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The Nomads

By May Elliott

I.

Commencement Dreams

LOUISA MILLER stood behind one of the curtains of the little theater and glanced cautiously about over the gathering audience. It was a large crowd, and she knew most of the people. Laboriously Aunt Bashy was settling her two hundred pounds of flesh beside thin old Uncle Alex. According to previous plans, Louisa's mother, grandfather, and younger brothers and sisters should have come in with them. She frowned. Perhaps grandfather was having another bad spell with his heart.

Suddenly she was conscious that she was not alone in the little curtained alcove.

"Do you know," a man's voice said softly, "you are like a Vestal Virgin in that snowy dress."

She laughed. "I wish you wouldn't steal up on me and say such startling things, Robert. You see, I—"

"And I wish you wouldn't laugh at me, Louisa." He seized her hand and ardently held it in both his hands.

"You can't know how much more deeply my heart feels than my mouth can speak. Words cannot tell all the depths of feeling I have for you! Your face is before me always in imagination—all my ambitions, desires, and hopes are centered on you."

She studied him a moment. He was tall, dark, handsome, and his black eyes glowed with a worship that proved his words true. Why could she not respond to his love? Surely there was never a more perfect lover, never one whose voice and actions could more nearly satisfy the romantic longings of a girl's soul. But there was something about him—

"Now that we are through school, Louisa, and neither of us can go to college, can't we come to an understanding? I have a position, Louisa—one I think you'd like—I mean you'd like to share it with me. I was in Chicago last summer, working during the holidays—do you remember?"

LOUISA NODDED.

"Well, while I was there I became acquainted with a very interesting and rich old gentleman who seemed to take a fancy to me. He has been doing research work in psychology, and wants to continue his studies in a more practical manner. He wants two or three young couples to associate with him in the project. His idea is to study human relationships and emotions, the primitive

as contrasted with the modern. He wants me to get married and go with him to the Society Islands. Wouldn't that be wonderful for a honeymoon trip? It also gives me a chance to become famous, perhaps even wealthy. The old man says our discoveries might revolutionize things. That's just what I want—a big thing to work for—to give my life to. Remember that song my mother used to sing before she died?"

She nodded again. In imagination she could see again distinctly—a little thin woman, with unsatisfied, questioning eyes like her son's. She could hear once more the words of that oft-repeated song that was somehow beautiful in spite of the huskiness of the singer's voice. Perhaps it was impregnated with beauty because of the intensity of the faith and hope she had for her son. Robert quoted it now, softly:

"Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,

Onward,' the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king,
Over the sea to Skye."

"You can be a king, too, Robert, if you only try,' she would say to me, again and again. 'You must make something big of your life.' And that's what I want to do, Louisa. Something big and fine that will make my name famous and for which people will want always to remember me. There is something inspiring about you—something that makes me want to do my best in everything. With you near me, loving me, I could beat the whole world if it were against me. I could accomplish—"

"Please, Robert—I can't let you go on like this. We've been good friends, and I like you—I don't want to hurt you—but I'm afraid I can never fulfill your dream. You will find someone else—"

"Is it—is it because my mother died of tuberculosis? Dearest, I could have a physical examination every once in a while—I promise not to endanger you in any way."

She laughed wildly. "No, no. It's nothing like that! I'm not in love with you, Robert. I'm sorry, but you made me say it."

He spoke in a low, tense voice: "Tell me please, won't you—answer this question—do you care for anyone? Or is it just that you have not thought of love? Dear, tell me—"

A BLAST FROM A HORN, violins scraping tentatively, then the first strains of the number calling the classes to line up for marching to their

places on the stage. Much relieved, Louisa seized upon this interruption as an excuse to escape quickly from the emotional interview.

The theater was brilliantly lighted, and had been decorated with flowers from gardens, wild flowers from the woods, and ferns from Monroe's only greenhouse until it was a bit of fairyland come true. The people, too, were in gala attire. There was a breathless expectancy in the air. At one side of the stage, behind a great bank of lilies of the valley, the class flower of the high school graduates, sat the orchestras of college and high school. Above in huge letters made of pasteboard and twined about with waxy blossoms, swung the motto of the college:

"You can if you think you can."

The school-board members and the mayor and Baptist minister occupied a row of seats near the front of the stage; behind a small table sat Professor Laird, the superintendent of schools, and Professor Stow, the speaker of the evening.

But Louisa saw all this only dreamily, for in all that crowd of people only one seemed real to her. Was there not something occultly prophetic in the fact that they were seated together, and that their names had been printed together in the little program?

"First honors in scholarship: High school—Louisa Velora Miller. College—Daniel John Eldon."

The high school quartet sang the song beginning: "Winds of night around us sighing, in the elm trees murmur low, in the elm trees murmur low—"

They inserted the name of their own town, Monroe, instead of the "Yale," and although the word of two syllables seemed strange in places through the song, it gave Louisa a shivery feeling of sorrow that something beautiful was finished, dead; the whole past of her seventeen years of life seemed full of a corpse-like loveliness about to be buried under a great mound of fragrant lilies. The future she contemplated with a sigh. If only Dan could love her! She had loved him for a long time, but no one else knew that. For a long while she had continued attending the little Latter Day Saint Sunday School, not because religion of any kind appealed to her, but because Dan went, and she wanted to be near him.

DAN was tall, not so good-looking as Robert in some ways, but he had a strength, both physical and spiritual, that Robert would never have—that

few ever attain. His clear blue eyes were honest, his speech and actions rather slow and careful. She recalled the words the class put under his picture in the high school yearbook: "Quiet, reserved, and faithful to his work." Faithful? Dan would always be faithful, she felt, to what he believed was right. But she must quit thinking of Dan, and listen to the speaker. If one of grandfather's sick spells had kept him and her mother from coming they would want her to tell them what this learned professor said. She forced her mind to dwell upon his words:

"... Why I took this class motto for a sort of text tonight. For, my dear young people, you actually *can* if you think you can. Not a young graduate under the sound of my voice but can make a success of his life if he but has the proper mental attitude and stick-to-it-iveness to win over obstacles. Are you satisfied with a five-thousand-dollar income? You will doubtless be a five-thousand-dollar-a-year man. But you might just as well set your mark higher. You might just as well—"

Louisa glanced at Dan. How was he taking this materialistic view of success? Not very well, she feared. Dan was too much of an idealist. That was his one fault—too much religion. Well, she could soon cure him of that, once she was his wife. She would show him such a good time, be so jolly—life would be one long dream of happiness, one great—but where were her thoughts again?

"... And I tell you, young people, we in 1919 must rise above the superstitions and traditions of the past. Don't be afraid to pioneer, to reach out for new things. Don't be afraid to let go of old things. Just because—"

COULD she listen to this all evening? Would the man never get through? But the hour finally passed, and Professor Laird gave the class a brief word of farewell. There was some advice about making friends of good books, and making noble thoughts their companions. "There is a great deal of truth in yon motto," he said, "but if some unforeseen circumstance prevents any one of you from accomplishing the thing he thinks he can do, I hope you will be successful in this thing anyway: I hope you will at least have achieved a good character. If you have that, you will find success is possible even without much money. You will find—"

"Oh, well," mused Louisa, "of course Professor Laird would talk that way. He is a remnant of the past himself, and full of old traditions and superstitions. Dear old Laird!" But it really mattered very little to her what anyone said. All she wanted was to get through and go home. She had a feeling that something big and important was going to happen to her yet tonight. Dan had smiled at

her twice and she was quite sure there was an extraordinary amount of something akin to tenderness in his eyes.

It was finally all over and Dan had whispered, just as she had felt he would: "May I walk home with you tonight, Louisa?"

"Surely, Dan," she answered casually, "and let's go quickly." They escaped through a rear door before the crowd had begun to congratulate the young graduates, and Louisa breathed deeply of the fresh, cool air.

"You'll wonder why I wanted to go so soon, Dan," she said, "but it really was hot in there, and so many flowers made the air almost too heavy with perfume—it made me feel faint."

If Robert had been walking with her, he would have said: "That's the way it affects me to be with you. Your sweetness simply engulfs me—" but Dan, a bit awkward and shy, walked silently beside her.

"I'll just have to ask her, that's all," he was thinking. "I simply can't go through life without her. To be sure, she doesn't belong to the church, but she must be interested or she wouldn't go so much. I think I can soon convert her to the advisability of joining. She is so good—"

Aloud, he said: "Louisa, how does one—I mean, I wonder how a young chap goes about it to ask a girl to marry him?"

"Never having been in the situation of wanting to ask a girl to marry me. I'm sure I can't give you any sage advice. Who is the lucky girl, Dan?"

"Please, Louisa—don't joke with me—it's, it's—"

There was a brief silence.

"How did you like the speech tonight, Dan?" Louisa tried to keep her voice from betraying the tremulous state of her feelings.

"Oh," the young fellow spoke stiffly, "I liked Professor Laird's talk best."

Laughing a little, Louisa returned, "You would, Dan. But you have to remember he's old, and has been brought up under old-fashioned superstitions and traditions. It's like the other man said, we have to let go of those old things. You take religion, now—you simply can't let yourself take it too seriously—a little may be all right, but to specialize in it would spoil your life. I want a little fun in my life. I want happiness," she passionately declared. "Is that too much to ask of life, Dan? Why shouldn't I be happy?"

"I hope you will be, Louisa," Dan said it solemnly. They had passed a bright street light and were quite hidden in the shadows of a big oak tree, at the corner of Louisa's home. "You asked me who the girl was I had in mind. I don't know whether I ought to tell you or not—we seem to feel so differently about things, and maybe even if you do love me, I couldn't—couldn't make you happy."

"You mean—I am the one, Dan?"

SOMETHING in her tone gave him the answer he wanted, for he took her gently in his arms and kissed her forehead.

"I am glad that you love me," he said, but there was a hesitancy in both word and act, an air of abstraction, as though his real thoughts were elsewhere. Louisa drew back, and they stood silently looking at each other.

"I think—think we can make a success of life together," Dan said finally. "You are so beautifully good, and so reasonable, and I'll try to do my part—I'll always be true to you, Louisa." He kissed her forehead again, and then slipped away down the street, head bowed, a something gone out of his step, a something in his whole attitude that seemed to tell her he had just made a great sacrifice. There was no use to deceive herself; Dan was not very happy—or maybe it was just his peculiar unexpressiveness asserting itself. She encouraged herself to think so for a moment and then leaned up against the great oak and burst into tears.

"To think of the nice, interesting boys that have fallen in love with me, and were delighted if I'd even talk with them—then I have to fall in love with an old lunatic like Dan—" She fought her tears, brushing them away fiercely. She must let the wind cool her face before she went into the house. She did not want to talk to her mother tonight, and her mother would be sure to notice if she appeared the least bit unnatural.

SHE FORCED HERSELF to think of other things. The evening had really been a glorious climax to the four years of study she had just completed. She had felt the admiring glances of many in the audience and knew that some people were talking of how rare a thing it was for so much beauty and brains to be bestowed upon one person. She knew that her features were lovely even when she arranged her hair very simply; that her eyes were brown and clear with soft, alluring shadows in them. Her school record indicated that she possessed more than average intelligence. The thought comforted her. Could not a person so liberally endowed with good gifts, have what she wanted from life? She tossed her head, smiled, and started briskly up the long path, to the house.

"Wait, Lou," a voice called. It was Aunt Bashy, struggling up the little hill, poor old Uncle Alex trying with all his feeble strength to assist her. Louisa ran back and offered her young, strong arm gladly. She didn't especially like Aunt Bashy, but she was sorry for her.

"Oh, dear—dear me," panted the old lady, "let me rest just a minute. It takes me a long time to climb a hill. What was you doin', Lou, leaning against that oak? Cryin'? I have an idee that life seems kind of confused like, jist now, don't it? But don't you

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"HEAR YE HIM"

(Continued from page 838.)

couraged to go any farther, I went on a few hundred feet and then I would call him and he would hear my voice and would come to where I was. Then I would go on a little farther and again he would hear my voice and come, and so presently we reached the top of the mountain, both of us.

"HEAR YE HIM"

Now, remember, no matter how dark the day may become or how hedged about with obstacles in the road we must traverse, if we will stop and pray and listen we will hear the voice of our Master and it always calls us to higher ground, and if we seek higher ground always, eventually we will reach our goal.

It is my fortune to preach the last sermon of the conference and I take this occasion to bid you all God speed as you go to your homes and to put upon you the admonition to carry with joy to those who were not so fortunate as to be here the spirit of this conference, and to learn, wherever you are, the Godly task of living together. You can have the spirit of Zion wherever you live. May God speed the time when we shall not need to part and go to distant homes, but may be a gathered people under his light, and all of us hearing his voice.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 842.)

fret, honey; when you've been all through the mill and gotten where I am, you'll be satisfied and thankful if you can get three good meals a day. You won't worry—"

"Oh, but modern women don't give way to old age as they used to, Aunt Bashy. I don't intend to let the years take away my beauty and—"

"You can't help it very well, Lou," chuckled Aunt Bashy; "the years go whether we want them to or not." She sighed. "Jist this afternoon your grandfather was sayin', he says, 'Lou is a perfect beauty—jist the image of what you used to be, Bashy.' I've come a long way, but we all go the same road."

Louisa shivered. Could life possibly hold such an inglorious finale for her? She shook her head as though to rid herself of the terrible idea. Science was continually making new and startling discoveries; there would be something to disprove her youth; it would last a long time—

They heard the door of the house swing violently open, a long stream of light from the doorway shot down toward them, illuminating the little flower-bordered path, and Dave, one of the younger boys, came running wildly, crying.

"It's grandfather!" he gasped. "I'm going for the doctor. He hasn't been feeling well all evening, you know, and he just suddenly fell from his chair! Mama thinks he's dead!"

(To be continued.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM LEWIS

(Continued from page 840.)

We had to enter the loft from the top of the cave on the outside.

During the wet spell, I carried all the clothing up to the loft and slept there. In the meantime I dug a ditch to let the water out of the place.

One night after I had gone to bed, I heard a strange noise between the box and side of the house. I got the lamp and looked. A big bull-snake was trying to get through the narrow space between the box and wall. I killed it, threw it out, and again retired. After lying down a few minutes, I heard another noise similar to the first. "Well, well," I thought, "has that snake come to life and come back?" Soon I found that it was not the same but a second snake, about the size of the other, its mate, no doubt.

(To be continued.)

BUILDING THE WORLD SOCIETY

(Continued from page 836.)

of the misunderstandings and fatigue of a very human group of men then in charge of foreign affairs in every country, men paralyzed by fear and by a lack of adequate information about happenings in other countries.

But learned discussions about the rights of sovereignty, etc., will not do much for the average man. This building for world understanding and world cooperation affects every one of us. It is the process which will control the lives of our children. Without becoming experts on international procedure we must nevertheless do all in our power to aid the movement toward common understanding and wider freedom. What can we do?

FIRST, we must accept responsibility for our part of the total movement.

We shall not drift into the millennium. Deity will not compel us to build Utopia. We ourselves must learn to live with discrimination, following the good and combating the evil. International ideals, whether expressed in law or lying fluid in public sentiment, says John M. Mecklin, are the result of the slow habituation of the thought of the average man under the discipline of his own national institutions. Men who love peace and pursue it are the products of social institutions which encourage peace, and we must build such institutions. We must accept our share of responsibility by surrounding ourselves by stable inducements to larger thought and action. Pulpit, press, and platform must combine to encourage the international attitude, and they must do it because of the will-to-peace which they find meeting their message.

All this means the participation of decent and clear-visioned men and women in the business of government. The world state is not likely to spring into

being through neglect of the national or local governmental processes. Our immediate concerns must be conducted in the spirit and hope of the larger goal. From these smaller units must come the leaders of the international groups. In these smaller units, justice and equity must become realities, and from them they must stretch across the seas which now divide.

And, finally, we must learn to feel this thing deeply. Most of us lack capacity for sustained eagerness for the best. We pursue our own immediate ends, catch a momentary glimpse of a better order and are deeply stirred, then we turn again to the pettiness of selfish individualism. We are likely to continue this unless somehow we can be made to feel the overwhelming importance of the coming age of cooperation. God grant us the inspired imagination to see the World State at our doors, and the courage to work that our vision may come true.

The Camouflage of Words

By H. E. Depew

So many people who profess
To live fine lives, that they may bless
The hopes of others with some light,
Are often far from being right;
They make long speeches, so sincere,
For all the other folks to hear—
But down beneath that surface coat
Are many things they fail to note.

How oft in solemn meetings these
Proclaim aloud from bended knees
Such long, and weighty, prayers that we
Forget, perhaps, to look to see
The life that truly these display
While doing tasks from day to day.
Fine speech, just now, may hide dark
sins,—

Until the Judgment Day begins.

'Tis not the voice that's raised in songs
That should be taken by the throngs
To indicate the life one lives,
Or what one thinks, or does, or gives;
For wealth of words can be obtained
Regardless of the progress gained:
And so it's well to wait and see
How near one's words his life will be.

I've found that many good, true souls,
Whose lives are nearest to the goals
That must be gained to earn a crown,
Are apt to be without renown;
Because these quiet, earnest ones
Won't seek their places in the sun's
Bright rays, but choose to sow their
seeds
Of good by ever doing deeds.

So, next time someone starts a song,
Or speaks, or prays, too loud and long,
Just look beyond to see how far
Astray that life's real actions are.
'Tis nice to voice one's feelings real,
But never should that oral zeal
Become so false, and far astray,
As to condemn that soul some day.

The Nomads

By May Elliott

II.

Time of Choosing

LOUISA would have been quite comforted concerning Dan could she have heard the conversation between him and his parents when he arrived at his home that night.

His father was reading the Bible near the table in the big kitchen and his mother was stirring up yeast sponge for the morrow's baking. Mr. Eldon looked up as Dan entered, and closed the book. He seemed worried.

"Someone said you'd gone home with Louisa Miller, Dan."

"That was true."

"I didn't know you were even interested in girls, Dan," put in his mother. "Your father and I were intending to send you to the University of Chicago if some of his business deals turn out right. Only two years and you'd have your B. A. degree."

"Yes, mother, I know. But we aren't at all sure those deals will turn out right. Father spoke to me once, some time ago—said I could make a pretty good living by helping him. I—Louisa is a fine girl—the best there is."

"I know, my boy, she is a fine girl. But have you thought of this? She doesn't belong to the church—"

"I haven't thought of anything else all evening," Dan laughed a bit ruefully. "It rather spoiled things for me. I'd start to say something and it seemed like my mind would continually think on that statement that Brother Teasdale made when he confirmed me a member of the church: 'You have a work to do, if you are humble and faithful.' And I kept wondering whether she would be willing to let me do it or not. But I finally let her know how I feel—I can't live without her. She loves me, too—and I really should be very happy. Everybody thinks she's wonderful and I feel, for my part, that there never will be anybody quite so fine."

"She is fine, too, Dan," his father huskily answered, "and I'm sure we want you to be happy. But you're both pretty young—"

"I know I love her, father. I never will feel differently. It seems queer she couldn't have been a member. Her folks belong to the church. And she—"

"And she would have belonged," interrupted his mother, "if it hadn't been for a statement her own mother made. Mrs. Miller and I were talking together one time—it was when Louisa was only nine years old, and we mentioned that some-

one was going to be baptized the next Sunday. Louisa spoke up and said: 'I'd like to be baptized myself if I wasn't just a little afraid of the water.' And Mrs. Miller, busy all the time with her sewing, said briskly: 'Well, I'm not very anxious to have my children baptized when they're so little. They really don't know what they're doing when they're so small. Louisa only needed a bit of encouragement, and Mrs. Miller turned events in the wrong direction. She works too hard—puts her whole mind on things of this earth. If she'd take a little time to read the church books—'

"But you see, mother," Dan said, smiling, "Louisa can't be much prejudiced against the church. She is so good—"

"Yes—but I've taught her in Sunday school for the last few months and I know her mind isn't on religion. She steels herself against believing in anything. Of course it may be just a youthful pose. I don't know. It's hard to tell sometimes, just how a young person really feels." She paused, set the crock of sponge on the warming oven, and then continued, grimly: "Mrs. Miller probably sees she's made a mistake by this time—"

"Well, mother," Dan's father interrupted, with a sigh, "We've not much right to criticize Sister Miller. We've made our own mistakes. Remember when Brother Teasdale came back from Lamoni seven years ago? He said there was a good opportunity there for a man in my line of work, but I investigated and found I couldn't make quite so much money, so I stayed here." His voice betrayed deep emotion as he continued: "Dan could have graduated from Grace-land tonight, mother. He could have grown up among Latter Day Saint young people. Sister Miller didn't believe firmly enough in the gospel to have the children baptized, and I didn't believe firmly enough in the gathering to move my family to one of the center places when I had a chance. My mistake was as great as hers, perhaps. The gathering—baptism—they're both in the law, mother, and so I think—"

THE TELEPHONE rang loudly. Mrs. Eldon took down the receiver.

"Hello. Yes, this is Mrs. Eldon. He—what? When? Now, Louisa, don't you worry—we'll be right over."

"Old Brother Larson passed away tonight," she told them. "Louisa, that poor child—sounded like she'd been crying herself sick—she wants us to come over if we can—says her mother sits so quiet and white, she's afraid—and Aunt

Bashy—we all know what a total loss she is in an emergency—"

Dan was already out of the door, Mr. Eldon went to get his hat and coat, and his wife got a cake from the pantry and some other supplies to lighten the work of the other home during the period of stress before it.

When they arrived at the Millers, Louisa was crying on Dan's shoulder. Her mother simply sat by the old man's side, absolutely immobile, her face white and expressionless. Mrs. Eldon knew now why Louisa had been so worried about her mother. It was not altogether the fact that she had the peculiar vacant expression on her face, nor that she sat so still; it was because she was not working. In all the years Mrs. Eldon had known her, she had never seen those hands quiet until now. Even in church she resorted to crochet or tatting. The people were used to her and did not consider shocking what in another world had seemed a serious misdemeanor.

MRS. ELDON was one of those efficient, motherly women who naturally take charge of difficult situations and rejoice in helping others, and Louisa found herself upstairs in her own room almost before she was aware of it. But she couldn't go to bed. She had to pace the floor, to think. Her grief about her grandfather was deep and sincere; but all the stress of the evening taken together had been almost too much for her. Youth, romance, disappointment, old age and death. Joys, thrills, gossamerlike dreams, vague regrets, sorrow. She felt smothered under the series of conflicting emotions.

Opening the window she leaned far out in the starlight breathing deeply of the spring freshness. Below on the little well-kept lawn, flowers blossomed, and the dark spots nearest the white wall she knew were half-opened roses, velvety and blood red. Above, were infinity and the stars. Was there a God up there, somewhere, ordering the wonderfully timed march of the planets and the earth? She recalled a poem they had memorized while in the second year of high school:

"He who from zone to zone,

Guides through the boundless air thy certain flight,

In the long way that I must tread alone,

Will guide my steps aright."

Impatiently she slammed the window tightly shut as if to exclude infinity. She might as well be honest with her-

self. She didn't really want to believe in God. Because if you really believed in him you would have to give up everything in this world and follow where he led you, and if you weren't gifted with dreams and visions of your own you'd have to take somebody else's word for the mind of that God. Passionately she shook her head.

PICKING UP the little hand mirror on her dresser she studied her face carefully. Was she more like Venus or Psyche? She laid the small mirror down and gyrated slowly before the larger one. In her softly clinging nightgown all the lovely curves of her body were alluringly visible. She had the strength of Venus, she decided, but her face was more softly feminine in its beauty—more soulful, like Psyche's.

She remembered overhearing one of the teachers say once: "That Louisa Miller could be an empress, with her beauty her queenly poise, and her quick wit." And yet she was not particularly proud of her gifts, only rejoiced in them. These things meant she could have what she wanted in life. She had tried their power before; what she had accomplished with a well directed glance of her expressive eyes, a well-taken pose of her body, a bit of judicious acting, she could accomplish again. She wanted her life to be rich, and full of contrast—like the red velvet rose against the white wall of the cottage, scarlet wine in an earthen beer stein, or blood on snow. Her life must be thrilling, full of action and graceful movement.

But these weapons of hers belonged to youth. Would she grow old? Sometime in the dim future would death come? She could remember her grandfather before old age settled upon him, his step brisk, his voice lively and gay. But science really was doing such marvelous things—you could expect almost any miracle now. Certain terrible diseases had been conquered, new inventions—why, there was that wonderful new thing called radio, where people could actually talk over the air. Sometime in her own life someone of these wonderful men would find the mysterious reason for life—bring back the mischievous Loki who had stolen the golden apples of youth away from this beautiful Valhala of a world.

She paced the room nervously, and felt she could never sleep. Should she read? Nothing to read in her room, and she couldn't bear to go downstairs again; her loneliness would be too intolerable with all the sorrow down there. Wait. Those old books her mother had put in a box in her closet, perhaps—

THE BOX was soon dragged forth and the lid opened revealing its contents. She loved the musty smell of old books and her fingers lifted them almost reverently. There was an ancient, battered diary that had been grand-

father's—she couldn't bear to look at that; a book of poetry—

She opened that. You often found inspiration and courage in poems.

"Does the journey take the livelong day?"

From morning till night, my friend.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end."

"Good grief!" she flipped the page over.

"This life is full of numbness, and of balk."

She threw the book down in disgust. "No wonder mama junked that."

Here was an interesting book with one flexible cover gone. The *Book of Mormon*. She opened it idly. Dan believed in this. And just to think, if she hadn't had such a sensible mother, she would have been baptized, too, in which case she would have owed it to herself to read that book. Just how firmly did Dan believe it? She had forgotten what it was all about, but she had heard quite often that there was no evil in it. No harm to read a bit.

"But behold, this my joy was vain, for their sorrowing was not unto repentance, because of the goodness of God, but it was rather the sorrowing of the damned, because the Lord would not always suffer them to take happiness in sin."

"Good grief!" she said to herself again and chucked the book back into the box. Then, suddenly feeling very small and tired and alone, she crept between the sheets and cried herself to sleep.

Morning, however, found her brightly rested, and there was much for her to do. Her mother was still engulfed in that trancelike sorrow that had held her so quiet the night before. Louisa, with the help of Mrs. Eldon and Dan, did all the necessary work and attended to all the funeral arrangements. Robert Garfield came too, along with many others, expressing his sympathy in a few well-chosen words. He had called to her as she had stepped out on the lawn for a moment of rest. But he was not thinking so much upon her sorrow as upon himself, of that Louisa felt sure. For he launched right out in a discussion of his plans. He showed her a letter he had just received from Professor Hunt.

She took it, feigning an interest she did not feel.

"Mr. Robert Garfield, Esquire,
"Monroe, Iowa.

"Dear Robert: Well, my boy, I have almost completed arrangements for our futures. I mean, I have them thought out in my own mind, and that is half the battle, you know. Money and a little effort will do the rest. Now can you marry that little girl you said you thought so much of, and be ready to sail about the end of the month? It will not take long for me to finish my work here. I have even had a very encouraging talk

with a big publisher here who will publish the results of our combined researches gladly if we can make them interesting enough. And we can—we can! For we are hunting for truth, my boy—we are going to leave all our legends and traditions behind us, and there is no doubt but that we will succeed in doing a great work.

"The Society Islands are beautifully romantic—you will be asked to do no hard work I am told—the climate is delightful, and I think it should appeal to that sweetheart about whom you told me. I am in haste now. Please answer by return mail.

"Sincerely yours,

"Darwin W. Hunt."

"Well, you know who the girl is," Robert said when she had finished reading.

"Yes—but I'm afraid I shall have to disappoint you. I am already engaged."

"To Dan Eldon? That moving petrified rock! I thought so. But he'll never move far away from his old home town. And you'll simply be another Mrs. Eldon like his mother—sort of second class leader of small town society. Dan isn't the type to do anything big and startling."

"He thinks of somebody besides himself, anyway," Louisa blazed. "He's not a bit selfish!"

"Meaning I am. You have me sized up wrongly, but I suppose it makes little difference now. You're not the only girl in the world. I am bitterly disappointed of course, because I really—you are the only girl I ever can love. You are so queenly in your bearing, and so beautiful—and I mean to be a king among men—a new kind of king to be sure, but still a king. There is another girl I can get—met her in Chicago. She's sort of beautiful, too, but cheap, an imitation. Not a very good reputation, but old Hunt wanted me to marry her in the first place. She's a type he wants to study."

"But—but that would be terrible, Robert. You—you don't love her. I—it seems—"

He laughed darkly. "What's the difference? I can't have the one I love."

"Ah, but you will get over loving me. You will meet someone else sometime, and then you'll feel you should have waited, your life will be a tragedy. Oh, Robert—"

"If that ever happens, I can get a divorce, can't I? The idea that marriage is for life is just based on old traditions which in turn were based on the Bible and things like that. And what's the Bible? Just a bunch of old legends. We're going to get away from all that. We're going to build up a new code of ethics based on natural scientific living and common sense. Louisa! What if you do love Dan? He has no ambitions, to speak of. He'll never give you the beautiful things you ought to have. You'll never have any of the thrills that come from doing big things. You could

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the next chapter we read: "For this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." (4: 6.) I am reading from the regular Authorized Version of the Bible. Now observe particularly the language: "Christ after being put to death in the flesh and quickened by the Spirit, went and preached to the spirits in prison." It is stated who these were: "Which sometime were disobedient when once the longsuffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water." The language is explicit relating to Christ: "he went and preached unto the spirits in prison." The word "preach" in the Scriptures is associated with the gospel—what Christ preached to the spirits in prison was the gospel.

I do not wish to be understood as teaching or suggesting that in the spirit world there is a second chance to accept the gospel and be saved in celestial glory for those who after a full opportunity have refused the gospel in this life. There will be degrees of glory among the resurrected dead, for it is written: "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead." (1 Corinthians 15: 41, 42.)

It would seem that due to the advance iniquitous environments of the antediluvian world, affecting the children and all, nothing remained to be done but remove them by the flood, as nothing could be made out of them in this life. To the spirits of these was the gospel preached by Christ, himself, that they "might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit."

The day is coming when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God and shall come forth, "they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." (John 5: 28, 29.) Such is the marvelous, divinely ordained experience that yet awaits man. An interval of one thousand years separates these two resurrections. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years." But the "rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." (Revelation 20: 5, 6.)

The body, subject to decay, will in the resurrection be clothed upon with immortality. For "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." (1 Corinthians 15: 53.) No more death or tears or pain—for the "former things are passed away." Then the mind will be qualified to learn the origin of things, even to know God himself. What abun-

dant fruitage is associated with the triumph of the Lamb of God! These things we learn from Christianity.

Everybody is going to stand before the great throne of God, and receive a square deal. That which in this life in this respect is a rather rare experience will there be the rule. In the book of Revelation, Saint John writes: "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things that were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them, and they were judged every man according to their works." (20: 12, 13.)

A person carries within himself a record of his life. Conduct stamps every person with its mark. A judgment day for all men looms ahead. Right and wrong cannot merge at the same place, until God changes. A study of God's laws and his working in human affairs, makes great the contrasts of human responses to his rule. His judgment is not arbitrary—there will not be two long lines of humanity, one by an arbitrary act assigned to everlasting life and the other to everlasting punishment. Each person will receive according to his works.

The fact of God—the greatest fact in the universe—calls for a recognition of his reign, decision which makes people that can be relied upon, thorough and clean thought, untrammelled recognition of human brotherhood the spirit and doctrine of Christ receiving primary consideration.

The Holy Scriptures—what a rich storehouse, to which we can turn and receive a trustworthy answer to all important questions of this life and future.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE

(Continued from page 871.)

peculiar people, if at all, not because of strange or unseemly manners and customs, but because of the full realization of that close relationship between the Master and ourselves which makes us, of all people, His and His alone. Because we do sense this kinship with the Divine, we make the stupendous, and unparalleled claim that "we have the mind of Christ," being in constant communication with Him, and that as He reveals His will unto us, His power is manifest through us, in all the gifts and blessings which heaven has to bestow, even as it has ever been manifested through those whom He has chosen; and that of all the children of Adam, this is

a chosen generation, and His church a holy nation, to whom, and through whom the glory of God shall be revealed, in the coming of Him whose right it is to reign.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 874.)

break with Dan—you could learn to love me, dear, if you only thought so. I'd be good to you. I'm not a villain, really." He paused imagining he saw signs of yielding in her eyes.

"Marriage is simply an institution foisted upon us by mankind in the historical past. There is a vast prehistoric era, Louisa, and we can guess, from our present knowledge of primitive peoples, that marriage is only a comparatively recent experiment. It's like the speaker said last night—we have to leave all those old things—we must not be afraid to pioneer—to explore new fields, to—"

"Oh, but he didn't mean—he didn't mean marriage, and things like that, Robert," she drew away from him, and felt she could talk with him no longer. She knew now why she could not respond to this man's ardent advances. There was something unstable about him. He was right about Dan. He was a sort of rock, firm, unyielding. She not only loved Dan—she needed him.

"I'm sorry, Robert. I can't deny I'd like the adventure more than I can tell, but I feel toward Dan just like you say you feel toward me. I can never love anyone else. I can't help it, even though—"

They were silent a moment, the young man making an evident effort to control the violent emotions he felt. Finally he began to speak, but hesitated as the figure of Aunt Bashy ambled painfully toward them. Her face was uglier than ever, her eyes swollen nearly shut with the tears she had shed, her mouth turned solemnly down at the corners.

"Lou, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, standin' out here flirtin' when you're engaged to that fine young fellow that was here last night, and your grandfather lyin' in there cold and dead—"

"Aunt Bashy, listen." Louisa was very gentle with her. "I am just saying good-bye to Robert. He is going away across the ocean soon. I'll be in the house right away."

Aunt Bashy turned away, mumbling to herself.

"Why does it have to be good-bye, Louisa? I have an idea. It just seems I can't let you go out of my life entirely. Why can't you and Dan come with us? Hunt wants another couple. Can't you persuade Dan? He loves you, you know."

Louisa recalled the image she had studied so many times in the mirror. A sense of power swept over her.

"Yes," she said, "I believe I can."

(To be continued.)

The Nomads

By May Elliott

III.

Yvonne's Futile Sacrifice

THE FLOWER WREATHS were withered on old Mr. Larson's grave. Aunt Bashy was becoming reconciled to the fact that he had willed her only a small portion of his property. And Mrs. Miller was working with her old speed.

"It's funny about life," Louisa said to her mother, "Folks seem to get the things they don't want and won't appreciate. Not that I don't appreciate Grandfather's thought for me, but what do I want of a fifty acre farm in the Ozarks? And you don't really appreciate that money you're getting—you won't give up working, that's sure."

"Foolish child,—of course I shall not stop working. Why should I? We owe life that much—to do something useful to justify our existence. Anyway, it isn't a fortune, though it may seem so to you. I shall go on with my interesting experiments with asters and roses, aside from the other work of the home. A person would go crazy if he didn't interest himself in something useful." She shook out a garment, smoothed it on the ironing board, and tested the sizzling iron with an expert finger.

LOUISA GAZED moodily out of the window. "If I could only sell it, it would be different. But Grandfather made the special request that I keep it and pass it on to my children. I suppose I'll have to pay taxes on it all my life—it'll just be a drag."

"Oh, I don't know, Louisa. You may find some use for it." She smiled grimly. "When you get rich you can have it for a summer resort. It's the home place, you know, and grandfather always was attached to the scenes of his boyhood. You'll find some use for it, I expect—it may fit in with some of Dan's plans—or have you and he made plans definitely for the future yet?"

"We haven't had much chance to talk things over—or rather—" she laughed lightly, "I have steered the conversation away from that until I have thought out just what I want to do."

Her mother paused the fraction of a second from her brisk work and eyed her daughter severely. "Don't start out by being selfish, Louisa. It won't get you anything but sorrow."

Louisa shrugged. "Oh, I'm not selfish. But I do believe I can see something a bit clearer than Dan. I think I know a real opportunity to get fame and fortune when I see it better than he does. You know, mama, I'd just sicken and die if I had to live all my life

in Monroe. Honestly I would. And Dan would never get anywhere in a business way. He would follow in the same old track his father has made."

"What of that? I think Eldons have done fairly well. They have a nice home and a paying business—"

"Yes, and Mrs. Eldon had to pinch pennies a whole year in order to buy that rug for the front room. And it's not a rug I'd want at that. I want real beauty and refinement around me, and I don't want to have to wait a whole year to get them."

THE TELEPHONE rang. Mrs. Miller sighed. "You answer it, will you please, Lou? I must get this ironing done. I have to take care of those chickens pretty soon."

A few minutes later Louisa came through the kitchen singing gaily. "Dan wants me to go for a ride, mother. Mr. Eldon has let him have the car, so it'll probably be awhile before I'm back."

"Where you going Lou?" asked Mildred and Hildred, the twins, almost simultaneously. "May we go?"

"No, of course you can't go," laughed her mother. "Now you twins run and play because there'll be work for you to do soon."

"When I get big," Louisa heard Hildred say, as she tripped upstairs, "I'm going to have seven lovers—one for each day in the week. Then I'll ride and ride and ride in their cars—"

"If she has one like Dan, she won't want any more," thought Louisa. She felt so full of life and joy that she skipped about the room like a small child. She seized Dan's picture and kissed it; but her eyes, chancing to fall on the black veil she had worn at the funeral, sobered, then brightened again. Grandfather's flame of life had burned itself out; was that any reason why hers should burn less brightly? Grandfather wouldn't want her to be sad forever. What dress should she wear? She wanted to be brilliant to-day, dazzling. That red silk. Grandfather had never liked it; he said too much color cheapened a girl.

"Well, after all, it's *my* life," she thought, as she slipped into it, and surveyed her reflection with satisfaction. She picked up a letter from the dresser and slipped it in the front of her dress.

"This was nice of you Dan," she said as she settled herself in the seat beside him, and gave him one of her most brilliant smiles.

"I'd like always to do nice things for you, Louisa."

"Would you honestly?"

"Just ask me anything you want—"

that's at all possible for me to perform. See how quickly I'll act on it."

"All right. Here goes. See that shady place yonder? All still and quiet and lonesome like? Stop the car there for a minute."

"All right, Princess. And what are your further orders?"

"Here's the order." She giggled. "Kiss me."

"Sweetheart!" For a few precious moments it seemed to them both that earth was blended with heaven. She was breathless at it and a little afraid. They were both almost tearful in the intensity of their joy.

SHE DREW FORTH the letter. "I have something else to talk about, too," she said softly, "and though it is not an order, it is a request that I hope you'll grant to make me very, very happy. I hope—"

"Anything I can do to make you happy—" he began when she handed him the letter. He frowned.

"Mr. Robert Garfield, Esq., Monroe, Iowa."

"That letter is only to explain things a little. Mr. Hunt is making us a proposition too, I—well—read the letter first, Dan, then I'll explain."

When he had finished he looked at her thoughtfully.

"You mean you want us to go on a wild goose chase like this?" he asked. "I couldn't conscientiously be a party to a thing like this, dear. You know I don't believe in all this maudling talk about all the past being no good and all that. The past has given us lots of good things. Take the Bible, now—"

She smothered his words with another kiss that caused them to forget all else for the time being. "I explained that you would be rather upset by their proposition," she said. "And Mr. Hunt said that would be just fine—he wants contrast in his book—and he said all you'd have to do would be to act natural. And here is the nice part of it. He'll deposit two thousand dollars to each of us in the local bank, to be given to us with interest when he discharges us. In the meantime he pays all our expenses. And the big thing that will be required is that we waste all the time possible. Dear, wouldn't that be the loveliest honeymoon in the world? Two years with no worries, and nothing to do but love each other. Do you think you could endure that? How does it sound, anyway?"

"It sounds like folly to me—perfect craziness! I know enough about business and such things to know that when you get money you usually give up something valuable in return. They'd get the

pound of flesh from us in one way or another." He gazed at her tenderly. "And that Robert Garfield isn't fit for you to associate with, dear. Everybody knows he isn't a very good boy. And this Mr. Hunt doesn't ring true to me—"

"He really is a very courtly old gentleman, Dan. I met him yesterday. He's at the hotel. Dan, will you consider it?"

"I'll go and call on the old man, surely. And if I was sure that everything was honest about it, and that we wouldn't have to compromise our principles—"

"You'd go? Oh Dan! Just think of the long dream of happiness it would give us—and all that money to start with when we came back!—you will consider it seriously, won't you?"

Next day they drove to the hotel to interview their prospective employer. Dan, although the idea behind the expedition was repellent to him, had a youthful yearning for adventure, especially if he could be convinced that nothing would be expected of him that a Latter Day Saint need consider wrong. To his disappointment, however, he did not like Mr. Hunt at all—he could scarcely force himself to speak with ordinary politeness. Mr. Hunt, on the other hand, was almost excruciatingly polite, and seemed the more anxious to obtain Dan's consent.

HE gave Dan several references, and that night Dan told his father the whole story and asked his advice. Mr. Eldon made a trip to Chicago and investigated Mr. Hunt's reputation. The most he could secure against him was that he was queer, but harmless. His uncle had died leaving him over a million dollars, and Darwin Hunt immediately made up his mind to accomplish some great thing for science. That seemed to be the whole story behind the unusual proposition, and Mr. Eldon reluctantly admitted he could see nothing wrong about Dan and Louisa joining the expedition except that he felt they would be in poor company. He was not at all favorably impressed with Mr. Hunt's ideals.

"If you need help, and want to come home, remember me," he said as he placed his hand affectionately on Dan's shoulder. He did not believe in forcing his will upon the children, anyway. They would have to acquire experience, find out life for themselves.

And so Louisa and Dan were quietly married in the little Saints' Chapel; and almost before they knew it, they were nearly ready to begin their wanderings. Robert had gone to Chicago, and returned with his bride, Yvonne.

Mr. Hunt proved himself a rare entertainer, and all their spare moments were taken up in some way by his delightful plans. He didn't seem to realize they wished some time to themselves. But they had signed a contract of peculiar nature. Each one was to do exactly as their leader ordered unless the order conflicted with the conscience of the one concerned. The old man carried a small

book in which he took notes. He explained that he took notes on everything—the way the atmosphere affected people, for instance: or how different temperments reacted to a thunderstorm, just who of them noticed the bird songs, etc.

They were having a picnic in the woods one day and Mr. Hunt strolled away for a few moments forgetting to take with him the treasured small book. Robert thoughtlessly picked it up and began to read it when Mr. Hunt chanced to turn his head and see what he was doing. He was at the boy's side in a moment, demanding possession of the book.

"Why, why—of course. But I thought this was to be a joint affair—I mean—it was my impression that we are all doing research work. I didn't think about your caring—"

"What do you think I'm paying you for?" cried the old man excitedly. "Tell me now—tell me truthfully; how much did you read?—what did you see?"

"Why—just all our names in the front, and after each name 'Case number so and so,' as if we were patients in a hospital. Then on the next page I just saw the title: 'Jealousy.' That's all. I didn't know you would care."

"It's all right for this time, and I'm really sorry I had such an outburst of temper, my children. But I am all wrapped up in my subject and don't you see? If you could see exactly what I'm trying to do, you'd be inclined to act abnormally, and that would defeat the purpose."

BUT EVERY ONE of the four young people seemed nervous after that.

Yvonne suggested going home and everyone including Mr. Hunt seemed relieved at the suggestion.

"Come, Yvonne," suggested Louisa, "Let's you and I clear away our picnic table. I guess carrying these few dishes to the car is about all there is to do."

"No, let's clean it all up—I do hate to think of leaving any kind of a mess. Here, you take these cans and I'll take these scraps of food. We'll take 'em to the stream yonder and let the water carry them away." Louisa noticed that Mr. Hunt immediately began to write something in the little book, and yet he seemed to be able to watch them, too. They paused awhile watching the swift little stream carry away the remains of the picnic lunch.

"You're a kind, good girl," said Yvonne, unexpectedly. "I am sorry for you."

"Why?" asked Louisa, much surprised. Why should anyone be sorry for her, when she had such great happiness?

"Because you have sold yourself to Satan," with a grim smile.

"Why—you mean—you can't mean Mr. Hunt? He seems—so gentle and kind. I don't think he'd hurt anyone. He wouldn't—"

"No," sighed the other, "he will never do you any physical harm. I have known

him for years. But he has ways—he is a very good hypnotist and he can—"

"Oh, I think that is interesting, really! Haven't you found it exciting?"

"Very. It's been so exciting at times that I've felt I could stand it no longer. I've threatened several desperate things, but he only laughs at me. He says that people who take their own lives very seldom talk about it; that people who talk about it are usually simply trying to frighten folks into giving them their own way. Some day, when I've had all I can bear, I'll show him!"

"Oh, no—you mustn't—indeed you mustn't! Why, I've learned to like you, and I want you with us."

"You do, really? You dear little kid. Well, I'm not thinking of ending everything right now, but I will the next time the mood strikes me. You'll see. After all, since there's nothing on the other side of life, as some folks think, what does it matter when you die, or how? Really, this life is such a blank as far as joy and happiness goes, the quicker one passes out the better! Oh, I know, you think you're happy now—I can see it in your face—but how long will it last, do you suppose? Everything changes in this sordid world, and passes away into nothing, like the dying of a flame."

"I suppose that's true all right. But I—can't bear to hear you talk like that—as though you meant all those solemn things."

"But I do mean them, child. The next time the mood comes I shall give way to it. Why not? Can you give me even one good reason why one should keep living on in this old world, when there's nothing to be gained by it, and there's no God or Devil to fear when you go out into nothing? It would be a joke on me though if I'd wake up actually and find I really had a soul all the time and there was a God after all. Wouldn't it? I'm going to find out! Old Hunt isn't going to follow me around forever. He gives me such a cold shivery feeling today. I can't stand him! Did you notice the venom in his voice when he scolded that good boy for taking a peep at his book?"

"Robert, you mean? Why I noticed he seemed sort of put out—"

"Put out! Oh, dear. And that poor boy talks so pitifully hopeful. Thinks he'll be somebody great. Huh! If there's any fame in it it'll go to the old man!"

"He's coming this way, I'm afraid. We'd better talk of something else. Isn't it funny the cleansing effect water has? See how clear the little stream is now?"

"Filth passes away the same as beauty," said Yvonne. "We can be thankful for that."

"You seem rather—ah—moody, today, my dear Yvonne," the old man said, kindly, "it seems strange for a bride to be so unhappy. Now when I was first married—"

"You know very well how little happiness I am going to have—also you know how little the boy will have. I am sorry

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Scripture: Psalm 85:11, Doctrine and Covenants 1: 7.

Hymn: "Wonderful Words," S. H., 335; Z. P., 69.

Sermon Talk: Text: Doctrine and Covenants 1: 8. The purpose of this service is to help the children become better acquainted with God's word as it is found in our own books, the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants. See Sermonettes, "How the Book of Mormon Came to Us," Stepping Stones, September 18, 1932, and "How the Doctrine and Covenants Came to Us," Stepping Stones, September 25, 1932. Help the children to understand how wonderful it is that God preserved the plates and sent an angel to deliver them to Joseph Smith. Tell about the Urim and Thummim and how Joseph Smith used them in translating the plates. Some people believe that God has never spoken to people since the books of the Bible were written, but we believe that God does not change (Malachi 3: 6, Hebrews 13: 8 and that he still speaks to his people. We should be very thankful that we are permitted to be members of God's church.

Story: "The Book of Mormon Story." This may be one story, as found in lesson six, junior quarterly, "The New Testament and Its Writers," by Hallie M. Gould, July, August, September, 1933, or two short stories told by juniors: "How the Book of Mormon Was Written," (Include in this story the facts about the different plates men-

tioned in the Book of Mormon, the men who engraved them, especially Nephi and Moroni, and other interesting things.) and "What Joseph Smith Found in the Hill Cumorah." (This story may have a beginning a little different than usual, such as: "What would you think if an angel should give you a book, the words of which were written on pages of gold?" etc.)

