lost her calm, bright attitude. I remember one instance that I can not recall yet without a pang with the memory of how the happening hurt me, because I knew it hurt her. We lived near a town of considerable size, and we often were visited by those who were considered real artists in music, the drama, etc.

One of the churches had secured the services of a singer, a woman who had perfected her talent by studying in Germany, which at that time was a wonderful recommendation for anyone, and we wished very much to hear her as we were all fond of music.

Just as we had taken our courage in our hearts, looked facts in the face and decided we could not afford the price, a dear old lady gave us tickets for the whole family.

"I can't go myself," she said, "and I want to help out with the good work the church is doing and I know you folks like music——"

Yes, we liked music. But did people ever go to concerts with five little children who were barefoot because it was spring and no new shoes could be purchased until fall? And all the family with shabby, old-fashioned clothes? But desire to hear the music won and we went. The usher took us to a good seat near the front of the church, and the concert truly was excellent. The critics in the two local papers had nothing but praise for her. But the only definite praise they gave her that I remember was that "her voice carried well."

After the concert many surged to the front of the church with congratulations at their tongue's end, and lingered in conversation. We lingered too, not that we had any hope of speaking to the artist, but she had woven a spell around the large gathering and it seemed that we all disliked to leave. Suddenly, I realized she was looking at us—she was looking us over, up and down. My heart went cold. Then she laughed. It was a lilting, musical, foreign sort of laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha, barefooted boys, barefooted boys," she said. She was looking straight at my four brothers. I had shrunk back into the friendly shadows of our temporary pew. Her voice carried extremely well. My mother's face went pale, then red, then pale again. My father picked up his hat and marshalled us down the aisle.

There are many kinds of culture in this world.

It seems to me that this marked the beginning of my mother's extreme timidity. She rarely went anywhere for some time thereafter. When she did go, she chose an inconspicuous place for us to sit.

NOT LONG after this we succeeded in getting moved to Lamoni. Although we knew only my aunt and uncle, it seemed like we were at home after a long absence, and even strangers treated us as kindly as though we were true brothers and sisters. I have heard it said by some that the Lamoni people are hard

to get acquainted with. It never seemed so to me. It was home to us at once. The only objection my mother had to any of them was that they all seemed to want to give us something—clothing, shoes, anything we happened to need. My mother had always fought the idea of accepting charity, feeling that self-respect demands that we earn the things we use in this life. My father had read the financial law of the church so many times, that he thought perhaps he might work on the stewardship plan in some way, but that was a rather new idea at that time, it seemed. There was very little employment to be had there, and our needs became so dire that my mother finally gave in and accepted things given her. We had occasion to be very grateful and thankful, but to have things given without pay often has a terrible effect on the characters of little children. Before I have finished my little story, I hope to show somewhat vividly the effect it had on our lives, and the lives of others I have observed.

We were all thrilled at the first General Conference we were able to attend in Lamoni. We always chose seats near one of the doors of the old brick church. We had no desire to be conspicuous, but were intensely interested in the meetings and wished to miss none of them, if possible.

Our present leader and prophet had been associated with his father for several years at this time. We had heard one or two remark that he was highly educated and "proud." Perhaps that is why my mother was in a hurry to get out of the church when she saw him coming down the aisle, and saw that he intended to stand and converse with another of the church "dignitaries" at one end of the pew where we had been sitting. At any rate she was in such a hurry she forgot her handbag. It was a large, shabby and roomy affair, with several compartments, such as mothers of young children have ever found handy to carry with them.

Just as she turned to go down the aisle, she felt a light touch on her shoulder. A man's voice said:

"Sister, is this yours?"

It was President Frederick M. Smith who stood there holding my mother's shabby bag out to her. She was so thunderstruck she could barely find words to thank him. It made a tre-
(Continued on page 327.)

VITAMIN B COMPLEX

(F and G)

By BARBARA MULLER

THE PRECEDING articles of the series concluded our consideration of the fat-soluble, Vitamins A, D, and E. There still remain the two water soluble (soluble in water) vitamins. These two water soluble vitamins are B and C. In this article, we shall consider the Vitamin B complex, which, according to recent discoveries, is composed of two vitamins called F and G. In England, Vitamin B complex is called B₁ and B₂. In the United States Vitamin B complex is called Vitamins F and G. In this article, we shall refer to the B complex as Vitamins F and G.

Vitamin B complex was formerly called the antineuritic vitamin, because it was thought this vitamin prevented a disease known as Beriberi. Beriberi is a form of neuritis, a disease of the nerves. It is now known that this antineuritic vitamin is vitamin F.

For centuries the nerve disease beriberi was very common in the Orient, especially in the Malay States, Siam, parts of Japan, and the Philippines. For example, each year, during the years of 1778 to 1883, the Japanese Army had about two thousand men sick with beriberi.

This condition in the Japanese Army led to an investigation by Takoki, a medical officer in the Japanese service. Takoki thought the disease was caused by the type of food eaten. This was a new theory in regard to the cause of disease. And it was not generally accepted at that time. Takoki knew that the European navies were not troubled with the disease, yet the climate and sanitary conditions were the same as those in the Japanese Navy. However, Takoki did know that the principal food in the Japanese Army consisted of polished rice (1). He changed the rations on board the ship, and as a result the number of cases became practically negligible. Takoki received recognition from the government for this great achievement, still he was not able to make the world understand that beriberi was a nutritional disease, not an infectious disease. Since, there have been many experiments with beriberi, and each experiment has proved that beriberi is a nutritional disease.

Beriberi, in the advanced stages, is not often

observed in this country, because the average American diet is such that some vitamin F is included. There is danger of our food being so refined (2) that the body is furnished with too little of the vitamin for health. It is well to keep clearly in mind that vitamin F is needed at all ages, and when too little of the vitamin is eaten, the body may suffer in several ways before any signs of the nerve disease appear. Before the symptoms of beriberi appear, there is a period of ill health. Early signs are loss of appetite, weakness, loss of weight, and a general lack of vigor. Later indigestion, constipation, and colitis may appear. Finally, there are symptoms due to the malnutrition of the nervous system. "The onset of these symptoms varies according to the degree of the vitamin. If the shortage is slight, the nervous symptoms may never appear. The body may suffer only from dyspepsia, constipation, and other intestinal troubles. The body is weakened and becomes more susceptible to bacterial infection." (3)

Vitamin F is widely distributed in vegetables since leaves, stems, roots, tubers, and seeds all contain an abundance. Under normal conditions, there should be no difficulty in obtaining food which will insure an abundance of the vitamin. Milk and whole grains included in the diet will insure one against a deficiency. Refined food products contain very little.

As was stated before, it was many years before investigators were able to prove that Vitamin B was composed of two vitamins now known as Vitamins F and G. Vitamin F has just been discussed. The complete absence of Vitamin F in the diet will produce definite results in the body. The partial lack of this vitamin will produce certain results. One should include daily in the diet at least two vegetables besides potatoes, and a whole grain cereal. The vegetables and the whole grain cereals will insure one that the adequate amount of this antineuritic vitamin is being supplied.

How does Vitamin G differ from Vitamin F? This question naturally arises since the two for so many years were thought to be one. What disease is associated with the lack of Vitamin

G since the lack of Vitamin F is associated with the nervous disease?

Pellagra, a disease quite prevalent in the United States, particularly in the South, is the deficiency nutritional disease which is caused by a lack of the Vitamin G. In the southern States among the poorer classes of people, the diet often consists of salt pork with corn bread. Very few vegetables or very little fruit is eaten. It was not definitely known what caused this skin affection, but it was noted that a change of diet which included fresh vegetables, milk and fruit, would in time improve the individual's condition.

Scientists have taken this problem of the relationship of pellagra to a certain diet into the laboratory. They used white rats, produced a condition which resembled pellagra—loss of weight, lesions of the skin, and a general weakened condition. The diet was then changed, and an improvement was noted. If the diet was continued for a long enough period, the rats were eventually cured. This type of experiment has been of great value in understanding the cause of the disease. This type of experiment also gives a basis for the treatment and the cure of pellagra.

The recent discovery of Vitamin G and its relationship to pellagra has not given the chemists enough time at present to analyze foods for their relative value of Vitamin G. Vitamin lists of foods, which contain the vitamins A, F, C, D, and E, are available. A Vitamin G list, at present, is not included. It is, however, known that milk and green, leafy vegetables are good sources of Vitamin G. Bananas are also relatively high in Vitamin G, but a poor source for Vitamin F.

In general, one should remember that it is wise to replace refined cereals, sugars and fats by whole cereals, fruits, and vegetables. This change will increase the bulk, minerals, and the vitamins of the diet.

NOTES:

(1) White rice in common use today. The brown rice (unpolished whole grain) was substituted for the refined polished grain.

(2) An example of refined food is polished rice. All of the outer layers, rich in minerals and vitamin F, are removed. Only the starchy part of the grain remains. Cream of wheat is another example of a refined cereal.

(3) Sherman, H. C., *Chemistry of Foods and Nutrition*, page 412, The Macmillan Company.