Special musical number by a junior boy or girl, or

Hymn: "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations," S. H., 397.

Story: "A Book of Messages From Our Heavenly Father."

(Doctrine and Covenants. This may be told in a way that will be interesting to the boys and girls. See lesson eight, junior quarterly, "The New Testament and its Writers," referred to above.)

Closing Hymn:

(Tune: Z. P., 53.)

"For giving us these books so true,

We're thankful to our Father;

For telling us what we should do,

We're thankful to our Father;

For all God's word to you and me

Found in these books—not one but three,

For helping us to reverent be,

We're thankful to our Father."

Benediction.

THE BOOK OF MORMON IN THE LIGHT OF BIBLE PROPHECIES

(Continued from page 901.)

the "ensign" on "the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia" from which "swift messengers" were to be sent to "a nation scattered and peeled . . . a nation meted out and trodden down." America is the only land beyond the Rivers of Ethiopia from Palestine. Following the sending of this "ensign" message we read in verse 7, "In that time shall the present be brought unto the Lord of Hosts of a people scattered and peeled."

We cannot escape notice of the interesting fact, in light of the above, that in September, 1823, when the angel Moroni made known to the young man Joseph Smith the whereabouts of the plates containing Joseph's record, that the same angel three times repeated to the young man, among others things, that the eleventh chapter of Isaiah was about to be fulfilled. (See *Church History*.) This gave one more testimony to the fact, for the last time before its fulfillment, that the coming forth of this sacred record was to witness the beginning of the gathering of the Jews and of Israel from their long dispersion, never again to be scattered. It cannot be overlooked either, that the same angel upon the same occasion stated of the Gentiles, "That the fulness of the Gentiles was soon to come in." (*Church History*.)

As a witness then, one hundred and four years following its publication have seen a remarkable fulfillment of those conditions associated with "the book" in prophecy.

To sum up: The *Book of Mormon* is the only book that gives the account of Jesus and His visit to His "other sheep."—the only book that fulfills the prophecy

of "the stick of Joseph" being brought forth and "put with the stick of Judah" (Ezekiel 37) the only book that gives account of Joseph's migration "over the wall" and of his being blessed as Genesis 49 and Deuteronomy 33 would indicate—the only book that accounts for a people of the Lord being directed 600 B. C. to a wealthy nation whose remains were found after their calamity had come upon them. Jeremiah 49: 30:32—the only book that came to light "out of the ground" just before "Lebanon became a fruitful field"—whose "words were delivered to a learned man," the book itself being "delivered to an unlearned man," the translation being "a marvelous work and a wonder" performed by the Lord, (Isaiah 29), and the only book that came forth in "the land shadowing with wings" as a sign of long-looked-for blessings of emancipation for Judah and Israel.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 904.)

for that boy, I think you should—"

"I think you should shake off these dark moods, my girl. They are not good for you—for anyone. And we have been waiting on you—have been ready to go for quite a while."

"I would rather walk, if you don't mind, Mr. Hunt," Yvonne requested rather than stated. "I feel rather nervous and a walk would do me good."

"I will walk, too, Mr. Hunt, if you please." Louisa felt she would like to win more of this strange girl's confidence.

"But I don't please, as it happens, my dear young ladies. So you will kindly get in, as I have some questions I wish to ask you when we get back to town."

They obeyed, silently. Louisa shrank from the tight-lipped Yvonne and was glad she could climb in the back seat with Dan and Mr. Hunt. Yvonne's eyes had the strangest look she had even seen, a blend of despair, grief, intense anger, and glaring hate. Robert sat at the wheel apparently oblivious to his young wife's pain.

"Stop the car, Robert, and let me out," finally said Yvonne, "I just feel I must walk awhile."

"Don't stop, Robert," said Mr. Hunt calmly. "I am the leader of this expedition. Drive on."

"I may be able to put a stop to this foolishness and save all three of you kids a lot of trouble" cried Yvonne—"or maybe it will stop long enough so that you can find out just what you're in for and pull out before it's too late! It's the chance of a lifetime for me to do a good deed—I think I'd better take it! I think—"

Mr. Hunt leaned forward. "What are you raving about now?"

"I want out of this car!"

"You are going to ride in this car until we reach the town."

"Robert," fiercely she turned to the young man at the wheel. "If you don't stop and let me out, I shall jump out! Do you hear? I'll do it!"

"Nonsense." Mr. Hunt laughed. "She won't do it, Robert. You don't know how many times she has threatened such things. Drive on."

"No—stop! Robert, oh, stop!" Louisa shrieked excitedly.

It was too late. Yvonne had made good her threat, and lay unconscious by the side of the road.

"You said she wouldn't," Robert said, unsteadily. "I've killed her. I'm a murderer."

(To be continued.)

The Nomads

By May Elliott

IV.

The Shadow of a Mysterious Box

LOUISA'S part at the inquest was one of the most disagreeable experiences of her life. She tried to answer all questions truthfully, but was painfully conscious of Mr. Hunt's eyes that seemed to look into her soul. Several people from Chicago who knew Mr. Hunt had appeared in time to testify to his impeccable character, and to tell the story of Yvonne's life.

She had been a lonely waif when Mr. Hunt had taken her into his home six years before. He had been a kind father to her, befriending her in numerous ways. In return, she had been willful, hard to manage, and slow to learn both in school and out. Her school records were produced. They showed rather low marks in deportment and industry. She had always been sullen, morose, melancholy. Several had heard her threaten to end the "useless grind commonly known as life."

Mr. Hunt's own testimony, however, would have been sufficient to win the sympathy of his hearers. He was very evidently much moved by the death of his dear child, and especially did he regret that it should have happened just as they were entering upon such an important project.

"I had planned so strongly upon her enjoyment of the voyage which was to benefit her, bring her out of those moods of despondency—" He did not proceed further; he was overcome.

SEVERAL LISTENERS also were seen with tears in their eyes. It was well known how solicitous had been this man's care of the girl who had fractured her skull in that wild plunge to the roadside. He had secured the services of a specialist and trained nurse all to no avail. She had never regained consciousness. There was to be a costly funeral. A great mound of flowers were waiting to decorate her grave; and Mr. Hunt had ordered a magnificent tombstone.

Louisa and Dan could not imagine how it happened, but somehow the testimonies became twisted, or a wrong impression was gained. People went home remarking that Mr. Hunt certainly was fine to defend Robert Garfield, and some even predicted that though the lad had gotten off this time he would most certainly come to a bad end some day.

Robert also condemned himself severely.

"No matter what the verdict was up there," he remarked shudderingly, as he walked with Dan and Louisa through the town, "it doesn't alter the fact that I was to blame. Mr. Hunt blames me too—I can tell it. Oh, I know—he has been kindness personified in his treatment of me, but he made several pauses when he was talking to me—and I just know what he was thinking. The way he worded things—"

"You are just sensitive, Robert, really you are. You couldn't know but what she was just joking—like you said you thought she was. You couldn't know—"

"I might have looked at her; I might have tried to find out whether she was in earnest—"

"It all happened so quickly—"

Robert shook his head gloomily, and the three walked together silently until Dan left them to do an errand for his mother.

"I don't see why you should take it so seriously, Robert, even if you do persist in thinking it was your fault. The folks back there have acquitted you of any criminal intent in regard to it, have branded it an accident; and you do not believe in God—"

"That's just it, Louisa. You see—don't breathe this to a soul, will you?—I was rather in hopes—I wanted to find a God! Oh, you'll never know how much I've wanted to do that! You see, so many people who really think and have brains have begun to doubt there is a God. But we still need him—any fool will admit that. There must be some other approach to him than through working oneself up to a high pitch of excitement through hymns and prayers—a sort of laboratory method is what I mean. I thought—I hoped I might be the one to find God and point him out to other folks who have sense enough to want him."

THE GIRL was puzzled. "How can you hope to do anything like that, Robert, in company with an old atheist like Hunt?"

"Oh, but he is after the truth—he has a keen mind, I tell you. He would never hinder me in trying to find out things that were true."

"Perhaps not," she admitted. But she looked at him doubtfully as though seeing him for the first time. He was a sort of fanatic, she decided, something like Hunt himself, only infinitely better in character.

"And you see, if and when I find this God, I'll not be able to be at ease with him, because of this dark blot on my soul. For I'll know and he'll know. What people think will not matter."

"You children must be greatly engrossed in conversation. I have been trying to catch up with you—even called to you twice in as loud a manner as I dared without calling undue attention to myself. Well, Robert—honestly, you look so doleful, I could almost imagine Yvonne's dark spirit was haunting you. You mustn't let the thing worry you. Of course, there will be some who will blame you—because you happened to be the man at the wheel when the—er—accident occurred. But the rabble have no brains. What do you care what they think?"

"It's not what they think—it's what I know," disconsolately answered the young man. "I married her, knowing I'd never love her. If I had loved her, I probably would have looked at her when she made that awful threat, to see whether she meant it. The whole thing was—"

"Well, you were honest with her. You never told her any untruth. I know because she confided in me to the extent of telling me she loved you anyway, whether you could ever love her or not."

"She told me," said Robert, surprised, "that she didn't love me either, but was marrying me because you wished her to, and that after all you'd done she could not help wanting to do your bidding."

"Oh, well," Hunt waved his hand as though to dismiss the whole subject, "women always lie about such things, but why should we waste our time discussing them?"

"The whole thing was sin, I guess. It's like Louisa said, one should not marry without love—it is trifling with something sacred."

HUNT gazed at Louisa with a queer expression in his eyes. Then he turned once more to Robert.

"Sin?" sarcastically, "I thought you and I were agreed on this: 'There is no sin just because the popular mind has thought it was sin for several hundreds of years.' I thought—"

"Good-bye, Mr. Hunt—Robert," said Louisa, "I must turn here. I have an errand." Her "errand" was to escape from their deadening conversation. She had been shocked and saddened by Yvonne's death; though she knew, too, that sooner or later, barring some miracle, we all must meet the grim specter and answer his summons.

"All the more reason why we should enjoy life while we may," she thought wrathfully, as she pursued her course homeward to finish the packing. For Mr. Hunt had decided they would start for the coast tomorrow.

Louisa's mother felt she must talk

with Mr. and Mrs. Eldon. She had strange fears concerning the outcome of the adventure her daughter was so intent on pursuing. At the inquest she had taken a sudden violent dislike to Mr. Hunt.

Mrs. Eldon opened the door and invited her in. Mr. Eldon was working over some account books, but put his work aside as Mrs. Miller seated herself, and, as was her wont, took from her handbag a bit of work. This time it was a linen handkerchief square and she proceeded to start a tiny rolled hem on one of the raw edges.

"Well—I don't know what you think, but I don't know—I can't seem to keep from worrying about Dan and Louisa and this absurd trip with that old sinner."

Dan's father laughed. Mrs. Miller had such an emphatic way of expressing herself. "I don't like him any better than you do, Sister Miller, but I don't see how he can hurt our children. You see, Dan has taken many trips with me around to some of the large cities—he knows how to take care of himself, and most certainly he will take care of Louisa—"

"Oh, I know. But somehow I am afraid." She sighed and worked with her needle as though it were the absorbing purpose of her life to finish that handkerchief.

"I'll tell you what I told Dan, Sister Miller. I told him if things got bad he was to write or telegraph home and I'd see he had a chance to get back—and that applies to Louisa, too, as a matter of course. I know some people in San Francisco and I shall have the young folks protected as best I can. At present your daughter's mind is not centered in her old home town—"

Mrs. Miller sighed again, then smiled. "Hardly."

Mr. Eldon smiled also, and continued: "And sometimes I have had an inkling that Dan felt this little world of affairs here was too narrow for him. It will be good for them to get away and have a little taste of homesickness. Don't you worry, Sister Miller, they'll be all right. And when they find out that distant fields aren't always so green as they look, and that all is not gold that glitters, they'll be back and ready to settle down at something. You'll see. And I personally know that when they come back, they will actually get that money he has promised, and that is really quite a nest egg for a young couple to start life with, even if it does mean only a pittance to that wealthy old atheist. I have investigated and I know that at least in a financial way the old chap is on the square. . . . Dan will be safe—if I were not sure of that I should never consent to his going—and if Dan is safe, Louisa will be, you can depend upon it. For my son loves your daughter, Sister Miller."

Yes. Dan would be safe—quite. Every morning and evening since he could remember, he had taken his worries, cares,

and desires to the Refuge who is eternal and whose everlasting arms are always stretched out to help and to heal. The habits of younger days would cling to him; what Dan had always done, he would continue to do, even though he had to seek solitary places and moments for the sacred duty, and might not share it with his bride.

But Louisa's home had never known such things as Scripture reading and prayer. Dan would help her all he could, but he was limited as are all frail things of clay.

Even Mr. Hunt could feel that in Dan he had tackled a new kind of problem. At the moment he was in his room at the hotel alone, writing in a ponderous book.

"I cannot quite make out why I cannot seem to 'get at' this young chap, Dan Eldon, Case No. 3. There is something like an armor about him, something I cannot seem to pierce to reach him. Can it be because he prays? Is there a psychological something in prayer that actually does shield one according to his desires? No—the shield would be merely an illusion of the one who prayed—not distinguished by anyone else, as it is in this case. If it were recognized by another, especially by one who does not believe, it would almost be a foregone conclusion that his prayer had actually brought to him protection from an outside force. This I am not willing to admit. Very interesting, I am sure this case will be. Must use subtle methods."

Almost reverently he turned the pages until he came to one labeled: "Remorse of soul."

Under this heading he wrote feverishly: "Things have worked out—are working out—beautifully. I never expected a death of course, but I knew this boy, Robert Garfield, Case No. 1, had a conscience that would work overtime if given a little encouragement. This death will give a wonderful impetus to my experiments in this direction. I shall miss Yvonne, somewhat, but it is better for my work that she should not be with us. She knew too much; also she was growing too confidential with the other girl. Too many women can make no end of trouble. When I add any more to this expedition it will be one that has no education or learning."

He turned to the back of the book: "Notes on Women."

"I am more and more convinced that the less training, in a mental way, women have, the better it is for the happiness of the home and for the race in general. Their duties require a minimum of intelligence. Their primitive feelings are easily aroused; indeed their entire course of actions rise from these primitive sources. (See Case No. 4, page 15.)"

He turned rapidly to page fifteen, and wrote:

"Case No. 4. Louisa Miller Eldon. See page 1, for age, description, etc. Classified as brilliant by teachers and asso-

ciates. High school education. Knows too much for her own good or comfort. Inclined to argue at times. Main characteristic: Thinks she has great power over the masculine half of humanity, her own husband in particular. Believes 'love' and allied things are sacred. Her husband is coming for appointment soon. (He is Case No. 3, page 25.) His great weakness at present is his pride in his new wife. By thinking through to the vulnerable spots in people, we can work some very interesting experiments and arrive at same conclusions."

"Experiment No. 1.—The small black casket.—(Leave blank space here for short report)."

He closed the book and almost immediately thereafter he heard a knock at his door. It opened to admit Dan, a not very gracious Dan, it must be conceded, for although he had come to look forward to the trip almost as much as Louisa, he dreaded these interviews with his employer. Mr. Hunt had a way of making him seem small, unintelligent, insignificant.

"That's a mighty fine little wife of yours, Dan," he remarked by way of opening the conversation.

Dan glowed. "You're right, Mr. Hunt, she is. The very best. In fact, no faults at all according to my opinion."

Mr. Hunt smiled tolerantly. "Oh, that is natural for a new husband to feel that way. I remember when I was first married—but no matter. You'll soon find that Louisa has the little failings common to all women. For instance, no woman is absolutely trustworthy and honest."

"Louisa is," announced Dan belligerently.

"Well, now. I know she is quite above average, but I am interested to find out if even an extraordinary woman like she is cannot be tempted to satisfy her curiosity in a secret and rather dishonest way. This is to be one of my experiments."

"Will it hurt her in any way?"

"How could it? I merely want you to take this box, this black box that used to belong to my wife, and ask Louisa please to find room for it in the steamer trunk. She will question you as to its contents. You are simply to answer: 'Please do not ask me, nor say anything about it again. Just pack it up and forget it.' Tell her you do not wish her to open it. Then refuse to talk about it. Be sure not to connect the box up with me, because she is such a bright girl, she would be sure to 'catch on' that it is just an experiment and our time would be wasted. I can tell if she has tried to open the box. There is a spring, and if the box is once opened you cannot shut it tightly again until you apply a little contrivance I have with me. Will you do that?"

It was a command, rather than a request and Dan cheerfully complied. He knew Louisa was trustworthy, and he paid no attention to the gilt letters on

(Continued on page 940.)



A Group of Philadelphia Priesthood

This photograph was taken on the occasion of President F. M. Smith's recent visit there. From left to right the men are: Walter B. Scouton, (Camden) Charlie Thumm, Harley Butler, Ira Humes, Henry Carr, (Elk Mills), Ethan Wilson, John Cummings (rear), Samuel Worrel, Albert N. Hoxie (rear), Edward Lewis, John Zimmermann, jr. (rear), President F. M. Smith, Apostle Paul M. Hanson, Archibald Angus, sr., John Zimmermann, sr., David Wiesien, Roy R. Shaffer, and Louis Kuhn.

ate investigation of the activities of all the local contractors engaged in federal construction. Among the charges made were: (a) Dummy corporations were created in the form of subcontractors who require workmen to accept lower pay than the Bacon-Davis Bill allowed, thus illegally increasing the profits of the original contractor who based his contracts on the union wage scale; (b) many hundreds of employees were forced to accept worthless ownership stock in lieu of wages; (c) employees who threatened to disclose these illegal practices of the subcontractors were told that their services would be discontinued and that they would be blacklisted by other contractors; (d) every legal art was used to divert public money from the pockets of the wage earner for which the public building program was devised by Congress.

Declaring that evidence was available to show that wage rates prevailing in Washington have been ignored in violation of law, Mr. McFadden stated then that the investigation is not in any way partisan as he was informed that the alleged subversive practices began as far back as 1928. He also said that information was coming to him which indicated that the abuses were national.

Within the past two weeks federal agents investigating complaints on necessary Government projects have reported to Secretary of the Interior Ickes that they have found dozens of instances of "kick-backs." This data was sent to Senator Walsh, Senate investigating committee chairman, by the Secretary of the Interior.

Examples of "kick-backs" were found thus far in five instances on work done on postoffice buildings in New York City. In one case a total of \$4,262.15 was alleged to have been taken in "kick-backs" from wage earners by a paint subcontractor on the New York Postoffice a year ago. The subcontractor paid the painters \$11.20 per day but forced them to "kick-back" \$5.20, it was stated.

This and many other schemes are alleged to be in progress in many of the large industrial centers. In some instances, it is pointed out, contractors force their employees to live in an apartment building owned by the contractor and at higher rental rate than that prevailing in like accommodations. This, said Mr. Ickes, is a means of receiving "kick-backs."

The whole question is receiving the study of higher governmental officials, it is said, to determine what new legislation or executive order within the power of the President is needed to remedy the situation. Collection of data to this end will be continued, it was stated by Senator Walsh.

Though the executive order suspending provisions of the Bacon-Davis wage law threw the situation into confusion, the P. W. A. rules now in vogue on P. W. A. and other emergency construction projects, are more stringent and effective than were the provisions of the Bacon-Davis law, it is said by Senator Walsh.—*Scottish Rite News Bureau.*

There are many varieties of cowardice, all tracing their ancestry back to fear. Fear truly makes cowards of us all. There are the physical cowards, the social cowards, the business cowards, the hang-on-to-your-job cowards, the political cowards, the moral cowards, the religious cowards, and fifty-seven, nay, a hundred and one other varieties. Each and all of these have their own attendant demons of worry. Every barking dog becomes a lion ready to tear one to pieces, and no bridge is strong enough to allow us to pass over in safety. No cloud has a silver lining, and every rain-storm is sure to work injury to the crops rather than bring the needful moisture for their vivification.—George Wharton James, in *Quit Your Worrying!*

When love and skill work together, expect a masterpiece.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 936.)

the box nor gave any heed to what they spelled. He whistled cheerfully. If this were the worst of old Hunt's experiments he could stand them. Louisa would measure up. Why, perhaps her honesty, her absolute goodness would even bring back Mr. Hunt's faith in people and in God.

"Hello! Right at the packing, are you?" he called to her as he came into the room. "Can you find room for something else? It's something—" He held out the box awkwardly. This was going to be harder than he thought. Somehow he didn't feel just right about it, but he would have to go through with it now.

"What is it," she asked brightly and then as she saw the words in gilt on the small black casket, she gasped, and suddenly dropped into a chair.

"What's the matter? You look—so funny—"

"What is that? Dan, tell me, what's in it—what does it mean?"

Dan looked down at the floor. He felt foolish. If he had known she would make such a fuss—

"I can't talk about it, dear. Just don't think about what's in it—don't open it, just pack it up and forget it."

She said nothing, simply looked at him in an odd, rather lost way.

"Dear, can't you trust me? It's nothing, really—nothing you'd—"

He stopped. He was intrinsically honest himself, and remembered his contract in time.

"Let's just love each other, dear, and forget all this." He advanced awkwardly toward her, arms outstretched, as though he would kiss her.

"No, no," she said, nervously, hurriedly, "we really—I—I should be working every minute. We—I guess I'm tired, that's all. But tomorrow we'll be all ready—we'll feel more—more rested. And if you don't mind—I wonder if we couldn't spend this last night in our parents'—in our old homes? I feel I'd so like to be alone awhile—to collect my thoughts a little—"

"Why, why—surely—but I—"

"Good night then. I think I'll run up to my room now, just as soon as I've crowded this in." She placed the box carefully in the corner of the trunk on top of his three church books which she had laughingly packed up for him. There was no suggestion of laughter about her now, as she folded the clothes back in place and slammed the lid of the trunk shut. She eluded him and dashed upstairs out of his sight.

"Who could it be?" she was thinking. "What souvenirs of someone has he in that black coffinlike box?" She could see those small gilt letters plainly—they floated before her eyes whether she kept them open, or whether she shut them tightly in a futile attempt to dispel the shadow they cast upon her spirit.

"Elaine. Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable." (To be continued.)

The Nomads

By May Elliott

V.

The Shadows Lengthen

LOUISA awakened in the morning after a long night full of ghastly dreams. She lay there listening to the sounds of breakfast preparation and the work of her mother that drifted up from the kitchen. Ordinarily she would have hurried down to assist, but she knew it would not be expected on this day of leave-taking. She felt suddenly that she was growing old. She mustn't let herself feel this way. She must think this out—she must face it.

Who was this Elaine? Had Dan met some beautiful girl on one of those many business trips he had taken for his father? Had they been engaged to be married and had she died or deserted him leaving him so inarticulate with grief he could not even talk of her? She remembered Dan's hesitancy and lack of ardor on that night he had first spoken to her of marriage.

She choked back a sob and whispered fiercely: "If there had been someone else—if you couldn't really love me with *all* your heart you should have told me! It wasn't honest, it wasn't square, not to!"

She sat up suddenly, eyes wide with cold terror. "Oh, no! no, no!" If Dan had not been honest he hadn't meant to do wrong. He had not intended to hurt her. Perhaps he had seen that she loved him, and, knowing he could never love anyone like he had loved Elaine, he had thought—oh, she must believe in him—she *must* trust him! She must push the idea of his being dishonest into the background of her mind and never think of it again. She loved him so! She must believe in him—trust him.

HER MOTHER met her at the foot of the stairs. "I've been worrying about you a little, Louisa. Did you and Dan quarrel last night? He seemed so funny, his going off home that way—"

"Oh, no," answered the girl, with a bright laugh, "there was no quarrel. We just decided each of us would spend this last night in our own home."

"I must say I'm relieved. Louisa, I want you to stay close beside Dan. He loves you and will protect you against—well I don't know what it is I'm afraid of exactly, but I don't like that Mr. Hunt at all. I told Mr. Eldon that yesterday and he said: 'My son loves your daughter, Mrs. Miller. He will take care of her, don't you worry.' And I know, too, that Dan does love you." She smiled. "It doesn't take any great insight to notice that. But I'm just afraid—you will forgive me for being frank with you,

Louisa, but you are sometimes just a little silly and shallow about some things. I'm afraid you'll let some little thing come up to separate you from Dan, and then you'll fall a victim to that awful man's cunning. I just feel—"

"Now mother. Mr. Hunt really isn't so bad. He shocks people because he admits frankly that he doesn't believe in God and the Bible. Why even Yvonne told me he'd never harm anyone physically—"

"Nevertheless," her mother continued emphatically, "I am afraid for you. That poor girl that was buried yesterday was a victim of his, I'm sure of it." She flipped the smoking pancakes on the griddle to brown on the other side, called the twins to go and finish their work, poured a little water on the frying meat which sent forth a great hiss of steam, and turned again to Louisa.

"Promise me, whatever happens, you'll stay with Dan."

Turning carefully to the window, as if to gaze absently on the garden of flowers outside, Louisa finally managed to say, in a steady voice:

"Suppose, mother, something happened that I found he didn't love me? He certainly doesn't act like it sometimes. Sometimes of late I've been wondering. It seems—seems like I've been the one to do most of the loving. Dan is so—"

Her mother laughed. "I suppose you have been comparing him with that silly Robert Garfield that's been trailing you around for so long. You shouldn't do that. Dan is a different type. He simply couldn't be so gushy and silly as that. And I must say I'm glad of it. He doesn't talk much, Dan doesn't but I know from the way he looks at you that he worships you. And just because he doesn't keep doing and saying little silly sentimental things is no sign he won't be always helping you when you need help most. Your father was like Dan—" She whisked a plate of pancakes to the table, wiped a few crumbs swiftly into her hand from the tablecloth and began dropping more pancake batter by spoonfuls on the smoking griddle.

"Then—your father died and I was alone. I felt I could never forget him—that I could never be happy again. But time has a funny way of doing things to your mind, and sometime later I met Harold. He had lost his wife and baby and we were sorry for each other, at first, but a little later we knew it was not altogether sorrow that so often drew us into each other's society. We were married and he was as good and kind in a stalwart silent way as your father had

been. He died, you remember, just as you were finishing the sixth grade. Then I brought all the children here to your grandfather's, and here I have learned one of the most important lessons of life. That is what worries me so about this trip of yours, Louisa—you are expected to be idle, you said. And idleness is bad for anyone. I know you can find happiness only in work well done—that is the great lesson I've learned. Everything else is imperfect, unsatisfactory, in this world. At least it becomes so sooner or later. And that is all the more reason I want you to stick to Dan. I know his type—and he's a man who'll not leave you to endure things alone. Promise me, Louisa, that no silly whim of yours will make you part from him—promise me!"

Louisa stared at her mother. She had never seen her like this. She felt that strange feeling of fear she had sensed when her mother had stopped working and sat by her grandfather's bed. It wasn't like her mother to talk so much.

"I promise," she faltered, then smiled. "Small danger of my ever leaving him. I think too much of him. There can never be anyone else take his place in my life." Should she tell her mother about that black box, ask her opinion and advice? Her mother was so sensible about things. In all her life she had never known her mother to invite her confidence before this.

But at this moment the younger children trooped noisily in for breakfast and their conversation was cut off. Perhaps it was just as well. Since it was quite sure that there had been some other girl in Dan's life, wouldn't it be better not to know all the details? Wouldn't it be worse to know exactly how things stood, perhaps, than to simply imagine things that might not be true at all? Perhaps her fears were all groundless; perhaps the box was simply a weird joke—but no—Dan wouldn't do anything like that—oh, well—she would put it out of her mind. There was an interesting trip ahead of them, and whatever was in Dan's past life should not cast too large a cloud upon the present. She knew he had never done anything dishonorable, anyway, and found comfort in that thought. Elaine! Who cared who she was, or what she looked like? She felt her old sense of power come back to her. She could win Dan's love, if she didn't have it already. She had some power and influence over him—she would exert herself to be pleasant.

SHE MANAGED to eat a hearty breakfast in spite of her half-sad state of mind, for she had had no supper the night

before. The train they were to board was due at eleven, and a number of their classmates were planning to meet at the station to say good-bye and wish them luck. Yvonne's death had advertised their venture widely and there would doubtless be a large crowd of other people from nearby towns. Louisa found herself aflutter as she thought of all the half-envious glances she anticipated. Most of the town young people had gained their ideas of the expedition from Robert, and they felt sure that these fellow classmates would return famous and wealthy.

It was as she had foreseen. The crowd was so dense she had difficulty in seeing her best girl friend, Helen Martin, among them. Newspaper reporters were there also with cameras. They had their pictures taken several times; friends gave them flowers; the recently graduated senior class shouted one of its yells of triumph. The college boys presented Dan and Louisa and Robert pennants with the words: "*You can,*" in gold letters against a blue background. The train steamed in and they were in the midst of hurried good-byes.

"We're never going to forget one another," Helen said to Mr. Laird. "We were talking last night, some of the other class members and I, and we're going to be different from other classes that have graduated from old Monroe. We are going to do big things in the world; we are going to remember the old school and each other forever and forever."

"Forever is a long, long time, my children," the old superintendent said, sadly. "But I'm glad you feel as you do."

Louisa felt greatly irritated at the old man. He seemed to feel their leave taking was something sorrowful, and even shameful—or did she imagine that? No, for hadn't he said: "I wish you were going for a nobler purpose?"

Almost before they knew it they were on the train and the last farewell waving hand was hidden from sight as they sped around the hill.

Mr. Hunt sat beside Robert, facing Louisa and Dan. He rubbed his hands together and smiled.

"Well, we're on our way at last, and I'm sure I want you all to be jolly and have a happy time. Our ship is not due until the end of the month and we'll stop at Denver and Salt Lake City and other interesting places, and see all there is to be seen. We'll see Pike's Peak; and in Utah, the Mormon buildings and perhaps attend the Mormon church. I guess you're a Mormon, aren't you, Dan?"

Dan leaned forward eagerly. He was always ready to explain things about the church.

"No, we're not the same," he said, "Our church has a similar name and we are often confused—"

"I talked with a Mormon once in Chicago," Mr. Hunt did not appear to listen to Dan at all, "He was a very interesting man, and he explained how they believed

in polygamy, when he found I was not prejudiced against it. In some respects their church is more near the truth than any other—I mean I could come nearer accepting it. You see, most primitive races are polygamous and it is probably the natural way—"

"If you are going to prove things by primitive peoples"; broke in Dan, animatedly, "You have to take in consideration the fact that in some wild tribes the women have more than one husband. Do you think that is natural, too?"

MR. HUNT made an impatient gesture with his hand, and ignored Dan's statement. "This Mormon showed me the *Book of Mormon*, but of course I would never read a church book. All folly. But he told me it taught polygamy, and I am very anxious to arrive at Salt Lake City and visit some of their buildings and see one of their meetings. I'd like to look at some of the Mormon women and see whether they seem happy or not. You know, this man told me he had been sealed for eternity to one woman, who had died during their engagement, and now was happily married to another. His wife believes, too, that in the next world they'll all be together. She is quite happy about it, he said. It is all a matter of education, you see. Of course, it is all foolishness about marriage for eternity, because there is no afterlife, but it is interesting to see how natural ways of living will sometimes come to the surface, even in a modern world. If they'd just leave out the mummerly of the marriage ceremony they'd be still nearer the truth."

"But we believe, in our church, that a belief like that of polygamy is ungodly, carnal, and totally a wrong thing. You see, our church believes—"

An interruption to Dan's heated speech came when Mr. Hunt shook his fist angrily in his face.

"We'll have no long drawn out discussions on religion," he cried, "Oh, of course," he added, lamely, "I'll admit I started it, but I only spoke of something which interested us because of the nature of our project. You will kindly not discuss church. We do not want to introduce any superstitious ideas."

Louisa watched Dan. He had been excited, wrought up to a high pitch trying to defend the Latter Day Saint Church, but he was in complete control of himself. He had signed a contract to obey Mr. Hunt; and he had the strength of will to do it, even in the present difficult situation. A great strength seemed to emanate from Dan and envelop her. She was thankful for Dan.

"Now, you children will have to forgive my little outbursts. I am full of my subject, you see. Now—there is one thing more I wish to find out, that I need to jot down in my little book. You see, I know what is in all of Robert's trunks and suitcases, also I know what is in your large trunk. I didn't get around to see your steamer trunk last night. Lou-

isa, I'd appreciate it if you'd give me a list, as nearly as you can remember, of the things you packed in that."

A COLD SHIVER passed over Louisa. She'd have to tell him about that box of Dan's. Because if she didn't "remember" it, Dan would. He was so very truthful. Numbly she tried to recollect all the articles of clothing and books she had put in.

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Hunt, seeming to be absorbed in his little book and the list of things he was writing down.

"No, there are some of Dan's church books."

Mr. Hunt looked up quickly. "Church books? Why are you taking them along? Didn't you know—"

"Because I read them daily. I've been in the habit of it since I can remember almost."

"You'll have to stop—throw them away—"

"I can't do that," Dan answered doggedly. "You said anything that went against my conscience, I wouldn't have to do. And those books—"

"Oh, all right," conceded Mr. Hunt, unpleasantly, "Anything else you remember, Louisa?"

"There was a black box that belongs to Dan."

"A black box." Mr. Hunt looked at her curiously. "What's in it?"

"Oh, I don't know. He didn't tell me. I suppose just a few little keepsakes." Louisa spoke lightly, but her lips felt cold and stiff.

Mr. Hunt sought another empty seat wrote for a long time in his little book.

It seemed to Louisa that they would never arrive at San Francisco; and after they had boarded the steamship it seemed that their voyage was interminable. Mr. Hunt seemed to be able to keep her constantly reminded of that mysterious box. He never mentioned it again, but he talked of his own first love in a tender cooing tone, about the memories he would cherish forever of her dear face and form, and of how her spirit would seem to come to him sometimes with soft ghostlike hands. One was forced to conclude that if she had lived and they could have married, the old man's life would have been a great well of everlasting happiness. He knew and quoted a number of poems, also, about first love and the effects it leaves indelibly upon one's nature. Once, when they were nearing Papeete harbor, he watched Dan and Louisa intently, sadly, wistfully, and said:

"You know, when I see you two seemingly so happy together, it almost makes me envious, for I know that such an experience comes to a person but once in a lifetime. It reminds me of that poem: 'There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.' You remember it I expect? It is quite commonly known."

Dan left them abruptly and said he would get the suitcases ready to take (Continued on page 972.)

children are alive in Christ, even from the foundation of the world; if not so, God is a partial God, and also a changeable God, and a respecter to persons; for how many little children have died without baptism. Wherefore, if little children could not be saved without baptism, these must have gone to an endless hell. Behold I say unto you, that he that supposeth that little children need baptism, is in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity; for he hath neither faith, hope, nor charity; wherefore, should he be cut off while in the thought, he must go down to hell. For awful is the wickedness to suppose that God saveth one child because of baptism, and the other must perish because he hath no baptism."

You could have heard a pin drop, and I turned to the preacher and said: "Will you, in the face of what I have read to you out of the *Book of Mormon*, tell this intelligent congregation what becomes of the children that die without baptism?" He got up and took his hat and went out. I do not remember ever seeing him again in my meetings.

Many people came to me at the close and told me that it was the best sermon they had ever heard. I told them that the preacher could not and would not expose himself. If he had said, As the Lutherans believe, that they could not be saved, without baptism, I would have referred him to Mark 10: 13-16, and if he had said they would be saved without baptism, why baptize them then? Jesus took the little children up in his arms and blessed them.

I made many friends that night for this great latter-day work. I give God the glory. He gave me warning when the enemy was near.

BAUTRY, NORTH DAKOTA.

ZIONIC MISSIONARY WORK

(Continued from page 963.)

until we have spread ourselves all over the earth and have almost become lost in the shuffle.

The point of strategy in the activities of this church is not on some distant island but at the point of which the Lord said, "The New Jerusalem shall be built up beginning at this place." If this be true it is high time that we began to concentrate on the distinctive task the Almighty has allotted us. It is for us to begin at the center and work out. The church in prior years has performed the part required of her in that she has gathered together the nucleus, imperfect though it may be, for us to work with and from.

I, therefore, suggest that we begin such operations as a church as will convert the "Gentile" in Zion to the facts of this gospel and invite him to be one with us in the realization of that ideal society which will show the world the way out of its present distressing situation. To this end we should concentrate

the major portion of the missionary force of the church in and about Zion with the hope that we might win thousands in this region to the gospel of the Son of God.

It has long been agreed that this church has a distinctive mission among the children of earth. That being conceded it follows as a logical sequence that we must approach our task in a distinctive manner. To approach a task that is fundamentally different through the avenue of old conventionalities is to spell failure on the very face of the attempt.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 968.)

ashore. He had a peculiar look on his face. Louisa felt that she must follow him. She did so, without answering Mr. Hunt. Was Dan down there in their cabin, weeping over something in that mysterious box That Elaine's picture, or one of her old letters?

Dan was doing anything but that. He was jamming something into a suitcase with rather more vigor than was required.

Louisa sat down weakly and looked at him dazedly.

"You're not well, dear," he said kindly. "I've seen it for some time. You're nervous, jump at every unusual thing. I think it's that man up there. He makes me want to fly back home, myself. I wish we'd never come. I wish—"

"I almost wish it myself. But I guess we'll have to make the best of it now."

Dan went on grimly. "Of all the maudlin, sentimental things he can't think of! I thought Robert was bad enough, but he can't hold a candle to this crazy professor we've got here. I just had to get away when he tried to quote that last poem—"

Louisa laughed hysterically, then burst into tears. Dan's arms were around her; he was trying to comfort her.

"We'll be on land soon—and he can't stick so close to us—things will be better—"

"Yes—but—leave me alone now, Dan, please. I—I want to pull myself together—to—" she pushed him away almost impatiently.

He clung to her hand. "Dear, sometimes it seems there is a feeling of coldness growing between us. We must not let that happen—we must not—"

"No—no! It's just nerves, Dan. Really." With a troubled glance he turned and left her. He couldn't know that it wasn't his young wife's hands that had pushed him away; but that a phantom had come between them; a shimmering dream of loveliness with hair as golden as the gilt letters on the black box. If she had been flesh and blood, Louisa's sense of power might have remained with her. But how could she win her husband from a wraith?

(To be continued.)

The Jews' Creed

In the Eleventh Century, Moses Maimonides compiled a summary of the religious views of the Jews, and it has since then been the confession of the orthodox Hebrews. Maimonides holds a most exalted position among the Jews. In the thirteenth century they said: "From Moses (the Lawgiver) to Moses (Mendelssohn) there is none like Moses (Maimonides)."

This is the Jews' creed, as given in the *Danskeren*, Copenhagen:—

"I believe, with a true and perfect faith, that God is the Creator, Governor, and Maker of all things; and that he hath wrought all things, worketh now, and will work forever.

"I believe, with perfect faith, that the Creator is one, and that such a unity as is in him can be found in no other, and that he alone hath been our God, is, and forever shall be.

"I believe, with perfect faith, that the Creator is not corporeal, nor to be comprehended with any bodily faculties, and that there is no bodily essence that can be likened unto him.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, the Creator to be the first and the Last; that nothing was before him and that nothing which now is shall last forever.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that the Creator alone—whose name be blessed—is to be worshiped, and none else beside him.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that the words of the prophets are true.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that the prophecies of Moses, our Master—may he rest in peace—are true; and that he was the father and chief of all wise men that lived before him or ever shall live.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that all the Law which we now possess was delivered by God himself to Moses, our Master.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that that Law will never be changed nor substituted by another from God.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that God understandeth all the works and thoughts of men, as it is written in the prophets. He fashioned our hearts and understandeth our works.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that God will recompense all that do good and keep his commandments, and that he will punish those that transgress them.

"I believe, with a perfect faith, that the Messiah is to come. Though he retard his coming, I will wait till he come.

"I believe, with perfect faith, that the dead shall be restored to life when it shall seem good for the Creator, our God, to do so."—Translated for the *Literary Digest*.

In marriage, choose your partner, not for the moment, but for life.—Andre Maurois.

The Nomads

By May Elliott

VI.

Wanderers of a Strange Race

MR. HUNT secured the services of a native girl to teach them the language. Her name was Lucy, and Louisa marvelled at her beauty of person and grace of body. She had expected to find all the natives extremely dark and quite ugly, but this girl was nearly as fair as anyone she had ever known. Lucy had attended a French school and understood her task quite well. Mr. Hunt found the language very difficult to learn, but the three young people were soon conversing quite freely; so the older man made up his mind to discontinue his efforts and trust to them for interpretations when necessary.

After they had finished studying the Tahitian Grammar, Lucy said it would be a good thing if they read some book. She had two books, "*Te Bibilia*, and *Te Buka a Moromona*." Dan explained that that meant, "The Bible and the *Book of Mormon*." Mr. Hunt said for them to go ahead and read the *Book of Mormon*. He felt sure its teachings would not conflict with his beliefs in natural living; but he did not want them to read the Bible.

To her surprise Louisa found the *Book of Mormon* very interesting, especially after they had finished the first few books. She had heard of course, many times in the little Latter Day Saint Sunday school back in Monroe, that the book contained nothing that condoned polygamy or any other wicked practice; but she was pleased in spite of herself, as they read it slowly, word by word, to find that it contained only the very highest teachings in morality and that there was nothing in it to offend.

After each would read aloud for a long while, by turns, Lucy would retell the stories in her own way; she believed ardently that the book was true, and put her whole soul into the soft words she uttered.

"What do you think of the book," asked Dan, anxiously, as they returned one evening from the hotel where they had been in the habit of taking their meals.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, with studied carelessness. "It is very lovely in spots, and also interesting."

"But about it's truth—you know, dear, it says if one really wishes to know it is true, there is a test—a way to find out."

"Yes, I remember. You told me before." She gazed absently toward the sea. "Dan, how pretty those harbor lights are reflected in the water. And how lovely the moonlight is on the

palms. It seems I can't think of anything else but the scenery. It is so beautiful."

SMALL CHANCE of her asking God to let her know of the truth of that book, she thought. She had to fight with herself all the time to keep from believing it, as it was. If she once conceded a belief in it she would be led into paths and manner of living that she did not want to follow. Why, if you took the church books literally you couldn't even let yourself become extremely rich; and she wanted to be rich. To have everything about her beautiful.

Should she admit it? She wanted things nicer and more beautiful than others had. She wanted to be envied, "looked up to."

Dan sighed. It was always like this. He had thought it would be so easy to convert her to the necessity of being baptized into the church, but now he could not even find what it was she had against the church. She would not accompany him to the native services in Taurona. Lucy had told them where the church was. Dan went every Sunday and was delighted with the native members. The men of the native priesthood were, for the most part, strong, large of stature, straight standing, and absolutely sincere in their belief in the gospel. Dan felt thrilled as he watched them conduct the services and officiate in the church ordinances. In their clean white suits, with their quiet dignity and Christianlike actions, he need never be ashamed to own them as members of his church. Were the faithful Ammonites of the *Book of Mormon* story Lamanites such as these?

But the most blessed part of the experience was that he could feel the same peaceful, calm spirit he had learned to associate with the Reorganized Church back in America. In spite of all the sin and wickedness of the place, these people as a whole lived as Christians should.

Meanwhile Mr. Hunt had been getting acquainted with another class of people. A class that never had known the message of Christ in the latter days. Partly with the aid of Robert's interpretation, and partly by his own faltering and scant knowledge of the tongue, he invited a crowd of them to a party at the large house which he had leased for a half-year period.

They were given all the watermelon they could eat; generous amounts of candy were being consumed, and the atmosphere was very convivial and friendly. They sang some of their old chants and songs, their bodies weaving

back and forth in perfect time to the rhythm of their voices. Two young women, with faces which perhaps once had been more than ordinarily pretty, but were now hard and unlovely, discarded all clothing except the red loin-cloth, and danced. Mr. Hunt, almost breathless with excitement as the dance ended, turned to his young employees.

"Isn't that a perfect example of what I've been telling you about the lack of inhibition among primitive people? They let themselves go; they make of dancing something more meaningful and beautiful than civilized races do; although of course all dancing, with the exception of war dances and the like, are based upon the same primitive sex appeal. Um—let's see. Robert, bring me that large book over there on the table. I'm going to ask them some questions and you must interpret for me."

Then followed for Dan and Louisa some of the most distasteful moments they had ever experienced. Mr. Hunt asked the natives questions which concerned their most private lives, their most intimate thoughts and actions; and though some wondered audibly what his reasons were for wishing to know such things, none refused to answer. The entire proceeding would have been shameful in the extreme had there not been, about most of the natives, an air of straightforward innocence as they talked.

Mr. Hunt's pencil flew over the pages of the large book; but now and then he paused and made a note or two in the small one he usually carried in his pocket.

"A wonderful day's work," he beamed, as they saw the last of the natives out of the house. "A fine day's work. It will make a most interesting chapter in my book."

"And even at that," he went on thoughtfully, "These people who were here this evening are not really typical of the most primitive races. They have many of the remnants of primitive times, of course, but I want to get away from the influence of the moving pictures, and so on. Papeete is too civilized. Today I booked passage for us all on board a little boat and we will set sail for Tikehau. It is not so far away but that we can make it without a disagreeably long time on the boat, and still I think the people will be more to my liking. We'll start tomorrow afternoon."

Louisa was intensely irritated. "You don't give us much time for packing, Mr. Hunt."

"Oh, don't worry about that, Louisa," replied Mr. Hunt pleasantly, "You re-

member the two girls who danced here tonight—well—I'm taking them with me. They will attend to all the packing. I don't want you to work—there must be little reading or study or work in our lives from now on. If I find these girls as interesting as I think they will be, I'll include them in the project. In the meantime," he paused and chuckled, "they will be pleasant companions for me."

IT WAS perhaps the emphasis he placed upon the word "me" that caused Louisa to start up so angrily. They had been in Papeete long enough that she was not ordinarily shocked when she found that certain people were openly "living in sin." But she had never dreamed that this refined appearing, intelligent old man could also yield himself to such abhorrent conditions. Perhaps her anger would have led her to voice the contempt she felt had not Robert said, in a low tone:

"Lucy is going, too. You know, Dan, her parents live in Tikehau."

Mr. Hunt chuckled again. "I imagine, Robert, that her parents are not the only attraction. I saw you and her down by the sea yesterday. You surely have a way about you that attracts the women. I congratulate you on your conquest."

Robert blushed and stammered some sort of reply, then straightened his shoulders.

"But you see, Mr. Hunt, it is not a conquest. Lucy and I—we love each other. I asked her to marry me but she said that was out of the question—it seems that the way the laws are here you have to have the consent of your relatives before you marry, and her folks are intent upon having her marry a native named Paipai who lives in Hikuero. She doesn't love him—she loves me. And I love her dearly. I think—it seems to me—love sort of sanctifies things—"

"And it is all right to yield to love here," put in Mr. Hunt blithely, "because these native women consider it no disgrace—I mean there is no double standard, nor anything like that. I still think you are to be congratulated. Lucy is beautiful, and I am sure also that she has always been innocent and pure—in other words this affair is probably what people up home would call 'her first misstep.' She will think nothing of it; the only possible suffering that can come of it, as I see it, is the suffering you will have in your mind. You may be tempted to think continually that you are doing wrong."

Robert said slowly: "The thought is already there, Mr. Hunt. I—in fact I feel already that I—I should have more character—"

"Bah! Forget it, my boy, and be happy. I tell you, I know—"

"If you will excuse us, Mr. Hunt, I am very tired," interrupted Louisa. Her whole soul was sick at the turn events had taken, and she knew Dan felt the same way. She felt nearer to Dan than

she had ever felt before. Robert had been right away back there—how many ages ago had it been?—when he had said that Dan was a rock. One could depend upon him to be always the same—strong, steady, unyielding to wrong. Could she ever live so that people would want to be near her to gain strength from her? For the moment she felt that if she could attain real strength of character, it would give her more thrills than she had ever known. And the nice thing about it was that goodness and character did not end when youth did. One could have them until old age—and on after death—if there was a "Great Beyond" of some kind. They were quiet as they crept under the blankets to gain what remained to them of a night's rest.