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING

(Continued from page 312.)

cept how rotten I've used you all my life. I'm a good-for-nothing."

"Good-for-nothing!" repeated Jim. "How so?"

"I've run you into debt; I haven't paid my board; I've wasted my money; I'm ashamed of myself; I'm a good-for-nothing spendthrift."

"Why, Tom," protested Sue. "You're not, either, a good-for-nothing. You're too free-hearted, that's all. Everybody likes you."

With tactful understanding Sue called supper and Tom soon recovered himself and joined in the table talk; how Jim's neck had not been broken, as was at first thought; how he had lingered between life and death for several days at the hospital, and how fast he gained when the crisis was passed.

A few days later, in company with Tom, Jim made a visit to the mill where he learned that the aged manager was going to retire from active duty. Jim was tendered the position which he gladly accepted and Tom was retained as bookkeeper and began systematically to pay his debts.

One evening Jim received a check from the Insurance Company as accident benefit.

"That's funny," he puzzled, examining the check. "I supposed my insurance had lapsed. I haven't paid in anything for two months."

"Oh, that!" explained Tom. "I read the policy over and learned that if you have paid the same amount each month that a surplus of some kind is created that may be drawn on in default of the monthly payments—for two or three months, anyway; or until the surplus is exhausted. So your policy was still good, and I've made the payments since then."

"Why—you—" the usually ready Jim was at a loss what to say. "Why, you—you good-for-nothing."



The wise man must remember that while he is descendant of the past, he is a parent of the future; and that his thoughts are children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die.—*Herbert Spencer.*



By the Street of By and By one arrives at the House of Never.—*Cervantes.*

SHORT TRIPS IN ENGLAND

By AUDENTIA ANDERSON

WHAT a thrill one gets from visiting the "Shakespeare Country" for the first time! Our journey was made by rail to Leamington, and from there by bus—a sightseeing one, properly equipped with a "spieler." Unfortunately, our seats this time happened to be about as far from that gentleman as could be accomplished in one vehicle, so I could not "pump him" about lots of the things we passed which I know would have been rich with interest.

Warwick Castle

En route we visited the picturesque ruins of Kenilworth Castle, made immortal by the tales of Sir Walter Scott, Guy's Cliff, down which precipice that elusive giant is supposed to have escaped, a quaint old mill with paddle wheels and rustic bridge (where tourists usually "snap" each other) and Warwick Castle. The latter is one of the best-preserved and most intriguing in all England. Its halls were trod by men who made and unmade kings, and its walls are hung with trophies of a rough and ready age. Through the domains of this estate flow the gentle waters of the Avon, and from the windows of the magnificent castle itself beauty stretches as far as eye can reach. From its embattled towers lords and ladies, famous in song and story as well as deeds and conflict, must have looked out upon that loveliness and worshiped at its shrine, when their hearts could be lifted above their own troubles, intrigues and entanglements, or their minds from "deep, dark designs" or chivalrous adventure.

At the massive gateway is a porter's lodge, moss and ivy-grown. From its sturdy walls winds towards the castle an avenue which for stately trees, canopied foliage, wild lowly flowers and ferny carpet border is unsurpassed for beauty. A last turn in this roadway brings one into an "outer court" and then into view of the great castle itself, in front of which stretches a great, circular "inner court." Across its velvety lawn strut stately peacocks, furling and unfurling their gorgeous finery in the shimmering sunshine.

In the castle are many priceless treasures of art and beauty, as well as collections of his-

torical objects. You see antique armor, the horse-trappings used by Queen Elizabeth in her visit to the locality, curious medieval weapons of offense and defense, round hats and crude blunderbusses of the Cromwellians, silver, porcelain, draperies, embroideries and other mute witnesses of a bygone age. There is the famous "porridge pot" of Guy of Warwick himself, if we are to believe eyes and ears, the fork with which he fished the "flesh" out of the kettle, his lady's stirrups, his own, his shield, helmet, breastplate, "tilting-pole" and walking-staff—all of fabulous size and fabled story. You may even see his double sword, too heavy to be wielded by a slighter man, which, at least in 1510, used to be committed to the watchful care of a "yoeman of the buttery" at the munificent salary of twopence a day!

Before one worships too reverently at this shrine of checkered history let us be reminded that the Great Hall of this castle was entirely destroyed by fire in 1871 and much treasure consumed. Since that unfortunate accident, however, ingenuity and assiduity have performed a splendid work in restoring and preserving much of that which perished.

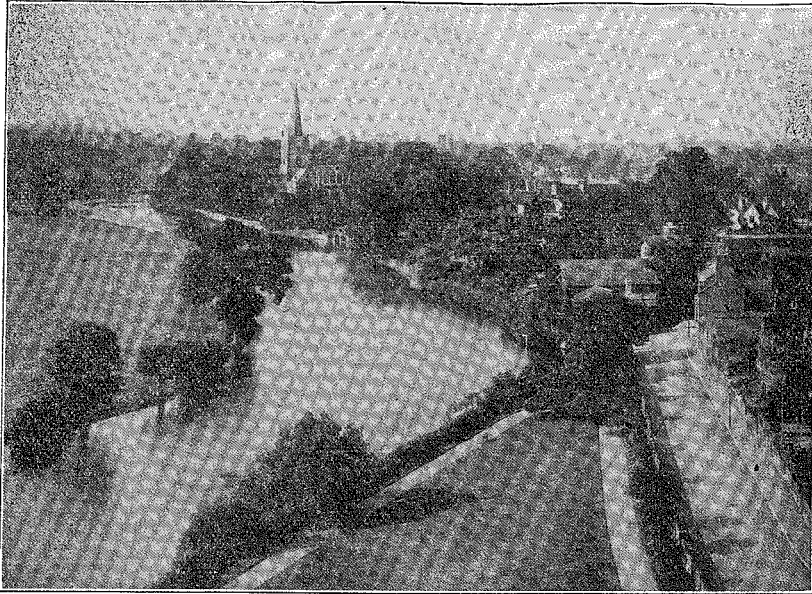
We turn to watch, with mingled feelings, the sweep of the Avon from the great windows of this old castle. Upon its breast graceful swans were lazily floating, their yellow bills dipping greedily into the cool waters, and their white plumage gleaming in the hot sunshine of the August day.

The Gardens

Leisurely crossing the inner court, trying to make friends en route with the proud and preening peafowls, we traversed many graveled walks, wound our way through lovely gardens, circled the great pool with its darting gold fish and central fountain of tumbling waters, passed up or down the wide gleaming steps of formal terraces, paused in the welcome shadow of overhanging trees, and finally reached our objective, The Greenhouse. The house of glass is in reality a shrine, built to make a suitable setting for the famous "Warwick Vase." This ancient relic is of pure white marble, immense in size, and indescribably lovely in outline and

carved decoration. It occupies an imposing pedestal in the center, surrounded by the tinkle of falling water and the riotous beauty of "green things growing." The Vase is considered one of the finest specimens of ancient Grecian sculpture now known. It was found at Adrian's Villa, near Rivoli, Italy, and dates

along the main street are thick as spatter, but seem to display almost identical wares—book-ends, letter openers, andirons, whatnots of every description, all bearing some device in commemoration of the great writer who has proved, especially in tourist season, such a patron saint over many a nimble tuppence!



Stratford-on-Avon

The theater which once the village so proudly owned, burned to the ground in 1926, and when we were there (three summers later) we were shown the one in process of erection to take its place. This million dollar Memorial Theater was formally opened just this past April 23, the anniversary of the poet's birth.

In Henley Street is "The Birthplace," the ground floor used as a museum and library, the upstairs being kept without renovation as in the days of the poet. That the great garden in the back contains every flower

from the fourth century before Christ. Beside its hoary life-span of existence, Warwick Castle itself is but as a breath of today!

We took lunch at an inn so popular and crowded that we had to wait our turn to be summoned, and then had to be located at separate tables. Its name, "The Porridge Pot," was cleverly chosen to emphasize one of the notable relics of the castle. We noticed another restaurant, called the "Tuck Shop," which boasts a paneled parlor and an Elizabethan Tea Room. By the way, it was located on *Smith Street*. Oh, yes, the Smiths have been many in every age and locality, have they not? Well, we console ourselves with traditions which center about the cognomen, one of which explains that the reason there are so many Smiths in the world is because in olden days whenever people committed crime or other public misdemeanors they usually changed their names!

The House of Shakespeare

In Stratford the center of interest is, of course, the home of Shakespeare. Curio shops

ever mentioned in his writings we thought a charming sentiment.

In the Church of the Holy Trinity, close to the gently-moving Avon, we saw the tablet which covers the grave of the beloved bard. It lies near the altar and nearby may be seen the memorial slabs of other members of the Shakespeare family. The church register is kept under glass, with clips holding its pages open at the two important entries, one of the birth and the other of the death of the man who made Stratford-on-Avon a world-shrine.

Not very far away, but perhaps a "right smart step" for even English people, is the cottage where lived his sweetheart Ann. It is kept quite as in the days when the young dreamer came there a-wooing. The plates and pewter on the racks, the cups hanging a-row, the cricket stools at the hearth, the tables, chairs and beds all provide glimpses into the homelife of three centuries ago, glimpses which are especially interesting to feminine visitors. The fireplace in the "keeping-room" is so deep and wide that it shelters within its arch a chair at either side of

the fire. There sat, we were told, the watchful parents of the courted Ann, while the youthful pair themselves sat properly decorous on the narrow, wooden settle, which with its high back, stands at right angles to the fireplace, close under the eyes of the chaperons. It is possible there were brief moments, in the soft summer evenings when dews and damps kept the elders indoors when the youngsters were lured out into the entrancing garden at the side and rear, and cupid was given a better chance to prove his art as the joyous pair wandered up and down those winding paths amidst that riot of bloom and beauty—under the spell of the same old romantic moon which causes heart troubles today!

We had tea there, in Ann Hathaway's garden, around four o'clock, that magic hour when all the English world centers about the "pause that refreshes." As we threaded our way between the parked motor cars in the street outside a half hour later, some little children offered us tiny bunches of fragrant lavender, eager to exchange the dainty souvenirs for the coins of the tourists. This quaint old cottage with its thatched roofs and rose garden is well known to picture lovers, and both on the inside and outside must once have been very familiar to the bard of Avon. By the way, I should not forget to mention that near a window a glass protects a certain spot where, on the casing, are crudely carved the initials, "W. S."

Modest Descendants of Poets

I am reminded of an item I saw recently in the *Literary Digest*, quoting from a London paper, in which worry was expressed because so few relatives of the great poets now wish to "eat together in this day of machinery." The London paper went on to deplore that "there even appears to be a growing reluctance to confess to the existence of a poet among one's ancestors. Twenty years ago, between two and three hundred persons proudly claimed seats at the Poetry Society's banquet for the descendants of English poets. This year the applications have been in comparison very meager. The descendants of Milton, Pope, and Wordsworth are still gratefully conscious

of reflected glory; Southey, Donne, and Cowper have been blessed with descendants who honor their names; and one lady has courageously confessed to a 'somewhat battered but genuine pedigree' back to John Gay. But a surprising omission from the list is the name of Shakespeare. Since the last dinner his relatives have either succumbed or come to the decision not to own up to him."

Back in London

Did I tell you anything about the Tower of London, its many ancient horrors, its glittering crown jewels, its Execution Hill, where dainty ladies and brave men lost their powdered heads under the cruel axe, the chamber where two small princes were smothered to death at the command of an ambitious uncle, the queer guards in their odd, womanish uniforms, patterned from those worn by the "beef-eaters" of Queen Elizabeth's day, the room where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for a dozen years or more, with its narrow passageway for daily exercise, and the cells haunted by the departed



Shakespeare's Birthplace

spirits of many a once-proud and haughty sovereign?

I think I told you, in a former article, that coincident with our visit in London was that of countless hosts of Boy Scouts from all over the world, sight-seeing in the big town after their international convention. Sister Baldwin had remarked, upon seeing a group in Westminster

Hall, that the only Latter Day Saint boy she knew of who was to come to that convention was the son of Brother and Sister Mesle of western New York—is it Sharon? Sherrill? Occasionally Brother Hanson would stop a group that carried some New York identification emblem and inquire if any of them knew a boy of that name.

Well, suddenly, as we were intently looking at the identical armor worn by Richard the Lion-hearted, in a great room devoted exclusively to the trappings of medieval knights, all at once Sister Baldwin exclaimed:

"Why, here he is now!"—and putting her arm about the shoulder of a bright-faced lad clad in the familiar khaki uniform of an American Scout, swept him apart from his comrades!

He was both pleased and shy as he was introduced to each of the little group of fellow Americans and fellow church members, but we all enjoyed the very, very brief time permitted for the exchange of greetings and messages. His comrades pressed him to hurry along, and Sister Baldwin, with characteristic thoughtfulness, in good-by had only time to press into his hand a helpful guide to the Tower which she had been carrying, and away he went. How odd it seems that of the thousands of Scouts in that teeming city, in the midst of their busy week of sightseeing, and of ours, that that one particular Latter Day Saint lad happen to enter that room of ancient armor at the precise time we spent our ten or fifteen minutes there!

Our last day of London was spent in company with Brother Hanson who guided us to some special things we wanted to see, in the British Museum and elsewhere: the Rosetta stone which unlocked the age-old secrets of the Egyptian hieroglyphics; the original charter of British rights, signed so unwillingly by King John and the powerful barons who forced him to the generosity (some of whom are of special interest, genealogically to me); the many letters, poems, orders or commissions, written or signed by people whose names are only familiar from bygone history; statuary and carvings from nations who now exist only in a recorded name on the pages of the past; the roomful of things recently taken from King Tut's tomb—who could even begin to mention the outstanding wonders and fascinations of that great pile?

And then, for relaxation, we went to Mad-

ame Tussaud's Wax Works—who doesn't? There history seems to come alive, if in a stiff, awkward and grotesque manner, and you witness the death of King Harold in battle, the accidental shooting of Rufus the Red, and other gruesome anecdotes, harrowing enough to the mind let alone sight. You get acquainted with the personal appearances of the members of the royal families, past and present, can curiously study Henry the Eighth and his many (was it a double quartet?) wives, or stand as long as you wish and gaze at the members of Parliament in all their dignity. It is even permitted to linger before the present incumbent of the British throne and the members of his family, study the gold lace of their uniforms, and guess at the meaning of all the emblems displayed thereon or the value of the paste diamonds in the tiaras of the ladies!

While we are aware that King George is considered by some ardent republicans merely a "figurehead"—in real life as well as in the wax palace—a recent article I clipped about him made me feel it would not be a bad idea for a good many people to follow the lead of such a figurepiece in some ways. Verily, I believe quoting here from that *Digest* article might be a fine way to end this series of articles about our all-too-short visit in a small portion of King George's domain.

The Code of a King

King George of England has a private code of conduct which at first flush may appear easy to follow; but, on second reading, may appear a bit difficult of achievement.

The code, which is said to be framed and hung in his bedroom, runs as follows, as we glean it from the press:

"Teach me to be obedient to the rules of the game.

"Teach me to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality, admiring the one and despising the other.

"Teach me neither to proffer nor to receive cheap praise.

"If I am called upon to suffer, let me be like a well-bred beast that goes away to suffer in silence.

"Teach me to win, if I may, & I may not, teach me to be a good loser.

"Teach me neither to cry for the moon nor to cry over spilt milk."

MY FATHER'S LETTERS

PART SEVEN

Letters of Joseph Smith to His Daughter

Contributed by AUDENTIA ANDERSON

My "college career" ended with the half year's work, and I returned home several weeks before the date of the next letter in my collection. Leona Austin, of Independence, and Ina, Uncle Alexander's second daughter, were both visiting Vida and Heman in San Bernardino. Brother John H. Hansen was a practicing physician of Lamoni.

San Bernardino, Cal. Mar. 8th, 1889

Audie:

Yours containing "my sister Lucy's" picture is received. Accept thanks for photo. It is very like her.

It will be safer for you to wait some time rather than have your tonsils clipped, or compressed, if I understand it. To clip them is to make them sore; and the result is very doubtful. I would not be satisfied to risk it, without the advice of a more experienced man than Bro. Hansen, much as I believe in his judgment at times. No; wait until I get home, and we will talk it over.

But just quit singing and declaiming for awhile, and avoid much exposure. Bathe your throat each morning in cold water; exercise enough to keep the blood circulating, and keep the bowels regular.

Your uncle David used to have the quinsy—sometimes three or four times a year. He finally outgrew it. To clip or burn the tonsils is often to make the throat permanently disabled.

Have not time to write much. Had a turn of the throat and face and jaw trouble myself for the last two weeks; am a little better.

Leona and Ina send regards. Yours in bonds of love,

Joseph Smith.

Irene was the daughter of Brother A. B. Wise, to whose home Father removed following his visit at Cousin Vida's and Heman's. Sister Leonard was the widow of Brother William Leonard, and lived on a farm west of Lamoni, the mother of a son Ammon and daughter Cora. With her husband she had been pres-

ent at the historic conference of 1860, at Amboy. About the calves! Liberty Hall, as Father christened his home situated a mile west of Lamoni, was located on a little farm of forty acres, well-stocked and cultivated. There was always the understanding between Father and Mother that she was to have all the heifer calves born on the place, and he the male ones. Hence, considerable interest, speculation and good-natured rivalry centered about such events.

San Bernardino, Cal. Mar. 22, 1889

Audie:

I think that I have written once a week, at least, since arriving here; and I thought I had written early enough to reach you with proper directions about mail. I was glad to get yours to Los Angeles, anyway; had not heard for some days, and was naturally anxious. Your letter is quite newsy, and very welcome.

Mother is in luck with the calves this spring so far, isn't she? Good! But what cow is "Christie?" Do you mean "Esther?" I suspect it is the Crick cow.