What was it that brought happiness to people, anyway? Louisa's thoughts ran on, doing as one pleased certainly did not bring joy. Mr. Hunt did as he pleased; he recognized no restraints; he bought everything he wanted; and she had seen him when he appeared crushed beneath a load of unhappiness. But could character and goodness bring happiness without yielding oneself to religion?

"Dear me," she thought exasperatedly, "why must I always think of things like that? I have a good husband; he has the ability to make a living and a nice home for me; we are earning a big salary right now and will have a good start when we get back home; we can give our children every advantage the world offers—why can't I just be happy with my own blessings? Everybody else is seeking his own or her own happiness. Lucy. Poor little Lucy. She probably thinks she is on the road to happiness. And Robert—poor, weak Robert, who wanted so badly to do wonderful things."

"Dan."

He turned his face slowly.

"You asleep?"

"No, Louisa. Just watching the play of moonlight on the palm trees out the window here, and thinking how beautiful the world is and how ugly the sin is that we see all about us. How like heaven the earth could be if people and all their deeds were as beautiful as all these other things God has made!"

"I was just wondering though, Dan, if everybody isn't trying to do just about the same thing—trying to find happiness. And they don't know how. They reach that way and this way in a sort of trial and error method."

"Yes," broke in Dan with an undue amount of feeling in his voice, "the Lord has said: 'Man is, that he might have joy,' and there seems to be an instinct in us to want joy at any price. Then Satan comes along and says: 'Why, surely man is that he might have joy. Come with me and I'll show you the way to have joy.' And they go after him, because his voice is soft and alluring and the pictures he paints are attractive. They do all sorts of strange things and enter many strange places. They find nothing but emptiness and misery at the end of

their journey. But there is one on whose word they could rely if they would only listen. One who said: 'I am the way—'"

Louisa laughed nervously, and Dan paused embarrassed. "You should be a preacher, Dan," she said lightly. She didn't want to think too much of these things. And yet, how surprisingly pleasant and lighthearted it made you feel if you gave way to those religious feelings even a little. Was it possible? No. She would simply crowd out these thoughts with others less unwelcome to an ambitious heart. She fell asleep amid pleasant dreams of the future.

She was surprised to find how small the boat was upon which they were to sail. But at that it was not so small as some of the others.

"Let's go right to our cabin, Dan. I just know I'm going to be seasick."

Dan laughed. "Have you any idea as to how many cabins there are on this boat? It is "our" cabin, all right, but it is *to tatou*, and not *to taua*."

"You mean there is only one cabin for everybody on this ship?"

"That's about it."

"Let's go take a look at it, anyway."

WITH THE AID of some of the natives they made their unsteady way through the throng of people and finally found themselves in the cabin. It was full of boxes, baskets, rolls of bedding and sundry other articles. Besides offering anything but an enticing appearance from the standpoint of physical comfort, the air was unbearably close. The fumes from the engine mingled themselves nauseatingly with stale tobacco smoke, and the acrid odor of copra.

They decided to spend their time on deck. There at least they would have fresh air.

The sun beat down with intolerable severity, and there was little wind until toward evening. Then a shower beat upon them, making things sticky and more miserable until the sun had dipped out of sight. Then it became almost too cool.

New life awoke on the little ship with the cool of evening. Supper was disposed of, and conversation flowed more freely. Many of the natives on board were Latter Day Saints; their conversation was generally centered about some gospel topic. Louisa marveled. At home religion had seemed more of an incidental thing, a sort of insurance for salvation in the next world, so to speak. But it seemed to be the whole of life for these people.

They were greatly interested in Dan, Louisa, and Robert. Curious as to the reason for the desire of these foreigners to live in their land, they were much astonished when told that Mr. Hunt was there in an effort to prove there was neither God nor devil. They frankly considered him crazy.

(Continued on page 1005.)

and called on the owner of the building, Mr. Hubbard, who was glad to see me for he had been having much trouble to get his rent. I arranged to take the place.

Returning home, I said to my wife, "What do you think I have done?"

She replied, "You have rented the old stand."

"What makes you think that?"

"I was told so."

"Who told you so?"

"I was thinking what you would do and the impression came that you would do that."

"Well, I have."

It was quite an undertaking. No money and the business gone. The good Master knew I had done all I could do and that friends had forsaken me in the hour of my need. It was everybody for himself. In this condition I dreamed that I was in the cellar of the old building and I saw a very fat fish. The floor was covered with crumbs. "Well," I said, "good reason why he is so fat; see the food he has." The dream was encouraging.

After we moved into the apartment upstairs and prepared to open the business, Sister J. M. Terry called and made the remark, "I feel you will have a good business."

The first thing I did was to clean out the store room, and made arrangements for the best of milk which tested six percent. Then I had a large sign printed which read: "Home Again, Lewis Creamery." I hung it on the corner where it could be seen from a long distance. This sign seemed to catch everyone's attention. Many came in and complimented me upon the sign. That together with good milk and cream soon gave us all we could do, and like the fat fish we were surrounded with plenty. It was an evidence that the impression and the dream had been divine, and I had cause to be grateful.

This was in the fall of 1899. Two years later I had a chance to sell out. The church had mentioned to me about going to Wales on a mission, and I was anxious to go. But my debt was still in the way. I had been paying Mr. Evans what I could spare, sending as little as five dollars at one time. I had paid only five hundred dollars. Now the question was, "Should I keep on in business, paying what I could, or should I sell out and pay Grandpa Jones part and the balance to Mr. Evans. I wrote to Mr. Evans that the church had requested me to go to Wales if I possibly could, but that I would not go as long as I was in his debt. I was willing to sell and send him one thousand dollars if he preferred to take that then, or I would keep on and send him some as I could. He replied that he preferred my selling out and sending him the thousand dollars. He also bid me Godspeed on my mission.

I sold out in September, 1901, and paid Grandpa Jones six hundred dollars and Mr. Evans the thousand dollars.

(To be continued.)

"I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT"

(Continued from page 995.)

You are naturally religious. I wish I did not have temptations to meet." I say that we deceive ourselves and misjudge the man. We are all of one flesh and blood. This man met with temptations common to us all. There is no question about it. Even Christ was tempted. But no man that I have ever encountered in my travels and conversations in any field where this man has lived and labored has ever reported or seems to have had knowledge of the slightest deviation in conversation and conduct from the path of rectitude or any appearance of evil or iniquity of any sort in the life of Brother McDowell. He met the issues and temptations fairly and squarely and lived his religion and left a record that his family and the church may well be proud of.

"I have finished my course." There seems to come a time when a man's work is done, and a man is fortunate who continues active until his work is done, and a man is fortunate who continues active until his work is done and he can say in the language of the Master, "It is finished." After many years of service Brother McDowell's work was obviously done. In a way he was fortunate. He was active and continued to give service almost to the end of his life and then passed rather quickly away.

There is consolation in the further statement, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." He was sure of that, and the beautiful part is that it was not for him alone; but for all those who love and keep his commandments this crown is secure.

This afternoon we are sad about the broken fellowship, for there are some men who have been with us so long that when we meet in General Conference and they are not there it seems like something is wrong; when we fail to encounter them on the street and do not have their support any longer, there is a feeling that something has gone out of life—but in spite of all this there are so many things we can be thankful for in a life of this sort that we may rejoice even in the midst of our sorrow. It is often deplored that the young people are drifting away from Christian influences and losing interest not only in the doctrine of the church but in moral ideals, and men and women who are older are oftentimes to blame for this, but when a man like Brother McDowell lives the kind of life that he lived before young people, it is the greatest demonstration and argument that can be presented for their consideration.

In conclusion, on behalf of the whole church, I pay tribute to this good man, because I am sure that wherever there is a Latter Day Saint in touch with this work he would have me do that, and on behalf of the whole church I extend the sympathy of the church to Sister McDowell and her children, because I believe wherever there is a good Latter

Day Saint in touch with this work he would want me to do just that thing. I pray that peace and consolation and the blessing of the Spirit may be with them and abide with them.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 1002.)

"Do you all believe there is a God?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Hunt," said Louisa, "I am afraid we shall have to go still farther away in order to find our primitive people who have not been influenced by religion. Perhaps it will be impossible to find—"

Mr. Hunt waved an impatient hand. "Oh, we shall move on by and by. This trip is long enough for the time being. I do not like the water—nor these small boats. I think we'll be able to discover some things of interest, anyway. Someone back in Papeete told me all the people in these islands believe in ghosts and spirits. We can get some data on that, and I can observe some other things." He turned interestedly to Robert: "Ask that big fat man over there if he believes in spirits. Looks like a rather practical fellow to me—not easily deceived."

The "practical fellow" answered with a short, shuddering laugh. Yes, he believed in spirits. He had seen some. One had come at him one evening with a breath like a puff of hot wind.

"What did you do?" questioned another native, "did you run?"

"No," boasted the other. "I turned, grabbed him by the coat collar, shook him, and threw him to the ground."

"Haavaare! That's a lie!" Whereupon everybody chuckled a little.

It was quite dark save for the feeble light of lanterns, and someone started a hymn, "Zion, Zion, Zion the pure in heart!"

Louisa sat beside Dan and gave herself over to the enjoyment of the pleasant spirit that seemed to envelop the little group. The stars had never seemed so bright nor so near. They had stopped the engine, and the wind made soft music in the sails; the boat rocked rhythmically; and a strange people sang songs about Zion, and a Savior who would soon come again to earth. Then a native man prayed. It was the first time Louisa had ever heard one of them play. He was darker in color than the average native; she could see his face quite clearly by the light of a lantern. There was something almost attractive about his features. His whole bearing was one betokening quiet dignity. But it was not altogether the soft vowel sounds of the Tahitian language that made his prayer effective. It was because of his utter sincerity. He was actually talking to God, and he knew that he was being heard.

When the prayer had finished, Louisa turned to the quiet, dark-eyed young

woman who sat beside her with a baby in her arms.

"Do you believe in Zion also?" she asked.

"Yes. Zion is the only true home we have in this whole earth. Until we arrive there, we are strangers and wanderers."

Louisa was full of pity for these people. She had not heard much about the gathering in the little branch back in Monroe. She did not see how Zion could ever be a reality for these people whose hearts were so set upon it.

"Do you think it will come soon, this gathering that you talk of?" she asked.

"Ah, as to that, I do not know. I say in the words of Alma: 'Would God it may be in my day—but be it sooner or later, in it I will rejoice.'"

(To be continued.)

TEA AND COFFEE AS BEVERAGES

(Continued from page 998.)

and coffee are injurious in themselves, and taken very hot or very cold there is the possibility of additional injury from temperature."

Here is a plain statement by two members of the presidency that hot drinks were clearly understood to mean tea and coffee at the time the Word of Wisdom was given.

Brother Lambert's article proceeds: ". . . First: Tea and coffee were about the only hot drinks known to the masses (with possibly a few substitutes) and they knew little or nothing about the use of hot water as a beverage, when this revelation was received. Second: At the time the Word of Wisdom was given to the church it seems to have been generally understood that the phrase applied only to tea and coffee. At that time and afterwards, Joseph Smith, jr., and his brother Hyrum both testified that 'hot drinks' meant tea and coffee."

In an article by E. A. Smith on The Word of Wisdom, published in the *Herald* in 1914 and reprinted by request in *Herald* of November 29, 1922, we read, "There is no doubt in our mind that the term 'hot drinks' was intended to include tea and coffee. True the words tea and coffee do not appear, yet they are covered by the general term. . . . In a sermon in Nauvoo, May, 1842, Hyrum Smith who at that time was presiding patriarch, formerly member of the first presidency, said: And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly; there are many who wonder what this can mean, whether it refers to tea and coffee or not. I say it does refer to tea and coffee. (*Times and Seasons*, volume 3, page 800.) So far as we know, this interpretation was never challenged by the early church or by any quorum or prominent leader of the church. President Joseph Smith who was to teach those revelations which you have received is on record as follows: Tea and coffee are not named in the word, but

they are included in the sentence, 'Hot drinks are not for the body or belly!' (*Saints' Herald*, volume 49, page 1170.) So far as we are aware, no quorum or leading church officer in the Reorganization has ever challenged this decision by President Smith. . . . Chocolate and cocoa are of a different nature. . . . They are very nutritious, and according to one authority nine tenths of their entire bulk is absorbed by the digestive tract. Tea and coffee have no food value whatever; they are stimulants."

The positive testimony by Presidents F. M. Smith and E. A. Smith that hot drinks were clearly understood to mean tea and coffee when the Word of Wisdom was given, and the equally positive testimony of President Joseph Smith as quoted above by President E. A. Smith, find support in the fact that the minutes of a conference at Far West, November 7, 1837, contain the following item: The congregation after a few remarks from Sidney Rigdon unanimously voted not to support stores and shops selling spirituous liquors, tea, coffee, and tobacco (*Church History*, volume 2, page 120. Also quoted on page 154 of *Angel Message Tracts*, chapter 10, entitled "The Latter-day Glory," written by E. A. Smith.)

Suppose, for argument's sake, that other drinks now in use, might, because of injurious properties, be included in the term "hot drinks" along with tea and coffee, is that any justification for the continuance of the beverage use of tea and coffee, and the treating lightly of the revelation?

Even if we are not particular as to whether we do our bodies a little harm or not, or as to whether we miss some of the promised treasures of wisdom and knowledge, why not for the sake of unity accept the interpretation of those, who according to the law of the church, have the responsibility of interpreting the revelations for the church?

And how can we expect others to forsake the habits of using liquor, tobacco, or other vices, if we ourselves are not willing to forsake the smaller habits which are so much easier to overcome? And above all, let us not confuse our members with our private interpretations on the Word of Wisdom, when the lawful interpretation is stated in certain and positive terms.

ORIOLE NEWS

(Continued from page 997.)

The Oriole club of third St. Joseph branch plan to attend the Stake reunion at Stewartsville in August. A cookie sale netted them \$5.10. They have other plans to complete their expense fund. An Oriole sun-rise prayer meeting was held recently attended by O. T. Z.'s, Boy Scouts and other young people. Swimming parties and picnics are frequently provided under the direction of the Oriole Monitor.

The "H. O. P." circle at Fisher, Ark-

ansas, is raising an acre of cotton to assure means for the things they wish to do.

Justice for the Poor

Today, as a practical matter, in many American communities there is no court for the man without means. To him justice is a luxury, the entrance fees of the courts prohibitive, their procedure a mystery. The money involved may be needed for necessities of life. If the owner of such a claim must wait a year or even a month for the court to reach his case and then longer still to collect his judgment, the law is of little value to him.

The first practical attempt in the United States to meet this need was in 1913. . . . the Topeka Small Debtors' Court. Similar courts now exist on a state-wide basis in Kansas, Massachusetts, California, South Dakota, Idaho, Nevada, and Oregon. They have been set up also in Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and Spokane. The use of these courts is optional. It is only an alternative to a regular trial. There are no juries. . . . Lawyers are not usually present, their services are quite unnecessary.

Let us visit a typical small-claims court in action, the conciliation branch of the Cleveland Municipal Court. It handles nearly all types of cases under \$50. Where the plaintiff is destitute and has a meritorious claim, the court also hears cases under \$100.

When a person brings a grievance to this court he first talks with the clerk, who tries to arrange the matter amicably by telephoning or writing to the defendant. If he fails, the plaintiff signs a brief statement of his claim. A date is set for immediate hearing, and the defendant summoned by mail.

When the case is reached the judge calls the parties to the bench and tries to bring about a friendly settlement. If he does not succeed, he hears both sides and then enters judgment. The parties tell their stories in their own way and question each others. The atmosphere is dignified.

There is no delay; most cases are heard and determined within a week after their filing. The average costs paid by the litigants in the cases handled in 1933 was approximately \$1.50 per case.

These courts were never more necessary than today. The depression has complicated the problems of litigation for all, and by the same measure it has increased responsibilities of those who guide our administration of justice.—Harry D. Nims, Member of the New York State Committee on the Administration of Justice, in *The Forum*.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortunes, but great minds rise above them.—Washington Irving.

The Nomads

By May Elliott

VII.

A Brown Wanderer Prays for Zion

OH, I COULD never tire of this!" Louisa cried, as they walked through the tiny island town. There were rows of neat little frame houses nicely painted; clean swept streets; a few quaint Chinese shops, and the most important building of all in the life of the community, the Latter Day Saint church.

Louisa loved the tiny house that was their temporary home also, even though she and Dan had but one room to themselves. The two young dancing women, Rahera and Tarai, did all the work, even preparing the meals under Louisa's supervision. Mr. Hunt did not want them to work, but they explained that it would be such fun to learn the foreign ways of cooking, and he relented for the time being. He also permitted the young folks to finish reading the *Book of Mormon*, as he thought it could do them no harm to learn more of the language; and also it afforded an opportunity for Robert to carry on his affair of heart with Lucy without arousing the suspicions of Lucy's family. Mr. Hunt wished if possible to remain friendly with all the natives.

But Lucy was not satisfied. She wished to have her share in managing the work of the household and learning to cook. To this desire Rahera and Tarai offered strenuous and jealous opposition. They quarreled all the time it seemed to Louisa. Mr. Hunt finally intervened: Rahera and Tarai were to prepare breakfast and dinner, while Lucy served. Lucy was to prepare supper. They could take turns doing the other housework for the next two months, after which none of them were to work at anything. Some other native women would be hired to do the work, and he could study these present "employees" in a state of "natural" idleness.

With the exception of the kettles, pans, and other utensils for preparing and serving food, the house was quaintly furnished. Each room had a bed with a much embroidered counterpane and huge hard pillows with cases also covered with embroidery. A *peue*, or grass mat, woven skillfully and painstakingly by native women, covered the floor. A little shelf at one side of the room was decorated with large pearl shells. Some enterprising native had "beautified" these by pasting over their glistening surfaces labels from canned foods, so that the shells advertised different brands of tomatoes, salmon, pineapples, and corned beef. Various small shells, in picturesque sizes, colors, and shapes, had been strung in long strings and draped like

festoons of popcorn on a Christmas tree about the walls of the rooms, giving the place a festive air. There were no chairs. Mr. Hunt had noted that the natives usually preferred to sit "in a squat position" on the floor. That must be the natural way, then, and so chairs were forbidden.

The evenings they spent pleasantly conversing with the natives. Disappointing to Mr. Hunt, however, was the fact that these natives all believed in God, and for the most part belonged to the Reorganized Latter Day Saint Church. They had high ideals and lofty desires from which he seemingly could not shake them. The only thing of interest to him was their belief in ghosts. He was afraid of the water, though, especially when he had only a small sailing ship on which to travel, so he decided to stay in this place and gather what information he could before considering another move.

DAN HAD been ordered to take the black box from the steamer trunk and place it on a shelf of their room. Louisa had made up her mind not to think of it any more, to be thankful that Dan was a real man and one to be trusted; but the sight of the box kept alive the irritating thought that Mr. Hunt had striven successfully to plant in her heart—her husband did not love her. The feeling of coldness between them grew greater as the weeks went by, until it seemed to Louisa that almost the only thing they held in common was their deep pity for Robert and Lucy.

For there could be no doubt but that Robert was suffering deeply, keenly. The *Book of Mormon* seemed to have made a tremendous impression upon his sensitive mind. When Lucy was not with him he spent his time in brooding and melancholy. When she was with him, he busied himself doing things for her. Small things they were, little gallant things that no girl anywhere in the world can be totally unaffected by. She loved him with a love fiercely passionate, yet tender. It was plain to everyone just what her feeling for Robert was. She loved his very name and said it over and over in her own soft tongue: "Ropati." Robert loved her, too, but his was more of a wistful love. It was as though he wanted to make up to her for some wrong he had done her.

The other natives were not slow to guess the state of affairs between the two young lovers. One day Lucy's father came to the door and asked if he could speak to *Daniela*, which was their name for Dan. At his request, Dan walked with him through a grove of coconut palms until they came to a lonely

spot by the sea. The old man finally broke the silence.

"I desire to ask you about a thing. This Ropati and my little Lucy—is it true what the people are saying? They say she is sinning, and should be cast out from the church."

Dan said: "I am sorry for you. I think it is true."

"I was afraid so. Alas! If one could only know what was best. Last year I was about to arrange for her marriage to Paipai, a fine young man, but many people said, wait, she is still very young. So I waited, and now comes this foreign bad man—"

The old man's voice broke and Dan asked, not looking at him:

"How old is she now?"

"*Emea fatata hoe ahuru ma pae matahiti*—nearly fifteen years."

Fifteen years! Such a child. And this poor old father—an elder in the church.

"Robert would marry Lucy," Dan said then, "if you would consent."

He only shook his head. "The other relatives never would consent to that," he said. "You see, we have learned not to trust the foreigner too much in such matters. A stranger may come, marry a young girl and soon leave again, never to return. She cannot marry again without a divorce, and that is expensive. It is hard to know—"

"What can be done then?"

"They are talking of cutting her off from the church. It seems hard. My thoughts are greatly troubled. She will be able to assist no more in the services. And *arawai rii* she will not be happy with this man. She loves the church—this is truth I am telling you, Daniela—it is only that this foreigner has such soft ways to get at a young girl's heart—"

Dan's heart was born with the tragedy of the thing. They would not be long in Tikehau. Would Robert forget Lucy, even if he could marry her? What would happen to the poor child anyway? If she kept on with Robert, she would lose her church privileges. She would be missed. She was the only one in the congregation who could play the organ well; she led the singing many times in the prayer services; she taught a class of little folks in the Sunday school and the people had come to depend on her. Why did she have to become infatuated with Robert? He became aware that Lucy's father was again speaking to him.

"If you could only persuade this Ropati to leave her alone," he said. "The branch teacher is going to labor with her today; then tonight there will be a meeting to receive her decision."

"I will try," promised Dan. "But I don't know—I am afraid Robert loves her, also, and will not wish to give her up. But I shall do my best."

Dan had very little hope of accomplishing his purpose, however. Never having encountered such a situation, he did not know what was right and best under the circumstances. He only felt that something was terribly wrong in a world where such things could happen. As he approached the house he was aware of an unusual amount of confusion and noise coming from within.

A CROWD of young people had gathered there, and he could see Louisa standing at one side of the room. She seemed vastly amused at something. He felt a growing irritation against her. She could be so easily amused in the midst of great tragedy. As he entered the house, he saw the object of her amusement—an aged man who seemed unable to maintain his equilibrium, was continually losing his balance and falling over. In the brief intervals when he was able to balance himself, he swore great oaths in the English tongue.

Dan looked closely at the man. His face was deeply lined, his mouth sunken, his faded blue eyes vacant and watery.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"O *Kanitoa vau*," replied the ancient, striving to draw himself up proudly, but ending by falling in a heap on the floor; "I was born in a land very far away. I am King George's brother. Wait till he hears how these young fools tease me."

"He speaks English," smiled Louisa, with mirth in her eyes, and although Dan knew she was not consciously being unkind, he was angry.

"He speaks English all right," he said grimly, and Louisa's smile faded, as she turned and slipped out of the room.

Dan's anger turned upon himself. He knew he had hurt her. He seemed to be doing it all the time. Why was it? Sometime he would have a long talk with her—but she didn't want to talk seriously. Oh, well, he could only do his best. He would try to be kinder. He beckoned to Robert, who followed him out of the room and led him to the same quiet spot where he had talked with Lucy's father.

THEY sat down together and for a long while neither spoke, but watched the little waves lapping at the shore with a certain soft, indescribably sad music. Finally Dan broke the silence.

"Are you altogether satisfied with the way you are doing, Robert?"

"No—oh no!"

Dan had been prepared for a negative answer, but not for the mingled horror and grief that the exclamation contained.

"Then—why—please do not think I am trying to interfere where it is none of my business, but I hope you'll feel I'm trying to help you as a friend—why don't you give Lucy up, start life anew.

It would be much better for Lucy, too, though it might be hard to think so now. She could go back to her church work; win back her self-respect to some extent at least. Her old father would be spared much suffering—"

"And what about my suffering? And hers?" broke in Robert resentfully, "I suppose our suffering is not to be considered?"

"You brought it on yourselves. The others would suffer innocently, while you—"

"Easy for you to say. Easy for you to tell me to give up the only being who loves me, the only one who means anything in my life. You—happily married to the girl who loves you! How little you can know!" he broke off suddenly as though exhausted. "Well," he continued, at last, in a thin voice, "I'll do it. I'll tell her to go back to her people and her God. I'll tell her—"

Dan could not keep his astonishment from his voice.

"You will?"

"Yes. After all it's only right. You see, I've been reading—reading Lucy's books. Her father's books, I guess they are—the books of your church. They're true. There is a God. Your *Book of Mormon*—" He choked, swallowed several times, then cried out hysterically: "You've had it all you're life! You've had this wonderful gospel. I was your neighbor. Why didn't you tell me about it? Why didn't you ask me to Sunday school? You went along—"

"I didn't have the slightest idea you'd be interested," exclaimed Dan, "why—I—you—"

"How many other people did you or any other member of your church try to get to come out to your meetings? Not very many, I guess. You just went along, secure in your own spiritual safety—"

"But I—I never thought about other people actually wanting it—the gospel, I mean. I never dreamed—I—you see, I've always considered it a sort of cross, to belong to an unpopular church, I didn't think—"

"And yet you had the truth! The thing I've been hunting for all my life! You had it, I say—and you kept it all to yourselves! I wanted to be a king," he went on drearily, "A king! And now I know the only way one can be a real king in this life is to be like Jesus. I can never be like him in all this world. My life is so stained with sin and bitterness—"

"Don't say that, Robert. There is always hope. You are young yet—there are many years—"

"Yes I am young. But my life is nearly done. A doctor told me, a long time ago, back in Monroe, that I probably would not live long. I guess—that is why I've been so anxious to do something worth while, before death came. But now—I know the symptoms—my mother died of it—I know—"

"Perhaps you're mistaken—"

Robert shook his head. "But I can

give up Lucy. I can do the little bit I can in the short time left me. I—I'd give—everything I've ever had if I knew I could ever see Christ's face!" He threw himself on the ground and wept until Dan felt his own heart would melt under the intensity of the remorseful sorrow. Was that the way your neighbors would talk to you when you met them in the great beyond? Would they say: "You had the truth; why didn't you tell us?" And would you feel as he felt now, burdened with their load of sin and suffering? Was that what was meant when you were told to warn your neighbor that your skirts might be clear of his blood? Dan wanted to say something to comfort Robert, to ease his pain; but he was inarticulate with agony over this wasted life for which to some extent he was to blame.

Robert pulled himself up and laughed tremulously. "No use to sit here when there's something I can do." Then in a lower tone: "Pray for me, Dan."

"I will," said Dan fervently, and wrung his hand.

Dan met Lucy's father about sunset. He seemed happier than he had ever been since Dan had known him.

"She is going to repent," he said in a glad voice, "Everything is all right. That *taata api*, that Ropati, he is not such a bad man after all. He urged Lucy to ask forgiveness and to keep in the church. He said he believed the gospel was true. Ah, tonight will be a time of rejoicing!"

Nearly everyone on the island gathered at the church that night. Robert sat in a rear seat. His face was corpse-like in its whiteness; the only animated thing about him was the expression in his large black eyes. There was a fire in them, a flame of despair that was consuming not only his body but his soul.

Several hymns were sung and a prayer was offered. While the chorister was choosing another hymn, old *Kanitoa* burst forth in song. It was an indescribably rude street song and seemed to have an indefinite number of verses. They endured it for a while, no one smiled and no one became angry; then two of the native elders gently piloted him out of doors. He was a stranger in the land, but they treated him with the gentleness and consideration of a brother. It made a good and lasting impression on Dan and Louisa.

Lucy's father was in charge of the service. She walked up the aisle without a glance toward either side and gave her written confession to her father. He made a happy little speech, then opened the paper and stared at it. He sat weakly down on the chair behind the pulpit and continued to gaze at the document as though he could not read his daughter's writing. Dan was sitting near a window close to the front of the church. It was so still in the building one could plainly hear every sound without. There was the dull roaring of the ocean and the

(Continued on page 1040.)

mobile accidents. In contrast with this, Lieutenant Colonel A. H. L. Mount, the Chief Inspecting Officer of Railways, Ministry of Transport reports that in 1933 there were 282 deaths on British railways including cases of trespass and suicide. This is the lowest number in thirty years.

Viscount Snowden the famous Labor and Socialist leader of England and one time Chancellor of the Exchequer recently celebrated his seventieth birthday, and in a statement published in the *London Daily Mail* said: "Looking back I thank God for the developed Christian conscience and the enlightened self-interest which together have brought us thus far along the path of progress. This is the most hopeful sign of the times and the most encouraging change I have seen in my long and active life."

LEEDS, ENGLAND, July 21, 1934.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM LEWIS

(Continued from page 1030.)

"Since coming here and looking over the field I am convinced that thousands of good honest souls have passed away that would have been Latter Day Saints had it not been for the abominable dogmas of Salt Lake Mormons; but like Grandpa Roberts, they could not fall in with it, and I believe that there are many more living here who will yet see the light. . . .

"I do not wish to be too fast, but we need here in South Wales twenty active missionaries; and yes, we could use two hundred and keep them at work. . . . In my judgment for the next two years the church should make a special effort to supply this field. I hope that the report of Brother Kelley and Brother Griffiths will be in that line. Wales is in need of help so bad that I believe the angels of God will speak in our behalf. The spring, summer, and fall months are suitable for holding out-door meetings.

"We intend soon to go up near Merthyr, the old stamping ground of the church in early days, also of this in 1865 to 1870; but nothing is there now. I am informed that there are many old Saints that have left the Brighamites, and that there are hundreds of their children that stand off. I do not know how true this is, but will find out. Take it ten miles each way from Merthyr and it is a solid field of people, where there used to be thousands of Saints.

"I have just delivered, from door to door, five hundred notices of the time and place of our meetings and subjects to be considered. We shall hold the meetings as long as the interest is good. Brother G. T. Griffiths has promised to come and help us."

Having labored nearly two years in Wales, we started home July 3, 1903, aboard one of the largest ships afloat, the *Cedric*, a White Star liner.

THE DREAM OF A LITTLE CHILD

While in Wales our little girl, Ruth, was baptized in the sea at Llannelly, by Elder Gomer T. Griffiths, just as the tide was going out at nine o'clock at night.

When we made up our minds to come home, Ruth dreaded the voyage for she had had such a hard sick spell during the crossing. She was anxious to see her brothers and sisters, but the seasickness discouraged her, and she asked us to leave her in Wales with some neighbors.

One morning, however, she came downstairs and said that she would not mind going home if she could have as pleasant a time as she had dreamed. She said that she saw herself and some other little girls playing on the ship, running up and down the decks. One of the sailors took a rope and made a swing for them. They had very good times, and she was not sick at all. The child related the dream with great pleasure—she was but nine years old.

When we boarded the ship Ruth mentioned her dream. She saw some little girls and said: "Now if the sailor will put up the swing, my dream will come true." To her joy and ours, her dream was fulfilled. One of the kind-hearted sailors spent many of his spare minutes with the children and he put up the swing and otherwise entertained them.

One day the little girl came to us saying, "My stomach feels as if I was going to get seasick."

"Go and pray that the dream will all come true," I advised her. That was the last complaint she made. She did not suffer from seasickness.

(To be continued.)

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 1032.)

whispering of the wind through the palms. When one looked out into the night he saw little fires that had not yet gone out over which people had boiled water and cooked their suppers. Now and then a bright tongue of flame leaped up and the surrounding vegetation flowered in new beauty. Once and again a slight smell of fragrant smoke drifted in.

Lucy's father was rising slowly, feebly. "I cannot read this, Lucy," he said, huskily. "You will please come and read it for me."

She came forward with no hesitancy. His fingers trembled as he held the paper toward her.

"Tete," he pointed out shakily, "This is a mistake. It should read: *Te tatara-hapa nei au*.—I repent."

"No, father," Lucy spoke firmly, "There is no mistake in the writing. I love Robert. I desire to be cast out."

Head held proudly and defiantly high, she walked down the aisle in a profound silence. She paused at the door and turned toward Robert. It seemed to Dan

that she suddenly personified all the soft tenderness and yearning of the warm tropical night as she stretched her arms toward Robert. "*Eopati, Eopati!*" she whispered.

He rose like one in a dream and stumbled after her into the darkness.

Lucy's father finally gathered strength to announce the closing hymn and offer the closing prayer.

"Dear God our Father," he pleaded, "give us Zion—give us Zion e'er long—that city of holiness, that place of safety, that city of the pure in heart, where we may rear our children in righteousness before thee, where they may grow up without sin unto salvation—"

"When I get out of this," thought Dan, "I'm going to give my life to Zion. I shall work for Zion all my days. All the resources at my command shall go into the building of that city of refuge."

Louisa thought: "I'll surely be glad when I get back to civilization and don't have to come in contact with such sordid things. Oh, for a beautiful home, with nice refined associates and friends! And Dan is capable of earning enough to maintain a lovely home. How thankful I am!"

(To be continued.)

ACUTE GASTRIC CATARRH

(Continued from page 1033.)

Toward the end of the attack, "fever blisters" (herpes) may occur about the mouth. Jaundice may be present and slight fever also; vertigo and a sense of fullness in the head. Many of the ordinary cases recover without any treatment. The habits of the patient should be corrected and the Word of Wisdom obeyed.

In cases of poisoning (toxic gastritis), no time should be lost and the best remedy obtainable should be used to fight the tendency to death and get rid of the poison without delay. Quick action is necessary. A physician should be summoned at once and if it is a case of carbolic acid poisoning, alcohol and water should be administered, or if this is not at hand, vinegar may be of some benefit; if it is a mineral acid, olive oil, starch, white of egg, flour, milk, soda, chalk, soap or wall plaster in water; in sulphuric acid cases, avoid water, if corrosive sublimate the white of one egg, flour or milk.

I have not tried to give all the antidotes for poisons as I fear this article already too long. The layman should understand some of the common antidotes of poisons to be used until the arrival of the physician. In toxic gastritis, I cannot emphasize too strongly the extreme necessity for the calling of a competent physician.

If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Nomads

By May Elliott

VIII.

Silver Spoons

LOUISA was tired of Tikehau. Almost she was tired of life. For months they had been allowed to do no routine work. At first she had given herself up to enjoying the sound of the ocean, the soft winds, and the tropical beauty; but later this all became as commonplace as though she had known it forever. The only break in the monotony came when a ship was sighted in the quiet waters of the lagoon and they received a few letters. They were not permitted to read any papers or magazines.

She attempted to keep cheerful and happy for the sake of the child that was coming soon to them. She tried to keep in mind the fact that only six months remained of their contracted time.

Then they could have a real home. She could see it in imagination—a cozy little bungalow with a wide porch, banked with flowers without, and within all cleanliness and cheer. She tried to picture the nursery, too, and the baby, its dear little hands, its bright, happy face. It would be a boy, she felt sure, and often she dreamed of the wonderful future before him. He might be a famous doctor or some other type of great man and do much good in the world and be rich. She didn't talk things over with Dan any more. He seemed morose and silent. This baby was to recompense her for Dan's lack; he would be her very own, and she would get from him the responsive love and joy she might never have from Dan.

If she could have known the tender thought her husband had for her she might have felt differently. He too was building fine dreams around their baby. Only his were vastly different.

"Louisa is mainly concerned over material things," he said to himself, "she will not care so much about the baby's spiritual welfare. She will leave that to me. How I will love to teach the little fellow the gospel!"

He tried to pierce the future and paint pictures for himself of the son who was to be. The tiny baby dressed in pure white clothing in the arms of two of the elders of the church, being blessed and dedicated to God. The little boy with sweet pensive face who would confide in him and bring him all his childish troubles and problems. The laddie, in different mood, kneeling beside his earthly father while learning to pray to and trust a heavenly Father. The grown man—stalwart, firm for the right, seated beside him in the pulpit about to preach his first sermon for the church of God.

IT WAS INEVITABLE that Dan's dreams should become interwoven with the church ideals, for he had studied his church books carefully and prayerfully. He had attended the native church services and even assisted wherever he could, since Mr. Hunt seemed to have no objections. In fact, that old "seeker for truth" seemed to wish to avoid Dan; sometimes he appeared actually uncomfortable in the younger man's presence.

Dan was very thankful for this, for he never had enjoyed his employer's company. He preferred to be with his native brothers and sisters; to reflect upon how great things the Lord had done for them through the light of the gospel. For there was no denying the fact that the natives who had obeyed the gospel and tried to live by its principles were much superior to the others around them, and in deed because of their strong faith in God and his work restored in the last days, they might do credit to the church in almost any environment.

He recalled some things he had read concerning these people in a volume of Redpath's history; wherein the author pointed out that they originated on the American continent, and that they were the most magnificent specimens of humanity, in a physical sense, that remain in the world.

These people were still large of stature and well proportioned, but there were among them many signs of physical decay. Great numbers of them were very poor, and the only fresh foods they had were fish and coconut. Canned fruits and meats from the Chinese shops with a little white bread made up the rest of their diet. Their teeth were in a bad condition; and he doubted whether some of them ever had their hunger fully satisfied.

Civilization had brought them its worst in a physical way. But they had the gospel, civilization's best in the spiritual realm. Suppose they could gather to Zion soon before their physical decadence had progressed further. With this natural strength, their zeal for God's work, their abundant faith, could they not make a worthy and lasting contribution to the cause of Zion?

If only he could help! Soon he would be back in America; then he would bend every effort to prepare for service in the church as he had been told to do in his patriarchal blessing and his confirmation prayer.

As the days went by he grew worried and uneasy concerning Louisa. They were awaiting a boat which would take them to Papeete where they could secure the services of a physician. The

boat had not yet appeared. He felt he could not bear it if anything should happen that his wife should be taken from him. There was one sailboat, *Tiari Faniu*, which belonged to a man who lived there. He might be persuaded to take them to Papeete if Mr. Hunt were to pay him something. Disagreeable as the task seemed, Dan resolved to seek Mr. Hunt's company and make the proposal. Surely he could not refuse.

AS HE APPROACHED the house he heard the sound of violent quarreling, but that was nothing unusual. The two dancing girls seemed to hate one another more fiercely every day, and expressed their feelings boisterously. Dan did not see how Mr. Hunt could endure the situation. The old man did not seem happy; he did not appear excited or enthused with life any more. He seemed almost to have forgotten his project.

Everyone shrank from him, and he was the most lonely person on the island. Robert and Lucy spent most of the day away from the little house, walking by the sea, or sitting apart from all else, content in each other's companionship. Robert was paler than ever and grew thinner, too, as the days went by.

"This whole venture was wrong from the beginning," thought Dan, "we should never have come. No good can come of it. If anything happens to Louisa—"

Steeling himself for the interview with Mr. Hunt, he entered the house. That worthy gentleman was trying to settle the difficulty that had arisen between the two women, and they had both turned the full force of their venom upon him. He had never learned to speak the language fluently, so he merely slunk away toward the door, and was glad when Dan asked him if he could talk with him awhile alone. They walked away from the village a short distance.

"I have been worrying about my wife," Dan began, "You see—no ship seems to have come for some time. There is no doctor here."

"I don't know what we can do about it," dully replied Mr. Hunt.

"There is *Tiari Faniu*. I thought perhaps—"

"We might just as well all go back to Papeete. We might just as well quit now as to wait the few remaining weeks. And you kids can go home if you want to. There isn't any use of your remaining longer."

"You mean your project is finished?" queried Dan politely.

The older man spread his hands in a gesture of despair.

"Finished as far as it ever will be, I guess. You see, things haven't gone

just right. Some things have proved startlingly different from what I thought they would be."

"Indeed?"

"For instance, I have discovered that there actually are ghosts, or spirits, or something supernatural. I don't know what it is, but I've *seen* them—I've *heard* them. Do you think I'm crazy?" He ended irritably, "Well, think so, if you like—but I'm not crazy. There are supernatural powers, and I'd like to experiment along that line, but I'm—I'm afraid. So I guess my great search for truth is ended."

"There is another possibility, Mr. Hunt. Have you ever thought what might happen if you conducted your experiments with a view to finding God and going toward him, rather than in the other direction?"

"No religion in mine. I've known too many hypocrites that belonged to churches. I can't abide doctrines. I don't like even to hear about it. No—there is nothing left for me except to live and enjoy life as best I may. I have plenty of money and that's a great comfort. But I'll have to find something in which to interest myself, that's sure. I thought once that sin was exciting but I've found it is the most monotonous thing in the world. You don't get much enjoyment out of it—it has very limited boundaries."

"On the other hand," said Dan, "I've noticed that people who strive for self-mastery and attempt to lead righteous lives seem not only to increase their capacity for enjoyment but to have some sort of magnetic attraction for happiness. Of course—"

"It won't do any good to preach to me, young fellow. I've carved out my own road—I shall follow it to the end. No one shall interfere with me. I intend to interfere with no one else from now on." He paused a moment, a far-away look in his eyes, then spoke in a whisper as though to himself: "I think I am the most *unhappy* person in the world."

"You will see Punuari then about his boat?" Dan asked in a strained voice.

"Yes. Or stay. You can see him if you like. Now, right away."

"He wants me to go away from him," thought Dan pityingly.

He glanced back once or twice at the forlorn, lonely figure of the man who had spent his life in sin; and in attempting to prove that sin was natural and right.

"Verily I say unto you, my son, wickedness never was happiness," thought Dan as he recalled the statement of Alma to his erring son. There surged again over his heart that tremendous urge to do something for Christ and his church. He would have to tell Louisa, plead with her, if necessary, to let him carry out his plans. He could take his money and by economizing go on to school and learn more so that he could be a better workman in the gospel; then he would be called as he had been promised. He wanted to go into all the world and

tell all people the way to happiness. He wanted to tell them that the way to find joy was to follow Christ; that while sin sometimes promised happiness the sinner would find only misery if he yielded. He drew himself up short. He must not dream so much. He must see Punuari without delay. No, he would go to Louisa and tell her the good news first. She was not happy here he knew, and was probably just as anxious to get home as he was.

Robert met him, panting, breathless.

"Dan! Where have you been? I've hunted for you—go to Louisa, quickly! She's—"

With fearful misgivings Dan rushed to the little house at the end of the street. A large crowd of people were gathered close to the building. He made his way into their room. Two of the native sisters were there. He flung himself down beside the bed and buried his face in his hands. Louisa put out a trembling hand and stroked his hair gently.

"Don't worry, Dan. I'll be all right, really."

"Dear, you've been to church enough that you know about administration, would you care—would it be all right with you if I called two of the elders and had them administer to you?"

"Not if it would make you feel better. I think everything will be all right, but if you want to have them, go ahead."

The sacred rite was attended to with dignified simplicity. Dan felt much easier in his mind. Surely God would answer these prayers of faith.

"Don't you be troubled, Daniela," said the old woman who was nearest Louisa, "we shall take good care of your wife. We understand these things very well, and we know what to do. Now don't be troubled."

There never was a night that seemed longer and more wearisome than that. The only bit of comfort Dan had was that the native Saints knowing of his worry, had called a special prayer meeting in his wife's behalf.

And in the morning everything was all right. Only Dan would have to make some slight revisions in his dreams. The baby was a girl. The native sisters were almost as proud of her as though she belonged to them. It seemed they would never be through exclaiming over her.

"*Aue te nehenehe!* How beautiful! Ah, what loveliness!"

Dan was astonished at Louisa's appearance. He had expected her to be pale as death, but she looked as natural as ever.

"What's the matter, Dan?" she asked the question wistfully. "Are you disappointed that—the baby wasn't a boy—or—"

All the grief and worry of the long night overpowered him and he sank to his knees beside her and burst into tears.

Louisa raised herself on one elbow and gazed at him, speechless. Dan crying? She had never dreamed he could cry—

at least she had never thought he would cry over her.

The native sisters were almost in tears, too. "*Aue, Daniela, e! Aue te aroha!*"

Louisa paid no heed to them. "Were you really so worried, Dan?" she asked, breathlessly.

Dan controlled himself with an effort. "Last night," he said in a low voice, "I prayed for you every minute. I told the Lord if he would let me keep you, I didn't think I'd ever ask him for anything else. I am so thankful—"

"He must really love me then," thought Louisa. "Perhaps—" Aloud she said: "You didn't need to worry, really. I was sure I'd be all right. I am strong." She laughed a little. "I remember once—it seemed like ages ago—before we were married—you'll laugh at this Dan—I made up my mind I was sort of a combination of Venus and Psyche. Strength and spiritual beauty."

"Don't compare yourself with heathen goddesses any more. There never was any goddess nor human being either, for that matter, who could be as beautiful as you are now."

Louisa caught her breath sharply. "You must really love me—quite a lot?" It was a tremblingly asked question, rather than a statement.

"I do love you—of course."

"As usual, he doesn't say how much he loves me—he never makes a statement about his love for me in the superlative." She closed her eyes for a moment fearing he might see the pain that had gone through her with knife-like poignancy. "We can soon go home, Dan," she brightly began, "and what a nice home we can have. We must give our baby every advantage—"

"And yet, in our own happiness, we must not forget others," Dan broke in with a far-away look in his eyes. "These natives, for instance. I keep feeling all the time we should do something for them—something practical—you know dear, they are really better than lots of people who feel they are so good. Last night they had a special meeting to pray for you—"

"The dears!" returned Louisa. "And these women who stayed with me were wonderful, too. One of them, that one they call *Mamaruu* kept telling me I'd be all right, that she'd had eighteen children and was still alive and happy." She laughed. "I've thought of several gifts we might send back when we get home. I'm going to send several of them some silver knives and forks and spoons. You know the poor things don't really have much to work with, and they like beautiful things the same as any other woman does."

"Silver spoons!" thought Dan. "Silver spoons, when they want Zion!" The idea was a shock to him. Could he make her see his dream? For the next half hour he tried desperately to do so. She listened with tears in her eyes. He could paint glowing pictures; but she had

dreams of her own. Was it fair to ask her to give up all her dreams that he might realize his? If she believed fully in the church, and if Dan loved her as she wanted him to, she might possibly make the sacrifice. But as it was—why, that was probably why Dan was so intensely interested in the church and the hereafter—Elaine, whoever she was, had died; he could never find complete happiness again in earthly love; so he had to find his happiness working for religion.

"It sounds beautiful to hear you talk about it, Dan," she said, "but it isn't lost upon me that the main part of the hardship would fall to the lot of our children and me. I think it's selfish of you to ask it. And it says somewhere in the Bible that he who does not take care of his own is worse than an infidel, or something like that. I can't think it is required of us. I recollect some of the stories your mother told me about the hard times some of the missionaries in your church have had—"

"She says 'your church,'" thought Dan. He felt his heart would break with disappointment. She had seemed so much warmer toward him, so lovable, that he had hoped she might understand.

"There is an allowance," he said, "for the missionary's wife—"

"It's a miserly pittance though. I know that, because Brother Teasdale mentioned how hard a time his wife had to make ends meet—said it as though it were himself slaving at home—"

"It would be a sacrifice for the man, too, really—"

"Can't you satisfy this missionary instinct of yours in some more practical way? School teaching for instance? Old Laird did a lot of good, I'm sure. And he got two thousand dollars a year. We could have a pretty good home on a salary like that—"

Dan grasped at the idea eagerly. He would have to get his B. A. degree at least before he could make a salary like that, and maybe by that time she would see things differently.

"We could use our money for you to go on to school with," she said thoughtfully. "Wouldn't that really be better than trying to serve some church and not be able to give our children a chance in life?"

"That might be all right," said Dan slowly.

A long, drawn-out, pitiful wail reached them through the thin partition of the rooms. Then Lucy's voice:

"Aue, Ropati, Ropati! Ua Pohe Ropati! Aue! Aue!"