Sr. Leonard reached here on Tuesday morning, about 10 o'clock; and in the afternoon was married to Bro. Andrew W. Thompson whom she had known only through correspondence. He lives in Laguna Canyon, his house standing in the shadows of the everlasting hills and has neither fence nor tree to shelter it from sun or tramp. Sr. Leonard will find it a lonesome old place, especially in summer and fall. Bro. Thompson has six children, all under 14 years. So, so!! It was a "marry in haste," sure enough, whatever the result may be.

It is true, I had to "shut up." My neuralgia came in for remembrance, and my throat just swelled up and turned very sore. Yesterday I passed the pleasantest day for three weeks. Pain, yesterday and to-day, has been in my right ear, at the opening; it has "just ached." But I am feeling much better, and am encouraged; ate breakfast with but one hard tussle, and have not had many since, though the sides of my head are considerably sore yet.

The weather is quite fine now, though it rained heavily day before yesterday. Yesterday the dust flew from the Cajon (Ca-hoon) pass, in great clouds, clear across the Cucamonga plain. The mountain tops are all snow capped, but much of it is fast going in the sunshine.

Irene, aged eleven, is pounding away at the piano, and making lots of mistakes in her haste; so it is: "Over again, Miss Irene."

Yours gave me a good picture of the home life. Am pleased that aunts Ann and Josie are happy. Hope Hale and Lucy and all the rest are well by this time.

Yours in hope,
Joseph Smith

Brother Samuel Fry Walker was the husband of Sister Marietta Walker, so well known in the church. He was a deep student, and the author of an archeological book, "Ruins Revisited." Brother Joseph Rodger, now of Independence, was "village blacksmith" in Lamoni for years—an inventive and progressive one. I believe he built one of the first gasoline engines in the country. Brother Gunsolley was in charge of Lamoni public schools for a time; later identified with Graceland College at its organization.

San Bernardino, Cal. Mar. 30th, 1889

Audie:

Yours of the 25th—five days ago—was received this a. m.

I am shocked, I cannot tell why, at the news of Bro. S. F. Walker's condition. I have been aware for over a year that he was running down in strength, but supposed that there was much vitality in him yet. I fear the end has come. It was no surprise to learn of Bro. Banta's demise; but I had not thought that Bro. Walker would be down. Such is life.

If to be seventeen makes you feel "aged" and sedate, how must I, more than three times seventeen, feel as the sands in Time's dial tells off the years? You may realize, by your sober reflections respecting the uses of time as it passes, what the active warfare in which your father has been engaged so long may mean to him. But while I do not regret that the number "17" makes such impression upon you, I trust that you will not be so much overcome by the portentousness of your age as to become

sombre, dull, or melancholy; for life is given to us to use and enjoy—not in selfish pleasures but in using actively all our powers *for good*. Do this, and the heart is always young, though the body may become infirm and the head white with the frosts of years.

When I took your letter out of the office I thought to get one from Mother; but one from my wife's oldest girl reconciled me to disappointment on that score.

I am pleased that Bro. J. L. Gunsolley has the school; hope that he will prove equal to the situation.

It was my intention, when I sat down, to write you a long letter; but intrusions occurred which put that intention "into the soup," and I am done.

Your news about Freddie's engagement with Bro. Rodger is unique. I think I will write him. I hope he will like "the trade."

My heart goes out to the mourning ones!

Yes; I am having a "time" with head, face and throat; though I am encouraged because the pains are not quite so severe as last summer, and have not yet reached so far up into my brain. To-day they are largely in the opening of my right ear. I eat and drink in dread, and sometimes speak with my left cheek and jaw all a-quiver with "nerves." Don't worry, nor let Ma worry about me; I shall come out all o. k., by and by. I may be in at Conference.

Yours as you know,
Joseph Smith

In some manner Father's letter to Fred, referred to above, was among those in my collection. It is most interesting, from several angles.

Sunday, March 31st, 1889

San Bernardino, California

My dear son, Freddie:

From Audie's letters I learn that you are taking lessons at Bro. Joseph Rodger's shop. To this I have no objection, if you are really striving to learn. If I had been permitted my own way when I was 16, I would have learned the blacksmith's business. I was not allowed to have my way, and so I became a farmer—and not much of one, at that. If you really make up your mind to study mechanical engineering, including the blacksmith's trade, I will help you all I can; and possibly together we can make it

go. Of this we will talk when we are home together again.

This country is full of young fellows, and far too many have nothing to do; especially is this true of such cities as Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego and others in southern California. The climate is almost one unbroken summer. Even now, while the farmers are seeding back home, here but little is doing in the fields. The grain is ripening, the grasses are seeding, and the long, dusty, dry summer is about begun. The days come and go in an almost unbroken succession of sunshine and glare, heat and dust. Cool at night, and hot in the day time. Yesterday morning fire was needed in the family room, and at 3 o'clock mercury marked 84° in the shade on the north side of the house. I am tired of too much summer, already.

I should like to describe the valley to you, but cannot—for two reasons: one is, I have not time; the other, I fear I could not do it adequately. If you will get the map of California, you will find that San Bernardino County is a very large one. San B'd'no Valley lies between the S. B'd'no and the San Jacinto ranges of mountains, and is about 85 miles long, from San Gorgonio Pass to Los Angeles; and is from 5 to 20 miles wide. There are vallies reaching up into the mountains in different places, larger and smaller, in all of which there are villages, settlements and farms (ranches.) In the upper end of the Valley are the towns of Redlands, Lugonia, Crafton and Highlands. S. B'd'no is in the center. Strung along on one side are Mound City, old S. B'd'no, Riverside, Colton, Rialto, Lordsburg, Ontario and Pomona; on the other are Duarte, Cucarnonga, N. Ontario, Garden of the Gods, Arrowhead Springs and Messina, and some that I do not call to mind.

In coming from Los Angeles by buggy, not long since, with Bro. J. F. Burton, we came through the old Mission of San Gabriel (the Angel Gabriel.) There is an old church made of adobes, sun-dried bricks, plastered and white-washed, outside and in. It was begun in 1771 and finished in 1778. Inside, the roof is sustained by a series of timbered arches, massive and heavy and unpainted, but, having been oiled and kept clean, the timbers shine as if varnished. It stands with the door to the southeast, I think; is perhaps 30 feet wide and 70

feet long, inside. There is a door at the side through which we entered. At the back is the altar, on which are arranged the cloths, candles, relics and other paraphrenalia of the Catholic worship. Over the altar stands a sculptured figure, having wings, a legend in the Latin tongue marking it as "San Gabriel."

At the left of the altar, standing on separate pedestals, the lower about even with the altar top, the other a man's height above, stand two figures, carved, (statues about the size of Hattie Hudson). The lower one is "San Augustine," the founder of the Augustinian order of Monks, the Monks of Saint Augustine; the upper one is "San Antonio," (St. Anthony), the Patron and Saint, Warrior and Defender of the Church. To the right of the altar, and arranged similarly are: above, "San Francisco," (St. Francis), the founder and patron of the order of Franciscan Monks, or Monks of Saint Francis; below, "San Dominicus," (St. Dominick), Founder, Patron and Saint of the Order of Dominican Monks, or Monks of St. Dominick.

Along the walls, at intervals, are paintings of: The Virgin Mary, mother of Jesus; San Pablo (St. Paul); San Pedro (St. Peter); San Bartolimi (St. Bartholomew); Santiago, Major (St. James, the great); Santiago, Minor (St. James, the less); San Luca (St. Luke); San Juan (St. John); San Mateo (St. Matthew). I do not remember that there were others.

There was a priest, or sacristan, in attendance, who, after we went in at the open door, gave us a short history of the founding of the church, who was the "father" when it was begun, who when it was finished, named the statues and pictures, and told us whence they came and by whom given to the Mission. It seemed a curious thing to do, and almost like sacrilege, but Bro. Burton slipped a quarter into the priest's hand, and I, 15c—all the small money either had. I should not have thought of doing that, but we saw a lady visitor drop a dime into his hand furtively—and took the cue.

The town San Gabriel is an old one; over a hundred years; and it made one feel like he was standing among the long-time dead to stand in that old church, 111 years old, and look on those sculptured statues and painted figures and faces of the apostles who represented the Lord's work in His day, on the one hand, and on the

old-time piety of the Catholic Church in her days of monks and friars, on the other; to read the Latin inscriptions, and to hear the phrases intoned by a Catholic priest, who was either a German or a Frenchman. And then to think of giving that living priest of an old-world theology, standing there upon the verge of an impious civilization, money which he took as largess from strangers whose curiosity led them in at the open door! It seemed very weird to me, I tell you!

The town is a Spanish town, and is one of the few relics of the rule of the old Castilians who brought Catholicism, fire-water, and the small-pox to depopulate this earthly paradise of its Indian races, to found an old-world dynasty upon a newly-discovered land, and in turn, to give way before the gold-hunting, land-grabbing, pleasure-loving civilization whose restless, conquering force is typified by the steam engine and the electric light, the *real estate office* and the printing press! If I felt that Fernandez and Pizarro were the forerunners of evil to the Indians, I also knew that the Anglo-Saxon was the relentless tyrant who overrode both Indian and Spaniard, soon to sweep both into a barbarous grave, dug by Christian (?) hands. Bah! Don't you tell anybody how nasty (pronounce it nawsty) I felt!

I wish you could see this country, and it may be that you can, by and by. Kind love to all,
Yours, Joseph Smith

If you do not hear that I have reached St. Joseph this week, write me here, you and Israel, care of Box 637.

One of the clearest memories of childhood centers about Father's very fine collection of stereoptican views. He used frequently to bring home additions of much beauty and educational value. They were kept in a walnut rack made for the purpose. Equipped with two stereoscopes, many a right chummy hour was spent with companions over those marvels.

The 1889 conference was the only spring conference Father ever missed.

San Bernardino, Cal. April 3rd, 1889
Audie:

Your welcome letter of the 28th ult. is received to-day. I was glad to get it.

Leona left for home Monday, Apr. 1st; will

be in to-morrow evening, if all goes well.

I hope by this you have had a taste of oranges, fresh from the Sunny land. I hope they did not spoil.

My face has given me some hard twinges yesterday and to-day. I will not be at Conference, as you will most likely learn by the time this reaches you. I felt that I could not bear the strain the conference would put me in, as I am now. So here I am.

I sent to-day, two photo's. They are of that old church of which I wrote at length to Freddie—one of the outside and one of the inside. The shadows hide the upper figures over the altar in the picture. I have not found any stereoscopes of the church as yet, but may come across some.

Yesterday and to-day weather was and is pleasant. Saturday mercury was 84 in the shade. Sunday it was over 80; Monday 89, some one told me. Yesterday 73 and a fraction, and to-day about the same.

I hope Fred will like his "trade" until he gets it. I advise him to study horseshoeing; it is an excellent trade, and few really understand it.

Yours, Jos. Smith
Love to Lucy and all.



EXPERIENCES FROM LIFE

(Continued from page 317.)

mendous impression on all of us. Here we were, poor, illy clad, hurrying to get out of sight—and he, busy and intent upon the affairs of the church, still had time to notice us and help us—never seeming to observe that we were different from anyone else—and almost it seems I can still hear his vibrant voice which, like the voice of the singer, also carries well: "Sister, is this yours?" This is only one of the many instances that have come under my observation where our prophet has shown himself a true Saint with real character, even in small things. And it is the small things that test us out, and tell what we are. There are many kinds of culture in this world. We can be proud that our leader has the right kind, the kind that a Christian and a Saint should have.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S DIVISION OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL

By MILDRED GOODFELLOW

THE CHILD

George Herbert Betts, in his book *How to Teach Religion*, says:

"The child ought to be the objective work of the whole church. The saving of its children from wandering outside the fold is the supreme duty and the strategic opportunity of the church, standing out above all other claims whatever. We are in some danger of forgetting that when Jesus wanted to show his disciples the standard of an ideal Christian he 'took a child and set him in the midst of them.' We do not always realize that to keep a child a Christian is much more important than to reclaim him after he has been allowed to get outside the fold." (Page 34.)

ANYONE who realizes the value of proper early training will recognize the importance of the child in the church school. However, in many schools more attention is paid to the adult division than to the children's division, and there is a lot of educating to be done before the child is given his rightful place in the church school. A case such as I heard of recently is, I hope, comparatively rare, but it shows that there are still some people who do not have the proper attitude toward the child in the church school. A class of junior boys was without a teacher, and the children's supervisor asked an elder, who had recently come into the group, to teach them. She was later approached by the church school director, who informed her he thought the elder should be asked to teach a class in the adult department, saying that inasmuch as the man had had considerable experience, he felt he should be given the *most important work* they had. The children's supervisor insisted that it was more important that the junior boys have a good teacher than it was for a class of adults, who had already formed their habits and attitudes, but the church school director did not see it that way.

I think too much can not be said about the importance of the child in the church school. He is forming his habits and attitudes, and those in charge should see to it that he has the best qualified teachers available. The attitudes formed in these early years will determine whether he is a stanch worker or whether his interest will cease when he reaches the age when he can choose for himself whether he will attend church or not.

Some one has said that the biggest business of each generation is its children, and whether they are a blessing or a curse depends largely on how they are educated, what ideals are given to them. A teacher under whom I studied once made the statement, "Remember, conservation is the first great task of the church school." Personally, I would rather work with boys and girls, trying to keep them in the

church and interested in the worth-while things of life, than to work with adults, trying to get them back after they had lost interest in God's work.

When we realize the importance of the child in the church school we will provide an adequate and attractive place for the children's division; we will see that the children have the best teachers we can possibly obtain, and then, all working together, we will help the children develop high ideals of Christian living, so that religion will be a vital part of their lives.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Next to the parents' responsibility comes the church school teacher's. Many children receive no religious training at home, and in those cases the teacher has a greater task. It is quite obvious that in order to do the best work the teacher must make proper preparation. We know that the more we put into any line of endeavor, the more we get out of it, and that is just as true of teaching in the church school as anything else. Of course, this takes time, but if we will learn to put first things first, it will be easier for us. I read of an instance where a teacher had given up her class in the church school, assigning as her reason for such action that she did not have time to prepare her lesson. When the superintendent called on her to talk the matter over, he found she had spent her spare time for several weeks on a piece of fancy work. It is plain to be seen she had not learned to put first things first.

I think if we would occasionally read the well-known poem, "*Building a Temple*," we would take more seriously the duty of making preparation for our task.

BUILDING A TEMPLE

Hattie Vose Hall

A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it with grace and skill—
Pillars and groins and arches,
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said, as they saw its beauty,
"It shall never know decay;
Great is thy skill, O builder!
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts
None knew of her wondrous plan,
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple,
 Crumbled into the dust;
 Low lies each stately pillar,
 Food for consuming rust.
 But the temple the teacher builded
 Will last while the ages roll,
 For that beautiful unseen temple
 Is a child's immortal soul.

A person who wants to be a teacher of mathematics, or any subject along that line, must spend years in preparation. How much more important it is for one who aspires to teach children (or adults) "the way of life" to make the proper preparation.

It is a fine thing to be able to attend teacher training classes. Also, there are splendid courses offered by correspondence. If it seems impracticable to take advantage of either of these opportunities, there are many books which can be read and studied. As a foundation, the teacher must, of course, know the *Bible*. Then, the teacher must understand the group with which she is working. For this purpose I would recommend the following books:

A Study of the Little Child, by Mary T. Whitley.

A Study of the Primary Child, by Mary T. Whitley.

A Study of the Junior Child, by Mary T. Whitley.

Two books that are especially good for a teacher to read are *How to Teach Religion*, by George Herbert Betts, and *Learning and Teaching*, by Harold J. Sheridan and G. C. White.

An important thing that should not be overlooked is that the personality of the teacher counts. We know from experience that the most favorable and lasting impressions on our minds were made by teachers with a pleasing personality. Do not be discouraged if you were not born with a pleasing personality, because it has been demonstrated that it is possible to develop a personality that will appeal to children, if you really try to live the religion you desire to teach the children. Setting a good example before your class goes far toward assuring you of the much-desired results.

Then, another thing. Let us not forget to ask God's help in our work. Nine times out of ten, when we have a particularly trying session, if we will stop to think, we will recall that we omitted to ask God's assistance and direction in our work before starting that morning.

METHODS

Mrs. Grace Sloan Overton once asked, "Why make religious education so painful?" I have thought of that many times. There is no reason why we should not make truth attractive to the child. Presenting the lesson in story form and later encouraging the children to dramatize the story will appeal to little folks and make an impression upon them. They will enjoy the story while you are giving them the truth in the lesson. A teacher should take time to *learn* the story. It will be much more effective *told* than it will be if *read*. There are several reasons for this:

(1) Many people are not good readers; (2) It is

easier to get and keep the children's attention if you *tell* the story; (3) You can look into their eyes and see their reaction to the story.

Then, there should be some handwork that will appeal to the particular age group. This should be something that will help impress the truth of the lesson. It is better to have no handwork at all than to have something that is foreign to the thought of the lesson. It seems unthinkable that teachers once had in use what was termed "busy work." Our time with the children is so short that we can not afford to waste it on anything that has no value to the child.

It is a good thing to help the child realize that he is *part* of the organization. Let them take turns passing the offering basket, distributing the papers, seeing that *Bibles* and songbooks are in place. If you have a junior church service, each child should be given an opportunity to be of service; to be responsible for some part of the service. Frequently change officers, so everyone will have a chance. The boys and girls will be much more interested if they have a part in it.

We can begin this work in the kindergarten or beginner class. When the little folks come into the kindergarten or beginner class they do not usually understand "taking turns" so they will have to be taught what that means. A few years ago when some children came into my department from the cradle roll I had this problem confronting me, so I made a chart with the children's names on it. The smallest ones soon learned where their names were. Each Sunday the child who passed the offering basket or gave out the papers, or performed a similar service, would paste an appropriate sticker on the chart. We used the chart for some months and then one Sunday I did not bring it. I was quite pleased to find no one insisted that he be favored above the others, but they decided that a certain child should be given the privilege "because he hadn't done it for a long time," or that a little visitor should have the pleasure of helping that morning. They no longer needed the chart to remind them about taking turns.