(To be continued.)

There is a wide distance between rudeness and reserve. You can be courteously polite and at the same time extremely aloof to someone who does not appeal to you, or you can be welcomingly friendly to another whom you like on sight.—Emily Post.

HOW SHOULD MY SOCIAL AND RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES DIFFER FROM THOSE OF THE WORLD?

(Continued from page 1058.)

Godlike character which the church is supposed to help me to develop.

"Avoid even the appearance of evil," and, "We are our brother's keeper," we often hear quoted. I may have no wrong sex emotions, when dancing with any number of people, but how about our partners? Are we of the same mind and subject to the same temptations? I must consider these questions for I have entered into partnership with Jesus Christ and his church, in the life saving business, and to work in harmony, my activities must be of a life saving nature. I sincerely believe that I cannot afford to attend questionable sex alluring movies, dance, play cards, or constantly listen to jazzy, sensuous music, first, because these activities do not tend to spiritualize my thoughts, which in turn control the activities in which I participate, and second, because I believe that I am my brother's keeper, and that God will hold me responsible for the example which I set to all the people with whom I come in contact, as well as for my own acts.

As a Latter Day Saint I cannot afford to be heedless in deciding how I shall spend the time God has given me for my development, for I firmly believe that peril waits upon the heedless, grace upon those who try. I can learn to like the things which are best for my development, as easily and as well as I can the things which are not conducive to any development. It is simply a case of being willing. "God demands the heart, and a willing mind." It is a matter, as a member of God's kingdom, of deciding what is good, and like it, or learn to like it. I should learn to like the best books, the most educational radio programs, and the cleanest and most educational movies, and all other good activities. I mention these three forms of recreation because they are most common to all.

THERE CAN BE, and should be, a decided difference between my social and recreational activities and those of the world, especially on the Sabbath day. While the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath, yet, like all of God's creations, and the intelligent ones of man, it was created for a definite purpose or purposes, with definite laws governing the care, use and operation, in order to produce the result intended. If I want the result or blessing, intended for me by God in creating the Sabbath for me, and as a Latter Day Saint I should want it, then I must use and operate the thing created, by the laws, with which the Creator made the result of the thing, subject to. The letter of the law governing the Sabbath is expressly given in the Scriptures. In essence, it is to be a day of rest, (rest meaning cessation from motion or disturbance; quiet; repose; sleep; death;

place of quiet or repose; interval or silence) a day for holy convocation, for the payment of vows, and for the offering of oblations and sacraments to the Creator. There is to be no servile work done, except to avoid waste, and our food is to be prepared with singleness of heart. The spirit of the law, which should govern my activities on the Sabbath, I think is best given in Isaiah 58: 13, 14, which reads: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shall honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." If baseball, swimming, movies, and other sports and activities are my pleasure and recreation, then I will and should turn away my feet from the doing of them on the Sabbath. In doing which, my Sabbath activities will differ from those of the world, who set at naught the counsel of God.

In seeking social and recreational activities, I should be intelligently seeking to supply and gratify my needs. Wants are intelligent ones and are justified only when they fill a need. The test of a just want is that it fits a need. God has seen every need of mankind, and has provided for the same through the gospel. When the gospel is complied with in its fullness, there is nothing lacking in mankind. It is my task as a Latter Day Saint to seek first to establish the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and then all my needs shall be provided for. Therefore my social and recreational activities can, and should, differ from those of the world, in that they are suggested by, and are the result of, my kingdom building activities.

EDUCATIONAL PLANNING

(Continued from page 1059.)

University if the opportunity should open in the future.

Student C just didn't know. He had several possible purposes but none of them definite. After consultation, a plan was formulated for two years college training, at the end of which the student might choose journalistic training, business training, or educational training for the last two years of undergraduate work without loss of time, contributing experiences, or credit.

Thus through educational planning a student's college work not only gives maximum returns but is given a significance, vitality, and pattern which make a tremendous difference in the student's approach to his educational tasks.

Of course, college freshmen are uncertain regarding desired educational objectives. The first educational plan

The Nomads

By May Elliott

IX.

"Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life"

ROBERT'S DEATH, although not entirely unexpected, came as a shock to everyone. Nearly all had something good to say about him—he had been gentle and kind to all the natives. He was buried in the cemetery where many of Lucy's relatives were buried. His grave was marked by a small board, painted white, and thrust endwise in the ground; but Mr. Hunt promised Lucy he would obtain a better headstone e'er long.

Dan and Louisa visited his grave again before they left for Papeete. Fastened to the piece of board was a paper on which something was penciled in a none too steady hand.

"What does it say?" asked Dan of Louisa as she bent over to inspect the writing.

"Born to be a king—died a pauper," she read, and wiped her eyes.

"He must have written it himself—in those hours just before he died. He must have asked Lucy to put it there. It's too bad—oh, I know it can't hurt him now—but he changed so—he was really better than he'd ever been, in some ways—"

"I know. Let's find Lucy. She probably doesn't know the meaning of these words—"

"You find her if you like," said Dan, "I'll go back and care for the baby and finish the packing."

"If you don't mind, Dan, I'd just as soon you'd leave the packing for me. I'd know where baby's things are. I won't be long."

She hurried away. Lucy lived with a relative in a tiny house at the very outside of the village.

Yes, she had put the paper on the board at the grave. She had promised him to do it and had fulfilled his wish.

"It doesn't matter what the paper says," she said, "Nothing can hurt him now. I'm sure he is happy."

"I'm sure he is—if there is any happiness there. And he wouldn't want you to be unhappy."

"I am not very sorrowful any more, Louisa. I still want him and miss him, but I know he is better and happier, so I try to keep my heart from being too sad. And he did not leave me entirely alone. I shall have his baby with me—"

"Lucy! But what will you do? How will you care for it?"

"I shall marry Paipai. He wants me. He came on the boat that you are sailing away on. I shall marry him, be bap-

tized, and bring the little one up to believe in the gospel. Robert would be happy if he knew."

"Yes, but—this Paipai—how do you know he'll be good to the child?" Louisa realized the question was a rather tactless one, and she went on to explain how that sometimes in other countries a step-father or stepmother does not always have a great love for the child. "Of course," she added, "that is not always true."

"Ah, but the *taata maohi* is different." Lucy said it with a faint touch of pride in her voice. "To us, a little child is from God, no matter whose it is. If a child's parents die, there are many arms reached out to receive the little one and care for it. Paipai will be good to my child. And I shall no longer have to remain away from the church; I shall no longer be a stranger in my father's house."

"I wonder shall I ever see her again?" thought Louisa as she hurried back to finish the packing. She didn't want Dan to do the packing—not altogether for the reason she gave him—but she dreaded knowing whether or not he would still value that black box enough to take it home. She hated herself for being foolish over so small a matter when a little native girl like Lucy could bravely bear so much greater a load of trouble.

"But I just can't help it," she told herself, "and I don't understand it. If it were something more tangible, it would be easier to face."

SHE TOLD herself she ought to make it tangible; she ought to tell Dan honestly and squarely how the thing bothered her and have him explain it. But she dreaded finding out the truth. She dreaded it more every day. It had become magnified in her mind until it hung over her like a great dark cloud. No, she couldn't face it. She would find an opportunity to slip the box into the trunk unnoticed; then a glance at the shelf where it had been would tell Dan she had packed it up and nothing need be said about it.

Strange though, the name "Elaine" didn't seem to mean anything to him. She had suggested that they name the baby Elaine but Dan had said no, he never had liked that name; he wanted to name the child Dorothy Jane after his mother and hers. And he had added that next to Louisa they were the two best women he knew. If she were to have her way about their future lives, he ought to have something to say about the children.

"I don't understand it," she said to herself for the thousandth time. "And

the funny part of it is, I can't seem to keep it out of my mind even for a day. I can't forget he asked me not to talk about it, and it makes me cross with him, right when I don't mean to be at all. And I ought to feel sorry for him, if he's as sad as it seems he is sometimes." There seemed to be no one near, so she indulged in a few tears.

"What's the matter?" Dan asked as he came in the room. "You look tired. You just sit down and rest. I can do the packing just as well as not."

"Oh, no, no! Please Dan. Get me a drink of water, will you? Then maybe I'll tell you where to put some of the things."

He looked at her queerly. What was there about packing a few things in a trunk to be so vehement about? But he went for the water, and while he was gone she hastily plunged the black box under some things she had already placed in the trunk. When he returned, she said:

"It doesn't matter much where you put the other things. Put the baby's things in this suitcase. I have the things we'll need on the boat in the steamer trunk already."

THE JOURNEY to Papeete was like a dream. Like a dream, too, was the hotel where they had secured their meals when they first came to Papeete, and the greeting of the waiter who remembered them: "*Bon jour M'sieur-Dame.*"

They were to do some shopping in Papeete. Mr. Hunt supplied them with plenty of money. In fact, it seemed he could not do enough for them. Louisa could not take much interest in the buying though. It was Dan who bought all the souvenirs to take home at the suggestion of Mr. Hunt. A sort of apathy seemed to have settled over Louisa. She found great comfort in the baby, and clung to the little one as if fearful it might be taken from her. Once in a Chinese shop they had encountered a Chinese woman with an infant in her arms.

"*Tamaroa anei?*" asked the Chinese shopkeeper pointing to little Dorothy.

"*Aita,*" replied Dan, "it's a girl."

"No good!" replied the Chinese with such severity that Louisa laughed, but sobered when she saw the expression of the little mother's face, as her arms tightened about the child. They too had a little girl, and the father was evidently much displeased. Louisa shuddered. Perhaps the father was even then thinking of giving the little one away! How cruel the world was! She would be glad when she got back to civilization and

didn't have to meet up with such things. She would always remember them though, and they would hang over her like a shadow along with the thought of the black box. She remembered the poem that had so disgusted her the night after she had graduated from high school.

"This life is full of numbness and of balk."

Was that true? No, surely, back in civilization she should be able to mold for herself a little world of happiness and peace.

The journey home did not seem to take long. It was thrilling to think they were going back to America. Everybody was glad to see land again. A little French girl grew very excited over the sea gulls.

"Oh, mama! she cried, "*Que-ce que ce-la? Que-ce que ce-la?*"

"We have been in a foreign land," thrilled Louisa, "and we're going home. over there somewhere is the American flag!" She drew closer to Dan's side.

"Isn't it thrilling to be going home, Dan? We've been real nomads, haven't we?"

"We are nomads," he corrected her somberly, a look of wistful sadness in his eyes, "strangers and wanderers."

Louisa drew away from him again. Chilled. That was the way it always was she thought. Whenever she made any spontaneous remark, he could always think of something to subdue her feeling. Very well, she would try to be more silent.

IT WAS A COMFORT to be back home in Monroe. People made quite a fuss over them in a detached sort of way. Almost everyone had forgotten, though, why they had gone. Several had to be reminded where they had gone to. Funny how unimportant one really is in the scheme of things. Life for Monroe had evidently flowed on smoothly enough in their absence. There had been changes. Some of the older residents had died. A building or two had burned. Mrs. Miller had improved the home place until it did not seem so much like home as Louisa had thought it would be. But Mrs. Miller herself had not changed. She was the same swift worker and Louisa spent many minutes contemplating her activities in silent wonder. She decided her mother was one of the most cheerful women she had ever met.

"I'll be glad when I get into my own home and have a little work and responsibility of my own," she remarked one day.

"It's the only way to be happy," replied her mother emphatically. "Now you take that prize I won on my asters at the flower show—I got real joy out of that—knowing I had made a definite contribution to the world's beauty."

The younger brothers and sisters had changed. They seemed almost strangers and Louisa found herself thinking funny, confused thoughts as she listened to their rather "grown-up" conversation.

Dan's father and mother thought it a capital idea for him to continue his educational work, and so it was not long until they were planning definitely on going to Chicago. Mr. Eldon had always wanted his son to go there.

"Be sure and look Helen up," said Mrs. Martin, who happened to meet them as they were about to get on the train.

"Write me a card with your address on it and I'll send you her address. I can't remember it off-hand. I never was any good at remembering. But Helen has a smart shop in Chicago and is making good.

"I'll write her the card," thought Louisa, "but I won't look Helen up. She'd want to know all about us; she'd ask whether I'm happy or not, and nobody is going to know the intimate things about my life."

She intended to live to herself. Chicago was such a big, impersonal place. Perhaps if she were alone all day, day after day, with her work and the baby, she might be able to get things straightened out in her mind.

They secured a two-roomed, furnished apartment on Prairie Avenue. There were plenty of windows in the large room, and a clothes closet at one side. A large skylight made the kitchen bright, but Louisa wished there had been windows. It would seem more home-like. There was a nice bathroom and hot and cold water always on tap. It was altogether a cozy little place, tastefully furnished.

But her work did not take nearly all the day. She tried to spend the rest of the time thinking, but could put her mind upon nothing but her own troubles and difficulties. The whole world seemed bent upon keeping her thoughts upon that little black box and the idea that Dan did not love her.

Salesmen seemed to have a knowledge of her one vulnerable spot. She signed on the "dotted line" at the behest of a sewing machine salesman when he said: "Surely your husband loves you enough to pay seventy-five cents a week to keep you young and cheerful." She knew they could not afford all the new electrical devices just at that time; that it would take every cent they had to give Dan the schooling he must have if he were to secure the good position he wanted at the end of his study period. Yet it seemed that whenever a salesman made that suggestion, she lost her head in an effort to prove that Dan did love her.

She tried reading magazines, also with little success, in an effort to free her mind of unpleasant thoughts. The conspicuous advertisements shrieked at her: "Do you love your wife? Send her flowers on anniversaries." Dan never sent flowers, and he had never remembered her birthday nor any other important day. They were all alike to him. Or there would be a bright colored ad which blared: "Do you want to hold your hus-

band's love? Buy our perfume, illusive, sweet, fragrant. He will respond to your allurements as never before." This thing of winning and keeping your husband's love seemed to be a serious—nay, almost impossible business if you did not have plenty of money with which to buy. Her mind told her that this was just advertising; that she should not allow these things to effect her so seriously. But the idea was repeated so often and so suggestively, so insidiously, the idea that a man's love for his wife was an unstable, undependable thing; that, in fact, if a woman did not spend her husband's money freely for those things which would enhance her physical beauty, she could expect his admiring eyes to wander toward some other woman who had been wiser and kept her skin soft and smooth, her teeth white as chalk, and her hair in just the right condition. Louisa realized that good grooming is a thing to be desired, but all these suggestions left her with a feeling of dissatisfaction with herself.

She tried reading biographies with little better results. She found small inspiration in them. It seemed that authors were trying to tear down one's belief in anything of a noble character. She turned from reading of the lives of men whom she had formerly been taught to admire with a feeling of nausea, a sense of having been betrayed. Whom could one believe in? Whom could one trust?

She had felt safe when she found they were not far from a great hospital. But now she began to wonder. She read many things in an effort to discover just what was best for Dorothy Jane. *Hygeia*, *Physical Culture Magazine*, *Nature Cure Magazine*, *The Journal of Osteopathy*, and *The Chiropractor*. She began a correspondence course in nursing sponsored by prominent allopathic physicians.

Secretly Dan was delighted at the interest Louisa was manifesting in nature cure doctrines and other such health philosophies, for he felt they were somewhat in line with the teachings of the church and the Word of Wisdom.

"I don't understand," she told him one night, "why all these different schools of healing should be eternally flying at each others' throat, so to speak. It seems to me that each of these schools has a great degree of valuable knowledge which is rather incomplete without some of the knowledge the other schools have. Now if somehow this knowledge could be coordinated; if they could stop fighting and sort of get together—"

"Louisa, that's the dream of the church. I heard one of our ministers say so once. A system of medicine comprising the best from every method of healing, based on the Word of Wisdom. I wish you'd read that some time, dear. It's section 86 in the *Doctrine and Covenants*."

"Oh, all right," carelessly. "But it really is hard to know what to believe in

(Continued on page 1102.)

they have missed not only a great opportunity for service to the church and to their fellow creatures but they have missed some real thrills themselves, thrills that can come only from the consciousness of having made someone happy, of having brought joy into a life that was sad and burdened with care. They have also missed the thrills of some mighty grand, good times visiting with members of their own group to whom their fellowship and association mean much.

Young people may enjoy visiting singly or in couples, which is fine, but it has been my experience to learn that group visiting is most effective. Would you like to go with me in memory on one of the most worth-while visits a certain group of young people ever made?

Early in August, a year ago, seven young people met at their church one Thursday evening to go visiting. They decided first to visit a sister who had been ill for months and for whom there was little hope of earthly life, then to visit some comparative newcomer of their own group who had been to church on several occasions but with whom none of the young people felt very well acquainted. Later, if there was time, they would make still another visit.

In view of the sick sister's serious condition they questioned the advisability of making that the first visit but decided that they would go to her home and then be guided by what they learned there. Upon arrival they found that she had recently suffered a rather severe heart attack and so told her husband that they would not come in then but that they would come again some other time. However, the sister had learned that they were there and, weak and ill though she was, insisted that they come in, that she wanted to see them, and that their visit would do her more good than all the doctors in the world. So they accepted her invitation and each one greeted her warmly. How she was cheered by those sincere heartfelt greetings! Feeling that it was not wise to visit long or talk much, one of the girls asked the sister if she would like for them to sing for her. She joyfully said that she would love to hear them and named her favorite hymn. And as those seven young people, in that home where sickness and suffering had known a place so long and whence earthly life was soon to flee, sang softly and reverently, "*The Old, Old Path*," they experienced the unspeakable joy, the indescribable thrill of seeing that dear sister's face light up with heavenly bliss as a sweet peace stole over her countenance, driving the pain and suffering from her worn, weary body, as she listened to the words of the hymn she loved so well. After the hymn a young priest of the group offered prayer in which all joined in sincerity of heart, lifting their hearts to God in our sister's behalf. Then the young people departed, with the full consciousness of having given supreme happiness to one who had

suffered much and to whom their brief companionship in her hour of need had meant more than they could ever know.

During their brief visit they had learned that the sister was to celebrate her birthday anniversary the following Saturday and she told them that she had prayed that God would let her live just that long, at least, and then she would be ready to go. So before they stepped into their cars to go to the next home some definite plans were quietly made and on the following Saturday the sister was the recipient of a small birthday card shower and a beautiful bouquet of flowers. We never saw her again for she lived for only a few days, but we were told many times that our visit and our remembrance had done much to brighten and cheer her last hours, that she had been gladdened and helped more than could be expressed, by the thoughtfulness and companionship of a few young people at the time she needed it most.

Young people, your place is in the ranks of the church visitors and if you want some real thrills, go and visit the sick and afflicted among you, and, when you can, do something more for them than just visit.

In accordance with their plans the young people went on to visit the newcomers to their branch, simply picked them up and took them along, and went on to make another visit at the home of one of the branch officers, where, all unwittingly, they arrived almost on the birthday of the head of the house, so, of course, this visit turned into an impromptu birthday party with ice cream and cake, and everything. A most happy time was had by all, and the newcomers felt no longer like newcomers when they returned home that evening, but rather that they were definitely a part of the young people's group of the branch, and such they proved to be during the remainder of their stay in that city.

This evening's visiting experiences were among the first for most of these young people and they went to their homes with the full realization that they had found a very real and very large field for their services, and one in which they themselves were the greatest beneficiaries.

Young people need never feel (as they so often do) that they do not know how to visit, that they do not know what they should do or say, for whatever they may lack in "technique" is fully compensated for in their frank friendship, their honest interest, and their lively enthusiasm. And there is nothing more soul-cheering and more inspiring to those who are old or ill than the bubbling enthusiasm, the sparkling vivacity of youth. When you want something really worth while to do, go and visit someone who needs to be visited.

Youth's place is in the music department of the church, lending and developing their talents in both vocal and instrumental music. These units of church

work cannot only be helped or hindered by the cooperation of the youth of the branch, but they may actually be made or broken by youth's interest and activity—or lack of it.

And last, but not least, the place of youth is with those who give their financial support to the church as well as their service. Zion cannot be built without means and it is the place of Youth to keep the financial law that thereby they may convert temporal means into spiritual wealth, that by the consecration of this wealth as well as by the consecration of their lives they may be "Workers together with God" in the bringing to pass of His purposes in the earth.

The greatest tasks, the greatest problems, that have ever confronted the youth of any church of any age, confront the youth of our church today. There never was a time of greater opportunity for youth's service and there never was a time of greater need for that service than today.

Youth is called, each according to his talents and opportunities, to the service of God and His Church. The hope of the church is in her youth, and if Zion is to be we need trained youth, sacrificing youth, devoted youth; youth of vision, who are willing to pledge their lives, their all, to the building of God's Kingdom on earth—youth who are willing to do the things that come to their hands to do, who are willing to start *right now, from right where they are, with just what they have*, and, putting their faith and trust in God, and seeking His guidance and direction in all things, and with the help and inspiration of those whom He has placed in His Church as its leaders, *go forward*.

When the youth of the church find their place, when they occupy that place to the very best of their ability, when they learn to live "the whole law," when they are willing to dedicate their lives, their talents, their all, to the work of God, and under His direction and inspiration and under the guidance of His chosen leaders, *go forward*, fulfilling their part of the great program of this great church, the Zion of God shall be.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 1100.)

every line of endeavor. So many intelligent people have ideas that are so widely different. Of course there are doubtless many honest and sincere people in the world, but I can't help wondering sometimes if there isn't some commercial idea back of the intense loyalty manifested to some of our institutions. And I wonder if an unreasonable loyalty might not really hamper progress and learning—"

"That's just it," Dan paced the floor, delighted at the way her mind seemed to be leading her, "and there is where stewardship would greatly benefit the human race. If we had stewardships, a young

(Continued on opposite page.)

The Christmas Offering

By C. B. Woodstock

The spirit under which the Christmas offering is gathered through all the year is unique. The oblation is a special offering, representing a sacrifice, given in the name of our Lord as we come to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The oblation offering is used to bring relief and help to those who are distressed and in need. There are other offerings of a special nature called for to meet the needs of the local congregation, or to sustain the funds of the general church. But the Christmas offering requires no special call: it is not made because there is a demand which must be met. Nor is it limited to any set time or occasion. All through the year, beginning early in January and climaxing in the Christmas season, the Christmas offering is a continual expression of our love for the Master and the Cause he came to serve. The promise of the Christ was, "Lo, I am with you always."

The Christmas offering is distinctively a gift to Christ through the church school. It is fitting that each Sunday, or at least on one or two Sundays a month, provision be made for the gathering of this offering. One may be able to give only small coins, or even pennies, but the spirit in which it is given blesses and multiplies the gift. Certainly one should give in the measure of his ability and of his appreciation of the blessing the Master has brought to his life.

It is recognized, of course, that the payment of

one's tithing and consecration comes as a first financial duty. This is required by the law of all who would share in the work of the Lord. Then from the nine tenths of the increase remaining we may make acceptable offerings in the spirit of self-denial and sacrifice.

Each year the Christmas offering brings in thousands of dollars from all parts of the world, to help the bishop carry on the work of the Lord through the ministry of the church. Last year for the first time in many years the Christmas offering was a little less than twenty thousand dollars. One year (1921) it was over one hundred thousand dollars. Already this year, in a time when the funds of the church are low and money is needed to keep its work going, more than a thousand dollars a month has come to the office of the bishop as Christmas offering. What a splendid contribution this will make by the end of the year! Naturally, as the Christmas season approaches we increase our gifts. And they must be more than doubled for the rest of the year if we would have the total Christmas offering reach \$25,000 in 1934. This is our goal.

Is the Christmas offering regularly gathered in your branch? Are you helping by making such offering as you are able? Have you a definite plan to insure that your Christmas offering will be all that it should be by December 25? What is the total Christmas offering of your branch so far this year? What is your goal?

mother could bring her baby to a doctor and ask what food it needed without being afraid he might recommend something that would give him a nice profit without sufficient regard for the baby's welfare. Under the present system, a man, whether a doctor or not, must take care of his wife and family by some means or other; nobody else has any interest in them, cares whether they live or die. We know there are honest men in all lines of endeavor and I think physicians as a whole are a superior class of people, but we read in the papers quite often of men who are required to give up their licenses because of wrong practices. Under the plan of the church, there would be no chance for graft, therefore no incentive for that kind of wrongdoing, and this in turn would increase confidence in the people—"

"Really Dan, sometimes you almost interest me in spite of myself. I really would like to know what is best for little

Dorothy. I've done my best—I've followed this baby book the doctor recommended to the letter, and even yet she doesn't seem to gain as she should," she ended anxiously. "But your church's school of medicine isn't a reality yet; and we're a long distance from your Sanitarium."

There was a knock at the door. Dan opened it, then stepped back surprised. "Good evening, Mr. Eldon," said a suave masculine voice, "I hope you will pardon my liberty in coming to see you without a special invitation. I often get lonely, and I thought—"

Dan recovered his self-control. "Why, of course—come right in, Doctor Forward. We were just speaking of different schools of medicine. Louisa, Mr. Forward is doing advance research work in the medical school." Louisa did not like him. Something about him reminded her of Mr. Hunt.

(To be continued.)

The Measure

"Large is the life that flows for others' sakes,

Expend its best, its noblest effort makes;

Devotion rounds the man and makes him whole—

Love is the measure of the human soul."

The destiny of the church is in the hands of the youth. In a few short years the burden of establishing the kingdom will be theirs. Of the older ones some have made ready, some have planted, some have watered. The fields are white unto the harvest. Youth, now is your time to prepare for the task. We are depending on you.—Elder H. W. Woodstock, pastor of Madison Branch, Wisconsin.

The Nomads

By May Elliott

X.

Which Voice to Heed?

LOUISA wondered what it was about Doctor Forward that reminded her of Mr. Hunt. He was much younger, taller, and straighter; he was immaculately dressed, a gentleman of the world in speech and manner.

"I suppose it is his eyes," she said to herself, "that hard glitter in his blue eyes." She was not surprised to find that he believed in philosophies similar to those held by their former employer.

He seemed to have scant regard for womankind in general. He had been married, divorced, and his wife had remarried. He felt as Mr. Hunt had, that the chief reason for woman in the world was to care for the children and administer to the physical wants of their husbands and families. He could see no reason for higher education for women.

In spite of his seeming lack of respect for her sex, he addressed most of his conversation to her rather than to Dan. She did not discourage him. Dan seldom made close friends, and it might seem she did not want him to have any at all. She resolved to learn something from this man, if possible.

"Do you believe in drugs?" she asked him. She knew that she made an appealing picture, sitting there intensely alert, as though she thought him the highest authority in the world.

"Yes, and no," he laughingly answered. "You see, I don't use many strong drugs myself. I take exercises, I don't eat much meat or other stimulating foods; I don't drink coffee or tea or other stimulating drinks; I eat coarse breads made of whole wheat and the like, and lots of vegetables and fruits. Pills and such will never give you the feeling of exuberance that comes from moderate living."

"The pills, I gather," laughed Louisa, "are for your patients. If they could know just how you felt about it—"

"If they knew how I felt, they'd go to the next doctor. I'd simply lose the money and they'd still have the pills. The public want pills, you know—they won't be bothered with moderate living."

"Couldn't they be taught?" began Dan, but Doctor Forward waved his hand impatiently.

"I tried missionary work once," he said lightly, "but the devil beat me, and I'm off that for life."

Louisa laughed as though she thought him very clever. She wanted him to tell her the truth in answer to her next question. She was truly troubled in her mind about it.

"Do you believe in vaccinations and serum injections, and the like? I've read so many things. Some schools of healing, which are licensed by the State, say that these injections are extremely harmful; that people have even died from them. I personally know of one man who lost his arm after vaccination, from blood poisoning, and I read in the paper where a bunch of school children died from taking diphtheria antitoxin that had somehow become contaminated, or was not good. Schools which are against the vaccines, bring a long list of statistics which look like facts, to prove their points. Then the medical doctors, also licensed by the State, present an equally convincing array of figures to prove that vaccines and serums are of great benefit, that they have saved thousands of lives, and that any mother is little short of criminal who will allow her child to run the risk of taking some of these so-called preventable diseases. I wish I knew, really, what was right. Please tell me the truth, do you believe in them?"

"Well—I have vaccinated people. Yes. It never seemed to do any of my patients any great harm."

"You gave them pills, too," put in Dan, "and you didn't believe in them for yourself. Just as friend to friend, now, were you ever vaccinated yourself?"

"Yes. I had to be. But as friend to friend, I will tell you this. I treated it as I would treat a snake-bite—that is, I bled the wound, treated it antiseptically, and fasted a few days. I don't think vaccines do any great harm as a rule, but there is just a chance in a thousand—"

"And my child might be that thousandth one," thought Louisa; "but suppose that even this man is mistaken? Suppose that vaccines are really harmless in spite of his or others' opinions? Am I doing wrong not to have all these things injected into little Dorothy to save her from these diseases?"

"Won't you tell us something about the interesting work you are doing in research, Doctor Forward?" Louisa realized suddenly that they might have been impolite in urging their guest into all this "shop talk." So she added, "That is if you don't mind talking about it."

"Well—I wouldn't mind, if it were really interesting. But it is not interesting to me. I picked out a subject in which I was vitally interested for my Ph. D. thesis, but the head of the department wouldn't o. k. it. Some of my mental perambulations on the subject hadn't been exactly orthodox—"

"But," asked Louisa dazedly, "I

thought research—especially advanced research—was to discover truth. I supposed that truth would never be rejected—"

"If it would upset the present order of things too much, Babe in the Woods," laughed Doctor Forward, "you wouldn't have a chance to get your degree. You see, my idea in the present instance is to discover some new facts to substantiate theories already accepted. Any such truth will be accepted gladly, and I shall proceed with my career, which I hope will some day land me in a 'chair' in some university, as department head, perhaps."

"But—but—if every one does that—what chance is there for absolutely new truths to be discovered?"

"Oh—there will be some progress, and perhaps the progress will be safer than if it were along faster—research, I mean—but of course, I must admit that if one were unhampered, one could accomplish more. We are just a part of a great machine, and our cogs must fit in or we are pushed out. And I, for one can't afford to be pushed out. I am approaching the time of life when it is almost impossible to turn back and start all over again—I'd never make the grade. I haven't the money—"

"Is it time for the baby's bottle, Louisa?" asked Dan as the child wakened and began to cry. "Never mind, you sit still—I'll go fix it."

"Do you know," said Doctor Forward as Dan left the room, "it is not unusual to meet a really intelligent man, but I have seldom had the pleasure of meeting so intelligent a woman. It has been a real pleasure to meet you. I have been wondering—you know," he continued sadly, "I have no real home. A home is not a home without a woman's hand in it someway, and yet—I can never marry again. I love children. I have leased a nice big apartment with maid service and all, and still it is not home. I am wondering, wouldn't you and your husband care to share it with me? I'd love to teach the baby—children now-a-days should be taught ethics and morality, instead of religion. The world is undergoing a great feeling of disillusionment with regard to religion and needs ethical instruction of some kind to take its place. I'd love to teach some child—"

His eyes had lost their hard glitter and something half way between a caress and an appeal had taken its place. Louisa shrank from him inwardly, but skillfully concealed the panic and disappointment she felt. She had been so much in need of a real friend in the medical profession, on whom she could depend for the

truth. "But he is not good, he is not good," her intuition told her; "I could not trust him." Aloud she said, laughingly:

"You must not be a very good business man, Doctor Forward, or you would not make such a sudden proposition. You see, you don't know me at all."

"I know you appeal to me more than anyone I've known for a long time."

"I argue," replied Louisa naively, "I'd drive you crazy. For instance, I don't agree with you about religion. Somewhere there is probably a true religion which would supply you with ethics backed by power. Ethics alone don't seem to work. I have met people who have tried out your ideas in practice and I know they don't work. You wouldn't like to have an arguing woman around all the time, would you?"

"I'll have to confess I wouldn't," admitted the man reluctantly. Then irritably, "I don't see why women have to meddle with these things that really belong to the field of higher learning. If they'd care for the home and the children, and leave these other things to the men—"

"Just why should they do that?" asked Louisa, displaying what she knew was an annoying amount of vehemence. "Women have been endowed with brains, and I see no reason why they shouldn't use them."

"I agree with my wife," put in Dan who was now engaged in feeding little Dorothy her bottle, "I want my wife to have the same opportunity to develop mentally, to grow and expand with the years that I have. To my mind it is unfair for a man to expect his wife simply to keep his house up to standard and satisfy his physical needs while he monopolizes all the opportunities for higher things. Life should be a growth, a development, an unfolding for everyone, women as well as man."

How wonderful Dan was, and how she loved him!

THE REMAINING PORTION of the evening was spent in rather hot debates over a variety of subjects; and though carefully polite, Louisa knew she was managing to be extremely disagreeable.

She laughed a bit nervously as they entered the front room again after their guest's departure.

"He won't come again, Dan," she said, "If you are sorry, I am too; but if you don't like him very well, then I'm glad, because I don't like him."

"I don't care for him either," replied Dan thoughtfully, "but I have talked with him several times, and he seems to have some good ideas on health. They interested me on account of being similar to what I think is meant in the Word of Wisdom."

"Oh, Dan, I wish I knew! I wish I knew what to believe! How can you tell, Dan, what is best to do? How can you know whom to trust?"

"Louisa, I don't know," responded her

husband slowly, "but I do know this: if the church had the money and the backing from the people to put forward our health ideals, we might have somewhere to go in our doubt and despondency. We might have a wonderful laboratory where the subjects of medicine, dietetics, and biochemistry could be studied, not from the viewpoint of supporting present theories, but from the viewpoint of taking what is already proved to be true and going on prayerfully and honestly from there. It would be a daring thing, but we are supposed to be the light of the world, and light is never fearful. And the people working on these things, they would be doing it, not for the reward or the salary—because they would receive their just wants and needs, and would need have no fears in an economic way for either the present or future. They would be working there because of their love for the work, because they were adapted to that sort of thing, and because they wished to serve humanity. They could experiment with modern theories, and when a young couple wished to know what was best for their children they could believe the results as reported. Oh, I wish you could see, dear, how much we need Zion!"

"It would be wonderful to have something like that one could depend on. But it is only a dream yet. It doesn't help us with our problem—to know what to do with our baby."

"But we could help make the dream come true, Louisa," huskily pleaded Dan, "we could give our lives to it. It would take a lot of pioneering. A lot of suffering and pain will have to be gone through by many people before the dreams of the church will be realized. But think what it would mean at the end, not only to members of the church, but to all humanity! Wouldn't it—"

"It doesn't help me now," she said dully. She had not yet learned to think of other people excepting as their lives, and acts affected her. It seemed to her that Dan's one weak spot was this fruitless dreaming about Zion.

"Where is today's paper?" he asked.

"I expect it's at the bottom of that pile of magazines. Not many places to put things in this apartment—"

"Here it is. Here is something I saw today that's in line with what we were talking about. In the health column, edited by one of the greatest present-day physicians. A man writes in a question:

"My doctor tells me to wear a hat as it is not good for one to go bareheaded. You advise going bareheaded as an aid to growth of hair. Which advice am I to take?"

"Answer: Dear Sir: I still think going bareheaded is a very good thing. Your doctor must have shares in a hat factory."

"There it is. A real example, even if slightly humorous, of how commercialism is eating at the heart of our great country—and all others for that matter. It's not the fault of doctors, nor of any

other class; but it is because of the competitive system, and all its attending evils. People are losing confidence in everything they've ever had confidence in. Dear, can't you see how necessary Zion is? How the world is crying for it?"

"I'm tired to death, Dan. Let's go to bed. Everything is confusing to me. Zion isn't a reality yet and can't help me now."

"Will you promise me something?" His voice sounded queer, and she thought there were traces of tears in his eyes.

"If it's anything I can do, Dan."

"In all your reading, if you do not find satisfaction, anything to answer your questions, will you try reading the church books? I know you've not been enthusiastic—"

Louisa laughed. "Oh, I suppose I might as well read them first as last. I remember the *Book of Mormon* didn't have anything bad in it—and I know all the church books are all right from a moral viewpoint, but I don't think there's anything in them that could excite me. I'll read them, though, Dan, if you'd like me to so much," she ended earnestly as she noted the pained look on his face.

THEY PREPARED SILENTLY for retiring; Dan turned off the lights, and as was his custom, knelt in silent prayer beside the bed. Louisa stood by the window. There was a third story apartment, and she could see a part of the sky and some of the stars, even though it seemed they did not shine so brightly as they had shone in other places.

"I suppose it's the smoke," she thought idly. The usual night noises drifted up from the street. Automobiles, honking of horns, distant sound of street cars, voices of pedestrians, the occasional cry of a child. All these things meant that a great world of people was still awake, busy, working. And yet when she thought of them all, she did not think of them as human beings with thoughts and emotions similar to her own. She thought of them all as simply part of her environment; an environment to be considered only when she had to deal with it directly.

She looked up at the stars again. She had never so felt the need for someone to pray to.

"Oh, if there is someone up there somewhere in the blue heavens," she whispered, "help me to take care of my baby!" Then she turned away, a little smile on her face. What nonsense! If you got help, you had to get it yourself, somehow. She'd have to think her own way out. She mustn't worry so much. Other people reared their children successfully to manhood and womanhood by taking the advice of the learned men of the world.

"But the advice of which learned men?" came back the tantalizing

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many ways. After recognizing it, my responsibility is to develop it, to use it, and to increase my capacity to handle a larger stewardship if I want to progress. I need not go to Mars to find that stewardship for it is already with me. There is no need for me to ask for help to cross the bridge only to find that I would have to do on the other side what I should be doing right here on this side. In other words unless I can develop the way to cross the bridge I will be as well off right here until I do find the way to make that development.

To get to Zion we must go from where we are. Every step of the way must be the result of our own initiative. True there will be many who cannot take such steps without help, and included in the stewardship of those who can, is the responsibility to lend a helping hand.

We must not permit ourselves to get so dependent on the Lord that we ask him to give us needed tools which are already in our hands. We must be willing to do the hard work necessary to discover and perfect these tools. We must each make the most of his stewardship before we can expect larger opportunities. A spiritual attitude toward an existing stewardship, plus a determination to use that stewardship for zionic purposes is what makes stewardship zionic. Each member of the church can if he will, so spiritualize his attitude in using his stewardship to further the purposes of the church that he will develop his ordinary stewardship into a zionic stewardship.

To the extent that we are willing to recognize our stewardship, whether it be that of leader or follower and to the extent that we are willing to use and develop it, will we see ourselves progressing to higher standards of living. Zionic standards can be reached only by those who actually express in daily lives, the principles of life as given to us by Christ. We can move toward Zion from any point this side of the bridge if we make up our minds to do so.

THE CHURCH AND RECREATIONAL COSTS

(Continued from page 1125.)

physically, mentally, and morally? Or will it be a mixture of the two—stagnations relieved by whatever doses of external excitement people may have the cash to purchase?"⁵

In the April, 1934, *Recreation*, Earnest Elmo Calkins seems to be thinking of the same thing. He feels as though people are "apt to mistake excitement for recreation, and in pursuit of the former turn in greater numbers to the oldest diversions of the human race—alcohol, gambling and sex. They have yet to learn there is no continuing satisfaction in self-indulgence, that the only recreations that are worth while are those that do not pall and sate, but continu-

ally open new vistas which not only recreate but also re-create."⁶

Still another. Doctor Jesse Frederick Steiner, who wrote the chapter on Recreation for former President Hoover's epoch making "*Recent Social Trends*," in the February *Recreation* raises a question that cannot be treated lightly. "It is not without significance," he states, "that the extension of leisure and legalized liquor are entering upon the stage of American life at the same time. One of the problems we face is the role hard drinks will play in the leisure-time activities of the people."⁷

In his essay on *Taste and Morals*, Mark Hopkins said, "Beware how you spend your leisure hours, your character and destiny in life will turn upon it."

How very true! And the character and destiny of this church will turn upon the manner in which the membership spend their leisure time. Ours is a holy calling, for we have been commissioned with the task of becoming the "light of the world." In discharging this sacred trust we cannot afford to falter; ours cannot be a case in point of the blind leading the blind.

Our life consists in large part of the choices we make. These choices lead us either toward or away from the Kingdom of Heaven; therefore, when we anticipate recreational expenditures, whether they be financial or human, let us think of the church and its calling.

¹ Steiner, Jesse F., *Americans at Play*, page 183.

² Chase, Stuart, "Play," in C. A. Beard's *Wither Mankind*, chapter 14.

³ Steiner, opposite citation, page 192.

⁴ *Ibid.*, page 11.

⁵ Jacks, L. P., "*Leisure: A New and Perplexing Problem*," *New York Times Magazine*, page 6, July 5, 1931.

⁶ Calkins, Ernest Elmo, "*The New Leisure—A Curse or a Blessing?*" *Recreation*, volume 28, number 1, April, 1934, pages 25 and 26.

⁷ Steiner, Jesse F., "*Challenge of the New Leisure*," *Recreation*, volume 27, number 11, February, 1934, page 519.

THE TEMPO OF OUR CONGREGATIONAL HYMNS

(Continued from page 1126.)

very bad habits. Perhaps our congregations have seen it and we have not. Try the hymns for a while at the speeds suggested in the new hymn book and see if your congregational singing does not improve.

In an early article in the *Herald* we will have further suggestions on the conducting of hymns.

The young people of the church are the church of tomorrow in process of growth. No matter what forms of organization or of worship we may develop there is no church of tomorrow without them. In proportion as they are born again, so will the church of tomorrow be the church of Jesus Christ.—Apostle F. Henry Edwards.

ARE WE EASY TO LIVE WITH?

(Continued from page 1128.)

write for our epitaph, "He was easy to live with," little more need be said.

AFTERGLOW

The day died in a flood of crimson flame
That bathed the hills in beauty richly rare,
And all the world bowed, and I, too, came
To stand in wonder and to worship there.

And then a small voice seemed to question me:

"When death shall come and I must gladly go,
Will there be one to love my memory?
O Lord, shall I, too, leave an after-glow?"

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 1130.)

thought in her mind. "Their opinions differ in so many ways—"

"I'll listen to my doctor," she said to herself fiercely, as she crept into bed. "I'll try to be more careful to get her bottles exactly on time and all the other things, and I'll try to spend the whole afternoon in the park with her every sunny day.

A light from an electric advertisement on the next street corner shone into the room and filled it with a ghastliness Louisa did not like; and yet if she pulled the shades down the baby could not get what fresh air was available. Even if you got all the fresh air you could, you didn't have much. There was the odor from the many cars, coal smoke from somewhere, and a persistent and nauseating, though faint odor of escaping gas.

Louisa raised herself on one elbow and gazed upon the baby. Such a great responsibility it was to be given the care of that beautiful little girl! And before many months there would be another child to care for. She felt depressed, weighed down, buried under the load of worry, the endless search for the best things to do for them.

The baby did not move. Her features were lovely in their regularity, and there was a suggestion of fragility about her that caused her mother's heart to beat wildly, with a fear she had never known before the little one's birth. Louisa reached out tremulously. In her little white crib, with the white nightgown, the child might have been a wax doll somehow shorn of all color. She touched the tiny cheek lightly. It was warm, and a little wakeful sigh proved her still alive and breathing.

Louisa fell back on her pillow with a smile. "You silly thing," she told herself, "she's all right." And another voice seemed to whisper to her antagonizingly: "Yes, she's all right—yet." She

raised herself again and looked into the tiny crib tearfully.

"Oh, baby, baby!" she cried under her breath, "you are so little and helpless—and your mother is just about as small and helpless as you are."

(To be continued.)

Ours Must Be a Positive Message

By Mrs. S. C. Bethel

In the early church men went out two by two to preach repentance unto the people. They had that assurance that the message they bore was from the true and the living God. With the strength and power that came through such assurance they went forth fearlessly to do the will of God.

Those who would preach in many of the churches of the world today must have a pleasing personality and be able to present interesting entertainment for their listeners. If they did not, they could not hope to hold their position that brings to them a comfortable living and many of the luxuries of life.

We still have that knowledge and assurance and need not resort to pleasing entertainment, but are able to bring to the world a positive message of the gospel of Christ. We still have men today who go forth fearlessly to present this message to a sin drenched world.

Now as never before there is a crying need for a presentation of a positive message to the Saints. Not a message of faith, repentance, baptism, laying on of hands and eternal judgment, but a better and more thorough understanding of the laws and the commandments—the will of God.

There has been a marked degree of development spiritually in the last year. There could be even a greater spiritual progress if more of the Saints knew and understood the will of God more fully. There are hundreds in the church today who know very little of what is contained between the covers of their *Doctrine and Covenants*.

Have our local priesthood followed after the pattern of the world and tried to present pleasing entertainment or possibly used the signs of the times in an endeavor to frighten a people into faithfulness? I have heard both. I have also heard messages presented by men who fearlessly taught the laws and commandments given to the church.

After such a discourse one sister said to another, "Brother so-and-so sure gave us a rakin' over the coals." The other sister answered, "He did tramp on our toes quite a bit, but we needed it." The first sister spoke again, "Well, I can take it pretty well from Brother —. He at least lives his religion."

There are two points that these sisters brought out in their conversation that can well be stressed. One thing our ministry must be examples of righteous

living. Then, too, it behooves each and every one to take the lessons presented to us as admonitions of the Lord and not as "rakin' over the coals" or "tramping on their toes." We must be willing to heed the lessons taught us. We must be a law-abiding people or our goal will never be reached.

This condition not only influences the priesthood in the pulpit, but to a great extent the visiting priesthood as well. It takes a great deal of wisdom and tact on the part of the ministry to teach the Saints, whether from the pulpit or in their homes.

While visiting a branch in another city I had dinner with a family of Saints. The conversation led to the unusual capabilities of two of the men of the priesthood of that place.

The one was very reserved and intelligent. As the sister expressed it, he was a very able leader. Everyone liked him. But she said, "If he tried to present some of the things that Brother X does, he would have everyone up in arms against him. Now this Brother X can tell the folks here what to do and what not to do, and they like it."

After meeting this Brother X a few times I understood why he was able to accomplish so much among the Saints, especially among the young people. His attitude toward everyone with whom he came in contact was of a kindly nature. The very nature and character of Christ seemed to be present in this brother.

So men of the ministry using wisdom, tact and kindness born out of brotherly love and humility as instruments in their work, can bring to the Saints this positive message and help greatly to realize our ideal—to reach our goal.

Sowing and Reaping

(Notes from a sermon by Paul M. Hanson, at the Stone Church, Independence, Missouri.)

Text: "Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Galatians 6: 7.

What a marvelous thing is time! It is one of the most mysterious of things—time. One of the great purposes of Christ's coming into the world was to assist man in sensing the relationship of time to eternity and the effects of our conduct now upon the life that is to be after death.

In the land of the north, within the Arctic Circle, where the midnight sun does not set for two or three weeks, I sensed as never before the mysterious nature of time.

I went out to a vantage point on the seashore, and there I stood looking at the sun. Between me and the sun was a row of islands with mountain ranges that enabled me to follow the circular course of the sun. There I stood from 10 p. m. until 1 a. m. Ten o'clock, eleven, eleven-thirty, twelve—midnight! The sun, above the horizon, for a moment

seemed to hesitate whether to drop below the horizon. Then amid beautiful clouds, it resumed its upward course. Twenty-four hours of sunshine in the day. Time—ever present, and yet we seldom think of it!

Time is unending. It dovetails into eternity. Just as far back as we can go there was time, and in the future as far as we can look, we find time. Time has its effect in relation to eternity. This is why God sent his Son into the world—to make known the way of life and to teach us that what we do in this life has its effect on what we shall have in futurity.

Heaven and hell are not arbitrary terms. If justice is to be carried out, there must be a heaven and a hell. In each person is the possibility of salvation or damnation. The depths to which one may fall enables us to gauge the heights to which one may rise. Man has his agency.