Children like to do things. It is up to us to see that they are given opportunities for services. While it is sometimes necessary that they learn to "take turns" we must be careful not to dampen their eagerness to serve. What a wonderful church we would have if the children's desire to be of service would remain with them through the years to come!

Each teacher should use the methods best adapted to the children in her class. Never insist on using a certain method just because you think it is a good one, if you find it is not suitable for your pupils. It might be all right for one group, but entirely unsuited to the capabilities or understanding of another group. There are a number of books on this subject, among them the following:

The Nursery Class of the Church School, by Eva B. McCallum.

Kindergarten Methods in the Church School, by Edna D. Baker.

Primary Methods in the Church School, by Alberta Munkres.

Junior Methods in the Church School, by Marie Cole Powell.

MATERIALS

What is said in the preceding paragraph about methods applies to materials also; especially study material. Just because a thing is the truth is not sufficient reason for teaching it. The lesson material used should be suited to the children. Do not try to teach truths that are beyond their understanding. It is not so difficult to obtain proper materials now as it used to be, because many of the churches have carefully graded lessons prepared by people who have made a study of the needs of children of different ages.

THE ROOM AND EQUIPMENT

The Room—

In addition to making the lesson itself as attractive and pleasant to the child as we can, we should have the proper environment. Here again, it is necessary to emphasize the importance of the child in the church school. How the idea ever got abroad that the children's division should be located in the basement of the church (probably next to the furnace room) is beyond my understanding. Yet we know that in many instances we will find the children's classes down in the basement, and if there is a nice, sunny spot upstairs it will be occupied by a class of adults. I am glad to say that condition isn't as prevalent now as it was some years ago. I have nothing against the basement as a location for the children's classes if it is the best available place, because it can be made pleasant and comfortable by the use of a few cans of paint and white curtains, but I do object to the children being given the least desirable place in the church. A little child is affected by his surroundings; he is depressed by a dark and unpleasant room, just as he is made happy by a sunny, pleasant room.

The ideal situation would be for the Cradle Roll, Beginner, and Primary Departments to each have a separate room, which should be large and sunny, and the Junior Department to have a fair size assembly room with the necessary number of classrooms. However, in many schools this is impossible, so we must do the best we can with the room we have. There should be light paper on the walls; the woodwork painted some light color, preferably a light, cheerful shade of yellow; white or cream colored curtains at the windows, and a soft carpet on the floor. It is advisable to have a large rug on the floor, for the reason that it does away with the noise caused by many footsteps, and there is danger of the children slipping and falling if the floor is bare and waxed, or if small rugs are used.

Equipment—

It is absolutely essential that there be in each department chairs of the proper height, or at least some kind of seats. If the money necessary to buy

chairs is not available, interest the men of the church in making benches of the required height, with backs on them. These should not be long, but may be made so as to seat three children, or four at the most, and then they can be moved about without difficulty.

If your room is small and there is not enough space to use tables, get pieces of heavy cardboard about ten inches wide and fifteen inches long. Give one to each child and he can hold it on his lap and it will make a convenient place to write or do his handwork. However, it is better to have tables, and if it is lack of money that is causing you to do without tables, here is another opportunity for the boys and men of the church to be of service. For a small amount you can get some packing or piano boxes from a furniture or other store, and the boys and men can make tables for you. These may be either round or rectangular in shape. I am told that it is easier for inexperienced persons to make rectangular shaped tables, especially if they are using lumber from packing boxes and the like. These may be made about twenty inches wide and thirty-six or forty inches long. I have found this a very convenient size. If possible the tops should be planed and smoothed down, but if the material used will not yield itself readily to such treatment, cover the tops with oil-cloth of an appropriate color and paint the legs to match the chairs or benches. If the space is limited or the room is used for other purposes besides the church school work, the legs of the tables may be hinged, so they will fold up, and then they can be leaned up against the wall and will not take up much room, when class is not in session.

If possible, each department should have a blackboard. It is not necessary to spend a lot of money to get one. If there is enough wall space it is nice to have a large blackboard fastened to the wall. If you can not afford to buy one already made, you can get slated cloth and have a frame made for it or have it mounted flat on beaver board, or you can have a piece of beaver board or other suitable wood first shellacked and then painted with blackboard paint, which can be purchased from any paint store for a reasonable price. If you can get some one to make a stand for the blackboard, it will be available for the use of different classes, as it can be moved to different parts of the room.

If you have a Junior assembly room, with individual classrooms, it is nice to have a small blackboard in each classroom.

Pictures are an important part of any department's equipment. There should be at least one large framed picture in each department. This should remain on the wall all the time. It should be about twenty inches wide and twenty-two or twenty-four inches in length, in colors. This will cost at least one dollar, but it is a worth-while investment, because it will, of course, last indefinitely. A good picture for the Cradle Roll Department would be a Madonna picture; for the Beginner Department,

RESULTS—REWARDS

Christ Blessing Little Children, by Plockhorst; for the Primary Department, The Hope of the World, by Copping; for the Junior Department, Christ in the Temple with the Doctors, by Hoffman. It is quite expensive to have a picture of this size framed, but a frame of the right size can be purchased at a second-hand furniture store for a small amount. A ten-cent can of varnish, enamel or gold paint will make it look like new.

Then there should be a large picture to be shown with each lesson. It would be nice for each teacher to have one to show her class, but if that is not possible, the picture may be hung on the wall at the front of the room. Pictures in beautiful colors, size 10½ x 12 inches, may be obtained from the Standard Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, for fifteen cents each; four for fifty cents; six for seventy-five cents; twelve for \$1.20. They have forty-eight different subjects to select from, *Bible*, nature and child pictures. Another good place to get pictures is J. S. Latta, Inc., Cedar Falls, Iowa. Either of these companies will send you their catalog upon request. Any supplies you may desire may be ordered through our own publishing house.

Another source for pictures is magazines. Many magazines have beautiful pictures which may be cut out and mounted or framed. Colored cardboard or bristol board makes a nice material to paste pictures on.

Start today making a collection of pictures. You will be surprised how many you will find that will be of value to you. You will need a number of seasonable pictures and posters, so you can have different ones on the wall every Sunday or two.

Your church school sessions will be much more enjoyable and profitable if you have a musical instrument, piano preferred, but if you can not have a piano, an organ will do. Children enjoy singing, especially the small ones, so even if you have no musical instrument in the department, do not leave out the songs, for children will quickly learn the tune when it is sung over to them.

Before I leave the subject of equipment I would like to tell of one of my experiences. The children's classes were meeting in two rooms that had dark woodwork, torn, dark paper on the walls, and the floors were bare and unpainted. I bought some inexpensive wall paper, light in color, and some light gray paint. Willing workers hung the paper and painted the woodwork and floors. One sister gave us some white curtains for the windows and another sister gave us a carpet for the floor. In a short time the place looked entirely different. A little later I got two old folding screens from a second-hand store, painted the wood part white and covered them with blue cloth. Then my brother made two tables such as I have described above. I painted the legs of the tables white and covered the tops with blue oilcloth. The combination was lovely, we thought. He also made two small benches, and the women's department bought us some small chairs. These things, with an organ and our pictures, comprised our equipment, and we were very happy in our cheerful little rooms.

Once the mother of a child in my department told the child she would give him a nickel if he would take his part in a service we were having. I talked to the children later about it and told them how bad I felt to know that anyone thought we did our part in a service for money. I then asked the question, "What do we do our part in these services for?" (expecting them to answer, "To please Jesus," or "To help in the church," or something like that). But one little child answered, "For nothing." I am afraid sometimes when we get discouraged we feel that our efforts are put forth "for nothing," but I earnestly believe that if we conscientiously prepare for our task and then perform it to the best of our ability, with God's help, the seed we sow will bear fruit.

Of course, the true measure of teaching is, What effect does it have on the life of the child? We hope our teachings will carry over into the child's everyday life, but we can not always know about that, as many teachers are unable to observe the children to any great extent during the week. However, we are very happy when we see little people getting along nicer together, being kinder to each other, more helpful to older folk, conducting themselves properly in church, remaining during the session without going out, providing visitors with books, and many other things that we have an opportunity to see.

We can not foresee just what value their experiences and teaching received in the church school may prove to them. A teacher of juniors once told me the following experience:

While in charge of the junior department of a certain church she encouraged the boys and girls to memorize scripture. A number of years later she met a young man who had been in her group and he told her that while he was at work one day a fellow worker was fatally injured, and when the man realized he was about to die he asked for some one to repeat some scripture. This young man was the only one in the group who knew any passages from the *Bible*, so he repeated for the dying man the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, which he had learned years before in the junior department.

Quoting from Mr. Betts' book again:

"It is all worth while. . . . A great work greatly performed leaves the stamp of its greatness on the worker. All that we do toward making out of ourselves better teachers of childhood adds to our own spiritual equipment. All the study, prayer, and consecration we give to our work for the children returns a hundredfold to us in a richer experience and a larger capacity for service." (Page 28.)