There are essential truths familiar to all that no one will deny. A garden left uncared for grows up in weeds. A mind undeveloped will become the possession of one known as an ignoramus; a soul that goes uncultivated will degenerate to a lower order of life. A man is destined to make a poor contribution to God who interprets Christianity as the power of God among men simply designed to bring a series of thrills. In all churches, it seems to me, including our own, there has been too much emotionalism. Jesus says: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment." Unless that is the guide to our sowing, the reaping is not going to be what we may be anticipating.

What a field lies before the people of God—the great world with all its problems. It is our task to give to all people a knowledge of their sowing so that the reaping time will bring joy.

What can we sow? Let no one forget to use all his faculties in the sowing. God has a program for every one of us, and he who enters into this program, and gives his best, will find One who will help him complete the program.

God builds on life at its highest expression. One is never happier than when one moves along affirmatively, positively, constructively. Isaiah says he heard a voice in heaven cry: "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory." If we but remove the obstacles, glory will burst in on us from all sides. Is it not time for us to plant seeds in the garden of our souls?

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him."—Jesus.

Although the thoroughbred woman of charm has beautiful and sympathetic manners, she never rushes into intimacies.—Emily Post.

The Nomads

By May Elliott

XI.

"But His Father Married Outside the Church."

DANNY JOHN ELDON, Junior, was not like his sister. He was robust and hearty from the date of his birth; and at two months he could have won first prize in any baby contest in the land.

Dan was extremely proud of his son. His dreams for the boy occupied all the mental time he could spare from his studies. He meant to bring the children up in the church. He was quite sure Louisa would not be very enthusiastic, but neither would she oppose him. She was simply indifferent.

Louisa was also delighted with the wee baby. For one thing, she had more to do, and could keep her mind from troublesome thoughts. The afternoons were the hardest. For every day when the weather permitted she put the children in the large baby carriage and took them to the park. She tried to work up a healthy fatigue; then she could sleep better at night, without so much wakeful thinking. But sometimes she was too tired for so much walking. Then she would choose a quiet spot and put Dorothy Jane on the grass to play while Danny John slept in the buggy with a mosquito netting to protect him from the flies.

Dorothy Jane did not greatly care for play, however. She seemed to find sufficient delight in just watching things. She smiled at the flowers, the trees, the sunshine, but most of all she loved the fountains of water.

Most often Louisa chose to sit beside a certain piece of wonderful sculpture-work which had been inspired by the idea: "Time stays—we go."

On one side of the elongated fountain of water stood Old Father Time, his cycle in his hand. On the other side of the water, pressing forward, came the representation of a multitude of people of all ages, classes, and conditions. Little children, young men and women, mothers with babes in their arms, old men and old women. All pressing forward toward some uncertain goal until at the end they turned and looked back with despair, supplication, wonder, and regret.

She could remember when she was but a small child herself, that she and her mother used to ride places behind a spirited team of horses. She could hear herself ask her mother:

"Look—look how fast the earth flies past us!" And her mother's laughing

reply: "We're moving, dear—not the earth."

But it still seemed to her that the earth were somehow moving, too. How much of life was illusion? Was it possible that the changes occurring in our bodies and in things round about us, the changes in the nights and days, and years and months gave an illusion of measured time, when it was only us moving all the while? She could recall old Father Eldon's voice in prayer meeting:

"Change and decay in all around I see—
Oh thou who changest not, abide with me."

THERE might conceivably be an eternity with no end, and an eternal God. You could scarcely explain the marvelous universe in any other way. She had read some of the science books Dan had brought home, and Dan had taken pains to explain some things to her; he had a purpose in it, she knew, but at times she was interested in spite of herself. She knew there were solar systems so vast and worlds so great that it almost took one's breath away to think of them flying about at tremendous speed through space and still not bumping into each other—or what was a more appalling thought—they never collided with her own world. Then there were objects so tiny one could scarcely conceive of their existence at all and in it all and through it all there was power of some kind. Electricity, magnetism, powerful light rays, all kinds of energy: How could they exist without a source; and how could there be a source? Were human minds limited, too, by this non-understandable thing called time, by some illusion of life, until they could not comprehend infinity?

"I've got to quit this kind of thing," Louisa said to herself angrily, "or I'll go crazy, or think myself sick, or something. I think I'm alone too much. I've got to get away from books, and baby schedules, and religion and black boxes, and get some friends. I know where Helen lives; I'll look her up and have some good times. She was always jolly. And after all, I don't need to tell her my most intimate thoughts."

Taking the mosquito netting from the buggy, she went to get Dorothy, who had been sitting under a tree, running her hands caressingly over the smooth grass.

"Whas'at, Mama?" she asked, pointing to the shadows of the leaves moving over the grass.

"Shadows. Now, come, dearie, we're

going to see a nice lady. Going for nice walk."

"Don' wanna see lady. Wanna shadow." Louisa laughed amusedly. That's what the child had been doing, all this time—trying to pick up the shadows on the grass. How cunning! She must tell Dan.

Picking the little one up despite her protestations, Louisa placed her comfortably beside her little brother.

"Wanna sadow—wanna sadow," pursued the tiny girl, as the young mother marched them rapidly away. "Me wanna sadow!"

LOUISA laughed heartily, then sobered. Was that what she herself had been doing in trying to find happiness? Was there no happiness only in imagination—was it but an illusion, so to speak? Would Dorothy and Junior have to pass through life to the very end crying for shadows? No, no! Dear God in heaven forbid! She must find some way—something to bring happiness and contentment to them. She quickened her steps angrily. What was the matter with her? She *must* quit thinking about such things.

Helen's shop was on Forty-seventh Street. Louisa could not walk all the way. Dan would be home by this time. She would get him to go with her on the street car. Helen must see the babies. Now that she had made up her mind to see her old school chum she could hardly wait.

Helen was waiting on a customer when they entered the establishment. It was indeed a nice little place. Louisa was delighted with the air of success about it. Helen herself might have been justly named "Gladdener of the eyes." She had a beauty which was enhanced by the studied simplicity of her clothing and her dignified, gracious manner.

She came toward them exhibiting her best businesslike air. Then she stopped, astonished. "Why, it's Dan and Louisa! And such darling children! But why—why haven't you come before? Mother said in her letter that she had sent you my address; and then she sent me yours; but you didn't come, and I didn't know whether you really wanted to see me or not, so I didn't look you up."

"Silly!" cried Louisa, happily, "Of course I wanted to see you—but part of the time I haven't been very well, and the children take a lot of care, and when I get a minute of time I feel more like resting than doing anything else. But I'm delighted with your shop. It's really quite an establishment."

"Oh, this isn't all of it. I have two other rooms on the other side here."

"You mean you sell those perfectly lovely hats next door, and those wonderful baby clothes?"

"Why not? I'll have the money to enlarge my place again soon," she said carelessly.

"You must be happy," said Louisa, "doing so many interesting things." She hoped she had succeeded in keeping the trace of envy from her voice.

"Well, as to that," laughed Helen, "I can't say. I thought I'd be happy when I added my hats, then I got to thinking of hand-made baby things, and felt that I had to have them on my list of stuff. Now I want to start a department for home-made candies. The old-fashioned kind, made with real cream, sugar, nuts, and so on, put up in little boxes made to look like log cabins. You see, I'm never what you'd call satisfied. I guess I'll always be chasing the shadows of happiness without finding it, but I'm having a lot of fun doing it anyway," she ended blithely.

"Wanna sadow," piped little Dorothy, "Me wanna sadow."

"What is she talking about, Louisa?"

"Oh, she tried to catch the shadows out in the park this afternoon, and has been crying out for one of them ever since," laughed Louisa, a dull ache tearing at her heart, "I suppose she heard you use the word and started to cry for it again."

"Well, how cute." Helen excused herself, waited on another customer and came bearing a scarlet balloon.

"Here, honey, is your shadow," she said, "My goodness, if she starts chasing shadows at this tender age it will be too bad. A person should at least have an illusion of happiness in childhood. But what ails you, Louisa? I've noticed that look on your face ever since I recognized you this evening. We've been talking about me—now we'll talk about you awhile. You don't look extremely happy yourself. Haven't you been good to her, Dan? I know you have been though—you always did worship her."

Louisa's heart beat fast. She didn't want the conversation to take this trend. How could she bear it if Dan, in his honest open way, were actually to speak of that strange Elaine?

"I remember," Helen, half-teasingly addressed Dan; "I tried to get you to notice me once, but you never saw anyone but Louisa. And she was so accustomed to being noticed in a more conspicuous fashion that she didn't realize you worshiped her. But you always did."

"I guess that's right," laughed Dan. "I guess there could never be anyone in my life but Louisa."

Did he mean that? Or was he just being gallant? But, after all, his statement was rather vague.

"No, I think you two were meant for each other—if there is such a thing as two beings being meant for one another. But as for me—well, my married friends

don't seem a bit happier than the ones who remain unmarried, so I keep a motto hanging in my bedroom to remind me of it when I'm a little tired than usual, or have met some man who seems a little bit more attractive than the usual run of men."

"What is this motto?"

"Anticipation is better than realization," laughed Helen. "That sets up a long string of thought and I start thinking of my business again."

DANNY JOHN, Junior, stretched in his father's arms, yawned, and opened his eyes. Helen bent over him rapturously.

"Oh, that darling, darling baby! And such big bright brown eyes, just like his mother's. Have you had him christened yet?"

"Why, I expect we'll have him blessed in Dan's church one of these days. It makes little difference to me. You know how I've always felt about religion."

"Say, listen. Wait a minute. I've got the sweetest outfit for the occasion you ever saw. It was just made for this baby. I'll get it."

Dan was very serious. "You know, Louisa, we just can't afford expensive things right now. It won't be long now, if all goes well until I'll have a good position and you can buy things then, but right now—"

"It won't do any harm to look at them. We don't need to buy. You're always afraid I'm going to buy too much."

"You must know by this time," he said not unkindly, "that you aren't very good at resisting high pressure salesmanship."

That was an unfortunate remark, for it brought up many painful memories. And heading the list, floating before them all, the black box with the word *Elaine* in gilt letters. "Every thoughtful husband who loves his wife will be glad to buy our product." "If your husband loves you, I know he'd want you to buy this."

A wild irritation welled up within her against Dan. If he wanted to conceal his past life from her, if he could not love her as she wanted him to, certainly she ought to get something out of life. She had given her money into Dan's keeping and most of it had gone to help him with his higher education. And yet he wanted to tell her just what she ought to believe, what she ought to do, what she ought to buy. All at once it seemed that she saw him in a new light. He was selfish, egotistical, dictatorial. He wouldn't get by with it any longer.

"If I want to buy a dress for my baby, I guess I can do it," she said in such an unusual tone that Dan was thunderstruck. He could not see that anything he had said should make her feel that way toward him.

"I didn't mean—" he began miserably, but just then Helen tripped in with a box in her hands singing a little tune.

"I just know you're going to be wild

about this," she told Louisa, "you always did recognize good clothes when you saw them—always had good taste and all."

"They are exquisite," murmured Louisa, softly. "I imagine they are pretty expensive."

"Well, they would be to most people. Did you ever see anything embroidered so daintily—and it's all done by hand. See how all the tiny seams are finished, too. But they won't cost you a cent if you'll humor me in a whim of mine."

"What is that?" asked Louisa. She was going to have these things for the baby, no matter the price. Dan wasn't going to have his way always. She was always giving up things for him—

"It's like this. Louisa, we were like sisters all through high school. I adore babies, and I've simply fallen in love with this tiny mite here—let me have a sort of interest in him spiritually anyway. Let me attend to the christening. I'll arrange with Father LeGreme—"

"You mean—have him baptized into the Catholic church?" Louisa was wide-eyed with astonishment.

"Why not? I'll bear all expenses, and furnish him a lot of these lovely clothes besides the ones needed at the christening. I'd just love to do things for him, really. And I know it wouldn't matter to you—and a man usually doesn't care what you do if it's a good business proposition. I'll see that Dan feels repaid." She laughed lightly, "I'll tell you—"

"All right," Louisa breathed, "I believe I will. It'll be a lot of fun—and fun is what I need, I've been alone so much—"

"Louisa." Dan's face wore such a stricken look that her heart failed her for a minute. But that was the way it always was. She loved him and he didn't care much for her, and she was always giving everything up to him because she couldn't bear to hurt him. She'd not give in this time—let him have a little suffering in his life—

"When will it be, Helen?" She ignored Dan entirely.

"I'll let you know. And, say—why couldn't you come to my party tonight? You and Dan—"

"You'll have dancing and cards, I suppose, as you did back home?" Helen nodded.

"What's a party without dancing and cards?"

"Well, I can answer for Dan. He won't go, but I'll be glad to come. I'll enjoy getting out again. And we'd better be going home right away so as to get the babies to bed. When does the party begin?"

"The sooner you come the better it will seem to me. The official beginning of the grand performance is eight o'clock."

Louisa talked rapidly until they had made their way to the corner where they waited for the street car. To her surprise Dan was silent. She had expected him to fly into a rage.

(Continued on page 1167.)

the application may be hard. But it can be done. We can go to Zion if we want to. The question is, just how much do we want to go?

CHRISTIAN TRAINING AT COLLEGE

(Continued from page 1159.)

Is the college today a Christian institution?

Can the college satisfy Christian interests?

Does the college train Christian leaders?

These questions are brought more forcefully before us today because of the great unrest, the unprecedented social upheavals, the crash of long held moral standards, the general uncertainty that pervades human kind everywhere. To these questions we unhesitatingly reply:

The church-sponsored college of today is a Christian institution. *It does satisfy Christian interests and it does train Christian leaders.* It has as its major task the training and the fitting of young individuals to *live effectively in society.* It gives understanding to aims and ideals. It is a means of equipping one with the implements essential to life. It gives one zest for his endeavors.

A college education, in itself, cannot cause one "to arrive," as the saying goes. At best its only intent and purpose is to assist one in finding his way, to more readily direct his feet and lighten his pathway.

These things cannot be attained in a day, they cannot be acquired by merely sipping. They shall come as the result of desire, a desire that calls forth effort and endeavor on the part of the one who is desirous of patterning his life after the example of the Great Teacher and dedicating himself to the furtherance of His cause.

Such an individual with understanding and appreciation plucks the gem from the one of understanding soul who wrote:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian
spring:

There shallow draughts intoxicate the
brain,

And drinking largely sobers us again."

The cause of Christianity challenges you, my friends, to use intelligently your influence to place the youth of America within the benign influence of the church college, to there drink deeply of those draughts that tend to develop Christian characters and personalities, sufficiently strengthened to cope with Christianity's needs of tomorrow.

The hostess who habitually exploits her friends as though she were the barker at a side-show is a bore no less than a pest.—Emily Post.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 1161.)

"I expect you are angry with me," she said irritably, as they settled themselves in the street car.

"Not angry," he answered through stiff lips. "Just pained—and surprised."

"Why should you be?"

"Well, I had—sort of thought—dreamed he would grow up in the church—I mean the Latter Day Saint Church. You see, two of his great-grandfathers and his grandfather held the priesthood and I sort of hoped—"

"But his father married outside the church," Louisa said, lightly. "Sometimes you forget I am not a member of your church, and do not participate in all your dreams. That old priest won't hurt him, the water won't hurt him, and you can have him baptized into your church later—if you can get him to believe in it sufficiently. He'll get a lot of the most wonderful clothes—honestly Dan, you'd have to pay a tremendous price for those things—it would just about take your breath away to know just what they're worth."

"I'll pay it," said Dan, tersely, "I'll pay anything. Just call this foolishness off—"

Louisa shook her head. "It would hurt Helen's feelings terribly and I just can't do it, Dan. I need a friend. I've been so lonely that I'm nearly crazy. I just suddenly realized it this afternoon. I just must have a little companionship, excitement, and fun."

"I expect it has been lonely for you. I know I'm dull company—I'm not very jolly nor—"

"You'd be all right, only for your everlasting harping on religion. I can't stand it. It sets thoughts going in my brain that I can't endure. I just can't—"

He wet his lips. "I'll try—try not to offend you again."

Queer how you got your life into such a mess when you compromised your principles. He might just as well give up his dreams. He held his little son close to a heart which seemed that it would almost break with aching. He loved his wife though. He couldn't feel badly toward her. "She is like a Madonna," he thought, "and Dorothy Jane will be like her."

The little girl stirred in her mother's arms. She groaned softly. There was a little color in her face but it was not the flush of health.

"Me wanna sadow," she said, opening her eyes, "Wanna sadow."

Louisa touched her forehead lightly and the old fear gripped her. "Dan—she's hot! Just feel—"

"Probably just a bit upset because of the excitement of seeing so many strange people this evening. You know, dear, we've not been many places with her since we've been here—that's probably why you've been lonely."

It seemed to Louisa they would never get home. The child grew more restless

as the minutes passed. When at last they were again in their little apartment, she lost no time in taking the baby's temperature. She looked up from the thermometer with a white face. "Get the doctor," she said thickly.

(To be continued.)

WHAT SHALL WE PREACH?

(Continued from page 1163.)

harmony with some theories that he had heard some of our elders preach. After listening to him I remarked, "I do not see anything in those theories that will make against your Christianity. If I did, I might object to them. I expect you have as good a right to your theories as I have to mine, as long as those theories do not spoil your Christianity, but we are not expected to preach theories, nor do I ever do so. In the pulpit we preach the simple truths of Christ and him crucified." Nor did I ever know of him undertaking to preach anything that was not pertinent to the message of "Christ, and him crucified."

On another occasion, some years later, after giving a talk to the priesthood of another branch (this in Hawaii), and stressing our obligations to confine ourselves to the simple things of the gospel in our message, I was invited to go out with a priest of the branch to a private home where he had a request for a sermon, I listened to this brother preach on the parable of the leaven and the three measures of meal. It was amusing to me, yet rather tragic. The brother gave us an hour's talk, wherein he presented the three measures of meal as the three books, the Bible, the *Book of Mormon*, and the *Doctrine and Covenants*. Whatever opportunities for preaching further sermons in that home, or further desires to hear more of our message was effectually shut off by that sermon, the host declaring, "It is too deep for me." I thought he was mistaken, for I thought it too shallow for anyone to swim in.

John declares, when speaking of the final triumph of the saints over the accuser of the brethren, "They have overcome him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony"; and I am persuaded that if we finally triumph in our work of warning the world and building the kingdom it must be by reason of our testimony—not of things speculated about, but of things revealed. We can all agree on these things revealed to the church, from faith to the promise of the final judgment, and we may be able to convince the hearers of our competence as witnesses for Christ by this agreement; and if we do succeed in this effort, then there will be obedience to the things we have taught, and other witnesses will be added to our ranks, and the kingdom established never more to be destroyed. But this never can be done in any other way.

The Nomads

By May Elliott

XII.

A Shadowed Threshold, Dark With Fears

AFTER Dan had gone out to telephone the doctor, Louisa stood panic-stricken beside her little daughter. The child was quiet now, but her eyes looked strange—she did not recognize her mother. Her facial muscles twitched convulsively.

"I must get hold of myself—I must think." What was it her books in nursing had said about spasms? A child often had them when for some reason he had not been properly nourished. The condition was very frightening to the mother, but the child usually recovered. She forced herself to be calm. She would give Dorothy Jane an enema, a wet sheet pack, put a cold cloth on her forehead. That's what the books said to do. The little girl went to sleep in the pack, but her breathing was abnormal, and her face was now absolutely colorless. There was nothing else Louisa could do. She must wait for the doctor.

Dan burst in at the door breathless. "I couldn't get Doctor Gray," he said, "so I went to a drug store and they recommended another doctor. He'll be here in a few minutes."

"Oh, I wish you could have got Doctor Gray," Louisa cried. "He knows all about her condition—he'd be able to tell us more."

"I did my best. I thought you'd want someone right away."

"That's right. Yes. That is best."

Somewhere down the street a car back-fired noisily. A bit farther off and coming nearer shrilled the siren whistle of a fire engine. Dorothy Jane started up wildly.

"Wha's 'at Noi'?"

"Only the fire engine, darling. You know—the fire engine. You've seen them lots of times. Pretty fire engines."

Dan placed his hand gently on the little one's head.

"Daddy is right here, Dorothy. Daddy will take care of you."

SOMEONE knocked at the door. "That's the doctor," Louisa said, in a relieved tone as she sped to bid him enter. He was a tall man, clean shaven, self-possessed, with an air of success about him; and although his bearing reassured her to a certain extent, she did not like him so well as Doctor Gray.

"Well, well, so we got sick, did we?" He said as he stood looking meditatively at the child. "What have you done to her?" He felt the wet sheet as he ran his hand under the blanket that was tightly wrapped around the little body.

"She—she was having a sort of spasm, so I gave her a warm enema, and hot sheet pack. Then she dropped off to sleep—"

The doctor nodded approvingly. "The best thing you could have done for her. We'd better take her temperature." The blankets and sheet were unwrapped.

"Um." He looked at the thermometer, puzzled, walked nearer the window and scrutinized it again. He looked up at Louisa.

"Have you any idea what this baby's temperature is?"

"Yes. I took it just before we sent for you."

He picked up the little hand and his skilled fingers felt for her pulse. The child roused from her stupor again and stared about wildly. She screamed.

"Oh, daddy! Whas' at noi'?"

She screamed again, a fearful, unearthly scream, and her body bent backward until only head and heels rested on the bed.

Louisa stood as if transfixed then turned supplicating eyes to the doctor.

"Oh, do something for her quickly! Please, please—"

THE DOCTOR pushed her kindly into a chair. "It's you who must remain calm and answer my questions. Your child isn't going to die right away, you know."

"I'll—I'll try."

"That's the stuff. Now tell me—has she had any infected wound—or even a slight scratch that has taken a long time to heal?"

"Not a thing of that sort," answered Louisa, but the doctor was already subjecting the child to a close examination.

"Um." He was silent a minute, then:

"What have you been feeding her?"

Louisa enumerated the items. "I've fed her exactly according to the baby book Doctor Gray gave me."

"Doctor Gray. Um."

"What do you think I should feed her?" asked Louisa, after a short pause.

"Well—nothing but boiled water and a little orange juice or something until she gets better. Then I wouldn't feed her anything but milk and fruit juices for quite a while. I think you've been giving her too many eggs and too much meat, perhaps. You see—"

"But I've done just like the book said."

"Every child is different to some extent. Your little girl is not strong enough to digest such heavy food."

"But Doctor Gray said—"

"Doctor Gray is an old man. I know him. He is a fine man, too, but he hasn't kept abreast of the times, perhaps. If you wish to take his advice, all right—"

but you called me and I cannot but give you my candid opinion."

"Don't be angry." After all, perhaps this doctor was right. Dorothy hadn't thrived under the care of Doctor Gray. "The main thing I want now," she continued, "is for her to get well. Please don't spare my feelings—tell me what you think is the matter with her?"

"I don't know. Now—I suppose you will think it peculiar that I admit that I don't know—but I have a habit of telling the truth, which is one reason I am not a more popular physician. We'll have to wait a day or two and see what happens."

"But—but to wait—with her little body in such pain—can't you give her something to ease things, some way?"

The doctor was not unmoved by the pleading face of the little mother who stood beside him. He nodded.

"Yes, I could. I could give her a drug I know of that would quiet these spasms and make it easier for you. But her heart is in such shape, and her body isn't very strong—the drug might—might prove too much for her endurance. Shall I give you the prescription or not?"

"No," said Louisa, miserably, weakly, "of course not." Then, "Do you really think she is in such bad shape, Doctor?"

"As I said before, I don't practice lying. You've got a mighty sick baby there. But I can't say what's wrong. It might be typhoid fever—it might be meningitis. Or it might possibly be from food poisoning of some kind. You can't tell a disease until you observe the symptoms awhile. So many diseases act similarly at the outset, and the symptoms of diseases sometimes vary somewhat with individuals."

THEY ALL stood quietly awhile watching the restless child. She was sleeping now, but tossed about and moaned a great deal.

"Isn't there anything—anything we can do? Oh, it seems I can never live through the night without doing something for her—" Louisa sank into the chair again and it seemed to her that all the sobs and unshed tears of all her past life came tramping to the surface now when she most wanted self-control.

"Now don't take on like that, little woman. We might as well take life philosophically. If the child is going to get well—and there is a chance she will—why she will get well. But if she is going to die, she will die and you or I or anyone else can't help it."

"That's the strangest thing I ever heard a doctor say."

"It is strange, isn't it? Perhaps I'm having my last fling at the noble prac-

tice of medicine tonight—perhaps that's why I'm saying such things. For tomorrow I bid my profession *adieu*. I become a real estate dealer. I have been working up to the point where I could quit for a long time. I have such a fatalistic sort of philosophy that I can't enjoy my work in medicine. You see I feel sort of superfluous, as it were."

"Isn't there a thing we can do for her?"

"Well, if she were my child I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd give her a good dose of castor oil—cleanse the digestive tract thoroughly; I'd continue the boiled water and fruit juice until her present symptoms get decidedly better in a little while I'd take her to a Nature Cure hospital I know of. They combine the systems of healing and have good results."

"What is their address?" Dan breathed excitedly. "I think I could have confidence in them."

"I'll write it down for you. It's up near the Loop—I mean their town offices are there." He wrote something rapidly on a card.

"There you are. And now, good-bye and good luck."

"Perhaps we'd better settle with you now, doctor. If you'll tell me how much we owe you—"

The doctor waved his hand with a grandiose air. "Not one buck, not one iron man, not a penny." He leaned most unprofessionally against a door jam and lighted a cigaret. "I've gotten thrill enough out of my last case—letting some of my disillusionment color my advice—to more than pay for the time I've spent here. So long, now. If you ever want to buy a home in the nice healthy suburban areas look me up." He flipped a card on the table and walked out of the apartment.

"Oh, Dan, what will we do? Can we trust anyone? Can we believe in anyone?"

"I think I'd better go and telephone the doctor at this address he gave me. I just feel maybe they can help us."

"But—how do we know? We never saw this doctor before. Maybe he isn't any good."

"The drug store recommended him. He must have been considered all right. Of course, I'll admit he talked rather funny for a doctor—"

"And these other people may be quacks—"

DAN SHOOK his head. "I've seen their ad in some of the magazines—I think it has been in the Physical Culture magazine too—funny you didn't notice it."

"Let me see the address." She took the paper in trembling fingers. "I believe I do remember that name. Listen. Let me look in the last Physical Culture. Yes, here it is—and a picture of their large sanitarium and it is licensed by the State. It must be all right—at least in its way. Why—why—they're the one's that publish the Nature Cure magazine.

I guess I must be just so crazy with worry I don't know a think when I see it. Well, they won't hurt her anyway—because all of their treatments are mild. And since the doctor said she probably could not stand drugs—"

"All right. I'll go telephone them." At the door he paused. "Louisa—we might call up some—some elders and have her administered to. You know—I've been thinking of it all evening. I was brought up in the church, and while my folks tried to do all they could themselves when anyone of the family became ill, administration was the first thing we thought of."

Louisa lighted the gas under the kettle, and put Danny John's bottle to heat. Dan watched her and waited anxiously for her answer.

"Dan—I just can't have faith in those things. It seems—such an impractical thing. You see, we never even prayed at our house, and I could never depend on prayer as you can. Let's do all we can in a practical way."

Dan sighed as he went out the door, then brightened again. If this school of healing were a sort of combination of the different schools of healing it would be built somewhat along Word of Wisdom principles, the child might recover and it might help to interest Louisa in the Word of Wisdom. He felt that if he could interest her in even one phase of the gospel, he might be able to build up her faith until she believed in every part of it and shared his dreams and ambitions.

He remembered too that this was Wednesday night. He called the branch president of the South Side Branch and asked them to pray for little Dorothy.

"Well, did you get them?" queried Louisa as he entered the apartment again.

"Yes. They usually close their city offices at six o'clock but they have two appointments for this evening for men who are coming from a distance and will be there until late. They said to bring her right down any time. So get her ready and I'll get a taxi."

THE OFFICE they entered was imposingly large, attractively furnished, and immaculately clean. The doctor who took them in charge was a large genial man who seemed to have no fears whatever that the baby would not recover. He placed her on a large table and gave her a gentle massage. Louisa knew something of massage; she had studied about it in her course in nursing. It inspired confidence in her mind. Perhaps this doctor did know something about healing. He seemed particularly interested in the child's spine. What was most encouraging of all, the patient seemed brighter and more normal after the treatment.

"Do you think—think there is anything terribly serious the matter?" asked Louisa, tremulously.

"Well—of course she's in a rather

toxic condition, you can tell that. But if you'll follow my directions exactly, I think you needn't worry but what she'll get well."

"I'll do anything!" fervently.

"I'll give you a mild herb laxative of our own manufacture; you might give her another warm enema if she has any more convulsions—but I don't think she will. Get her digestive tract clean by means of this laxative; give her nothing but boiled water and orange juice for two or three days—and don't be afraid that she'll starve to death, for you'll be surprised how much stronger she'll get —"

"And after that? What shall I feed her? She hasn't gained as she should."

"What have you been feeding her? You've been following a baby book I expect?"

Louisa nodded. "Aren't they usually all right? Most babies—"

"Yes. Quite a number of these books are full of good common sense advice about caring for babies, but some babies require individual treatment. Now if this baby were mine, as soon as she recovered sufficiently I would start her drinking diluted fresh raw milk—certified, of course. Then in a few days I would gradually increase the proportion of milk until she is getting whole milk. Then twice a day I would feed her, seeing that she ate slowly, a cereal made of whole wheat with top milk and a little pure honey. Through the day at the regular times you've been giving it, give fruit juices. Once a day give a well-cooked fresh leafy vegetable. Keep her diet simple like this—shun meat and eggs and heavy protein foods. This baby can't digest them properly."

Dan had felt a thrill through his whole being as he had watched this doctor and listened to him.

"Mild herb laxative, whole wheat, fruit, honey—this advice might well have come straight from the *Doctrine and Covenants*," he was thinking. "Some day the church will have a big place like this where you can go and natural treatment in line with the word of God. The Sanitarium is a wonderful start—but some time we'll have our own medicines, our own school, our own research and experimentation to depend upon also. We can be surer then—"

"How much do we owe you?" he heard himself say.

As the doctor took the money, he said pleasantly. "I'm sure the child will be all right. You may be interested in knowing that we have a store where we sell health foods, including a wonderful stone-ground whole wheat flour, ideal for cereal purposes as well as bread-making. We have other things, too, you might like to look over."

"Thank you," said Dan, and followed Louisa into the vestibule and down the stairs. Once again in the taxi, Louisa lifted her face to Dan. By the glare of the street lights he was surprised to see

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not even trust them to pick out their own hats. It is hard to believe that in our supposedly enlightened age any man could be found who could treat his family with such lack of trust and confidence. It is even harder to believe that any man who professes the gospel of Christ could find any justification for such treatment of his family. He may think he believes the gospel, and he may think the church means something to him. Actually he is proving that he has not yet recognized the principles of the gospel nor found the way to put them into every-day use.

I realize what the Apostle Paul said about women keeping their place, but that was said under different conditions. Paul also emphasized many times that we should study and develop ourselves to recognize truth no matter where nor how we might find it. One of the truths that our civilization has taught us is that there should be no difference between the sexes when it comes to respecting the rights of each one in developing his own individuality. In criticizing men for their failure to recognize the rights of each member of the family, it applies to women as well. If a woman assumes a dictatorial attitude she is just as bad as the man. I met a man in Nebraska once who was so henpecked that he had to bring his weekly wages to his wife. She made him beg for every penny he wanted. She would not even let him buy his own clothes.

OUR CONCERN about this problem of spending time and energy should be to find the way in which it can be done for the best interests of each individual. Therefore, the discussion of any details is merely to find the means to an end. In the case of our ideal couple they will decide what each can have for clothes, for instance, and then each will let the other, if he desires, spend that money without suggestion or interference from the other. When there isn't any available they will simply do without. Both will be more than willing to do without when they know that if it were available they could handle it as they chose. Instead of this freedom becoming a wedge between this couple, it will make their bonds that much closer. It creates a basis for mutual understanding. This result will be possible because they will have faced the issue on a common little problem of routine. They will plan ahead and carry out the plan on the basis of mutual trust and confidence. In other words, they will succeed because they are big enough to see that little figures, handled carefully, become a guide to the big things in life. And what Zion building problem is more important than the building of happy homes?

The next step in developing individuality presents itself when children come into the home. When our ideal couple become parents they have new problems to solve. For a long time that first baby will not be able to develop any individuality

as far as money problems are concerned. However, that time will not be as long as most parents believe. The child will often put the parent to shame in his understanding of basic principles if he is given a chance. The reason for this is that the parent is a product of faulty environment. He does as a parent what he saw his parents do. He may not have taken preparation for parenthood seriously. He arrives at that point before he is ready for it. Then he finds the stress of parental responsibility so great that he can't take the time to make proper preparation.

WE KNOW that a child does not have to be very old before he likes to feel that he is doing what he chooses. If the parents let him feel that he is helping the church by paying his pennies, perhaps one out of every ten as tithing, giving these pennies himself to the bishop or agent and getting a receipt in his own name, he has the feeling of being a part of the church. He has a feeling of recognition. Helping the child do his own planning and paying is giving him a practical start in budgeting. If the child learns to stand on his own feet, to make his own decisions, to make his own plans as a growing child he will become a Zion builder. He will know how to plan or budget the use of his time and talents so they will be used wisely. I can't help but believe that this is vital and that it should be developed more than it is. Too many parents aren't big enough to let the child get ahead of them, so they hold him in the background. That only causes resentment which if fostered will take that child out of the church as quickly as he becomes big enough to control his own actions.

The following incident shows clearly how we can let the technical interpretation of the law stand in the way of accomplishing the very thing for which the law was created. On a Sunday morning many years ago I visited one of our larger outlying churches and dropped into a Sunday school class which was discussing church finances. The question of payment of tithes by children was being discussed, and the decision by the teacher raised a serious question in my mind. This man was at one time one of the most active missionaries in the church. He has done wonderful work in helping build the church during a period of hard struggle. But he was of the school which believed in the law for law's sake. He was not to be blamed entirely for his interpretation. I took exception to it while he admitted that children should be encouraged to pay their tithing but he said we should be careful how it is done. As a church we are instructed to obey the law of the land. Since that law designates the parent as the guardian of the child until the child is of legal age, therefore to make such transactions legal, no matter how small, the bishop should write out the receipt to the parent as guardian of the

child. Perhaps technically this interpretation is correct, but what have we gained by being so careful to live up to such a technicality? The child cannot feel a complete independence, he cannot fully understand such intangible things as guardianship, but he can understand handing his penny to the bishop, and he can understand what it means to see his name on his receipt. By forgetting the technicality of the law we use it to develop the child's idea that he is getting full recognition as an individual. He feels as if he is a part of the church because he wants to be. It creates in his mind a much closer tie to the church. He will cherish this feeling as he grows regardless of his ups and downs. Later when he settles down to the serious business of life the memories of those little incidents will come back and grow in importance as he grows in years. The tie to the church resulting from the feeling that he was recognized as an individual will bring far more loyal service to the church, when he is grown, than any memory of technically correct procedure.

In other words, in dealing with the problems of the individual human being, which after all is the basic work of the church, we should use common sense. When children are negligent or careless parents should keep tithing receipts for them. They can use a little scrap book if necessary. Later on, perhaps, even after the child is married, if the parent would present that little record of a faithful adherence to a vital principle, the average individual would prize it as one of his choicest possessions. And what an influence it would be as an anchor for that person as he makes his mature decisions in budgeting his time for what he wants to do; especially as far as his church relationship or spiritual stewardship is concerned.

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tragic despair written on it. She did not share his hopefulness.

"Oh, Dan," she half-sobbed, "They have stuff to sell, too. How can we know, Dan?"

"I think we'll be safe in taking his advice," said Dan blithely, "because it's in line with the church books. They're our standards, to judge things, you know—" he stopped suddenly; he had forgotten she did not have faith in these things as did he.

"Everybody has something to sell," went on Louisa drearily, "and even when they talk so wonderfully, and so benevolently, they are thinking mainly about their own pocketbooks—"

"That is just why I'm so enthused about Zion," Dan interrupted, "Can't you see how it's needed—"

He was startled at the electrical change in his wife. She sat suddenly upright, and her voice, when she spoke,

was charged with such anger as she had never before manifested.

"You're always thinking and talking about Zion. You don't love me, and you don't love our children! If you did, you'd think a little more about us, and a little less about your fine philosophies. You don't care what happens to us—"

"Louisa," cried Dan, hoarsely, "that's not true. I do love you."

But how could he explain that the great longing he had for Zion really grew from his suffering, which suffering came because of his love for her and the children? How could he make her understand? Their viewpoints were too widely divergent. How could he tell her that because he loved her and the children so greatly, his heart had been wrung with the pitiful conditions existing over the whole world? That he saw not only their suffering, but the suffering of thousands of other mothers and babies, yes, and fathers, too, all over the land; people who had lost confidence in institutions because of a sordid commercialism burrowing into and undermining the splendid superstructure of civilization as termites sometimes undermine a lordly house? How cruel she was—and yet she did not mean to be cruel. He had married her, knowing she did not belong to the church. She could not understand. In spite of his own pain he must be good to her. He reached his hand to her and touched her gently. She did not even feel his touch.

She was like one drowning—in a sort of stupor she could see her whole life floating before her. The ambitions, the burning fire of youth. "You can if you think you can." "This world is full of numbness and of balk." "He would not suffer them always to take happiness in sin." The black box. The love of little children. Sickmess. Possible death. Pain worse than death—sorrow without hope.

"Oh, I am so alone," she thought, dimly. "I have tried so hard to find peace, but there is none. No friend, no happiness, no hope. Nothing but a vast emptiness."

(To be continued.)

Care in Cooking Prevents Loss of Vitamins

Loss of vitamins during cooking takes place in several ways. They may be destroyed by heat and oxidation, or they may dissolve out in the cooking water which is later discarded. The exact extent of these losses depends upon the length of time of cooking, upon the presence of air, and upon the solubilities of the vitamins concerned, says the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.

Vitamins B, C, and G are readily soluble in water. Vitamin C is easily destroyed by heat and oxidation. Vitamin B is destroyed by long-continued heating but undergoes little destruction when heated at the boiling point of water for

as long as one hour. Both vitamin B and vitamin C are more rapidly destroyed in an alkaline medium than in an acid medium.

Vitamin A is only slightly soluble in water and is not readily affected at the ordinary temperatures of boiling and baking. It is destroyed, however, at higher temperatures such as those that obtain in frying. It is also destroyed when heated in the presence of oxygen. Vitamins D, G, and E, are fairly stable to heat and are not destroyed at ordinary cooking temperatures.

The value of any cooked food as a source of vitamins depends largely, of course, on its original value in the natural state. Tomatoes are an excellent source of vitamin C even after they have been cooked. This is explained by the fact that during cooking the acidity of the tomato preserves to a great extent its naturally high vitamin C potency.

In general, the destruction of vitamins is less when foods are heated at high temperatures for short periods, than when they are heated at low temperatures for long periods. There is also less loss when a small quantity of water or no water at all is used. For this reason it is recommended that foods be cooked as short a time and in as little water as is practical. If any cooking water is left it is so strongly flavored that this is out of the question. Steaming is one of the preferred methods for cooking since the time required is short and little water is used.—*Scientific American*, July, 1934.

Divine Healing

(Notes from a sermon by Paul M. Hanson at the Stone Church, Independence, Missouri.)

Scripture lesson, Luke 9:1, 2: "Then he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases. And he sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick."

Probably there has not been sufficient emphasis placed on the commission of Jesus to his disciples to "heal the sick."

There are many people who are not clear as to the origin of disease. They are sometimes prompted to wonder why the Lord has so afflicted them. At other times they blame their malady on the devil. Thought should be given to the question of one's individual responsibility for the condition of body and mind that exists.

A little study will show that the subject of divine healing has a great many angles from which we may review it with profit.

Man, the noblest of all creatures, often goes moping around, complaining of headache, nervousness, and a thousand other ills. Some people resign themselves to illness as their lot in life, but how much good does sickness do you or your church or your community?

God stands in favor of health. If he does not he would not have said for his servants to go preach the kingdom of God and heal the sick. Jesus himself healed many people. James, the brother of Jesus, enjoined: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray for him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." In the law given through Moses to Israel was instruction to segregate those having certain diseases; the Lord did not want disease to spread. He is always interested in the conserving of human life. Such segregation was entirely in accord with what man has later learned in scientific and medical research. The Lord named for Israel certain clean and unclean things to eat. He has given to his church of latter days a revelation bearing on health known as the Word of Wisdom (section 86 of *Doctrine and Covenants*).

The influence of our church's teachings concerning divine healing has gone far beyond the confines of our own organization just as our teachings of Zion and of the second coming of Christ. One has a right to expect the New Testament order of healing to be reproduced in Christ's church today, the healing not to be a sporadic thing in the life of the members, but a normal experience.

We can no more separate God from his creations than we can an author from his works, therefore let us give the sick the benefit of Nature's laws. Not all disease is the result of sin, but there has been a violation of law somewhere. James said: "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deeds." I believe one of the blessings will be health resulting from a harmonizing of one's emotions, instincts, and sentiments, and faith in the ordinance of the church.

Where should we expect the miraculous power of God to operate in healing? In the removal of ills springing from a failure to keep the Word of Wisdom?

I know of no promise that healing shall be instantaneous. It might be. The promise is, "and they shall recover." A thousand and one healings, I have no doubt, take place in the church every year and little is heard of them simply because they come about so naturally that even those who are blessed do not realize the miracle that has occurred.

Would it not be a good thing if before the elders are called to administer to the sick by the laying on of hands, the sick would think very thoroughly over the matter and pray? It appears to me that the exercise of the miraculous power of God is to be enjoyed when man has exhausted all the things he knows ought to be done. Then let God's divine power supplement man's effort.

The Nomads

By May Elliott

XIII

Conflicting Loyalties

DOROTHY JANE was growing well and strong. Louisa followed the instructions of the doctor at the Nature Cure Hospital, not because she had faith in him, but because his advice was about the only thing left that she had not tried. Dan felt that the baby's rapid and complete recovery was due in part to the prayers of the Saints; but Louisa did not wish to believe in prayer. She did not realize that she was fighting the impulse to believe in prayer; she simply knew that rather than admit such a belief she would prefer to concede that the advice laid down in the Word of Wisdom was good and true.

"But that doesn't mean I accept all the church doctrines as being true," she hastened to add. "After all, the Word of Wisdom, as you call it, is just about in line with the best science in modern dietetics. I shall pay more attention to our food from now on. I shall read every book on dietetics I can get my hands on."

Dan merely smiled at her. She knew what he was thinking. "Isn't it rather queer that the Word of Wisdom was printed long before modern dietetics became the exact science it is today? How do you explain that, if it is not of divine origin?"

The thought troubled her more than she cared to admit. When Dan was gone she would be pulled as though by a sort of magnet toward his church books. She read the *Book of Mormon* again. She read and re-read the Word of Wisdom.

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

IF ONLY she could believe in that fully, without accepting all the rest of the gospel! What a comfort it would be, to believe that if you cared for your children according to the simple instructions given, you could feel sure that the "destroying angel" would in reality pass by. Gone would be the wakeful nights of suspense when you wondered whether you were doing the right thing by them or not; whether they might not die suddenly; or be taken suddenly and seriously ill.

But to accept the whole gospel? Never. If she accepted it, she would try to live up to the church's teachings. That would mean putting away all frivolity and actually working at religion. She wasn't ready for that. Maybe she

never would be. Anyhow, she didn't know that the gospel was true. She had no way of knowing. God had never spoken to her, or revealed himself to her in any way.

But she couldn't escape the fact that the Word of Wisdom seemed to produce results. Since she had been trying to serve simple, natural foods to her little family she could observe noticeable improvement, not only in their physical health, but in their dispositions. She felt better herself, in spite of the fact that she still clung to her habit of drinking coffee in the morning. She felt she couldn't give that up. Breakfast wouldn't be breakfast without it. But if only a few weeks of partial observance of the Word of Wisdom produced such a change for the better, was that not a proof of its truth? And if one of these revelations were true, why weren't they all true?

Louisa simply couldn't accept all the church ideals. Dancing and card playing would make up the social activities of the town where Dan had secured a position—as in all other places. She could help Dan in his career by taking part in these things he considered worldly, and therefore did not indulge in. She could make and keep influential friends. She could scarcely wait until they could go. School wouldn't begin until the second week in September, and Dan would have classes until the last of August.

She must see Helen Bartin. Louisa had not been to Helen's store since Dorothy Jane's illness, although she had called her up by telephone and explained why she had failed to attend the party. Helen would think that she did not appreciate the offer about the christening of Danny John. Louisa had made up her mind to give up that idea. It would be almost too much for Dan to live through, on account of his firm beliefs in his own church.

SHE FOUND Helen as busy as ever. Admiringly she watched the movements of her old chum as she waited upon the women who came to buy. Beautiful and well-groomed as she was, she might have been one of her own wax models suddenly come alive.

"Well—and how's everybody now?" she asked, as she came toward Louisa. "That darling little girl! I've wanted to get over, but business life certainly keeps one tied down. Besides—shall I admit it? I don't enjoy domestic scenes. I'm afraid you and Dan would seem almost too happy for my own good—I might become dissatisfied. You see, I

know myself pretty well," she ended a bit ruefully.

"Oh, I guess you wouldn't find us so happy as all that," laughed Louisa, "We have our ups and downs, too. Although right now we are feeling pretty good. You see, Dan has a position—"

"My dear! I'm glad. Tell me all about it. Where are you going? How much salary will he get?"

"It's a poetic sounding name—Wild-rose. Not such a great distance from here. And he'll get twenty-five hundred dollars."

Helen gazed at her in astonishment. "They don't pay teachers very well, do they? I mean—of course I might have known they don't pay them much—none of our old teachers caused a run on the bank when they drew out their deposits back in old Monroe. But it rather amazes me that Dan isn't going to get more. You see—everybody said he had more brains than anyone else in school. That's what Laird said time and again: 'That Dan Eldon will do something worth while in the world, just see.' And you know, with just a little prodding from you, he could go into business for himself, and you'd have a small fortune in a short time. Why—with my small mental capacities, I made five thousand dollars last year. Of course, my father gave me a start," Helen added, "but it wasn't anything compared to what I'm making now. If you could get his father to make him a loan—"

"But you see—teaching is sort of a compromise," confessed Louisa. "What he really wants to do is to work for his church—be a sort of missionary. I could never endure that. So we compromised on teaching. That will give him an outlet for his missionary tendencies, and it also provides enough income for us to live decently and educate the children."

"Well—of course—it depends on what you call a decent living, I suppose. You've given up a lot for him, haven't you? How about this christening? I suppose he'll have his way in that, too. I could see he wasn't at all sold to my idea."

"That—that was one thing I wanted to mention. I—I just have not the heart to make him suffer that way. And he would suffer—he is so conscientious about his church. You know, I do appreciate your offer."

Helen laughed shortly. "Well, it's your funeral, not mine. But I'll tell you, a woman makes a mistake when she starts giving up everything for her husband. The more you give up for a man, the more he expects. You have to use psychology on the creatures."

"Dan is very good to me, and very thoughtful," Louisa said.

Helen nodded, smiling wisely. "Oh, of course. He would be. But still he's a man—and they're really all about alike. At least my friends seem to think so. The most of my friends know how to manage their husbands. It's a real art—"

Louisa forced herself to laugh lightly. "I'll just have to get back," she said. "I have several garments to make yet before I start packing—and you have your customers to take care of. I really should not take up your time this way in business hours; but I did want to see you again before we went."

"Well, good-bye and good luck," said Helen, extending her hand.

"Good-bye," murmured Louisa and slipped out of the shop.