Let us do our best to qualify ourselves for our task; as Paul says, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed"; let us perform our work to the best of our ability, and ask God to help our teaching find a place in the lives of our children.

THE CHURCH SCHOOL

Worship Programs for September

INTRODUCTION

We are profoundly impressed with the possibility of enlarging and enriching the worship experience of the church school hour. Our effort is vain and all but useless if the service does not open and clarify our vision, prompt our repentance, quicken our sense of nearness to God, reveal to us his love and his power, quiet our fears, cheer our hearts, strengthen our righteous desires and send us on our way with a benediction.

The four factors upon which the success and blessing of the worship service evidently depend are (1) the setting of the occasion, its peace, quiet, and reverence, (2) the attitude of the worshipers, their earnest participation and their responsiveness to the spirit of worship, (3) the materials used, the music and the songs selected, the things that are said and done and the manner in which the exercises follow each other in a smooth, well ordered way to lift up our souls to meet and commune with God, and (4) the personality, the earnestness and sincerity of those who lead and participate in the worship service.

God can not draw near to us only as we draw near to him. Then he comes far more than half way. There can be no sham in worship. Nor is it a place for entertainment. Let each part be chosen for the contribution it will make to the worship of all.

The following services have been planned by general church officers of deep conviction and of wide experience. The suggestions should be given due consideration and used insofar as they fit local needs. Let the worship hour become a school of worship in which all who participate may gain spiritual vision, refreshment and power.

C. B. W.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1932

Theme: "The Church and Her Children"

Prelude: "Simple Confession," S. Thorne.

Call to Worship: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek of him; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to gaze upon the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple."

Hymn: "Rejoice Ye Pure in Heart," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 17.

Prayer: The first prayer of the service should be brief and earnest and should harmonize with the purpose of the service. If the one who is to offer this prayer is notified well in advance and reads through the order of service, it will be possible for him to enter into the spirit of the occasion and to bring the worshipers into the presence of Divinity.

Scripture Reading: Matthew 18: 1-5; 19: 13-15.

Seed Thoughts: Doctor G. Campbell Morgan tells us in one of his many books, of walking one day by the sea where the children were playing in the

sand. They were digging a hole with their little spades, and he stopped to ask them why. "We want to see if the sea can fill it," they replied. The children and the scholar watched together to see what would happen. The tide was coming in, and the waves—those white horses of the mighty deep—broke nearer and nearer. At last a great wave swept over the hole the children had dug, and rolled back into the sea. It was full to the brim, and the great unfathomed ocean lay behind it. So indeed does the love of God fill our lives to overflowing, and that which is left is like the immensity of the unmeasured sea. The greatest task of the church is to give to her children, young and old, a sense of the immensity of this love of God. With such an assurance deep down in our lives we may face the difficulties of study and education with confidence.

Hymn: "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 150.

Offering: Ever since we first came into the world we have found the love of God awaiting us. Shall we now present him the offerings of our love for him and for his work?

Hymn: "Just as I Am, Thine Own to Be," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 296.

Benediction: The benediction should not be very long. It should send the worshipers into their classes with a sense of the presence and affection of Divinity.

Classes.

NOTE: An alternate hymn which may be substituted for any of those suggested above, is "Let Them Come to Me," *Zion's Praises*, 108.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1932

Theme: "The Love of Truth."

Prelude: "Londonderry Air." (Also arranged as a vocal solo under the title of "Danny Boy.")

Call to Worship: "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently."

Hymn: "O God, Whose Presence Glows in All," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 73.

Prayer: The first prayer of the service should be brief and earnest and should harmonize with the purpose of the service. If the one who is to offer this prayer is notified well in advance and reads through the order of service, it will be possible for him to enter into the spirit of the occasion and to bring the worshipers into the presence of Divinity.

Scripture Reading: 2 Timothy 2: 15-26.

Seed Thought: No man loves God who does not also love the truth. "If truth be in the field," said Oliver Cromwell, "we shall do ill to doubt her." With Cromwell love of truth was part of his love for God. He knew that truth must prevail be-

cause it is supported by the very nature of God. Error contradicts itself, but truth has within itself the seeds of eternity.

It takes courage to seek the truth in all things. Many men have paid with their lives for our present knowledge of the truth in the field of science. Not a few have died broken-hearted after trying to awaken men to the truth of beauty. Many more have died to teach men the truth regarding God and his purposes for men and to incorporate these truths into human life.

At the head of this great list of heroes stands Jesus the Lord, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He is the Leader and the Inspiration of our love and search for truth. The courage and patience and confidence which he brought to the search for truth should inspire every one of his followers. All men who are sincerely motivated by love for truth are our comrades.

Hymn: "Spirit of God Descend Upon My Heart," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 198.

Offering: One of the great truths which the church teaches is that it is more blessed to give than to receive. It is now our privilege to grow in grace through sharing in the work of God. Our offerings will be accepted at this time.

Hymn: "Savior Teach Me Day by Day," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 338.

Benediction: The benediction should be quite brief. It should hold the worshipers in the presence of God while they await his good word, his benediction.

Classes.

NOTE: Optional hymns: "Jesus Calls Us," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 337, and "My Redeemer and My Lord," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 158.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1932

Theme: "Study and Faith."

Prelude: "Intermezzo," from "Cavaleria Rusticana."

Call to Worship: "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshiper shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him."

Hymn: "Take Time to Be Holy," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 322.

Scripture Reading: *Doctrine and Covenants* 85: 36.

Seed Thought: We have been admonished through modern revelation to seek learning by study and also by faith. Henry Drummond, one of the greatest influences in the English and Scotch universities in the nineties of the last century, said it was a sense of God in his life that did this thing for him. It translated his culture into spiritual power and moral passion and gave him new values with which to judge life. Doctor Grenfell told his friend, Doctor William C. Covert, as far back as 1905, that his university and professional experience took on a new meaning when he felt the demands of God in his life. Since that time Doctor Grenfell has been knighted by his king and is one of the best loved of all Englishmen. Alonzo

Stagg, the athletic coach, told two hundred young men at the dinner table in a parish house at Chicago that the same sense of divine impulsion and love had deeply influenced his life.

We may learn many things by using the intelligence which God has given us. But intelligence is not the only instrument of understanding. Affection is a great teacher. Awe, and its companion, humility, also teach us many things. We may learn in the place of worship as well as in the place of study. "Seek learning by study and also by faith," is excellent advice for the children of God. If we will follow it, the range of our understanding will be enlarged, that understanding will be well balanced, and it will tend to express itself in action. Study by itself leads to information. Study and faith will lead to service.

Hymn: "Go Not My Soul in Search of Him," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 310, or "O Word of God Incarnate," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 402.

Offering: "Freely ye have received, freely give. Every man according as he has purposed in his heart, so let him give: not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."

Hymn: "O Happy Is the Man Who Hears," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 94.

Benediction: A few brief words of thanksgiving, praise and dedication.

Classes.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1932

Theme: "Religious Education in the Home"

Prelude: "By the Sea," Schubert.

Call to Worship: My son, keep thy Father's commandments, and forsake not the law of thy mother; bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou wakest, it shall talk with thee. For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life.

Hymn: "I Love to Tell the Story," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 306.

Scripture Reading: Proverbs 4: 1-14.

Seed Thought: Among the stories of our childhood days is the story of "Sinbad the Sailor" on the Indian Ocean. Once his vessel was gradually drawn toward a magnetic rock in mid-ocean, lying concealed just beneath the surface; silently and gradually the bolts and rods of his vessel were drawn from it until of a sudden his vessel collapsed and precipitated the crew into the ocean and they sank to their watery grave with wreckage all around them. The magnetic rocks of unbelief and of humanly guided adventure have menaced our own ship of Zion. Faith and prayer and church attendance and Bible reading and mutual helpfulness are among the most important bolts and rods that brace our glorious ship against all storms and tides. These bolts are fashioned in the homes of the Saints. If they are strong, well shaped, and well

placed, we need have no fear. The "faith of our fathers" is not only the faith held by our remote ancestors, but it is also the faith held by the fathers and mothers of today and passed on to the fathers and mothers of tomorrow while they are yet members of the family circle.

Hymn: "This Life is a Garden," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 220.

Offering: May we in whose families the goodness of

God has wrought many wonders, express our appreciation in the offering which we shall now give for the work of God among all the families of men.

Hymn: "I Would Be True," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 294.

Benediction: A short prayer of thanksgiving for God's provision for our spiritual growth as a family.

Classes.

THE CHILDREN'S DIVISION

Worship Programs for September

Prepared by RICHARD and ALICE H. BALDWIN

THE FOLLOWING program suggestions should be used for the Junior Worship hour, either in a service where the children alone may be led and taught to worship, or occasionally in a service held in the main auditorium of the church with the adults as the children's guests. Do not permit the idea to develop that the children and adults can not or should not worship together. To be helpful any service must minister to our needs in terms that can be understood and appreciated. The whole purpose of Junior Worship is to provide for children a deeply reverent, uplifting worship experience in which they can intelligently participate.