BEFORE they had gone to the islands, Helen had kissed her good-bye.

There was real warmth in their friendship then. What had happened? Was Helen displeased because she had not accepted all her suggestions? Or did Helen feel that a person who never hoped to have a big income was simply not worth retaining as a friend?

"Oh, well—I'll probably never see her again," she thought. "Life is like that. I'll make other friends." But the pain in her heart ached on. The things her friend had said about Dan hurt, too. Was she too easy with Dan? Did you have to prod your husband into doing his duty by his family? She had given up a lot of her plans just to please him, she admitted to herself. She felt that he never gave up anything for her sake. Well, she was going to have a beautiful home, anyway, artistically furnished. She would see that the children had plenty of simple, nourishing food, and the right kind of clothes. She would study, too, books about child-rearing, psychology, and the like, so that they would have proper mental attitudes; they must grow up without any dwarfing complexes, inhibitions, fear-thoughts. She would lose herself in the children, in her social life and in her home. Dan could have his career and his black box.

She walked part of the way to their apartment, partly for the exercise and partly to get her mind away from Helen. A huge card in a window bore the sign:

"Your Wife Will Know You Love Her," and in smaller print beneath: "When she gets this present from you." The words referred to a kit of beauty articles. The containers which held the perfume and the powders were lovely in their ornate way; and the other toilet articles were cleverly and enticingly exposed. Their colors were exquisite and dainty. They had formerly sold for twenty dollars, but were now marked down to a mere ten-fifty for a few days only.

A laundry advertisement demanded: "Is your wife still a slave, or do you send your wash to the Zuber Brothers' Laundry?"

"We shall have a modern electric washing machine," thought Louisa. "That is one of the first purchases we'll make."

She was quite happy and she sang about the flat while preparing to leave for their new home. Dan was really going to get a pretty good salary for a school teacher; she could manage to do a lot of things with that money. They would get good furniture and pay for it the modern way—by installments. Yes, she was happy now.

Happy, too, she was the first few weeks in the cozy little cottage they had succeeded in renting in Wildrose for forty dollars a month. There were all modern conveniences, and the landlord was very obliging. He put new linoleum on the kitchen and bathroom floors, and made several minor changes which, to Louisa's mind made the place more homelike.

Things had cost more than she had thought they would though. "You just let me attend to all these things, Dan," she had said. "You can go ahead with your school work and never have a worry about other things."

There was an expensive overstuffed suite in the living room besides a few odd pieces of furniture to make it look less formal and more like home. The dining room was charming in its arrangement and she bought things she had always dreamed of; a massive table, a chest of drawers, and a china cabinet of a period design; chairs more comfortable than most of the people back in Monroe had in their living rooms. The kitchen and laundry were perfect joys to behold and thrilling to work in. By the time she had finished purchasing the rugs, pictures, material for curtains, and bedroom furniture—she had to skimp on that, too—she began to see that she would have to quit. As it was the installments would loom terribly high and carry through many months to come.

DAN WAS appalled. He knew they had to furnish a home but had never dreamed that it would cost so much. They would need a car, too, by and by, Louisa had told him. He supposed they would. Everybody else in their situation had cars. He had thought perhaps they could save a little, and he had dreamed of sending a small check for tithing to the bishop. He saw now that this dream would have to be abandoned along with his others. There would be very little of his check left for groceries and clothing, as it was.

Even Louisa was frightened when she began to figure how to meet all current expenses. There were so many things she had not foreseen. In the city their rent had been quite high, but they had had hot water, heat and gas included so that no extra expense was necessary for these things. Here they had had to buy coal and start the furnace in September because the fall months began with an abnormally cold wave. Electricity, tele-

phone, gas, milk, groceries, installments. Dan had to subscribe for a school paper. They were expected to help all the charitable institutions; the churches needed a little for this and that worth-while enterprise. A few dollars here, a few there. The children needed new shoes. Dan would soon need another suit.

Nevertheless Louisa felt quite happy during those first few weeks. She loved the little home, and took pride in keeping it as pretty as when the new furniture had first come. The only thing that troubled her was that Dan did not seem very happy.

"Dan," she said to him one night in the late fall, "tell me, what is the matter? You seem so—so unhappy." The living room seemed to her more beautiful than usual that night. It was spotlessly clean; the radio played soft music; the heat from the furnace comforted them with its warmth; a small blaze in the fireplace added to the cheer; the beautiful little daughter lay curled up on the davenport with her dolly beside her; through the double doors that opened into the room beyond one could see Danny John asleep in his little white crib. Louisa knew she was not unlovely herself. She wore a gay house dress that suited her vivid beauty perfectly; she had had her hair bobbed in a style she knew was very becoming. What more could a man ask of life than a home like this?

Dan smiled, but there was only weariness in his eyes.

"I am not unhappy that I know of. Why should I be?"

"I—I don't know. But I like this—all this—so much. I guess I am sort of domestic by nature. I like even the odor of cooking food. They say it isn't proper to let the odor of food penetrate into your living rooms, but I love it. It seems like home. Smell that bread. That's whole-wheat Parkerhouse rolls, Dan, made as you like them. And that vegetable soup. Don't you love to smell that?" She ran her hand through his hair. "Dan, please tell me—don't you like me—and our home?"

"You little silly thing—of course I do!" He grabbed her in his arms, sank into a chair and placed her on his knee. "You are a fine little wife—the most wonderful girl in the world; and if I'm cross looking I ought to be spanked."

"But you haven't answered my first question. Are you as unhappy as you look sometimes?" If he were still brooding over that black box, she ought to try to get up enough courage to ask him about it. Could she carry it through? She waited breathlessly for his answer, but none came. He sat, instead, looking pensively at the leaping flames of the fire.

"Now it's quite a while until Christmas," said a suave voice from the radio, "but not too early to consider what you are going to give to your wife or mother in order to make the day perfect for her.

Any modern woman will appreciate our—"

"Dan, tell me—" she whispered.

"I'm not—it's nothing. At least nothing that would interest you." He would not talk about religion any more. What was the use? How could he explain to her that he felt he had sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage? That he felt his soul would always be in pawn for that pottage as long as he lived? That all these physical comforts still left him with a hungry craving, unsatisfied? That his loyalty to her and his loyalty to the church were wrecking his peace of mind, were undermining his health. Conflicting loyalties. How he loved her—and how he loved the church! He couldn't love them both forever—their pull was in opposite directions—and now, since he had married her, the church would not countenance his leaving her. Even if he would—even if he could. And he wouldn't if he could—she was so dear, so sweet. He would have liked to confide in her—but she would never understand.

"You're funny, Dan," she said in a grieved tone. "I try to do all I can—and still you're not happy."

The telephone rang; she was glad of an excuse to escape from him. In another minute she would have been crying.

"Hello. Yes. . . . Why, I don't know. I'll ask him." She laughed a little, then continued: "No, I guess it's of no use to ask him. He never goes to parties where there are dancing and cards. So I guess you'll kindly have to excuse us, Mrs. Moore. But I do appreciate your invitation—" Another pause. "What is it? Pardon me, I didn't hear. . . . Oh, I'll ask him. Just a minute."

"Dan, Mrs. Moore wishes to know if I can come to her party tomorrow night. It is rather informal—they're inviting people by telephone. I knew you wouldn't want to go, but she wants me to come with Mr. and Mrs. Brown. I know Mrs. Brown really well, and I know she'd be glad to stop for me," she ended a bit wistfully.

"You are your own free agent," said Dan, "You can choose for yourself."

Louisa went slowly back and picked up the receiver.

"I shall be glad to come, Mrs. Moore."

"Dan," she said thoughtfully, as she came back to him, "You said I was my own free agent. I think that one reason I don't wish to believe in your church is because it takes away so much of one's freedom. Now, take yourself for example. You don't feel free to engage in any of these things the world calls fun—"

"I heard a quotation once that I like, Louisa. 'Obedience to law is liberty.' And it is—indeed it is. The gospel is rightly called 'The law of liberty.' If one exercises self-control, forces himself to obey higher laws, he soon finds that he has developed new powers—he has a new freedom—he can soar to heights

before undreamed of. While he who indulges himself and breaks laws reaps only misery in the end. Remember Mr. Hunt, Robert, and all the others we have known. Self-indulgence didn't make them happy. The only thing that will bring happiness in this world is obedience to the highest laws of all—the laws of God."

The telephone rang again, and again she was glad to escape from her husband's presence.

(To be continued.)

THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

(Continued from page 1224.)

The frequency of administering, the time of day and the nature of the service, as well as the worthiness of the communicants and those who officiate in the ordinance, have all given rise to serious questions of procedure. Some have emphasized the supper aspect, and the late afternoon service was their rule. Others thought only of the symbolic worship as suggested in the injunction; "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

On January 17, 1836, Joseph Smith's diary records that a sacrament service was held at the close of an afternoon meeting where three couples had been united in marriage. A few weeks later he tells that the ordinance was administered at the close of a meeting at which the President of the Seventy had spoken.

If you assume, as does the writer, that the sacrament is a symbolic service which our Lord designed to help us keep prominent in our thinking the power of his sacrificial love, then "contention is unseemly" about the time and method. The important thing is that we have "sincerity of heart and purity of purpose," as a late revelation says.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

If the sacrament is served as a part of the prayer and testimony meetings, as is common in our smaller branches, then the prohibition (*Doctrine and Covenants* 119:5.) on the use of musical instruments would apply. If it is served in a setting of its own, or as a part of a preaching service, there is no scriptural restrictions on their use.

It seems that there could be no particular virtue in the plain simple service which is so common among us as to suggest thoughtlessness on the part of those administering the ordinance. I have been able to excuse some things in the order of some sacrament meetings which I have attended only on the grounds of carelessness or ignorance which is quite different that a studied simplicity about which there is pardonable pride. My own feelings is that that which lends orderliness and beauty to the service, will contribute to the spirit of reverence and worship.

OBLATION AND CLOSE COMMUNION

The oblation or "thank offering," is associated with the sacrament from the earliest time, according to the writing of Paul and the early church fathers. The revelation of August, 1831, (section 59), specifically and inseparably joins the two. "Remember that on this the Lord's day, thou shalt offer thine oblations and thy sacraments unto the Most High . . ."

Many of the early historians reveal that "unbaptized persons, as well as those under church discipline as well as others not in full communion, were excluded from the assembly before the celebration of the Lord's Supper." (See Barnes Dictionary of the Bible.) The *Book of Mormon* makes it very emphatic that "unless a man repents and is baptized" we shall forbid him to partake. (Page 653 Authorized edition.)

SUMMARY

"Do this in remembrance" is the key note of this ordinance. In remembrance means meditation; it means personal communion. This is often defeated by confusion, by projecting foreign thoughts through inappropriate testimonies, prayers or hymns. "There is a time for all things," the Scripture tells us. Where else shall we provide a place and time for meditation and silent devotion in our public worship unless it is when we sit around the Lord's table.

Aspiration

My task:

To help some weary brother day by day,
To show to wondering souls the Savior's way,
To live that he at last may only say,
"Well done."

My Hope:

To do the little things that he would do—
To show that to His teachings I am true—
To see that though clouds are gray, the sky is blue
To know that when life's battles all are through
I've won.

My wish:

That I may some day see my Savior's face—
That I may know the fullness of his grace—
That I may sometime win life's bitter race—
And find I'm fitted for that heavenly place—
Heaven won.
—George W. Scott, in *Autumn Leaves*.

Democracy cannot rise above the level of the human material of which its voters are made.—Shaw.

The Nomads

By May Elliott

XIV

A Rich Man's Home

WELL, here we are at the Moore Mansion," announced Mr. Brown, as the car stopped in front of a monstrous brick house. A maid conducted them through a beautifully wide and warm hall and up a spacious stairway. Mrs. Moore would welcome them presently. In the meantime Louisa could not resist gazing about over the richly-appointed rooms. She recalled Helen's statement:

"It depends upon what you call a decent living." Her own home seemed suddenly insignificant, small, and plebian in taste. She had seen many luxurious appearing public buildings in the city, of course; but never in her life had she been a guest in such a magnificent private dwelling.

"How do you like the way I've furnished this room?" asked the hostess, as Louisa and Mrs. Brown inspected their reflections in a giant mirror. "I got most of these things from my people who live in Boston; this old bed and these chairs have been in the family for years. My grandmother made this large hooked rug. Of course this stuff doesn't fit in well with the rest of the furnishings of the house, but then this room is sort of off by itself and I couldn't resist having one colonial room."

"It would satisfy my taste all right," laughed Mrs. Brown. "I could never find any fault with your ideas in house furnishing, I know. I should think you'd be perfectly satisfied here—"

They had gone through another long hall and were descending broad, sweeping stairway. One could see the vast and splendid reception room below. Great ferns and cut flowers banked the sides of the room; an orchestra played at one end; guests were already dancing on the waxed floor that glistened with mirror-like smoothness in the soft lights.

"As to being perfectly satisfied," Mrs. Moore's low voice seemed half immersed in musical laughter, "I don't know that I ever shall be that. I am always planning changes. I am thinking of getting rid of that thick large rug in the drawing room and also the one in the music room and putting in hardwood floors. I don't think there's anything quite so beautiful as well-kept hardwood floors. I shall have two or three small rugs in each room instead of the large ones."

LOUISA soon felt quite well acquainted with different guests, but she did not look forward to the dancing as much as she had thought she would. It

reminded her too much of those girls in the South Sea Islands who had danced, and Mr. Hunt's gloating, ogre-like eyes as he watched them. She could hear again his voice in memory: "Of course all dancing is more or less based upon the sex instinct."

As she watched these people she could not make up her mind whether the old man was right or wrong. These couples embraced each other closely and their cheeks touched. Something about it seemed indecent to her, nauseating. She could not say just what it was.

"You don't care to dance, either, I guess," spoke a coarse but not unpleasant, masculine voice at her side. She glanced about quickly. A tall, muscular man, well built, good-looking, wearing a business suit. Something about him reminded her of Dan. He had black eyes. Dan's were blue. His features were coarser than Dan's and his voice gruffer. But there was something boyishly sincere and genuine about his entire personality that gave her a pang of loneliness for Dan.

She smiled at him. "What makes you think I don't care to dance?"

"Such as you don't park on the sidelines because they have to."

Louisa laughed. "From your first remark, I gather you don't care much for it yourself."

"It seems sort of savage, to me. I'm here because my wife wanted me to come," he ended candidly. "That's my wife—that girl in the bright red dress. That blond girl."

"I don't see any blond girl in a red dress. You mean—oh, you don't mean blond, maybe." Men got things so mixed up. "The only one in a red dress I see is—well her complexion seems fair enough for a blond, but her hair is black, and her—"

"Uh, uh. She had it dyed. It used to be a pretty gold color, I used to tell her it was exactly like a rich autumn sunset. That was before we were married. I got interested in making a living and a home for her after we were married and forgot to rave about how she looked." He chuckled a bit, but his eyes were serious. "She imagined I didn't love her any more or something and went and had it dyed. Women are funny."

"Do you really think so?" Louisa found his blunt way of speaking extremely amusing. It was not so much his words, as his manner of saying them. "I suppose we are funny. We all want happiness, and there are so many voices that tell you exactly what to do and especially what to buy in order to be

happy, that we don't know which way to turn. So some of us make a mess of life in general. I have that feeling sometimes—as if I had made a complete failure of things—but I hope to live a fairly normal life—if I can't be happy."

"But it seems there ought to be some way of living that would bring one happiness and satisfaction. If there is, I haven't found it." He sighed. "I tried to find a religion once, that would satisfy certain longings within me, but I didn't succeed."

"I wish my husband were sensible enough to see that religion won't bring happiness. He's mad about his—can't keep still about his church for five minutes if any chance word leads up to the subject."

"What church does he belong to?"

"The Reorganized Latter Day Saints."

"You mean—aren't they the Mormons?"

"That is a nickname they are sometimes called. They are also confused with the people of Utah, who are sometimes called by a similar name."

"But—but I don't see how any intelligent person who reads the Bible carefully, particularly the New Testament, could endorse polygamy. Such a thing would be extremely repulsive to me."

Louisa laughed. "I wish Dan could hear you say that. He'd be right at you in a minute with more proofs than I could remember in a year—proofs that his church doesn't believe in such things as that. And he'd explain all about how polygamy and such things happened to be mixed up with the word 'Mormon' in people's minds; how his church never had sanctioned such a thing, etc. He'd preach you a regular sermon."

The man frowned. "I thought your husband was a school teacher. I understood someone to say so. You're Mrs. Dan Eldon, aren't you?"

"Yes. He would have liked to do some kind of work for his church, but I didn't believe in it very strongly, so we compromised on school teaching. You see—"

"Ah! And is he happy in his work chosen for him by his wife?"

Louisa flushed a little. Was there criticism in this strange man's tone? What right had he—

"I don't think he is so extremely happy," she answered truthfully. "But a man certainly owes his family a decent living. As it is, Dan is capable of earning much more than he is making now. If he'd only get his mind on making money and providing things for his family instead of thinking of some ethereal vision of Zion."

"Zion? What do you mean? The

Jews have a zionic movement, but I didn't know anybody else—any other church had."

"Oh, yes," Louisa spoke carelessly. She hoped she could bring the conversation to a close soon. The girl in red had been quite boisterously hilarious when Louisa had first began to converse with the man, but now she seemed subdued and was continually casting anxious, hurried glances toward them. Louisa Eldon had no desire to carry on even the suggestion of a flirtation with anyone; also she had suffered sufficiently that she did not have the slightest desire to inflict pain upon anyone else in the world.

"Yes," she continued. "They have a Zion—a land of promise they call it, too, where they think they're going to gather after a while and form an ideal society based upon the early Christian church and its teachings. They have everything organized exactly like the church of Christ's day, and they believe all of Christ's teachings literally—that you ought to be baptized by immersion, etc."

"Say—do you suppose—my name is Benson, Mrs. Eldon—I guess I should have told you before—I'm just a salesman and have had very little education in schools—but do you suppose your husband would tell me about his church some evening? I—there's something about your description that gets me interested somehow. I'd be very grateful—"

Louisa laughed. "I should say that about the best thing I could do to give him a pleasant evening would be to invite someone like you who really wanted to hear him talk about it. How about next Wednesday? About seven o'clock in the evening? Could you come then?"

"I'd be delighted."

Louisa had named Wednesday because she would not be home then to listen. The Neighborhood Club were having a card party.

THE GIRL IN RED was coming toward them and attempting to make her approach seem casual. Within her soul, however, all was tempest and storm, Louisa felt. She was beautiful in an artificial sort of way. Her make-up had been artfully applied, the intense blackness of her hair shone with an unnatural luster; her blue eyes, unusually large, might have been lovely had there not burned in their depths such an intense flame of emotion. The red dress typified the fire within her; but how could one be on fire and still have such a somber look? She was like a whole page out of the past for Louisa. She was a little of Yvonne, a little of Robert, and something of Lucy. She brought back such poignant memories to Louisa that her heart went out to this strange woman in pity.

"You are Mrs. Benson, I guess, aren't you?" said Louisa, pleasantly, extending her hand. "Your husband has been ask-

ing me about my husband's church. I told him all I could but I don't take such a great deal of interest in religion myself. I told him if he'd come over next Wednesday night Dan would be glad to talk with him about it." On an impulse, she added, "I'm invited to a card party in our neighborhood that night, but if you can come with Mr. Benson I'll be glad to stay home. I'm sure we'd enjoy having you both."

Mrs. Benson gazed at her keenly, then sighed. "Oh—I'd like to, but I have an engagement, too—a sort of rendezvous with death, maybe, but still a lot of fun. I—"

"My dear," Mrs. Weston Moore's voice called Louisa amusedly; "You're wanted in the next room. A perfectly lovely group of people want to ask you all sorts of questions about the Society Islands."

As she followed the older woman Louisa could hear Mr. Benson's low toned question: "Why don't you come with me Wednesday night, Emily, and get acquainted with some real, honest-to-goodness folks?" She could hear his wife's angry reply: "Just because you like somebody, Dick—"

"How in the world did you get away with that long conversation with Mr. Benson without having that woman scratch your eyes out?" laughed Mrs. Moore. "None of the rest of us have dared talk to him for—"

"Mrs. Moore," Louisa interrupted in alarm, "You don't think—really think—I was—was anything improper by standing there talking with him? I did stay there quite a while—but I—we were talking about my husband's religion—"

Mrs. Moore laughed musically. "Oh, no—none of the rest of us would think anything of it—only to wonder how you got by with it. I know you're not the kind of a woman any other woman need fear—not that you are not attractive—" she hastened to add, "But you have good sense and more character, too, than lots of people."

"I don't know about my good sense, Mrs. Moore, but I can honestly say I've never done anything to be very much ashamed of."

"I heard you mention your husband's church," said Mrs. Moore, thoughtfully. "I hope he didn't get his feelings hurt at what Mr. Moore said to him."

"If he did, he never said anything about it to me."

"Well, Mr. Moore doesn't have much patience with anyone who belongs to a different church from the one he was raised up in; and he told Mr. Eldon to be sure not to talk his religion publicly, or he might lose his job. Now, I don't belong to Mr. Moore's church myself and we've had no little trouble over it, especially when we were younger; but I think your husband is a fine man and a good teacher from all I can hear, and I just wondered if you couldn't encourage him to keep a little quiet about his religion?"

"Why—I'll—I don't know. You see, he is just terribly enthusiastic about it, but I don't think he'll talk much about it if he's been requested not to."

She felt suddenly sorry for Dan. He loved the church; and it seemed that every effort in all the world was generated for the express purpose of prohibiting him from expressing his love. She must be more considerate of him. She felt suddenly glad and comfortable in the thought that he could at least talk about his religion in his own home—not to her, of course; she didn't care to listen; but to this man Benson and to others whom she would invite home.

THE EVENING did not bring her the happiness she had expected. There was a short conversation about the Islands; an indifferent game of cards, more dancing, and wine. She refused the wine, conscious that she had half-offended her hostess in doing so, but she couldn't bring herself to drink it. She had seen too many people half-silly from its influence, both here and in the islands. The islands! Why couldn't she forget them? Her experience there had just about spoiled all her fun, she concluded. She could not dance any more; she could not see any group of people without finding someone to remind her of those wierd and almost revolting experiences.

At last the party was over. Mr. Moore, gay with wine and sense of power was bidding the guests good-bye beside his quieter but more hospitable wife. Mr. Benson piloted his wife through the door, trying to steady her drunken gait.

"She always will drink it, even though she knows she can't stand it," whispered someone, "Emily is losing all the little sense she ever had, if you ask me."

Louisa was making dull conversation with the Browns; then she was inside her own door in Dan's welcoming arms.

"Did you have a good time?" he wanted to know.

"Well—I made arrangements for a good time for you, anyway," she laughed. She didn't want to tell him the evening had been a disappointment to her.

"What did you do?"

"I got to talking with a man—he wanted to know why I wasn't dancing—and he said he was interested in religion. I told him a little about yours and he seemed interested. Said he was just a poor, uneducated salesman, but did I think my husband would tell him about the church? I invited him over for next Wednesday night. Was that all right?"

"Of—of course—but I thought—you say you didn't dance?—I thought—"

Louisa laughed, embarrassed. She hadn't intended to let him know. The words slipped out before she thought.

"Well—I somehow couldn't, Dan," candidly, "I watched the rest of them
(Continued on page 1262.)

COLUMBIA THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

(Continued from page 1256.)

But the religious freedom so earnestly emphasized for themselves was not accorded others, and the idea of witchcraft, stringent Blue Laws and other forms of despotism, took root, so that small colonies, rebelling, broke away from them as they had from England, and established themselves in other localities. Rhode Island was thus founded by Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson in 1636; and Pennsylvania was colonized by William Penn in 1682 as a refuge for the Quakers.

In 1614 the Dutch founded a colony at what they called *New Netherlands*; and in 1638 a party of Swedes settled at the mouth of the Delaware River, which, in 1655, was annexed by the Dutch under Peter Stuyvesant; and in 1664 the English, through the Duke of *York*, took possession of *New Netherlands*, which was then renamed *New York*. The southern part of this province was sold to Sir George Carteret and Lord Berkeley, who there founded *New Jersey*.

From the latter part of the 16th century, America became a recognized factor in world affairs; and has, in recent years, become the world's largest Democracy—a land on which the sun never sets, for when its last rays are leaving the Philippine Islands, its first are rising on the coast of Maine.

NORTH AMERICA is washed by three great ocean rivers or currents: the *Labrador*, a deep sea current, crowding close inland and moving south from the Arctic regions as far down as Newfoundland, where it rises to the surface, causing the extreme cold experienced there; the *Gulf Stream*, about 50 miles wide and 2000 feet deep, a deep sea current, flowing northeastward out of the Gulf along the Atlantic coast, but separated from the land by what is known as a "cold wall." It goes as far north as the southern edge of the Newfoundland Banks, where it swings off (like the turning hands of a clock) toward Europe, rising to the surface as the *Gulf Stream Drift*. Leaving the western coast of Spain it sinks again, becoming once more a deep sea current, flowing back to the Gulf. The *Japan Current* is a warm, surface current, sweeping north along the western seacoast of the United States, giving California its delightful climate. After running its course it returns to its source as a deep sea current. In the Atlantic Ocean the ocean rivers turn to the east; in the Pacific, to the west. The great Trade Winds follow the courses of the various ocean currents.

The northern coastlines, both on the eastern and the western coastal plains, are battered and broken by great ice cakes, driven inshore by heavy gales.

The Atlantic seacoast has been submerged in recent geologic years, as at-

tested by maritime deposits and softened rocks; and the Pacific coast has risen proportionately in the same period.

The United States is separated into five geological divisions known as: The Atlantic Coastal Plain; The Appalachian Highland; The Interior Plain; The Cordilleran Highland and the Pacific Slope. Part of the great Interior Plain was once covered by a great ice sheet, while west of the Appalachian Highlands are deep valleys caused by the sinking of vast blocks of earth, and the wearing away of soft rocks.

Mountain ranges in the three Americas run principally north and south, while those in Europe and Asia run east and west. This causes climatic differences in the two continents.

In the southeast, from Tennessee, through the Carolinas into Florida, are vast prehistoric bone beds, evidently those of marine animals. Salt mixed with gypsum marks the margin of an early sea that extended from New York through Michigan and Iowa into Kansas.

Along the North Atlantic Coast and extending south for thousands of miles is the great Continental Shelf, the largest Shelf in the world existing at the base of any sea foot. The cracking or displacement of any part of this Shelf causes corresponding earth tremors in nearby lands.

Off the Bahaman Islands, between them and northern Africa, lies the Sargosso Sea, a vast eddy of 100 miles, which, circling slowly and insidiously, is thought by some to mark the spot where the Lost Atlantis sank from sight in an early day. Within the past two or three years an inhabited island off the coast of Greece disappeared as suddenly beneath the waves, with its thousands of screaming inhabitants, its culture and its great building.

The largest river system in the world is located in the Mississippi Valley, watering the Interior Plain.

Coal, gold, silver, copper, iron, zinc and other minerals are found in the mountain ranges. There are vast oil pools in the east, the middle west and the south. Great forests of almost every known variety of woods cloak the hills and valleys. Streams, lakes and the oceans abound in fish. At one time the great Interior Plain was covered with millions of buffalo, where in recent years, vast herds of beef cattle were quartered. Fur of all kinds was abundant in the early days.

The continent was found inhabited by dark-skinned aborigines, thought to be natives of India; so were called "Indians." They were classified as semi-barbarous east of the Mississippi; barbarous west of it; and savage in the southwest; but remember Cortez entered in the southwest.

As the United States became settled, great trees commenced to fall; mines were opened; factories built. Water power came first in the power plants,

and for this reason they were built along rivers. Then came steam, and factories appeared near coal fields, or where coal could be delivered cheaply. Gas and electricity were next, the last named power now driving our machinery and lighting our homes. It is generated from power dams principally.

Where paper is made from wood pulp, the factories are placed close to lumber interests, upon rivers down which the trees can be floated. Our wooden dishes and even toothpicks come from such places.

The North Atlantic states form an extensive ship-building center, because of easy access to the North woods. Furniture factories are also close by, for the same reason. Those using hard woods are close to hard wood districts, as at Grand Rapids, Michigan. Agricultural implements and road vehicles, dependent on hard wood and iron, are manufactured close to the Great Lakes. Detroit is the most important city in the world for the manufacture of automobiles.

The principal gold vein mines are in Colorado, Nevada and the Black Hills district of South Dakota. The most important silver-producing states are Nevada, Montana and Utah. Iron is found in the Lake Superior Highland. There are vast copper deposits in the Lake Superior region as well as in Arizona and Montana. Zinc and lead are found in the Appalachian Highlands and the Ozark Mountains. Coal, oil and gas exist in many of the states. Coal oil was first produced in western Pennsylvania about 1859. The great flour mills are located in the north and in Kansas close to the vast wheat fields. Things formerly made in homes are now made in factories.

The United States is the most productive and wealthy country in the world today. It truly is a Promised Land, flowing in "milk and honey."

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 1258.)

awhile and it somehow reminded me of those crude dances in the Islands—it seemed they were somehow the same, in spite of the veneer of civilization all around. I just couldn't bring myself to participate in anything quite so savage appearing."

"Thank God!" Dan cried so fervently that she couldn't help laughing. He was so intense about things like that.

There was a sudden, frightened cry from the bedroom. Louisa was full of alarm in a moment. Dorothy Jane was standing up in her bed, clinging to its high sides, trembling.

"What's the matter, darling? Tell mother." The mother trembled almost as much as the child.

"Me's afraid," whimpered Dorothy Jane, clinging to her mother's neck. "Doity Jane's afraid."

(Continued on page 1275.)

associated with the Federation of Women's Clubs, and was actively engaged in Sunday school and religio work in the church. Following the death of her husband January 24, 1915, she went out into the business world for a period of ten years to support and educate her children. She became affiliated with Mercy Rebekah Lodge in February, 1916, being a zealous worker the remainder of her life. The last three years were largely spent in California, and Independence, Missouri. She had been in ill health for a number of years due to pernicious anemia. July 22, 1934, she was prostrated with the heat and was rushed to the Iowa Lutheran Hospital where she lingered until August 15. Leaves to mourn her death: two daughters, Mrs. Richard W. Wilkie and Mrs. Leonard W. Koehler, of Independence, Missouri; three sons, Gomer E., of Ava, Missouri; Joseph W., of Moberly, Missouri, and James G., of Independence; eleven grandchildren; four sisters: Mrs. J. S. Pritchard, of Los Angeles, California; Mrs. W. A. MacArthur, of Clinton, Iowa, and Mrs. A. R. Brackett, of Berwyn, Illinois; Mrs. Laura Fuller, of San Pedro, California; one brother, J. Warren Briggs, of Los Angeles, California, and a host of relatives and friends.

VEALE.—Christina Margaret Sherrill was born in Tennessee, December 25, 1861; was baptized into the church by Elder Land in 1887, at Cooks Point, Texas. That same year she was married to Thomas L. Veale at Temple, Texas. To this union were born four children, Bert, who preceded her in death fifteen years ago; Mittie, Eula, and Vell. She passed away May 31, 1934, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. I. L. Snedeker in Houston, Texas. Besides her three children: Mrs. I. L. Snedeker and Mrs. R. V. Post, of Houston, and L. W. Veale, of Missouri, she leaves to mourn, four grandchildren, and a host of friends. The funeral services were conducted by C. W. Tischer at the Saints' church at Houston. Interment was in Forest Park Cemetery.

PATRICK.—Emma Jane Galloway was born March 7, 1870, in Fannin County, Texas. While a child she moved with her parents to McKenzie, Alabama, where she grew to womanhood. There on November 1, 1885, she was baptized by G. T. Chute, and on June 17, 1888, she was married to John D. Patrick. To this union seven children were born, all of whom are living. She not only reared her own children to maturity but on two occasions she took a motherless child into her home and cared for it until relatives could do so. When her son's wife died she took his two little motherless children into her home and loved and cared for them like her own. When another son lost his wife by death, to his mother he brought his little son, and again her heart and home were open to receive and care for the motherless child. And now once again, these three children are motherless. Her life was spent in doing good. The added burdens that came to her in later years she assumed without complaint, and did well what came to her. She passed away at her home August 30, 1934, after an illness of two weeks. She leaves to mourn her faithful and devoted husband, John D. Patrick, her seven children, John Robert and Preston, of the home; Willie and Lambert, of Independence; Mrs. Janie Furness, Kansas City, Missouri; Mrs. Elizabeth Linkhart, of Liberty, Missouri, and Mae, of Warrensburg, Missouri; one brother, Lambert Galloway; two half-sisters, Mrs. Sallie Ward, and Mrs. Lizzie Ward; one half-brother, Samuel Galloway; fourteen grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, and a host of relatives and friends, whose lives are made richer by their association with her.

SHAW.—Viola C. Edwards Shaw, wife of R. B. Shaw, passed away in the Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Yakima, Washington, July 30, 1934. Sister Shaw was born May 19, 1863, and was baptized March 21, 1886. She was well known in many branches of the church throughout the West. Besides her husband she leaves other relatives and many friends to mourn her passing. Funeral services were conducted by Elder B. H. Van Eaton in the Yates F. Hamm Funeral Home, August 1, 1934. She was laid to rest in the Terrace Heights Memorial Park, Yakima, Washington.

WESTON.—John Francis Weston, son of James and Maria Francis Weston, was born at Oxbridge, Middlesex County, England, October 10, 1853. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints when a boy in England. When fifteen he came with his parents to America, and they crossed the plains to Utah. They were members of

the Utah Church and knew nothing of the Reorganization nor of the changes in the faith and practices of the Saints' Church organized by Joseph Smith in 1830. They were sadly disappointed in the church when they reached Utah. In 1870, W. W. Blair visited that State and held a series of meetings. John and his mother attended the services, and hope was born anew in them. They united with the Reorganized Church in June 1870, being baptized by Elder Thomas J. Franklin. For thirty years Brother Weston remained in Utah. He was ordained a priest, and labored diligently in that office. His home was open to the missionaries of the church. Brother Weston belongs to that group of Saints who sacrificed much that the spiritual heritage might be passed on to the present generation. In 1898, he moved to Omaha, Nebraska, where he continued to be a worker in the church; was ordained an elder by G. H. Hilliard and Charles Fry. In 1902, he married Teresa Adelaide Williamson, and to them one child was born, Mark Williamson Weston. In 1905, they moved to Independence. In 1917, his companion died. To the day of his death this man was actively engaged in the work of the church. February 22, 1929, he married Mary E. Green who survives him. Besides his wife and son he is survived by one brother, James Weston, Knobnoster, Missouri, and one sister, Mrs. Lillie Clark Tabor, Iowa; one grandson, Mark William Weston, and many friends. He passed away September 1, 1934, at Independence. Two days before his death he attended services and participated in singing the songs of Zion.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 1262.)

Louisa placed a nervous hand on the little forehead. "She doesn't seem a bit hot—and her face isn't flushed. She can't have any great fever—"

"And she's not likely to have as long as we feed her by the Word of Wisdom," said Dan, confidently. "Don't worry, dear—she's just had a little bad dream, or something. Maybe I played with her too much before I put her to bed," he added quiltily. He knew that Louisa did not like the children to be excited before bedtime, even if the excitement were of a pleasant nature. All the psychology books advised against that.

"Tell mother what's the matter," continued Louisa.

"Me's afraid, Mama."

"But what are you afraid of, dearest?" She turned to Dan with sudden inspiration. "Dan—that woman—that Elsie I've been having stay with the children sometimes in the afternoons—I warned her never to frighten the children—but she may have told Dorothy a frightening story of some kind."

"Darling, listen. Did Elsie tell Doity Jane stories?"

"Elsie tell 'tories," repeated the little girl.

"Did Elsie frighten Doity Jane?"

"Elsie frighten Doity Jane."

"You see," laughed Dan, "she just repeats what you say. You can't get anywhere that way. A child is bound to get frightened now and then."

"I don't see it that way Dan. I am so disappointed. I wanted to raise both the children up to be without fear-thoughts or any inhibitions of any kind."

Dorothy Jane was wide awake now. "Mama, me's hungry. Me want some whole wheat bread—wif' buther."

(To be continued.)

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The Nomads

By May Elliott

XV

A Voice From the Land of Promise

LOUISA had wanted to take the children back to Monroe and spend Christmas with the home folks, but this was financially impossible. Installments were becoming a sordid nightmare. She could think of so many things she wanted, that the family really needed, and it was necessary to put every cent they could spare into the payment of these debts. She would think seriously before again burdening her family in such a manner.

They received two great boxes from Monroe, however; and it was almost like a visit home to open them and find lovely home-made candies, fruit-cakes and other things from Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Eldon.

There were toys, too. Dolls and tiny dishes; dainty feminine toys for Dorothy Jane. Rattles and balls and baby toys for Danny John. He was quite a little man now. He was learning to stand alone. He talked incessantly during his waking moments although no one could interpret the things he said. He made more noise and confusion than a half dozen little girls like Dorothy Jane could have made. Most of his more fragile presents were broken on Christmas Day and the rest wore a forlorn aspect.

Louisa had prepared a good Christmas dinner and they had invited the Bensons to share it with them. Dan had taken a great interest in Richard Benson; and Louisa felt more pity for his wife with each new contact she had with her. She almost forgot her own troubles, and even the black box, in trying to coax this other woman from her load of dismal gloom. She was putting the finishing touches on the dinner table when Mrs. Benson said with a half-smile: "Dick never got me a thing for Christmas. Of course, he always gives me the check and lets me do the buying, but if he'd only realize it, I'd have been tickled almost to death if he had kept out a little bit of it and bought me something. That sounds silly, I know, but it would show me he was thinking of me, anyway."

"I know just how you feel," said Louisa, "I've felt the same way myself sometimes. I have a practical person for a husband, too—he never remembers my birthday, nor anything. But my reason tells me he's a great deal better than men I've known who were always doing despicable things and then bringing their wives presents to salve their consciences.

I have a real man—and a gentleman—for a husband anyway—and so have you."

Mrs. Benson sighed. "I don't know what is wrong with me. But it seems I have always been restless and dissatisfied. If we had some children—something to work for—I might feel differently. But Dick doesn't think we can afford them. You see—we had one—a little boy—but he grew sick; there was a terrible hospital bill and even after we'd done all we could for him, the little fellow died. So, even though Dick makes quite a lot of money, he doesn't want any more children. You must be perfectly happy with your two dear little ones. You seem to have everything—"

Louisa set the dish she was carrying down on the table and faced her guest. "Oh, I don't know," she said. "I get considerable satisfaction out of life, but I can't say I'm always happy by any means. If I'm not a little bit unhappy on my own account, then I'm unhappy because somebody else is." She laughed. "I am just beginning to wonder if we are not all unhappy, we mortals, just by nature, and we have a tendency to lay the blame somewhere, and so we say: 'If I only had such and such a thing, I should be happy.' Then when, and if, we get what we thought we wanted, we see something else to wish for."

"I suppose that's true. But all the same, it seems sometimes that things aren't evened up fairly in the world. Some people seem to have almost everything while others have nothing. Everything seems unfair."

DINNER, or supper, as Dan persisted in calling it, aided and abetted by Richard Benson, passed off in rather moody silence in spite of the efforts of the men to be cheerful, and in spite of Louisa's attempts to dispel the cloud of gloom that seemed to surround the feminine guest. Dorothy Jane and Danny John were the center of attraction, and enjoyed themselves immensely.

When they were all again in the living room, Dan brought out a little portable phonograph with some tiny children's records—a gift to Dorothy Jane. There were little nursery rhymes, short fairy tales, cunning little songs. But Dorothy Jane asked for one over and over again. "Daddy, play Tom Thumb," she would repeat, and then she would sit, her large brown eyes wide, her forehead puckered in a little frown as she tried to follow the story.

"That'll be all we can play tonight," said Louisa, "It's bedtime for my children."

"And besides," added Dan, cheerfully, "their daddy wants to get something special on the radio tonight."

"Come, Dorothy Jane," said Louisa. The child did not move. She turned her wide-eyed gaze on her father.

"Daddy, listen. Scratching encounters—what's that?"

Dan laughed. "What's she talking about, Louisa?"

Louisa frowned. "I think I know. You know, it says there in that story of Tom Thumb, in telling of Tom's fight with the cat: 'Poor Tom was so badly scratched in the encounter—'"

Mr. Benson laughed boisterously. "So you want to know what a scratching encounter is, young miss! Well, it's when a husband and wife get real mad at each other, ha, ha, ha!"

Everyone laughed but Mrs. Benson. She did not smile.

Dan was attempting to get something over the radio.

"Our church is putting on some special music tonight," he explained. "I wanted to hear part of it anyway. Do you care for sacred music?"

"I certainly do," replied Mr. Benson. "Practically the only kind I do like. And I'm interested in the books I'm reading about your church. I believe I've found the truth at last—with your help."

Dan turned from the radio, his face shining with a new light. What was it the *Book of Mormon* said? If you could bring even one soul to the knowledge of the truth, how great would be your joy? His old hunger to work for the church—just any kind of work so long as it would really count for the church—returned with great force. And with it came, too, in greater measure than ever before that old irritation against his wife. She was being unreasonably stubborn, it seemed to him, when she refused to listen to sound doctrine.

There was too much interference to get much good from the program over the church station; but toward the last the local radio station signed off, and it came in well. A sweet, peaceful influence seemed to steal into the room with the beautiful music. It seemed to grow stronger and then, after the last notes had died away, the announcer said:

"You have just heard portions of the great oratorio, *The Messiah*," and then, "This has come to you through the courtesy of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints . . . located in Missouri, the Land of Promise."

It always thrilled Dan to hear that announcement over the radio. To think that countless hundreds of persons were

hearing about a "Land of Promise" for the first time. Their curiosity might lead them to investigate the meaning of it, and a new star of hope and joy be born in their hearts. Something of Dan's feeling transmitted itself to the others in the room. For a moment Louisa almost wished she had been baptized when she had wanted to be, so long ago.

Mr. Benson said: "You've surely got something to be proud of. I wonder—would it be possible for me to be baptized? I haven't been able to quit smoking yet—and I have a great number of faults; but it seems that I have such a great desire to enter the right church—"

"I think if one honestly repents, and has a desire to make his life better, he owes it to himself to join the church and put himself in position, by his obedience, to receive the Holy Spirit, which will impress his mind and help him to overcome and do what is right. There aren't any of the priesthood near here, but I can find out where the nearest branch is—"

"I'd be grateful if you would." He paused a moment, then continued, huskily: "I'd like to work for your Zion. The whole philosophy of your church seems so consistent. The constitution of the United States talks about men being created free and equal. We have lots of freedom, but your church is the first organization I've come across that put stress on equality. A child born into the Weston Moore home, for instance, is by no means given an equal start with a child on the other side of the railroad track.

"I know. I was born in poverty. I did well in my school work, in spite of the fact that we seldom had enough to eat, and I know now that we almost never had the right kind of food for growing children. I had a rather abnormal craving for knowledge, I guess. But my father died when I was twelve, and I had to go to work. No high school or college for me. Did I have an equal opportunity with Weston Moore, who was born in a home of wealth and culture?"

"I married a society girl—that's the only reason any of them speak to me now—the Weston Moores, and such, I mean."

"Oh, Dick," remonstrated his wife, "They recognize that you are a more than average man, too. You really make a lot of money—"

Mr. Benson snorted. "Money? Yeah, that's the standard everybody goes by. Money is a sort of god. If you've got money you can get by with any kind of character, and be accepted.

"And what will money buy you, after you get it? A few luxuries; some warm-weather friends who would never speak to you if you lose out financially; card parties and dancing, and things—inanimate things."

"Why, Dick, I didn't know you ever thought about such things!" His wife was wide-eyed with astonishment.

"Didn't know your old man had it in him, did you Emily? Well, I may surprise you more before I pass out of this world. Give me something to work for, that's everlasting, like this gospel, and I may be able to blossom out with a lot of new strength and ambition, until you'll wonder just what you've married anyway."

His voice sobered. "Honestly, Dan, I feel I could die for a cause like your church."

"Don't say your church—say *our* church," said Dan. "I feel you are one of us already."

Louisa thought: "How happy Dan looks! And how true the things are that Richard Benson says! We're all just chasing around after will-o'-the-wisps, somehow. When anyone talks as they have tonight, the gospel seems the only real thing on earth. I wonder. Perhaps I haven't understood things—No, I might as well admit it, I haven't tried very hard to understand. I believe I'll ask Dan to explain some of those things to me that trouble me, and if he can make it sound reasonable and right, I believe I will join the church and give my life to it."

SHE FELT supremely happy over her resolution. The church was probably true. She could scarcely wait until their guests had departed, now that she had resolved upon this thing; but they finally were bidding them good-bye and the door was closing upon them.

"How happy Louisa looks," irritably, thought Dan, "She is so contented with earthly things—I might just as well give up hoping she'll ever join the church. She has intelligence and she has heard the gospel story so many times—there is no excuse for her acting the way she does."

He stood by the dresser removing his collar and tie. Louisa watched his reflection in the mirror. "He looks sort of glum," she thought, "But I imagine he'll change that look when I tell him what I've been thinking about."

Smiling to herself she crept up behind him and slipped her arms about his neck. He shook her off impatiently, and his face in the mirror looked angry. Louisa stepped back, surprised. Dan had been cross with her before, but never like this. He had always shown a gentleness, of a sort, along with his moroseness, but there seemed nothing gentle about him now.

"I—I just wanted—"

"A man can't be kissing his wife all the time!" interrupted Dan, fiercely, flinging his stiff collar down on the dresser top with a bang. He turned as if to leave the room.

"As it happens, it wasn't a kiss I wanted this time," Louisa kept her voice steady with a great effort. "I just—had something I wanted to say to you that I thought you'd like—"

"Well, hurry up and say it then!

Women do get on one's nerves sometimes. Always—"

A scream from Dorothy Jane. Louisa seized upon it as an excuse to get away from Dan. Also she couldn't repress the fear that clutched her own heart whenever she heard that cry of the child's in the night. She leaned over the bed anxiously.

"What is it, Dorothy Jane? Tell mother."

"Oh, mama. Doity Jane's afraid!"

"What are you afraid of, dear? There's nothing to be afraid of!"

"Doity Jane's afraid of—of scratching encounters, mama. Oh, she's afraid scratching encounters will get her—"

Louisa repressed a wild desire to laugh, but lulled her to sleep again with a frantic wish to get the light out, to let Dan go to sleep.

"Always fussing over the youngsters and thinking about their physical welfare," fumed Dan; "what that child needs is a little less psychology and a little bit of spanking. She's found out that the way to become the center of attraction is to scream about being frightened—"

"A desire to be—to be—the center of attraction," said Louisa, unsteadily, "might account for it if it were daytime, but that would hardly waken her up at night."

"Have it your own way."

Louisa said nothing. She made up her mind not to quarrel with him. She would not waste her energy that way. She would just hate him. She was glad she had found him out, discovered just what he was before she joined the church. No religion for her now. Not Latter Day Saint religion; not while it harbored such a hypocrite! He had never been honest. That black box, for instance. If there had been someone else in his life that he couldn't forget, he should have told her before he asked her to marry him. He just wasn't honest, that was all. He was selfish. He was—

"If you'd think a little of their spiritual welfare, it would be better for them. The way you're doing they'll grow up just like little heathens. Why don't you teach them something that will—"

"You forget Dan," Louisa broke in with a voice unusually calm and penetrating, "I am not the Christian of the household. I suggest that *you* get busy and teach them prayer, and ways of Christian living, and all that. After all, they're your children as well as mine."

Dan staggered to the bed and sat down weakly. What had he been saying? He shouldn't talk that way.

"I know I'm terribly cross and irritable," he heard himself say in a queer voice, "but you'd be irritable, too, if you had all my worries."

"You might tell me, Dan." Louisa crept under the blankets and turned her face to the wall.

"Well, for instance—the big debt

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FORGIVE US OUR SINS

(Continued from page 1285.)

spiritual diseases. Almost always the victim is entirely unaware of his malady, so that the humble man may be, unwittingly, over-proud of his humility, and the righteous man may be, unconsciously, a self-righteous Pharisee. It has no respect for rank or age; the old man in his piety, his pride of experience, his self-assurance, is as apt to be an offender as the untried youth. No matter what heights of development we fancy ourselves to have attained, we can never afford to think the victory won, for vanity caused the fall of Lucifer, son of morning, and it has caused the fall of many a good man since. Like other bad qualities, egotism is really a sign of lack of development and should serve to remind every man of his human frailty. It is to be found most frequently in people who are too little for their job, so that we, as little people with a big job, are particularly subject to it. Its antidote is the fulfillment of the first two commandments. Self must be forgotten through devotion and consecration of purpose, losing life to find it.

Thus many times we tremblingly avoid the appearance of evil only to fall headlong into the evil itself. The fear of sinning has served often as a chain of bondage, restricting our progress; but the real sin is the lack of progress and development that such tyrannous superstition encourages. Development and perfection are the true aims of life and we shall never attain them through the mediums of suppression and inhibition. They demand the full development of all our powers, leaving no time or room for anything but that which has its source and end in good.

THE HANDICAP OF TRADITION

(Continued from page 1286.)

the traditions that have been handed down to us to govern our thinking; and in this way, we have often neglected the most important requirements of the message of the *restoration*. For example I have heard many theories and ideas expressed by people, and many arguments indulged in by them, with regard to the choices that were made by people in the spirit world, before coming here. These are some of the traditions that have captivated certain people, for the word of God through the Latter Day Prophet plainly states: "The Lord said unto Enoch, Behold these your brethren; they are the workmanship of my own hands, and I gave unto them their knowledge, in the day I created them; and in the garden of Eden gave I unto man his agency." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 36:7.) If the agency of man was given to him in the garden of Eden, then it goes without saying that he did not use it in the

spirit world as the traditions of some of our father have told us. That which I would impress here is that it is much wiser for us to acquaint ourselves with the content of the books of the church than it is for us to run off on a tangent somewhere, and spend our energy in trying to support that which simply has the weight of tradition.

It is indeed a peculiar thing that many people will cling tenaciously to their traditions, and will be very loath to accept the plain and unadulterated truth contained in the word of God. Just why we humans are so constituted I know not unless it is as the word herein before quoted states, that the evil one has taken advantage of us because of tradition and that he has insisted that our tradition should be adhered to regardless of what the law may teach, or the truth may require of us. Of one thing however I am quite certain, and that is that the man who is seeking only truth is never intolerant or impatient; he is willing to abide the time when men are willing to hear, and therefore he never uses undue or harsh methods of reasoning, and he never degenerates the truth that he has discovered into mere argument. On the contrary he holds his peace until such time as will enable him to find his fellows in a suitable mood to receive, and then very dispassionately he will impart to those who will hear, his message of truth.

The man of wisdom knows that argument proves nothing, and that if he would help his fellows to come into possession of truth he must be able to touch their better natures and win them to a state of deliberate and careful thinking. He who says, I have won an argument, has perhaps lost much in the way of truth, of respect, and of power. But he who has maintained himself and who has, in his attitudes revealed Christ, has gained much. As men are able to rise above, and come out of, the traditions that are imperfect and faulty, and bend all their energies in the quest of truth, they will become men whose lives will prove a benediction to mankind, and whose memories will live through the ages. To this end, we should ever apply ourselves to a consistent and careful study of the law of God, with the view of learning the truth, rather than being able to bolster up or support our most cherished traditions. Nothing but truth can make us free, therefore it is well to remember the words of the Master: "What doth it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." In the measure that error has influenced and shaped our lives to that degree have we become losers. May we not therefore awaken to our privileges and come into a realization of the truth.

Don't stay away because the church is not perfect; how lonesome you would feel in a perfect church.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 1288.)

you've piled up for me to pay. It'll take all next year's salary just to pay off what we owe. It will—"

His voice continued, but Louisa was not listening. "The big debt you've piled up." Well, they had to have some furniture, didn't they? What did he expect? After this he could do the buying. She wouldn't ask him for a thing, not so much as a pair of shoes. She'd let him order the groceries even, if he'd take the trouble. No—she'd continue ordering, but she'd cut expenses to a minimum. After all, he had used her two thousand dollars in obtaining his education. Why did he have to be so grouchy? She realized that Dan had stopped talking. She tried to breath normally, and shut her eyes, feigning sleep. He raised up on one elbow.

"Did you hear what I said, Louisa? I said I was sorry I had talked so terribly, but that I am all worn out and so tired."

She did not answer. He reached over and touched her cheek. It was hot, and he drew his hand away quickly as though it had been burned. He would have given anything if he could have unsaid those bitter words. Tomorrow—no, all the rest of his life, he must guard against this unreasonable irritation that seemed to well up unbidden against her whenever he had occasion to regret his thwarted ambitions. He must be especially kind to her; he must make up for his unchristian conduct. "You are the Christian of the household," she had said. Christian. A fine Christian he was! He fought against a desire to cry; tears would do no good. He found himself praying earnestly for strength—strength to do his work well so that they would hire him for another year and he could pay all those debts that weighed upon him, depressed him. Strength to love his church and still be kind to his wife.

There was no prayer in Louisa's heart. Only plans, mad plans, for a day far in the future when Danny John would no longer need her ministrations; and Dorothy Jane would be in business for herself; then she could leave Dan. Leave him to his black box, his church, his dreams. Tomorrow he would be exceptionally kind to her, she knew. She would forgive him outwardly, but she could never forget. She could never respect or love him again.

(To be continued.)

I hate inconstancy—I loath, detest, Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made Of such quicksilver clay that is his breast.

No permanent foundation can be laid.

—Byron, "Don Juan."

The Nomads

By May Elliott

XVI.

Bread

LOUISA carried out her plans to cut down their running expenses. She had been serving a number of things that were not vital to health, simply because she loved to cook. She now shopped for food materials that were cheap as well as wholesome. Potatoes and winter vegetables she purchased from a farmer, who also sold her milk, butter, eggs, and buttermilk at a great saving over what she would have had to pay in town. Whenever she found a bushel of good apples that happened to be too small or not sufficiently "colored" for the merchants to sell readily, she managed to buy them at a bargain price.

A neighbor, whose son had been ill but had recovered and gone back to the city, found that Louisa liked whole wheat bread and offered to sell a little grist mill she had used in making flour for her former invalid. She also told her where to get clean wheat in Wildrose.

Dan loved the bread Louisa made from the home ground flour and did not hesitate to tell her so. She smiled wryly. It was hard work to grind enough flour for four healthy appetites sufficiently fine to make what she considered a palatable bread without the addition of white flour. But it cut down expenses, because wheat was cheap, and everyone in the family, including Danny John preferred whole wheat bread and butter rather than any other article of food.

She quit buying coffee for herself. Instead of expensive breakfast cereals, she steamed the whole wheat berries until they were soft and bursting, then served them with a little cream and strained honey.

Dan was delighted with the new meals. It was just the way he thought they should eat. This was the kind of diet he thought was meant in the Word of Wisdom. And he was extremely happy about Louisa in that she had given up her coffee.

She not only gave up her coffee. She gave up the woman who came one day a week to do the washing; she dismissed the one who did the hard part of the cleaning on Fridays. Partly because she wanted to save the money; partly because if she worked hard, the time passed more quickly. At that she didn't have enough to keep her busy, even with the extra time spent in grinding flour, and baking all their own bread. There was still a woefully large part of the day when she could find nothing to do. She went to card parties whenever she

could, but they averaged only about two games a week, in the afternoons. The rest were in the evenings. She left Dan with the children when she went out in the evenings. She encouraged him to teach the children religion. It could do them no harm, she thought, and it would take his mind away from her.

AT THE end of a month she had saved fifty dollars. Not much when she thought of how much they still owed, but if she could do that well every month they could be free of debt by the next Christmas. Dan was delighted and grateful.

"But— isn't it too hard for you?" he asked anxiously. She seemed thin, to him, and was paler than he thought she should be.

She laughed. "Don't be silly. Why, I am nearly always finished with my work before lunch. Sometimes in the afternoons, when I get the children to sleep and there's nowhere to go, I nearly go crazy. I'd rather work than not. And I was just thinking, Dan, if one of us could get work for next summer, we might be able to pay our debts and save something next year, too."

Dan laughed. "Has that been worrying you, dear? Now listen. Don't you worry about debts any more. I was just very tired when I said that to you, and I didn't mean it to sound so terrible— honestly Louisa." He drew her into his arms, but she struggled away from him, laughing. She was always struggling away from him, it seemed, with that gay little artificial laugh.

"I really want to work, though, Dan. It's like my mother says, to work is to be happy."

He said no more. He knew she was not happy. Was she still brooding over what he had said? He bitterly regretted his angry words. He would like to see her happy once more. He would give anything he possessed to feel her soft white arms thrown about his neck in the old spontaneous way. In the evenings when she did not go away to some party, she would rush madly about with the evening work, refusing all his offers of help. It seemed to him that she even made work for herself. Then when she could find nothing else to do she would come and sit in the living room, still and white, to gaze upon him as he sat with his little daughter before the fireplace and told her stories of a kind heavenly Father who loved little children, who could see them even when it was dark at night, and who never, never forgot them.

Now and then, when the brown eyes of the little girl were raised to him ques-

tioningly, he glanced up and met her mother's eyes. Eyes so like the child's, big and brown, with a question in them; but beneath the question a smoldering something that bothered him; that told him she considered him a stranger.

AT NIGHT he dreamed about her. She would be standing before him and then slowly fade out of his sight. He would call her, and she would not answer. Or he would find himself standing beside her at the edge of a dark precipice and she would suddenly slip over the brink; he would grasp wildly for her but his arms would come back to him empty.

His school work had been a complete and overwhelming disappointment to him. He had come from his university work filled with ideas that did not work out for him in practice. Some of them he could not even try, for the superintendent had ideas of his own.

All day long he lived in a chemistry laboratory. Wildrose was not a very large place, but it was a county seat town, and drew many students to the high school and junior college. He taught the chemistry of both high school and college. He was not allowed to open any windows because it took more coal to heat the building if he did. On the other hand, the ventilating system was kept from normal functioning in the science rooms because it carried the fumes to other parts of the building and made things disagreeable for the other classes. Sometimes he felt that he could not endure the poisonous atmosphere any longer. Many times he went home at night with his head aching violently.

But he did endure it. He endured it two years longer. Life became more of a routine. He even grew to accept Louisa's quiet ways, her shrinking from him, her aloofness as part of the routine, even though his hunger for her love was the same as before.

For Louisa did not change her mind as some women might have done, but having once begun to discover flaws in her husband's character, she kept looking for them, until it seemed to her he fairly bristled with faults. His glumness which he displayed when he came home from school at night, she interpreted as being an irritable feeling toward herself. This seemed especially despicable in him when she was doing so much to help him. It made him seem even more like a hypocrite when he taught the children stories about religion, and taught them to pray in the evenings. He had asked her one night if she would not please come and kneel with him, but she had

refused with a polite but curt, "No thank you, Dan." He had not asked her again.

THE CHILDREN seemed to have a healthy mental outlook, however, and Dorothy Jane had grown completely away from her fears. Louisa knew Dan thought that prayer had accomplished this: but she cared very little what caused the good results, she told herself. It was very fortunate that the children were doing so nicely. She felt that she herself was a dreary failure. She had tried so hard to bring the children up in accordance with modern methods, but even at their present tender age she knew she had not succeeded. She could not protect them from all fears. Was it because she was afraid herself? Danny John seemed to have a perfect affinity for dirt. She couldn't keep the children immaculate at all times. True, they usually looked neat and clean; but she could not seem to approximate that surgical cleanliness which was purported to be the best method of fighting harmful bacteria. She could not teach them self-control as she wished; how could she, when neither she nor Dan seemed to have complete self-control at all times? She had fallen short of her ideal in many ways.

She could find no comfort in any of her acquaintances at Wildrose. Life was not the romantic thing the poets and philosophers of high school days had seemed to think it. Life was dull, monotonous. She knew of no home that was ideally happy. Husbands and wives quarrelled. Children were habitually disobedient, discourteous. Young girls and boys did and said cheap, sickening things in their wild reaching for joy. Things seemed to have become suddenly crazy, without meaning.

RICHES did not bring complete happiness. The richest people in Wildrose were often the dullest, the most miserable. Women were especially dissatisfied. They were all somewhat like herself—they could not seem to find enough work. Most of them would have welcomed a large family gladly, but the husbands were afraid of the ruthless economic competition, the chance of losing out in the business world; afraid that the children might not have the right opportunities, the right care.

She knew some, both men and women, who thought they could find pleasure in almost any kind of pursuit that was sinful or illegal. They took pride in disregarding the law of temperance. They thought it delightful to "get by" with a lie, a deception, a "shady" deal. They liked to be seen in public in a compromising situation with one of the opposite sex when either wife or husband was absent.

They were not happy. Sin did not bring happiness. It was clearer to her mind daily in her contacts with these various people that wickedness is never

happiness. Sin was ugly in spite of its glittering display. Sin was cheap, nauseating.

Even cards were a disappointment to her. She could sometimes forget her troubles for a half hour as she concentrated fiercely upon the game; but that was only a coward's way of running from her worries, she felt. Much better to face them, if she could. Cards were a waste of time. Why could not she spend her leisure in some constructive study? There seemed to be no incentive; she felt that, with no faith in anyone, or in anything, the effort to improve herself, either mentally or physically, would be futile, worthless. It was much easier to play cards. But she had won too many prizes. Some of her acquaintances hated her now. Some openly charged her with dishonesty in playing. Sometimes they played for money. It was no harm, they said, so long as the amounts were small. Dan said the principle was the thing that counted. Dan said it was gambling. Did she want Danny John to grow up thinking that gambling was a harmless pastime?

She had tried to find forgetfulness and rest by attendance at the local theaters. The majority of the movies seemed to center about some kind of domestic discord and unhappiness. They were like everything else in life. You went away feeling that marriage was a gamble; that it was unstable; that its permanency depended upon artificial things—some of which you could not control. You wondered whether any man or woman was absolutely trustworthy. Of course there were good plays. She took Dorothy Jane and Danny John to a matinee one Saturday. It was a historical drama built around the life of Kit Carson. It was good. There were many children there—Louisa surmised that they had been sent there by mothers who were too busy to care for them at home.

The hero was grappling with the villain. He had promised an angry tribe of Indians that he would deliver this wrong-doer into their hands. The two men were quite evenly matched as to strength. In a tense moment a little boy, not so much larger than Dorothy Jane, cried out:

"Kill him, you fool! Cut his throat with that knife!"

Another child shrilled: "Say, what's a matter with you? Get your gun!"

The villain finally tumbled over the cliff, and the next scene pictured him, a shattered and lifeless mass, lying in the midst of his dancing enemies. Later when the hero and heroine met in the inevitable embrace, came other childish voices:

"Atta boy, Kit!" "Oh, yum, yum. Kiss her good!" "Smack 'er hard!" Such things always spoiled her good times. What would become of such children? Junior was too small to care much about it, but Dorothy Jane was full of curious questions. She would not go again,

Louisa decided. Movies were like all the other things, disappointing, unsatisfying.

IT WAS a blustery afternoon in March. It had been snowing since early morning—snow so wet and heavy that it seemed hard work for the brisk wind to lift it, to toss it here and there onto the big drifts. Dorothy Jane had not gone to kindergarten that day. In spite of her evident health and vivacious childish sparkle, she was still rather small for her age, and Louisa had been afraid to let her chance the long walk through the storm. The children's chatter combined with her work made the morning pass swiftly. But the dreaded afternoon hours arrived; the children were asleep; clouds of gloom settled over her with double severity until her spirit seemed as dull and heavy as the leaden sky.

Was there no happiness in all the world? These other women she knew; they had no black box in their lives; why weren't they happy? But they were not. Some of them, like Mrs. Benson, whose husbands were really honorable men, whom no one suspected of unfaithfulness, still were almost insanely suspicious and jealous. Louisa knew that Dan had kept his promise—that promise he had made that night so long ago: "I'll always be true to you, Louisa." If it were not for that black box—

"I'm going to find out what it's all about. I'm going to go right upstairs and open it. It may be just a trinket his mother gave him, or something. It isn't like Dan to do what it seems like he did—it isn't like him to deceive me. If I could believe in Dan, I could join the church. I need religion—I need God. I need the true church."

With wildly beating heart she dragged the old steamer trunk toward a window and opened it. There it was, the little black casket, with the tiny gilt letters: "Elaine. Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable."

She laughed harshly. It could not be just some trinket. She could recall every detail of that evening such a few days after their wedding when Dan stood, with this gruesome thing in his hands. His awkward attitude, his clumsy words: "Don't ask me about it; just pack it up and forget it."

She couldn't open it. She had been a fool to think she could. She might not be a Latter Day Saint, but she was honest. The box belonged to Dan; its secret was his. And he was not honest. He couldn't be. He hadn't loved her then; he didn't love her now. She had known it for so long, but she had never allowed herself to admit it until that Christmas night when Dan had pushed her arms aside as though her love were something distasteful to him. Life was just a mess. Not only for her, but the whole world. All sordid, unlovely, whether it dressed itself in a tropical *parlu* or the silken garb of civilization. She buried her head

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ARE WE CONVERTED?

(Continued from page 1318.)

could not open his mouth; and he became weak, even that he could not move his hands." But two days later Alma stood forth and his first words were, "I have repented of my sins, and have been redeemed of the Lord; behold I am born of the spirit."

The transformation that took place in the life of Alma as with Saul of Tarsus, was permanent. During a long and useful life no persecution ever dismayed or daunted him. He was indeed a triumphant missionary for Christ.

Our conversion must be as deeply profound. No matter what forces assail us we must stand upon a firm foundation and press forward and upward.

WHAT IS THE COST OF SUCH CONVERSION?

Nothing worth while in life is ever won without sacrifice. True conversion exacts its price. The cost must be paid for in terms of a renouncement of all that is associated with worldliness. Genuine conversion is homage to God's plan of salvation.

Paul paid the price for his conversion. He writes, "of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Beside those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches."

WHAT SHALL BE THE FRUITS OF SUCH CONVERSION?

If we had a church full of people as converted as Paul was, we would evangelize the world; Zion would be builded in this generation; *and this people would demonstrate the glory of God.* What greater fruits could we ask for than these?

WHEN ARE WE CONVERTED?

What is the test for one's conversion—how shall we know when we are converted? The test is very simply, yet explicitly stated in the eighth verse of the forty-second section of the *Doctrine and Covenants*:

"If thou lovest me, thou shalt serve me and keep *all* my commandments."

Are we willing to "go thou and do likewise"? Let us make the thought of this article personal by asking ourselves the question, *Am I converted?*

GLIMPSES OF EUROPEAN NEWS

(Continued from page 1320.)

election and the result have given immense satisfaction to the 2,000,000 members of the Army and the world of sympathizers. The salary which is paid out of a private fund and not from the Army treasury, amounts to about \$2,500. per annum. There are 27,000 commissioned officers and 119,000 unpaid local officers and the flag flies in 58 countries.

THE London Spiritualists Alliance is seeking new quarters owing to the increasing interest in spiritualism and psychic research in Great Britain. This Alliance was formed in 1873 and it is estimated there are between two and three millions of Spiritualists in this country alone.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS (T. U. C.) opened September 3 at Wymouth. The president Mr. Andrew Conley of Leeds in his opening address demanded the 40 hour week for the workers.

AGRICULTURE IN RUSSIA. The report on Collectivized Agriculture in the U. S. S. R. published by the London School of Slavonic studies, based upon published official documents and speeches by Soviet leaders is depressing. There is less grain per head of the population available than in 1913. Masses of the peasants are not much above starvation level. Part at least of the 3,000,000 deaths of which the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke recently, must be attributed to the break down of organization as well as drought and natural causes.

THE DECISION of the United States of America to enter into full membership of the International Labour organization at Geneva, is taken to be very encouraging in Great Britain. President Roosevelt's decision is news of "real importance."

IT must not be thought that ideas like democracy, and freedom, and tolerance have been outlived; they are eternal principles, which will retain their values when posterity will look back on the Third Reich as a thing of Horror." From a speech at the World's Jewish Conference at Geneva, August 26.

THE FOURTEENTH INTERNATIONAL COOPERATIVE CONGRESS opened its sessions at the Central Hall, Westminster on September 5. There are over 500 delegates from 35 countries representing over 100,000,000 members.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE began its work last night, September 5. The President, Sir James Jeans the brilliant

physicist gave the address "The New World Picture of Modern Physics." This year the annual meeting is held in Aberdeen, Scotland, where seventy-five years ago the late Prince Consort gave the presidential address to this Association.

LEEDS, SEPT. 6, 1934.

THE NOMADS

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in the disordered trunk and cried out the agony of her heart:

"Oh, God, oh, heavenly Father! I have never learned how to pray, but if you are up there and if you can see a little thing like me through the gray mists of the world, hear me, oh, please hear me! Everything around me is full of broken dreams and disappointments. Oh, I need you so! I want you so!"

Suddenly she felt a peace she had never known before. It was as though a hand were upon her heart writing words of cheer and comfort. These were the words written:

"If a man's son ask him for bread, will he give him a stone?" Sometime, somewhere, she would find bread. All would be well. She pondered upon the miracle that had been wrought in her mind. There was a God. She knew it. Finally all would be well. Not only with her own life, but with the world.

A door slammed below. Dan home, so soon? She shut the trunk and ran lightly down the stairs. Even if he did not love her, even if he were a hypocrite, life would be more endurable, knowing what she knew.

"Hello, there, girlie!" he cried, as Dorothy Jane, rubbing her sleepy eyes, came from the bedroom. "How'd you like a long ride some day on the train? Tell me that. We're going to leave Wildrose—"

The little girl ran to the window. "Good-by, Wildrose!" She cried, "We're going somewhere else."

"Dan! What's the trouble? You look so tired and worn."

"I judged an oratorical and declamatory contest this afternoon. I gave the first place to a little girl with real ability. Mr. Moore thinks his niece should have won first. He says I can look for another job next year. I've been expecting this for a long time. I've never stood in well with him. He has a mortgage on nearly everything in town, so his word goes. But don't worry. I've kept in touch with Milton Arnold, who is superintendent over in Bay Cliff. He seemed to like me. I met him at a teacher's meeting last fall. He told me he thought he'd have a vacancy in my department next year. I'll write him. Thanks to you we have plenty to move on."

"It doesn't matter much where we live," thought Louisa. "The world is all the same. The same kind of people, do-

ing and saying the same kind of things, living in the same kind of houses, all furnished similarly."

She gazed out the window over the little city. She could see the Moore mansion over on North Hill. Her eyes dwelt for a moment on the rich homes there, then moved restlessly in the other direction, and a surge of thought like an inspiration flowed through her mind.

"I only know half the homes in Wildrose. Perhaps not even half. The others I do not know. I have not helped Dan by associating with the rich and playing cards. When we move to Bay Cliff we'll live on the wrong side of the track. I'll get acquainted with the poor and find ways to help them."

She felt a vast pity now, for all the suffering ones of earth. She was happy when she thought of helping them—happier than she had been for a long time.

"Good-by Wildrose!" her heart cried, exultingly. "Good-by youth, good-by dreams, good-by illusions! Come work, come responsibility. Father, I thank thee for this bread. Good-by, Wildrose—good-by!"

(To be continued.)

WHERE SHOULD OUR YOUNG PEOPLE SEEK HIGHER EDUCATION?

(Continued from page 1319.)

Religion should occupy an important place in the training of our young people. Along with his other experiences the student needs a religious experience. Religion is as basic a discipline as science. To ignore any of the human discipline is dangerous, but to ignore religion is apt to be the most harmful of all. If we do not give to men a knowledge of the technique involved in religious experience, we deprive them of part of their birthright.

The wise man wrote 3,000 years ago: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction." (Proverbs 1:7.) The beginning of knowledge is to fear God and do his will. It is not out of the ordinary to find a young man versed in knowledge but with the "principal part" left out, making a wreck of his life. "The fear of the Lord" is also spoken of as the beginning of "Wisdom." (Proverbs 9:10.) True wisdom is found in one's association with Jesus Christ and from meditation on his words, for in Christ are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. (Colossians 2:3.)

James admonished "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God," and because one young man was humble and obedient enough to do that, God was able to perform his marvelous work and a wonder on earth in these last days. Christ, in his Sermon on the Mount emphasized the principal thing in life: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness." (Matthew 6:33.) The person who lays hold on Christ and his

kingdom may scale the heights of knowledge and become a great blessing to his fellow men. He who knows Christ and has imbibed his wisdom becomes "a new creature." (2 Corinthians 5:17.) In the life of such a person is found no place for superiority of selfish motives to the detriment of his fellow men. His aim is to aid in the betterment and uplift of humanity and society. Many people lack the most important element in the true philosophy of life—the knowledge and recognition of God and his son, Jesus Christ. As a result of this lack, a second element is giving way, the sanctity of the home. Upon these two fundamentals our civilization was founded, and when these two elements are removed from the lives of men and women our civilization will disintegrate, and we already feel the crumbling of the pillars.

Graceland College, our own institution of learning, is well known throughout the church. Its president as well as several other members of the faculty are ordained servants of God, occupying in various offices in the priesthood. Nearly all of the instructors are members of the church and they carry their Christian ideals with them into the classroom. The program of Jesus Christ and his plan of salvation are filtered into the various subjects taught so that the student never loses sight of them. The midweek prayer meeting held on Wednesday evenings in the college chapel is a strong factor in the development of the young people's spirituality and serves to bind them together and to the church. The students have the opportunity of attending the regular and special services of the large Lamoni branch and their interests and needs are catered to. After a year or more of association and contact with such a spiritually consecrated faculty and with the members of Lamoni branch, the students leave Graceland College with a greater interest in the church and a stronger determination to serve God and live righteous lives than ever before.

Where shall our young people seek their higher education? Graceland College.

System of Appointing Many Postmasters Is a Farce

Mr. Lewis Merriam, of the Brookings institution, which is a permanent institution with noted analysts within 500 feet of the White House, declares that the procedure in appointing Presidential postmasters is a farce. He might go further and say that the procedure in appointing postmasters by the Postmaster General whose salaries are more than \$500 and less than \$1,100 is a farce.

"Unfortunately," he declares, "nothing has done more to injure the standing of the Commission than its enforced part of holding examinations for first, second and third class postmasters—so-called

Presidential appointments—when later it develops such appointments are made on a patronage basis."

Stating that there are upwards of 200,000 workers in the Postal Service, Mr. Merriam contends that if Presidential postmasters were placed under the regular classified Civil Service practically all appointments would be made from within the service. He states that this would clear the Civil Service Commission "of the present farce of trying to say which one of many candidates, who have not been in the Postal Service and do not know the work, would be the best postmaster."

Such a procedure would open the way to advancement of trained and able employees who have given their lifetime to the service.

At present the first, second and third class officers are controlled by the Postmaster General. He may call for certification of applicants from the Civil Service, Mr. Merriam states, until the name wanted is reached. "These appointees are in no sense 'policy making officers.' Their jobs are purely ministerial. There is no excuse," he asserted, "for having them political except that, through them, the Government can give a hidden subsidy to the party that won the last national Presidential election."

The report of Mr. Merriam, of Brookings Institution, is based upon data furnished by the Civil Service Commission and was made at the instance of the Commission which asked that a survey of the present mode of appointing first, second and third class postmasters be made. Mr. Merriam's report regards it to the best interest of the Commission to be relieved of all responsibility for the appointment of Presidential postmasters, "until they are placed absolutely under the merit system and can be filled by promotion of men and women who have won them by efficient and reliable service. . . ."

"Not only are the present examinations for postmasters unsound from the standpoint of good personnel administration," the report continues, "but the public does not believe they are honest and above board. The public knows that a good party man acceptable to the local political machine will be selected if he can be brought within reach on the eligible register."

Many are wondering what has become of the President's order to the Postmaster General to place postmasters under the classified service.—Scottish Rite New Bureau.

This is the Gospel of Labor—
Ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of love came down from above
To live with the men who work.
This is the rose that he planted
Here is the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blessed with perfect rest;
But the blessing of earth is toil.

—Henry van Dyke

The Nomads

By May Elliott

XVII.

"In Jesu Nom"

THE NEW HOME was a large house which had once belonged to a man connected with the train service; but it was the only good building in the neighborhood. Louisa was delighted. She would have much opportunity for helping the poor.

She watched the people who passed with great interest. One group of ragged children were extremely pitiful. They were spectacular in manner, and scrawny and wizened. The boys all smoked cigarettes, even the smallest one who couldn't have been more than five years old. Louisa determined to get acquainted with them, so one morning she managed to be near the roadside raking up some dead leaves as they passed. "Hello, children. It's a fine morning, isn't it?"

The oldest boy started in surprise, bowed like a gentle knight straight out of the pages of a storybook, and said: "Good morning to you, ma'am!"

Louisa was intrigued. She stepped nearer the boy, then recoiled quickly. Wrapped around one arm, its mouth held open by his other hand, was a huge snake. It was so nearly the color of the child's grimy clothing that she had not noticed it before.

"Oh, aren't you afraid it will hurt you?" she gasped.

The boy laughed. "No ma'am, thankee ma'am. Reckon you ain't heard much about snakes. This 'un here's an old bull snake. He won't hurt nobody, will you, snakey? Say hello to the pretty lady, will yu'?"

"My—I—I don't really believe I could get used to snakes, that way," Louisa said rather shakily. She simply must find a way to help these people. "Where do you live?"

"We lives way over there by the river, lady. You can see it if you step a little furdur this way. There. See that house with smoke comin' out'n the chimney—'tother side of that big tree? That's our'n. Right beside that big pile of junk."

"Oh—I—I see." She hadn't expected anyone would live in such a place as that. She had thought perhaps those places were just sheds where the railroad men kept some tools.

"Would you mind telling me what your name is? You see, I'm a stranger here. We just moved from Wildrose, where my husband was teaching in the high school."

"Teaching in the high school!" The children all giggled hysterically. "Just

wait'll the old man hears about how we been swappin' words wit' a p'fessor's wife! Won't his eyes pop out'n his head?"

"But you haven't told me your name." The boy bowed again. "Excuse me, ma'am. My name is Philander Johannes Rippetto, my sister's name is Octavia Hilaria Rippetto, this boy's name is Alexander Abraham Rippetto, this'n is Horatio Flavius Rippetto; we got a little brother and a baby sister what's to home. Their name is—"

"Never mind," laughed Louisa in bewilderment. "I'm sure I can't remember them all, anyway. I think—could your mother come to see me, sometime?"

THE CHILDREN STARED at her with open mouths. "Ye gods!" breathed the boy, "A p'fessor's wife askin' us to come and see her! Won't the old man jist croak? An' I allus did want to see inside of a fancy house an' see how fancy folks lived."

"We're not such wonderful folks," said Louisa. "Maybe you'd like to come in now for a little while. Only—I wonder if you'd mind killing that snake or something? I—I'm not used to them, you see—I couldn't stand to have you bring it in the house."

"Oh, I just couldn't kill poor old Tommyrot. But say—that big old can you've been puttin' trash in—it's most empty—if I put 'im in there he can't get away. There!"

Louisa led them into the big living room. She didn't know whether she could bear to have their extremely dirty clothes touching the furniture or not. But she must. She must find a way to help them.

The children tiptoed gingerly over the soft rug and peered curiously here and there. She watched them amusedly, uncertain just what she should say and do. Suddenly there rose a shriek of delight from the oldest boy and he let out a string of loud oaths which caused Louisa to stop her ears in horror.

"A writing machine!" he cried, pointing ecstatically at Dan's typewriter on the desk in the corner. "Oh, can I tap it—please! I never tapped one before—"

"What's going on here?" Dan appeared suddenly in the doorway, a displeased Dan, with his best school-teacher frown on his face.

"Why—why—I—I saw them, and they said they'd never seen a professor's house and so I—I asked them to come in—"

"Well, that's all right perhaps. But we can't have swearing and vile language in our home, you know."

"Oh, you mustn't insult them, Dan!" He just mustn't interfere with her plans to help them. He mustn't! "Just because they're not rich—"

"I'd be the last one in the world to insult any person because he was poor; but if he is also filthy-minded—"

"Never min', ma'am. Thank'ee kindly fer all yer goodness. We'll go, ma'am. We'll git Tommyrot an' hike. We'll tell the old woman erbout all yer kindness, but we won't come ter see ye. No sir. We ain't dumb. We knows when we've been insulted. Good-by, ma'am, an' thank'ee." The children retreated with a dignity that seemed painfully inconsistent with their appearance.

LOUISA FACED DAN angrily. "You've driven them away!" she panted, "I wanted to help them, and you've driven them away! You always queer any project I start! I hate you!"

Dan looked at her in amazement. She had never had such an outburst of temper in all their married life before. True, of late she had never said she loved him, but never before had she said she hated him.

"Louisa!" he cried, huskily, "I—was just thinking of our children. We can't afford to have such people for them to imitate. Really, dear, if I'd known your heart was set on helping them, I wouldn't have said anything—"

"You never troubled yourself to find out what I wanted."

"I—do you suppose—we might go down and call on them, Louisa? Perhaps we could do something to help them without bringing them into our home."

Louisa sighed. She wanted to see those children receive some help, but she had wanted the thrill of doing it herself. Dan had such a strong personality; he would take everything out of her hands and do things in his own way.

"All right," she said at last. "Mrs. Arnold told me of a girl I can get to stay with the children when I want to go anywhere. Her name is Madeline English and she doesn't live far from here. Let's get her this afternoon. Something certainly ought to be done at once for these poor people."

The home of Mr. and Mrs. English, a small weatherbeaten cottage set among tall trees, seemed smaller than it really was. Everything was neat and clean appearing, but when they stepped into the living room Louisa was shocked at the utter bareness of it. A battered old organ, a rocking chair, a broken kitchen chair, a few boxes. The floor was bare, but clean. There was no dust anywhere. The children's clothes, and the mother's

too, were clean, but faded and mended. Mrs. English was a small woman, with an intelligent face, a high forehead, and hair that curled naturally and made her seem younger than she could have been.

"There's the baby," she said, nervously, as a thin, pitiful wail reached their ears; "I guess I'll have to ask you to come into the bedroom. Madeline, you bring something for them to sit on."

She turned to Louisa again: "He's been sick for a long time, and he took cold last night, and I just don't know—the doctor said—well, I am terribly worried. I don't know whether I can let Madeline go this afternoon or not. You see, I just about need her to help with my own younger children. I can't leave this baby—"

If the living room had been bare this bedroom was doubly so. Nothing in it at all but a home-made bed and a box for a lamp-stand and medicines. The sick baby moaned weakly. His face was pale and emaciated. Louisa could not bear to look at him without wishing to do something to help him. She wanted to help the other children of this family, too. Their faces were all pinched and starved looking.

Dan said: "Louisa, why couldn't Madeline bring the younger children with her—or could you care for so many?" He turned and looked questioningly at the young girl of sixteen.

"I'd be—be delighted—if you don't mind. You wouldn't need pay me so much—"

"I'd like to know why I shouldn't. You'll be caring for our children just the same—it'll just be more work for you."

"It must be wonderful to have an education," Mr. English spoke disconsolately. "When you don't know much, you just can't get work these days, it seems. I've been out of a job now for three months."

Mrs. English surreptitiously wiped her eyes with a corner of her faded apron and turned to her husband.

"You shouldn't say that, Jack. Mr. Eldon will think we're beggars. We'll get on all right, I'm sure," she forced a brightness into her voice which Louisa felt was not real, "You see, Jack's mother left him a little home down in the Ozarks, in Missouri; Jack will get work very soon, I'm quite sure, and we're going to save up until we have enough to move on. We won't have to pay rent any more; there's plenty of fuel, and I think we'll get on fine."

"Does—does it happen to be near a place called Brushy Hollow?"

"Do you know that place?" Mr. English spoke with pleased surprise. "Our place is just a short distance from there. It sounds really wild and back-woodsy, but it's one of the most beautiful places in the world."

"We own a little farm somewhere around there ourselves," Louisa answered. "Isn't that a coincidence? We

may be down there with you some day," she added, rather jokingly.

Louisa was preparing a basket of food for the Rippeto family when Madeline came with the three small children from her home. They watched the food with an eagerness that was not lost to Louisa though their elder sister tried to divert their attention to other things.

"I'll tell you what to do this afternoon, Madeline. My children have been in the habit of having a lunch. I've been thinking it would be nice if you had a sort of tea-party for all the children. There's nothing fancy—just whole wheat bread and butter and honey—and yes, here are some radishes and onions, too, and a can of peanut butter, if you like that. We don't drink tea here, so you'll just have to pretend the milk is tea."

"Milk will be lovely, Mrs. Eldon—and thank you."

One of the smaller girls wagged her head with delight. "Milk is grand," she announced. "'Specially when you haven't had anything but hominy fried in suet for a whole month—"

"Why, Helen English! You know you shouldn't say such things." Her older sister rebuked her severely. "You—"

"But it's true, Madeline. Don't you remember? The doctor said baby might get well if he had some goat milk every day, but goat milk is forty-five cents a quart and we only had forty-five cents so we had to buy a bushel of corn and some suet—don't you remember?"

Louisa knew the older girl was extremely embarrassed, so she said nothing and pretended not to hear.

"We'll go now," she said, "Give all the children a good time if you can. Let them have all they want to eat; because such simple food as that can't hurt any of them."

"Just think, Dan," she said, as they turned their steps into the path that led to the row of shacks by the river, "That little English baby could have gotten well, the doctor said, if they could have secured goat milk to drink. But they only had enough to buy a bushel of corn and some suet. They've lived on that for a month! Oh, Dan, things aren't fair! The whole world isn't fair! It's a mess, Dan—"

"Darling, of course it is. The world's way is to grab and take a chance. If you're lucky or strong, you get something—maybe more than your share. If you're weak, or there's something wrong with your luck you get nothing. You've said I was mad about Zion, Louisa—and that's why. Zion is the only answer to the world's problems. It's the only thing that will give men everywhere a fair chance."

They were nearing the miserable little dwelling now and he had to cease his talking. He would talk more about it on the way home. Louisa was more than half sympathetic with the idea of Zion now. He was sure of it. He had felt it several times recently.

But he didn't talk of Zion on the way home. Their visit was so wierd and comical and withal so pitiful that they could talk of nothing else. The Rippeto family had not liked their food. The children said the brown bread was like corn shucks. They marvelled aloud as to why a "p'fessor" should choose to live on such food. They never used anything but white bread themselves. The bakery gave them left-over bread and cake and things.

Mr. Rippeto had drawn hopefully near when she had taken out the fruit jar and started to unwrap the paper around it, saying as she did so: "Here is something nice to drink." He had looked so crestfallen when he saw it was milk.

"Dan, I just know he thought we were bringing him some whiskey or something," Louisa laughed, "And he said, when you refused one of his cigarettes: 'I wouldn't be a p'fessor for anything in the world. Why, you don't have any freedom at all.' I just must tell your mother that when I write her! Dan, don't you wish you were gloriously free, like the honorable Mr. Rippeto?"

"Please don't laugh, Louisa. It's really tragic, you know."

"Sometimes, Dan, I think you don't understand me at all. I laugh sometimes to keep from crying."

But they were entering their own premises now and Mr. English was hastening across the lawn toward the group of playing children.

"The baby has left us," he said, tensely.

"Oh, papa—you mean—he's dead! Oh, no! Oh, poor mama. We must go right home." Madeline hurried the wailing children toward the street.

"I wonder," said Mr. English, hesitantly, "if you folks could come over a while, too. You've got a good education, Mrs. Eldon, and maybe she'd listen to reason from you. You see, her father belonged to a church that believe unless a baby is baptized it will suffer on seas of fire all through eternity. Our baby never was baptized. The little mother is just wild with grief. I tell her over and over that God wouldn't be that cruel. We simply couldn't afford to take the child and have him baptized—there is no church of that denomination here—and surely God wouldn't punish that poor little fellow for something neither he nor his parents could help. But she says I'm just as ignorant as she is, that I don't know."

"Oh, Dan!" cried Louisa, tearfully, "You come, too. We can bring the children. I—nobody ever depended on me for spiritual strength before. You come and talk to her, Dan."

A stern doctor met them at the door. "More people come to say how sorry they are, I suppose. What this little mother needs more than anything else is rest. If somebody'd take care of the children for a while—"

(Continued on page 1357.)

GLIMPSSES OF EUROPEAN NEWS

(Continued from page 1349.)

(about three billions of dollars).

2. No new taxes but a drastic cutting down of expenditure.

3. Because it is so simple and the most straight-forward balance sheet the nation has had for years, it should pass without loss of time.

EVENTS in Germany. Sunday the 16th, Dr. Goebbels addressing the 30,000 Storm Troopers in Templehof Park, Berlin said: "As for those who voted 'No' in Herr Hitler's plebiscite, August 19, it is our task to win them with loving care to a true understanding of the *National Socialist state*." This in contrast to the speech by Herr Hitler at the Nazi Congress at Nuremberg when he said, "The revolution is complete; there will be no further revolution for a thousand years; there can be no resistance to the national unity."

ONE RECENT happening is illuminating in Germany: the declaration by Doctor Schacht that the annual sum of two hundred million marks for German propaganda abroad can no longer be continued. This fund was in the nature of secret service money but no one outside of the Ministry of Propaganda knows how it was spent.

PLANS are revealed for the creation of a "United German Church" which will absorb the Roman Catholics, by Reichsbishop Mueller. On September 19, he declared, "We want a church free from Rome. The goal for which we fight is one church for the people." He added that anybody who was unable to cooperate in the construction of this church "must keep out of the way or I shall cope with them."

In the meantime the struggle against the Reichsbishop by the opposition clergy in Bavaria and Wurtemberg goes on. Fifty-eight pastors in Stuttgart have ignored the orders of the Primate that his representatives shall occupy the offices of the High Evangelical Church Council. Eighty-two percent of the clergy of Wurtemberg have expressed loyalty to Bishop Wurm whom Doctor Mueller has deposed.

Herr Hitler, it is learned, proposes to take a hand in the church conflict. He will call a conference of the leading members of the Evangelical Church in Berlin within a few days.

THE PROCEEDINGS of the Senate Committee making enquiry into the doings of the American munitions industry are being watched with keen interests in this country. While the preposterous story of King George having used his influence to secure a Polish contract for a British firm was of course immediately denied; and, not everything presented can be accepted unchallenged,

it is admitted that the "cumulative effect is overwhelming." The London *Spectator* says of this scandal: "Whatever be the future of the armaments industry it cannot be left as it is. It is not merely that the firms concerned are dealing with the instruments of death; so long as war continues at all someone must make guns and munitions. It is not merely that bribery, improper influence, furtive government pressure, and every other undesirable form of string-pulling is invoked. The essential vice of the whole business is that, at a moment when reduction and limitation of armaments is the goal to which every government is professing to set before it, these firms, under the stimulus of private profit, are actually urging governments to increase their armaments, and thereby arouse the fears and suspicions of their neighbors and generate the spirit that leads inevitably to war. Thus they both foment and feed war."

"In face of the Washington disclosures," the editorial concludes; "inaction would be criminal. And since each country is concerned first with its own government we are entitled to look to the Prime Minister and his colleagues for definite proposals. The scandal is far greater than the difficulties in the way of remedying it."

MANCHESTER, September 21, 1934.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 1353.)

"I'll be glad to do that," said Louisa. "Madeline, maybe you could get the children's clothing together—you may come and stay with us until your mother is better."

Mr. English leaned against the wall and sobbed. "You folks are too good to us," he said, "but maybe we can repay —"

"Don't think of that," Dan said, huskily, "We'll just be too glad to do anything we can."

Madeline opened the bedroom door, and Mrs. English could be seen rocking back and forth, her head moving hopelessly from side to side. She was moaning, and now and then words escaped her, low, broken-hearted words: "Oh, in *Jesu Nom*, in *Jesu nom!*"

"What is she saying?" whispered Louisa.

"In Jesus' name, is what she means. You see—she is Norwegian, and when she gets excited she always mixes the languages."

"I'll take the children with me," said Louisa, tremulously, "and my husband can stay with you. He knows more about religion than I do—I know he can comfort her."

But Mrs. English could not be so easily comforted. After the first wild grief had subsided, apathy seemed to settle upon her. Dan talked with her often; and he and Louisa kept the English chil-

dren all through the summer and part of the autumn.

Then one morning Mr. English came to their door very early. He was radiant with hope. He had a job; but that wasn't the best of his news. Mrs. English was sitting up, and feeling fine. She wanted to see Mr. and Mrs. Eldon. Could they come over? The children could come home now; he felt sure they could manage.

Mrs. English looked happy, in fact her happiness had such a quality of lightness and joy that Louisa could hardly believe she was the same sorrowful person she had been just yesterday. What miracle had wrought this change? She did not have to wait long for an explanation.

"Oh, Mr. Eldon," Mrs. English cried, "I've had the most wonderful experience! You've been so good and kind to us; I just have to tell you, it seems.

"You know how I've worried about the baby—and how you explained about the goodness of God, and what a kind Father he was? Well, I got to thinking about it, and last night I prayed. I prayed that if he really did have to suffer that I'd be able to feel right towards God—that I could understand why it was. And I woke up in the night—" she paused a moment, and continued in a low, reverent tone:

"And an angel stood by my bed. I could see it just as plainly as I see you. You can think I'm crazy if you want to, but I'm not. I *know* it was there. I thought I ought to be afraid, but his eyes looked so kind, I couldn't be. His voice was gentle, too. He said:

"Don't you know your baby is all right? Why, if you were as safe as that baby, you'd be all right, too." And I knew the little fellow was not suffering, that he was truly all right. I am so happy!"

There were tears on Dan's face. "Louisa," said, "Maybe you'd bring Mrs. English the *Book of Mormon*. She'll bring you a book," he went on, as Louisa nodded, "It doesn't take the place of the Bible, but it is an inspired book and it explains some things the Bible doesn't make very clear. If you read that book, Mrs. English, and do what it says, you'll be as safe as your baby."

(To be continued.)

PAULINA WILI

(Continued from page 1355.)

Mr. Lee, the latter told him that such sights pursued him wherever he went. Whether Herman really saw something unusual or whether he had dwelt on the story so much that the scene of the tragedy appeared real—that rocks took on the semblance of those pitiful bodies "strewn on the ground" is not known. When the spirited horses "reared back" from those same rocks at the roadside, the excited imagination of the sensitive mind might "see those dead bodies."

(To be continued.)

The Nomads

By May Elliott

XVIII.

Another Journey

GRAY WINTER MONTHS gave way to the sunshine of spring. A robin now and then could be seen, adding its splash of color to a dull world. Through all things there breathed the stir of an awakening.

Louisa had always loved spring. With each soft zephyr, each opening flower, each new-born fragrance, she had felt new life flow through her own spirit. New joy, new hope, new inspiration.

But not this year. She felt more kinship with the mouldering oak leaves of the previous fall than with freshly springing life. Was this the way one felt when one began to grow old? A few gray hairs were showing here and there over her head, a few wrinkles appearing around her eyes. But the hopeless feeling in her heart was the thing she was most concerned about. For helping the poor had not given her the happiness she had yearned for.

To be sure, there had been some little joy in doing things for others. But there were so many of these needy ones; and they needed so many things, not just for a few days, but for many weeks and months at a time. If she had used their entire income these people would still have been inadequately fed and clothed. One individual was completely ineffective in a fight against a big thing like poverty.