The programs are suggestive only. They offer an excellent type of service and may be helpful as a guide and for source material. Use only such parts as seem best suited to your purposes, but see that you are really training young people to worship. You must feelingly, reverently worship with them and lead them to share the experience.

THEME FOR THE MONTH: "PREPARING FOR OUR WORK"

FIRST SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

Sacrament Sunday

It is suggested that the children meet with the adults for this Sunday, to participate with them in the Sacrament Service.

SECOND SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

Theme: "Religious Education in the Community."

Prelude.

Call to Worship (to be read in unison):

I will bless Jehovah at all times,
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
My soul shall make her boast in Jehovah.
The meek shall hear thereof and be glad.
Oh, Magnify Jehovah with me,
And let us exalt His name together.

—Psalm 34: 1-3.

Hymn of Praise: "Come Ye That Love the Lord," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 5.

Scripture Reading: Responsive.

Girls: The Spirit of the Lord Jehovah is upon me,

because Jehovah hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek;

Boys: He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

Girls: To proclaim the year of Jehovah's favor, and the day of the vengeance of our God;

Boys: To comfort all who mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion.

Girls: To give unto them a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;

Boys: That they may be called trees of righteousness, and planting of Jehovah, that he may be glorified. (Isaiah 61: 1-3.)

Girls: And Jesus came to them and spake unto them saying, All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth.

Boys: Go ye therefore, make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit;

Girls: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you;

Boys: And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. (Matthew 28: 18-20.)

Prayer.

Poem: "I Shot an Arrow Into the Air."

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—H. W. Longfellow.

Hymn: "I Love to Tell the Story," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 306.

Sermon: We should be able to tell the story of the beginning of our church to our neighbors. We should invite our playmates to come to our church school and church. Many boys and girls have been real missionaries in their communities. We can pass tracts, announcements of special meetings, etc.

Christ believed in telling the Gospel story, even if it were to only one woman. (Tell the story as found in the fourth chapter of Saint John, verses 1-30.) We, too, can tell the story to at least one.

Andrew tried to convert Peter, his brother. He succeeded in bringing him to Jesus, and Peter became a follower and a disciple. (The story is found in Saint John 1: 40-42.) Afterwards Peter preached and converted three thousand. (Acts 2: 1-47. This chapter is too lengthy to read, but portions of it could be read, and the rest of the story of the day of Pentecost may be told.) We do not know how much good we may do by telling the story to just one of our comrades. They also may join the church and become a great missionary and convert thousands.

Philip had a dear friend and he desired him to become a follower of Jesus Christ. His name was Nathanael. He became one of Christ's apostles, and a mighty worker. If Philip hadn't been interested in his friend, Nathanael might never have learned of the Gospel.

Many of us have relatives or friends in other cities, and while these may not be members of our own community, yet there may be a church where they live. You remember in the first Junior Quarterly of this year Miss Weber has told us how the book of Luke came to be written. She says, "It happened that Luke had a friend named Theophilus. Luke had heard the beautiful story of Jesus from the lips of Paul and other missionaries, and he thought that his friend Theophilus would be interested in the story. Luke read the book of Mark, but he realized that as the story of Jesus was there told it would not interest his friend. He read the book of Matthew and he thought that had been written for the Jews, for it contained many references to the history of their nations. Theophilus was not a Jew, and he would not be interested in Matthew's story. He wanted his friend to know the story of Jesus, so he undertook to write another story of the life of Jesus in a way that he knew would interest his friend. Turn to Luke 1: 1-4 and read how Luke introduces his story to his friend Theophilus."

The children should be taught that their example will count as Religious Education in their community. Our sermon has been of the effect that may come from the *telling* of the Gospel, but we must not forget that the *living* will count for the most of all.

Closing Thought (to be read in unison):

I can not speak to crowds, I can speak to one
And tell them what for me the Lord hath done.
If 'mid the ones and twos my work shall be
Gladly will I fulfill this ministry.

Hymn: "I Would Be True," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 294.

Closing Prayer:

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true
And know that all I'd do for you
Must needs be done for others.

—C. D. Meigs.

THIRD SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

Theme: "Religious Education in the Home"

Prelude:

Opening Hymn: "Father We Thank Thee," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 38.

Silent Prayer: (While the children bow their heads, the leader will suggest at intervals the following prayer themes, and the children will pray silently.)

Let us Pray:

Thank God for the life He has given us,
(Period of Silence.)

For our mothers and fathers who love us,
(Period of Silence.)

For our good homes,
(Silence.)

For our food and clothing.
(Silence.)

May love be always in our homes.
(Silence.)

We will be helpful and kind to all in our homes.
(Silence.)

Instrumental Solo: "Home, Sweet Home."

Story: "Jesus Among His Friends," *Knights of Service*, by Bradshaw, page 54.

Hymn: "Lord, for Tomorrow and Its Needs," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 276.

Instead of the usual sermon where the leader does all the talking, make the sermon live this morning by having the children participate in a sort of program. Ask them to tell how we gain our religious education in our homes. Undoubtedly the first answer will be "Through reading." Music, pictures, prayer, etc., will be mentioned. We will take these four factors as a basis for the program.

Books

Tell the history of the "Book of Books." How it was written at first, how compiled, its translation, the "Inspired Version," and any interesting and instructive facts you may desire to impart.

The story of the compilation of the *Book of Mormon* may be told in the same manner.

Sing one verse of "Book of Mormon," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 403.

Tell now the history and use of the *Doctrine and*

Covenants. Be sure that these three books have a prominent place on the pulpit or table.

All good books. A little talk on the care of a book would be appropriate. How to open a book. Care of hands, always wash before reading. Effect of exposure to rain, snow or dew. Dropping breaks the back. Do not leave open, face down. Do not put other books on while it is open. Do not turn down corners. Do not moisten the fingers when turning pages. Do not mark on books. Do not tear pages. Do not allow children to play with books.

Music

Have the children tell you how music can be termed Religious Education. Have a good reader read how the Lord commanded us to cultivate the gift of music. (*Doctrine and Covenants* 119: 6.) Two of the granddaughters of Joseph Smith have written a beautiful hymn, "One Day When Fell the Spirit's Whisper." All sing hymn number 1 in the new *Saints' Hymnal*.

Prayer

Every home should have a Family Altar. Every child should learn to pray. Analyze the Lord's Prayer.

Hymn: "Ere You Left Your Room This Morning," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 327.

Pictures

We should have good pictures in our homes. The story of any picture you may have may be told, either by yourself or one of the Juniors. We suggest that the picture of "The Angelus" be used as follows:

Show a picture of "The Angelus." This was painted by Jean Francois Millet, himself a peasant. He loved to paint pictures of the life with which he was familiar. This man and woman have stooped to bow their heads in prayer at the tolling of the angelus in the distant church.

A boy and girl may pose the picture, and remain as a tableau while the following is read:

Hark the vesper bell is tolling
Out the knell of parting day,
Nearer yet and nearer pealing
Soft it echoes far away.
Once again the sweet bell ringing,
Louder still the music swells,
Every head is bowed in reverence,
At the call of vesper bells.

Closing Hymn: "Heavenly Father, Grant Thy Blessing," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 86. (Verses 1 and 2.)
Benediction.

FOURTH SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

Theme: "Religious Education in the Church."
Pressing On!

Prelude.

Call to Worship (Read in Unison):

O Thou whose feet have climbed life's hill,
And trod the path of youth,
Our Savior and our Brother still,
Now lead us into truth.
Who learn of thee, the truth shall find;
Who follow, gain the goal;
With reverence crown the earnest mind,
And speak within the soul.

Hymn: "I'm Pressing On," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 241.

Scripture Reading: Philippians 3: 13-16.

Poem: "Forward Be Our Watchword."

Forward be our watchword, steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us, not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar at our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking, by our Captain led?

Far o'er yon horizon rise the city towers
Where our God abideth; that fair home is ours.
Flash the streets with jasper, shine the gates with gold,
Flows the gladdening river, shedding joys untold.

Thither, onward thither, in the spirit's might,
Pilgrims to your country, forward into light.
Prayer.

Hymn: "Fight the Good Fight," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 208. (Verses 1, 2.)

Sermon: "Today is designated by the General Officers as Promotion Day in the Church School. No doubt there have been promotion exercises in your church school hour. Hence we have chosen to enlarge upon the theme for our Junior Worship, and a sermon on "Pressing On" will be appropriate.

Since September 21 was the date when Joseph Smith received his three visions it might be well to call attention to this beautiful and inspiring story. It is found in *Church History*, volume 1, pages 12 and 13. Special emphasis should be placed upon the fact that God said He had a work for Joseph to do. It is by growing and developing that God can use us, too, in His great work. We must press on in the year that is before us, studying our new quarterlies faithfully, so that when promotion day comes again, we shall find that we have learned a great deal.

Closing Hymn: "O Lord, Thy Benediction Give," new *Saints' Hymnal*, 84.

Benediction.



Self-help

I learned that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man.—*Pestalozzi*.

What I am I have made myself.—*Humphry Davy*.

Be sure, my son, and remember that the best men always make themselves.—*Patrick Henry*.