As days passed, her restlessness grew greater. She felt that she must see her mother. Maybe she could become interested in growing flowers, or in some commercial activity. But could she forget the sufferings of others, these squalid homes, and all the other things that had come to burden her heart? She could try. She would learn her mother's secret.

"Dan," she said, one evening after the children were in bed asleep. "It just seems I'm not meant to succeed at anything. I—I don't know whether you know it or not, but I've been trying to find a little satisfaction in the work I've been doing for the poor.

"And you have done a lot of good, Louisa. You have been a real angel of mercy to many—"

She shook her head. "I'm not blind. I know I've been able to help some of them through various critical times—but what they need most is a chance to help themselves. We are so helpless alone. Poverty is such an overwhelming thing. And to think it is not just here in Bay Cliff, but everywhere in the world."

"Will you forgive me if I speak of Zion once more, Louisa? The world needs it so. If many good people combine, their efforts are much more effective in all these different attempts to make the world better."

"But Dan—a small organization like the Latter Day Saints—it seems to me they would be about as ineffective as an individual. It—"

"But you don't get the idea. What the world needs most is someone to lead; to point the way out of the darkness into the light. Zion could do that. Zion can be God's laboratory where he can speak forth and demonstrate His Way to all the erring and needy of earth. We can show them how things should be, and can be, done."

Louisa sighed. "I wonder if I may go back to Monroe for a little visit? I am so restless. I haven't seen mother since Danny John was born. I could go this coming week-end and the children wouldn't have to miss much school. I wouldn't need to stay long. I could meet quite a few people there. I think it would do me good."

"Will you do me a favor? I'd like you to talk with my father about the church; he can make things so much plainer than I can; he can—"

"All right, Dan. That is—I'll have a talk with him. But understand this, please, I haven't anything against the philosophy of your church. That's all right. But they don't live up to it. I don't care to cast my lot with hypocrites."

"Louisa! We're not all hypocrites. We—"

"One of them who pretended to think a lot of the church did something once that I considered very dishonest—meaner than anything I've ever done or could think of doing. I just can't believe—"

Dan pondered a moment. He'd have time to write his father; this was only Monday.

"Is that what has been bothering you? I knew it was something like that. Who was the offender, dear, and what did he or she do?"

Louisa shook her head. "I'm not talking about it Dan. It's been a great shock to me. I had so much confidence in this particular person." She looked at him narrowly. "The big egotist! He did not even consider the possibility of her meaning that he himself was the offender."

She smiled. "I'll go to church though. And if there's anything that I really feel I want to ask about, of course I'll go to your father."

MONROE was the same little town; it had not changed much as to outward appearance. The buildings looked familiar with the exception of one or two additional edifices on Main Street. But the faces were quite unfamiliar, most of them.

"They have grown beyond my recognition," she thought, "probably some of these were just little folks when I saw them last."

She did not even recognize her own younger brothers and sisters. Mildred and Hildred were sixteen years old and looked very sophisticated, and mature. They were beautiful creatures if you looked at them in a dim light; but in the daytime, Louisa thought them just like all the other cheap, bold young things she had met. Too much rouge, too much lipstick of a too flaming color. They said they had "swell times," though. Louisa wondered. Their good times seemed to consist mainly of periods of hysterical giggling; dancing and cards; flirtations.

"I'm just finding out about these men," giggled Hildred, skipping about the room. "You know, they are really simple-minded things. Once you get their attention, you can manage them easily."

SHE HAD an opportunity that afternoon to see Hildred in action. They went down town together, and every man they met, from the iceman, who used to be in Louisa's class in high school, to the young man with a white collar in the library, were all treated with the same limpid, insipid roll of Hildred's pretty eyes, and her inviting smile. Old men, youngmen, middle-aged men, married or single, it made no difference so long as they were men. She had overestimated her power over them, however. Some of them were frankly amused; some were irritated; some reacted as the girl desired them to.

"My dear," Louisa said as they were alone again, "You are taking a very risky method to find amusement. Do you realize—"

"Don't you preach to me, Louisa. I want to be nice to you. I want to love you, because you're my sister and I used to admire you so much—but I won't be preached at."

"I'm not going to preach at you, dear," replied Louisa, gently, "but when I can see the danger before you, the risk—"

"Do you really feel that way? I guess I know how to take care of myself. I've got to have a little fun. You know, we look just about alike, Millie and I. We put on the greatest stunts you ever saw. We've even exchanged partners for dif-

ferent evenings and they never knew it. I go with three young men by turns right now, and when I'm with any one of them, I make them think it's Millie who's the flirt. She tells her friends it was I who was out with some other boy. Oh, we can get by with lots of things—"

"But that's lying, Hildred. I should think—"

Hildred giggled. "What of it? What's a lie, if you are smart enough to get by with it? We have a lot of fun! What's life for, anyway?"

Louisa sighed. That was the question she had been asking herself for so long. "You ought to consider, though, Hildred. You'll have to settle down and be serious sometime. Your youth, pep, and charm will not last forever. Death is not far from any of us—"

"Don't!" shrieked Hildred, half in jest, half in earnest. "Who wants to think about all these morbid things? How do you know my youth and charm will pass so quickly? I'll fight to keep them. Modern women take care of themselves, and youth lasts a long time. I—"

"Hildred, do you know I said almost those same words to myself when I was your age? And yet—look here—there are gray hairs coming to me, you see, and youth goes whether we want it or not."

"Yes, I suppose it will. But why waste time thinking about it? I want a good time while it lasts, anyway. I—" she paused and looked intently upon her older sister. "Tell me, Louisa. When you think of youth passing and death coming, don't it just scare you to death?"

"No, it doesn't," she answered, thoughtfully, "You see, I've found there are so many things worse than death."

"Well, it scares me. I get all shaky when I'm by myself sometimes and get to thinking about it. It just scares me cold. I keep doing interesting things to keep my mind from brooding over those tragic things. Tra, la, la." She giggled.

Louisa sighed. She was disappointed in her visit home. Things were so confusing. When she and Dan turned on the radio they chose the better type of music that stimulated one to good thoughts, that quieted one's nerves. Here there was no attempt at choosing. Somebody tuned in on some station in the morning and they all worked, talked and laughed seemingly quiet oblivious to its noisy appeals. Everybody quarreled. Some of the quarreling was just bluster, but some was caused by real anger. Her brothers and sisters were good-looking, well-dressed and intelligent. They were good-hearted, too, and they meant to do right. They didn't seem to know right from wrong. They were like herself. They wanted their share of happiness from life, and they didn't know how to get it.

She was suddenly aware that she was again thankful for Dan, for his ability of character, for his prayers, for his

ability to teach the children something about religion. A homesick longing for him swept over her. Almost she could hear his voice: "Wickedness never was happiness." What the world needs, it came to her mind, is indeed a practical demonstration that one can be happy and good at the same time.

Yes, the world needed a Zion—there could be no doubt of it. But why should there be such inconsistencies in life? Here was Dan, religious, always honest with others; and still he had been dishonest with her. She couldn't forgive him. She couldn't bear to think of joining the church and letting him think he had gained a victory over her.

She wanted to talk with her mother alone, but there was no opportunity. She watched her interestedly. Her work went on without pause. Did work alone bring happiness? She asked bluntly:

"Mother, has work brought you the joy you wanted from life?"

Startled, the older woman lifted her eyes and let them rest for a moment on her daughter. She seemed considering what her answer should be. But Louisa already knew the answer. Those eyes. The hunger, the frightened craving she had seen in so many people's eyes. Her mother was just like all those others, trying to get away from something; to attain something else so elusive she had almost given up pursuit of it. She was hiding behind her feverish activity like a frightened child behind its mother's skirts.

Again Louisa was sorry she had come to Monroe. But it would not be long until she would be back with Dan. They would have supper with her mother; they would spend Sunday with Dan's father and mother. She dreaded supper.

Mrs. Miller had never formed the habit of asking blessing on the food, and little Dorothy Jane, firm as Dan himself in her stand for the right, solemnly told her mother she wouldn't eat another meal without asking God to bless it. Louisa had never asked the blessing herself. It seemed cowardly to place the task upon such a small child. But the child was more able to do it than she. When they had all seated themselves, she asked:

"Mother, shall we bow our heads and ask a blessing on this food? My children are accustomed to that; they don't feel right unless we do."

"Why—why—" stammered her mother, "of course."

"Dorothy Jane, will you please ask blessing?"

Two little heads, so like Dan's in their reverent attitude, bowed, and the child's voice came clear and sweet:

"Dear Father in heaven: Please bless our food and help us to be strong and healthy and do what's right. And please bless our daddy. Please help him to digest the food he'll have to eat until our mother can get back and cook things for him like you told us in the Word of Wisdom. Amen."

"Amen," echoed Danny John.

The twins coughed loudly and ran to the kitchen. The boys laughed outright.

"You're raising them according to old-fashioned standards, I see," remarked Mrs. Miller. "Well, it may be all right, but I don't know. It doesn't pay to be too peculiar."

That statement seemed almost like an unkind criticism of Dan. Louisa criticized him to herself, but she didn't allow anyone else the privilege.

"It depends on the viewpoint—what you consider peculiar. It may seem peculiar to some to hear a prayer offered; but it seems peculiar to me to see girls paint their faces and go hunting for a man with their roving, inviting eyes."

Mrs. Miller sighed. "Don't be angry, Louisa. I didn't mean to make you feel badly. My children have all seemed to disappoint me in one way or another."

"Thanks, mama," giggled the twins.

"I don't know why it is—I've tried to bring them up right."

"How disappointing my visit is," thought Louisa.

BUT another feeling crept over her as she entered the little church with Dan's father and mother the next morning. It was not a pretentious building, but it was clean and quiet. Someone had provided lovely bouquets of early spring blossoms. Everyone seemed to feel that the place was sacred—there was no loud talking; people even walked quietly when they crossed the bare floor. There were more young people present than there used to be.

But the distinctive thing about it was that beautifully calm feeling. A feeling that she had come home at last. She had had a small taste of it when she had knelt beside that trunk that time and prayed for strength. Surely God was recognizing this church.

The service was beautiful even though the members were comparatively few in number. Each participant had a paper with the program written upon it; there was no confusion, no lost motion. The whole service was on the theme of "forgiving." It almost seemed that the service had been arranged for her benefit. The songs, prayers, everything seemed to focus the attention upon the fact that we are answerable to God for our own actions only. A quartet sang:

"Not the parson, not the preacher, but it's me, oh, Lord,
Standing in the need of prayer.
Not my brother, not my sister, but it's me, oh, Lord,
Standing in the need of prayer."

Dan's father preached an inspirational sermon. He said we should look to Christ and trust him, not think so much about our brother's failings. He said that often when one excused himself from paying his tithing, praying, being

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the daughter, Paulina, crocheted fine lace for patrons. It is related that Paulina Bosshard Wili entertained her customers with tales of the covered wagon days. When Herman was married the second time, he took the house on Olive Street, Paulina lived in a small house on the rear of the lot, and Mother Bosshard went to live with her youngest daughter, Hermina. After the daughter of Paulina was married and the Olive Street property was sold, the little house was moved to the rear of the lot where the daughter, Mrs. Paulina Straszacker, lived. As the young people took companions, other good homes were created. The suit of Gottlieb Blickenstofer did not prosper, for Mina married a young man by the name of Louis Ebinger. Mina's daughters, Mrs. Mynnie Ebinger Burkhardt and Miss Estella Ebinger, both faithful workers in the church, are worthy examples of that early, sturdy training and sympathetic association. The devoted care given the mother (Mina) during her last long illness, from which she was released on June 7, 1932, speaks louder than mere words of that quality of character, and of their right to the title of "saint."

Hermina, youngest daughter of John and Catherina Bosshard, was a gifted singer and received private tutoring, but love proved stronger than the urge for a professional career, and she married young Mr. Adams and began her labors of love in a home in Los Angeles. Here Catherina Egli Bosshard died on December 10, 1897, being nearly seventy-nine years old. She suffered for a number of years but was ever cheerful and found great comfort in her faith to which she remained true to the last. None but the All Wise knows the measure of her influence for good during the short span allotted here.

Hermina's daughters—Sisters Viola Adams Bogue and Hermina Adam Badham, have been faithful and untiring workers in the Los Angeles Branch for many years. The author wishes to acknowledge the very valuable assistance of Sister Viola Bogue who through her efforts in collecting data has made this story possible.

Mrs. Christian Straszacker, daughter and only child of Paulina Wili, is also a faithful (charter) member of the Los Angeles Branch. She and her husband have ever shown the finest consideration and enduring love for the valiant mother and have given her devoted care—especially during the year and a half of illness from which she seems at present to be slightly improved.

Paulina, last surviving member of the original Bosshard family, sits and dreams—living again the thrilling adventures and episodes of that far away time. Some of the greatest joys of her waiting days are the visits of her relatives, and the singing and yodeling of the dear Swiss songs with which they often beguile the hours of this interval.

At her window, shaded by the quince tree, we greet and pay our sincere respects to—Paulina Wili.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 1386.)

baptized, or performing other required duties because of some real or fancied lack of someone else in the church, he should look well into his own heart and see whether or not he really wanted to do the right thing. He read a little from the church papers.

"Would you refuse to listen to the beautiful music of the piano because some hypocrite somewhere else might also be listening to piano music? Would you, if you were a farmer, and had been convinced that leghorn chickens were the best suited for your purpose, refuse to raise them because someone else, who didn't take proper care of them, had a flock that wasn't bringing him any returns?"

"And yet, people will refuse to take the word of God because someone else has not let it bear fruit in his life. He has taken upon him the name of Christ, but he has not been a good representative of the gospel."

"I expect that is all true," thought Louisa, "but I feel so terribly, so unutterably alone. If I had just one friend, aside from Dan, one that I knew I could respect and trust, I might be able to move forward and obey. But all alone, I can't, I can't."

There was little time for troublesome thoughts of any kind in the next few weeks, however. Louisa persuaded Dan to have a physical examination—he looked so pale and tired all the time. The doctor ordered him to take a vacation from his indoor work—to get out into the country and the fresh air.

"We could go down to our little farm, Dan."

"Would you be willing to go and work hard in a rough country like that, for me?"

"Of course. It seems the best thing to do."

Necessary correspondence having been carried on to ask the present tenant to vacate, Louisa found herself in the midst of feverish preparations. She sang at her work. It seemed natural to be moving again. It did not seem long until they were on the truck, on top of the large load of furniture. The neighbors had many of them gathered to bid them good-by. Thin women with little babies in their arms. Little children standing solemnly staring at Dorothy Jane and Danny John. Some with tears in their eyes. Dan, more excited and happy than he had seemed for years, standing up on the truck and waving his hands this way and that, as the driver started slowly.

"Good-by, and God bless you!"

"Good-by, and the same to you!"

"Junior, good-by forever!"

"Where you goin', p'fessor?"

"To a farm in the Ozarks!"

"Good-by. Good-by."

"Let's sing, Daddy, that song about the King's business."

"I am a stranger here,
Within a foreign land,
My home is far away,
Upon a Golden Strand."

And so the Nomads were on their way again, a weary stretch of road behind, and a long shimmering ribbon of highway before them.

(To be continued.)

Renewal

Each day we live a little life,
Arising new at morn.
The present page is pure and white,
And Nature is newborn.

For now the dawn's awakening brings
Bright hours waited long,
Our feet are shod with silver wings,
Our hearts are filled with song.

Life's journey is a thing of joy,
Adventure marks the way,
For there's a rainbow round about,
Since night has turned to day.

Forgotten yesterday's sad gloom
The pains of life, its sum;
"For old things now have passed away
And all things new become."

—Dorothy Sproule in *Montreal Gazette*.

In our own country and our own race we have a heritage of tradition, a spiritual continuity of law and order, and a love of good and noble things, revealed in the lives and work of countless men and women, which we cannot abandon without enormous loss. It is indeed in our blood and hearts, and we could not cut it out and stay alive as a nation or a race. We must reach back to our past for those values while moving forward to the future, for we shall need those qualities, and not any different ones, to meet the next adventure as we have met life always with a certain cheerful confidence and a sturdy sense of humor, and courage that did not fail at a crisis. Youth has no use for the past, it says, but the past directs them to their destiny. This race of ours, so spread about the world, has in many ways the decision of the future. What we make of life will be largely what the world will make of life. Our faith today will make the history of tomorrow.—Sir Philip Gibbs in *If I Could Preach Just Once*.

The Nomads

By May Elliott

XIX.

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

THE HOUSE in the Ozarks was a drab affair, unpainted, small, but with something homey and inviting about it, too. Perhaps they had been wandering for so many years that the thought of owning this place made it seem more like home. The children skipped about over the fields picking wild flowers, or playing in the cool clear waters of the stream that flowed from the pasture spring. Along one side of the place a little white dusty road wound about a hill and was presently lost to sight in a beautiful stretch of green forest.

The other three sides of the little farm were bounded by a wilderness of small oaks which had grown up since the lumbermen had taken the large ones away. Now and then a giant old tree could be seen also, more artistically beautiful because of its gnarled limbs that made it of no value out in the world of money. Stretches of moss in the more shaded areas and a profusion of flowers of many colors in sunny spots added the final touch of wild glory to the scene.

"This is prettier than the park back in Bay Cliff, Daddy," Danny John exclaimed when he first saw it.

"Well, silly," Dorothy Jane had cried, disgustedly, "This is God's park. And God can always do things better than people."

Louisa loved it. The primitive loneliness of it struck a responsive something in her heart. She loved the early mornings, the fresh grayness of the world before the sun rose over the mountain, the little floating clouds of white mist in the low places, the riotous songs of birds that nested in nearby trees, the faint sweet smell of wood smoke from the chimney mingling with fresh cool air.

"I shall be contented here, at least," she thought, "I shall not bother to get acquainted with the neighbors. I'll just stay away from people. Maybe I'll be able to keep calm, even if I can't be happy."

But that resolution was easier to make than to keep. Dan found that there was a small mission carried on by the Latter Day Saints in a little log building near a store and post office called West Branch. It was six miles away; but they had a car. Dan said they'd have to have a trailer, too. They'd have to market their produce, wouldn't they? But Louisa knew there was another more potent reason for the purchase of the trailer. Dan wanted to take a load of people to church with him.

HE HAD MADE FRIENDS of nearly all the men in the surrounding country. It seemed to Louisa that he did nothing but talk religion in all his spare moments. His health had improved wonderfully; he seemed marvelously happy and content now, most of the time. The only times he showed a trace of the old gloom was when he was with her alone. Then sometimes his gaze would rest upon her so sadly and wistfully that her heart would almost cease beating. Funny what a small thing like that black box could do to your life. For she could not but feel that this sadness was due to his past sad experience, whatever it was; that his mind often dwelt upon that lost and fair Elaine.

She went to the little Mission Sunday school. It would have seemed queer if she had not gone. When a man took all the neighbors to church and left his wife at home, there would have to be explanations. How could she excuse herself? But she felt more lonely sometimes in a crowd of people that at home alone, with Dan in the fields and the children playing.

Dan was made superintendent of the church school; later, at the fall conference of the district, he was called to the priesthood. She said nothing, but her heart was more troubled than before. If there were inspiration in the church, would a person be called to the priesthood who was essentially dishonest—even though the victim of his dishonesty were his wife? Then it seemed she could hear old Father Eldon's voice:

"The failings of others will never save you."

The church was the true church of God. Should she join it, help Dan in his work? She couldn't! If she remained a nonmember, she could find plenty of excuses for holding herself aloof from Dan; he attributed her chilliness on different occasions to her unbelief. If she became a member, she would have to simulate a joy in his companionship she could not feel. How could one work happily, pleasantly, and without rancor, in daily company with one whom you were supposed to love, but whom you could not respect?

"If I only had just one friend; a sort of emotional refuge to fly to when things become unbearable," she thought. "But I've prayed for such a friend for so long."

SHE LOVED some of the members of the church in the West Branch Mission.

The most of them had little of wealth in terms of money; they hadn't

had much chance to become educated in schools of higher learning. But many of them used splendid English; they read good magazines and books, could talk intelligently upon many subjects; they knew the books of the church. They were spiritual, too; and sometimes when some of these good people were offering prayer in the fellowship meetings, Louisa would think of that statement in the *Book of Mormon*: "Verily, I say unto you, he that hath eternal life is rich."

Why could she not choose her friend from among these? She had buried her thoughts in her own heart for so long that it seemed she could not break the spell of silence, and confide in anyone. Aside from this, how could she know they were not just a little untrustworthy, too? Dan seemed honest; he was honest with others. He seemed spiritual. Other people thought he was wonderfully up-right and a splendid Christian. If she couldn't trust Dan, whom could she trust?

"It's no use," she said to herself one day, "I'll never have the sort of friend I want. I might just as well face it. I'll remain outside the church, live my life as best I can, help a little with the church when I can without appearing to take too much interest in it, and help the neighbors when they need help and it is possible for me to assist them. Then someday will come welcome death—yes welcome, for there is a God and he will understand. I don't believe he will be very harsh with me for not being baptized."

She found plenty to do that winter. There was considerable sickness and her old course in nursing became of great use in the little community. Old Grandma McClaren went with Louisa most of the time when she helped with the sick. She was past seventy, but sprightly and young in spirit as a girl. She was intelligent, too.

ONCE when Dan and Louisa failed to get their daily paper, Louisa went over to McClarens' to borrow theirs. Grandma had used hers on the pantry shelves, but said, hospitably:

"Now you set right down in that chair an' I'll tell you all the news." And to Louisa's surprise the old lady gave her a complete and exhausting account of the entire paper, with many illuminating comments added.

"You have a remarkable brain," Louisa said, admiringly. "I couldn't give a synopsis of the news like that—that is, unless I had prepared it beforehand."

"I always did have a good memory. I

think I could 'ave done well at school if I'd had a chance. Not that I was so disappointed about not getting to go to school, but I did want to learn to paint pictures. It seemed kind o' funny. When I was a girl, a rich family lived not far from us. They only lived in that big house in summers. The mother and father wanted the daughter of the family to be an artist. She wanted to play the violin. Her parents found how wild I was about painting and encouraged her to be my friend. Otherwise they would have snubbed me. They thought maybe she'd catch a little of my enthusiasm.

"But she never did have a knack for seeing colors and gettin' them just right. Come, I'll show you what I mean."

Louisa had never been in this home before. Grandma had accompanied her on so many errands of mercy they hadn't thought of visiting each other much.

"We ain't got many store things," the old lady apologized briefly as she led the way through the living room, "but I try to keep things neat an' clean."

"Neat and clean?" thought Louisa, "Yes, and more—they are beautiful." A rocking chair, an old arm-chair and a home-made table and bench constituted the furniture. But there was a lovely braided rug that covered most of the floor—the work had been done carefully and the colors were harmonious and pleasing. The table was covered with an exquisitely embroidered spread. Books, magazines, a lamp with a home-made shade, and the armchair with a comfortable cushion, also of evident home manufacture, completed a cozy and inviting corner. The bench was skilfully padded and draped with a gayly-flowered sateen, and held its share of cushions. If she had not seen the tiny bit of bare wood at the bottom of it she would never have suspected its origin. The curtains were of unbleached muslin tastefully embroidered and edged with home-made lace.

"I see you're lookin' at my curtains," Grandma laughed, "I think they look right pretty, don't you? They didn't cost much. I got a chance to buy a bolt of muslin real cheap last year and I sure did enjoy makin' it up. I made two bedspreads, some pillow slips and other things and these curtains. I made this lace from sock tops. Yes, I did," she continued, noting her guest's incredulous look, "come, I'll show you how I do it. Here's some I'm knitting into lace for a pillow-slip. See. I take the tops of old socks that has the feet gone to pot so pa can't wear 'em any more, an' I start ravelin' and I keep knittin' or crocheting as I go along. When I get through I either bleach it white or I dye it. I made this blue for the curtains, but I dyed some pink for pillow-slips to go with my bedspread with the pink embroidery."

"I think you're wonderful," marveled Louisa.

"Oh, no, I ain't. But I've felt some-

times I could ha' been if I'd had a chance." She sighed, then smiled. "It ain't no use to get into a heap o' worrimment about things like that. I'll get that picture I was goin' to show you."

Louisa busied herself while the woman was gone from the room indulging in silent admiration of the things those resourceful old hands had made. There was the lovely old-fashioned "heart" on the wall, with pins and needles in the soft padding. A little wall pocket for scissors, thimble, spools of thread, buttons and other things needed in sewing, hung near by. Pictures from magazines and calendars had been pasted on heavy cardboard and hung about the walls. A magazine pocket with a miniature shelf on top proved also to be home-made. It was also of stiff cardboard skilfully put together and covered with pretty pictures from magazines which somehow harmonized beautifully. By the west window a wandering Jew, with its vigorous dark-green foliage, grew between two scarlet geraniums.

"Here they are," Grandma cried as she bustled back into the room. "Here's a picture of a red-bird that Matildy made. Here's one I made. She showed me something about colorin' and drawin' an' so on. But of course, mine ain't got the trainin' back of it hers has got. Somehow, though, I like mine best."

"So do I," murmured Louisa. "The one your friend made could well be put in a book about birds—you could go and look at it and tell exactly what the bird looked like. But this one of yours makes you remember his song."

"That's just it," cried the old lady, excitedly, "My bird is just a dab o' scarlet among green leaves. You see, the leaves are all tilted this way, so you know the twig he's standin' on is bendin' and swingin' in the breeze. This little feller has got a nest hidden somewhere with a little mate on some tiny eggs, an' his throat is just about burstin' with the joy he's tryin' to sing about."

"It makes you lonesome, and sort of hungry for spring," said Louisa, in a low voice. "It's a shame you couldn't have gone ahead with things like that—"

"Oh, I wanted to. I used to cry about it. I used to think I'd like to make pictures that people 'ud want to hang in the big galleries in the cities that Matildy used to talk about; an' folks 'ud come an' look and see the beautiful things God had made, an' see that God was somehow in the things he'd made by his love an' power, an' it 'ud make them feel—oh, I guess I hoped it 'ud make them feel like they'd want to righten all the wrong things in their lives and do good things." She wiped her eyes. "Look at this silly old woman wailin' over a dead dream, would you? An' here I ought to be on the road right now. I got a lot of cans of fruit and some sweet potatoes and things and toted 'em out to the spring wagon just a little afore you come.

"You see, they's a family that moved a few months ago into a little house about three miles away, 'tother side of Cress Creek. They been keepin' to themselves an awful lot. They gethered a powerful lot o' nuts an' they picked 'em out an' sold 'em to buy stuff with. But nuts ain't bringin' a very good price this year, and it takes a sight o' a long time to get a pound of 'em picked out, so I just had an idee they wasn't havin' much to eat. Especially since pa met one of the folks from over there, and this man said the family's store o' nuts was about gone. So I just thought—well, my land, there's just pa an' me to eat, an' we'll never in the world eat up that six or seven hundred quarts of fruit in the cellar. Oh, yes, I think I'll take some of that sausage I fried down, too, and a bit o' hominy. Maybe they'd like a gallon o' sorghum."

"You surely are good, grandma. You never saw these people, did you?"

GRANDMA MCCLAREN snorted, "No, I ain't never seen 'em. But they're part o' God's creation, I reckon. An' folks over there all say they've worked powerful hard, an' that they don't swear nor do anything like that. An' they pray, too. I guess I can't afford not to do what I'm doin', young lady. I'd be no Christian if I didn't. Ain't nobody decent goin' to starve around me—not as long as this old head and these hands can keep goin'. But why can't you come with me?"

Louisa considered. "I think I can. But I'll have to run home and tell Dan."

"All right, I'll come by pretty soon and get you."

"I'd take something along myself for that family," she told Dan, "but before Grandma gets through piling stuff in that spring wagon there won't be room for anything else."

"You might take a little bag of that popcorn," he answered, "The children would probably like that. And invite them out to Sunday school—be sure. Tell them there's always room for one more in the old trailer."

Louisa enjoyed the ride. Although it was winter, and the woods were bare of leaves, it was quite warm. Now and then a squirrel or rabbit ran from the roadside into the rustling dead leaves beyond. Grandma McClaren's wholesome philosophy made the trip seem very short, and they soon were getting out of the vehicle beside an ancient log cabin.

"Why, Mrs. English!" exclaimed Louisa, astonished, as she saw who it was that opened the door. "I didn't know—"

Mrs. English laughed, then sighed. "You didn't know we were here? We didn't aim for you to find out—not until we had something in the house really good to eat—you see," she turned to Grandma McClaren, "They were so good to us up in Bay Cliff that I was afraid if they found us out, they'd be wantin' to give us things. And we really are get-

ting on pretty well. It's soon going to be spring—"

"But I do hope you'll let me leave the stuff I brought," said Mrs. McClaren, "because it's such a problem every summer to know where I'm goin' to put all the new fruit—pa an' me just never seem able to empty the cans ourselves."

"She gave me some of her sweet potatoes not long ago," put in Louisa, "and you can be sure I didn't refuse them. Ours were gone—"

"That was neighborliness. If we accepted all that stuff you brought, we'd be taking charity."

Mr. English appeared at the door. "Come in and sit down," he said, "and kindly excuse these walnut hulls. And don't feel badly because we don't want to take the things. You see, we don't want the children to grow up feeling that the world owes them a living. If we take things we can't pay for—"

"Well, if that's worryin' you, my boy," said Grandma, spiritedly, "you can come an' cut a rick o' wood for pa. His joints are kind o' stiff an' he really shouldn't do that kind o' work. Of course, if you work it out, I'll let you say what you want—'twouldn't be right to make you pay for this stuff when maybe you wouldn't like it."

"Don't worry about that," smiled Mrs. English. "We can like most anything. And we'll be glad to get it, if we can pay for it in some way, as you suggest. If we could do something to earn a little corn, to make some hominy with—a person won't starve if he has hominy."

"Hominy's all well and good in its place," pronounced Grandma emphatically, "but I'd sure hate to live for very long on nothing else but that."

Mrs. McClaren stopped the horse when they were about half-way home.

"Have you got time to go with me and see that poor old blind woman? I ain't seen her for quite a spell, and Mrs. Marlow says her daughter and husband have come to live with her since she got her blind pension. She says the daughter don't know anything—can't read nor write nor even work much."

"I—I guess so."

Louisa had visited this tiny hut before when the old blind lady was penniless and sick.

"This is Mrs. Eldon, a professor's wife," Mrs. McClaren said to the untidy young woman who bade them enter. "You know—he taught people how to read and all—her husband did."

"Oh," the young woman answered, abashed, "I—I allus did have a hankerin' to larn to read an' write, but I ain't never had no chanct."

Louisa told herself fiercely that she couldn't help the unfortunate situation in which other people were placed. That she couldn't help it if so many people were hungry—starving for both physical and mental food. But something within her heart told her that she was indeed partly responsible; and the conscious-

ness of the truth of the accusing voice hung over her darkly, and added its weight to the burden that already oppressed her.

(To be continued.)

AROUND THE CHURCH WITH OUR PRIESTHOOD

(Continued from page 1411.)

Holden Stake

Two regional priesthood institutes have recently been held with splendid attendance and interest. Each of these institutes lasted a week with two hours of class work each night. Instruction was centered in the special training of priesthood for a visiting program. Each member of the priesthood was expected to enlist in the program outlined by the stake presidency, which included the conducting of special rally services in a number of the branches, to be followed later by special missionary series. Having himself enlisted, each member of the priesthood was assigned to visit the homes of the members to secure the enlistment of each family in the program of the stake.

Kansas City Stake

Following a survey of the priesthood of the stake, conducted by the First Presidency, a series of training courses has been organized. These courses are giving special attention to the interests of the younger men of the priesthood. The young men meet at the church for two hours' instruction once each week. The instruction given for the most part concerns itself with practical aspects of the ministry. Attendance and interest at these classes is outstanding—The stake presidency in cooperation with the stake high council is making a consistent effort to reach each indifferent and inactive man of the priesthood, giving each an opportunity to choose between a qualified and active service or the surrendering of his priesthood credentials.

Far West Stake

A second annual roll call of the priesthood of the stake is in process. Each man of the priesthood of the stake will be interviewed personally by a member of the First Presidency, the stake president and the stake bishop. These three interviews for each man will leave him with little uncertainty as to what the program of the church and stake is and just what his responsibility as an ordained man is to that program. This and other stake surveys supplement a special personal efficiency report on each man of the ministry which is filed with the First Presidency.

Lamoni Stake

A special survey of the priesthood of Lamoni and near-by branches has been conducted by a member of the First Presidency and the stake officers. Personal interviews have been held with

nearly one hundred men of the local ministry. Personal efficiency reports on the work of each man have been filed with the First Presidency.

Independence

Priesthood surveys are in progress with personal interviews with each man, being conducted by a member of the First Presidency and branch officers. Personal efficiency reports are being filed with the First Presidency. A new quorum activity following a definite program is apparent. A two-weeks' priesthood institute is planned for early in the new year. The next several weeks will witness an almost continuous missionary effort in various congregations of Zion.

F. M. MCDOWELL.

CONCERNING MY FATHER'S MEMOIRS

(Continued from page 1412.)

Some critics may assume that at times too much emphasis has been placed upon comparative trivial circumstances. It may be a just criticism; but in studying these "memories," I early concluded that those events which came up prominently in his mind as he passed his three-score years and ten—and then some—and to which such a clear-thinking man ascribed sufficient importance as to incorporate in his *Memoirs*, must have had some definite influence in shaping his life, conduct and character, although, perhaps, an influence more easily discernible to students of psychology than to the casual reader. Oppression, even the bullying of a small boy by a larger one, aroused his childish indignation, and doubtless helped to form in him that well-known disposition for fair play at all times, for justice that ever championed the cause of the weaker brother, and for that charity which led him to forgive and condone mistakes that were not malicious in nature. Persecution, such as was accorded his mother after the death of her husband and which wrested from her much of her rightful property and reduced her to poverty, no doubt helped to shape a life course of unswerving integrity, and implant in his breast a philosophy of social conduct which enabled him, in the closing hours of his life to say,

"Well, I'm not afraid to go. I have never owned a dishonest dollar in my life. And I have never knowingly wronged a man, woman or child."

Such, then, with their mixture of faults and excellencies, are these "memories," which filled the mind of a good man after a long and eventful life, a life which had known plenty of hardships and sacrifices, but also a life crowned with much spiritual exaltation. They have been, and still are, very precious to me, and preparing them for publication has been a labor made light by love and appreciation. It was a task which could not have been adequately performed had

The Nomads

By May Elliott

XX.

A Wanderer's Vision of Home

IT WAS a warm Saturday in February. Tomorrow Dorothy Jane would be baptized. The English family were going to enter the church, too. Others would perhaps join before they left the pool, for many were favorably impressed with the gospel. Louisa felt numbly sorrowful that she could not unite with the church, too. Dan would do the baptizing. Dan, the hypocrite, lifting his hand to heaven: "Having been commissioned—" she couldn't do it. That old feeling of revulsion would come the minute he touched her. She couldn't go through with it. She could not go through the years beside him, pretending all was well, when internally she would be continually troubled. She might hear that—even that—if she but had a real friend somewhere.

But there was no one. Her mother? No, her mother was too busy running away from something herself. There was no one.

Dully she pushed herself through the usual Saturday routine. She ate no supper—she was not aware of any hunger except that which gnawed continually at her heart.

"I'm tired, Dan. I believe I'll go to bed," she said when the supper dishes were finished.

She had not been lying there long until she found herself wandering through a disagreeable darkness. She thought to herself: "I've had dreams before. I need not fear." But she knew there was something different about this. This was no ordinary terror of a dream-filled night. This was the kind of darkness Lehi felt in his vision—a dark and dreary waste. Lehi had prayed. She found herself praying also; then there came a little light, faint and far-away, but gradually becoming brighter, drawing nearer.

"Louisa."

She had always thought her name unlovely but from these lips it was like soft music.

"Come with me, my daughter. There is something you must see."

She followed him swiftly until they came to the top of a high hill; there he paused and bade her look below. At first she could see nothing; it was so dark in that valley. Now the mists cleared a little and a great crowd of people were seen pressing onward toward some indefinite goal. She could see some of them quite distinctly now. They were pale and worn, these men and women;

some clasped sickly children in their arms while others, ragged and hungry, crowded around their parents crying for bread. Her eyes were particularly drawn toward one little woman who stumbled forward, a child held close to her heart. Then suddenly her arms were empty and she was flinging them about wildly, beating the air with her hands, and crying piteously: "Oh, in *Jesu Nom!* In *Jesu nom!*"

"These are my brethren, the poor of earth," said the gentle voice at her side. "But look. Here are others you must see."

THESE OTHERS seemed to have some of the comforts of life; yet there was something lacking in their lives. Often they would pause in their journey and gaze wistfully about as if trying to find something they had lost. One old lady seemed absorbed in her contemplation of a bit of paper.

"Can you see the picture on the paper?"

"No," answered Louisa, tremulously. "Her tears have almost blotted it out." She was speaking, too, and Louisa listened:

"Oh, if I could only paint—not just colors and shapes, but inner meanings, hidden from the view of others—meanings God has put there and given me vision to see. But there is no money for learning such things; we are too poor."

"Why, it is Grandma McClaren," cried Louisa, astonished.

"And she is only one of many. Many, oh, so many, have come to the world qualified and ready in spirit to perform a great work for humanity—but they were crushed, disappointed, overwhelmed, because of the lack of this earthly thing called money. In yonder crowd of poor there are potential great men and women of every sphere of art and science whose voices will never be heard outside their own small village; whose hands will never perform the work for which their Creator designed them. Behold, their hunger and their need! But their needs are no greater than the needs of those who now approach the valley. Look again."

A vast throng of young people, gay and joyous in appearance, filled the little valley. Some were dancing, some singing; young girls with lips and faces brilliant with blood-red paint; young men and women smoking cigarettes; playing games; laughing boisterously, heeding nothing but the enjoyment of the moment. Now and again some one of them would wander away from the

crowd and his face, as he looked questioningly about, took on such a sad and wistful aspect that Louisa was profoundly moved.

"Oh," she cried, "they are trying to find happiness and they don't know what happiness is—they confuse happiness with noise, sensual gratification, hilarity. Oh, they are innocent, they are good, but there is no one to tell them, no one to warn them of questionable things, no one to lead them in ways of true happiness!"

"I am glad you are sorry for them, my child. But be of good cheer. For by and by these, too, shall find Bread."

PRESSING CLOSELY in the great course upon the heels of these young, came a crowd of those who are lowest in the scale of society; degraded and drunken criminals, the wicked of many types, rich and poor. Imbeciles. Men, women, and children. There was something familiar about one little boy. He shuffled forward aimlessly and around one arm was coiled a great snake. She heard him speak: "I am Philander Johannes Rippetto." Something so hopelessly forlorn there was about him, about them all, that she burst into tears. Again she heard the quiet voice: "These, too, are my brethren."

Then there were others: Well-dressed people, men and women with children in their arms. Now and then she could hear a prayer from some of the parents: "Help us to bring them up to be strong and healthy; to be loyal and true to the highest things in life." But there was such confusion all about them; many hands, wraithlike hands, reached out toward them; many voices, saying, "Lo here, lo there. Buy our product and your child will be healthy." "No, his product is not good: buy ours." "When you get sick try our method of healing." "He's a quack doctor, mothers, don't listen to him." "Liar. You're the quack, the charlatan. Here is truth." "No, it is over here." "Vaccinate your baby and immunize him from these dread diseases." "Don't vaccinate him; it puts poison into his little body which may cost his health, even his life. Buy our health food, instead." "Nonsense, give us your dollar, let us immunize him. Let us vaccinate him. It is an entirely harmless process; and you need worry no more about these few dread diseases, anyway."

"Here lady, is something to help you hold your husband's love." "No, buy ours, this is best. This paste will keep your teeth white—it is no ordinary preparation. Your smile will keep him

charmed." "No, our powder is the stuff to use on teeth." "Is your husband afraid to tell you about your disagreeable breath? Try our mouth wash." "No that's no good, try ours." "Polish your finger nails." "Use our shampoo." "Here's the best cold cream." "If your husband loves you, he'll buy you one of our fur coats. Bargain now, soon will rise in price." "If you love her, keep the vases filled with flowers." "Watch your husband." "Watch your wife."

She watched them wonderingly: Some groping about with puzzled faces as if to discover just which voices to heed; some despairing, trying to lead their children, but realizing that they were blind leaders of the blind. Some men and women walked side by side, but there were no children. The men were afraid. Afraid of this pitiless competition, of the possibility of poverty, of their inability to give their children a proper chance. Her eyes followed one woman into a comfortably appointed house. It was quiet, too quiet. The man had his work. It was a hard job; it took all his best energies to get successfully through the day. The woman was a modern woman. She had all the modern woman's short-cuts for accomplishing her work quickly. She was not tired. There was nothing left for her but the emptiness of social life, dancing, cards, movies. She demanded of life—of her husband—some kind of worth-while work, children, a destiny.

"Like Mrs. Benson," thought Louisa. "For all the world like Mrs. Benson, with her dyed hair and her scarlet cheeks and lips, and the dress of flame." She reached a trembling hand to her eyes and brushed away the tears. For she wanted to see all of this. It was sad, it was terrible, but she felt that she must see it.

The crowd thinned now. There were but a comparatively small number coming past the hill through the little valley. But they traveled in luxurious fashion, in great automobiles loaded heavily with something; loaded so heavily that the machines seemed almost crushed with the weight; the people themselves were bowed as though their burden was most grievous. Yet the peculiar thing about it all was that each occupant of a car seemed most anxious to trade a small bag for a larger one, seemed bent upon increasing the weight of his load.

"Queer how they reach out for more when they already have too much," mused Louisa.

"These are my brethren, the rich and powerful of earth. See. They are unhappy too—they are not satisfied—that is why they reach for more. They have too much of earthly food—what they need is the Bread of Life and the Living Water. But look again."

A multitude of people of different races. Their arms stretched out as if in

appeal; they passed on soon with a look of hopeless despair.

"These who now approach are Lamanites," spoke the voice. "Hearken to the words of a song some of them are chanting:"

"Wakanda, hear us, hear us!

Wakanda, oh behold us!
Bird and beast and bear, oh, Wakanda,
Have their den and lair, oh, Wakanda,
Home and rest, but where is ours?
Wandering through the weary hours?
Home and friends of home, while thy
children roam,
Like the weary winds, homeless, crying!"

She watched them as they passed through the valley, and saw them cower at last in dreary places, in poverty, in sickness, in hunger.

But what was that perfume? Faint, elusive, yet now and then almost cloyingly fragrant. Oh, yes. She remembered now. That was the odor of a little white flower that she had seen in Pa-peete. And surely that was the roar of breakers on a reef; surely that wind blew from some vast ocean. And palm trees were springing up in the little valley as if by magic. It grew dark outside, but she could see clearly, through the windows of a brightly lighted church, the faces of many people.

"Why it is Tikehau," she cried, "and there is Lucy coming toward the front of the church." She caught her breath sharply. "And there is Robert. I know he died—but he is there now—I see him." She watched Lucy's face. Back there, so long ago, when she had known Lucy in life, she had not been conscious of any struggle in the young girl's heart. Now she saw clearly. The conflicting emotions. What should she choose? Her church, or the man she loved? An earthly love or a heavenly? But she heard Lucy's voice:

"Father, there is no mistake. I wish to be cast out."

She watched tearfully as the girl floated down the aisle, her arms outstretched to Robert. "Ropati, Ropati," she heard the tense whisper. She watched them both, as they drifted out into the darkness. She saw the stricken face of Lucy's father, the sympathizing glances of his friends. "Brethren, we can only wait and pray for Zion."

"Zion!" cried Louisa, with no effort to restrain her tears, "That is what they need, all these people, all the world. But I have no money—I have nothing to help Zion with. I don't see—"

"Look again, my child."

The valley had faded completely from sight, and in its place she saw a wide stretch of beautiful country; in the center a city the spires of which glistened gloriously in the sun as if with some unearthly splendor. She saw people moving happily about, unworried, contented, pursuing some project of work, or of learning. Building things. Growing

things from the soil. Learning, always learning. The land was rich in schools for young and old. There was an inspiring feeling of growth, of development, everywhere. She saw a group of happy Tahitian women fashioning beautiful things with their clever fingers. There was a place for people of all nations, all types. Joyful, healthy children romped about on neatly kept lawns; older ones tramped gladly toward schoolhouses; the scene contrasted strongly with the scenes in the sorrowful valley.

Sorrow was a stranger here; fear was unknown. God's children had come home at last, and were laboring joyfully so that the beautiful gates could be opened to all those weary ones who were saying: "Let us go up to Zion and learn of her ways."

"Child," said the kind voice at last, "Look upon my face and behold your friend. Will my friendship not satisfy? If by your labor you can add one bright jewel to the millions of those glittering in that temple spire, if you could add one brick only to the city wall, if you could speed one soul to Zion with songs of joy on his lips, would you withhold your effort?"

The brightness faded gradually, and as it passed she heard the words of a softly chanted hymn:

"Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear thy voice, oh Son of Man!
In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds, dark with
fears,
From paths where hide the lures of
greed,
We catch the vision of thy tears.
The cup of water giv'n for thee
Still holds the freshness of thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of thy face.
O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain.
Among these restless throngs abide,
Oh, tread the city's streets again."

Louisa was alone, awake, in the bed, in the darkness. There would be no sleep for her that night. She could scarcely wait for the morrow, when she would make a beginning to do her new Friend's will. He had been her Friend always, she knew that now. But now she had seen his face and heard his voice.

The black box? What did it matter? What did it matter whether or not Dan had once been somewhat hypocritical? He wasn't a hypocrite now. And even if he were, even if every member of the church was a hypocrite, she would still want to do *her* part. Nothing mattered in all the world but the work of God.

The baptisms were to take place at Sister Richard's home. A spring, as large as a man's wrist, gushed from the hillside and though most of the water

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THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 1448.)

flowed away into Cress Creek, there was a pool, sparkling and clear, and deep enough for baptismal purposes, and it was always full to the brim.

Ten were baptized. Dan paused a moment, then asked: "Are there any others?"

Louisa stepped forward and walked slowly down into the water. Dan's face grew pale and his hands trembled when they touched hers. It seemed a long time before he gained control of himself and lifted his hand toward heaven:

"Louisa, having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

She felt the waters close over her and felt herself lifted up again; she was held tightly in Dan's strong arms and he was crying like a child. The people were singing a song that Dan loved and had taught them:

"I am a stranger here,
Within a foreign land, . . .
My home is brighter far
Than Sharon's rosy plain,
Eternal life and joy
Throughout its vast domain.
My Savior bids me tell
How mortals there may dwell—
And that's my business for my King."

Louisa's heart swelled with a great desire to do something for the church and her Friend. There was nothing too hard for her to attempt; there was nothing so small that she felt above performing it. She was happy now, for the first time in her life. She had work. Work brought her happiness, but it was only when she had found a great cause to work for that full happiness came.

Another spring arrived. One day there came a letter from church headquarters. They had been told that Dan and Louisa understood the Tahitian language. Would they consider taking a mission to the Society Islands? Louisa flung her arms around her husband's neck.

"Oh, Dan! Just think—to be able to go back—to help them prepare their hearts for Zion—it's—"

"Do you realize how wonderfully you've changed, darling? I can hardly believe it sometimes."

"I only regret, Dan, that my youth was wasted. I had so much energy then—and I spent it on things that don't seem vital now. I envy you. You've worked for the church all your life."

A swift pain tore at his heart. "All his life? What did she know of the fierce, burning desires of his own youth, of the things he would have done, had her soft arms not held him back? I could have soared, then," he thought sadly. "Now I can only plod. But I will not tell her, for that would hurt her, and I wouldn't hurt a hair of her head."

She had left him for a moment, an odd,

tense look on her face. She was back with a box in her hand. A black box. She could face issues squarely now. The gospel gave one strength.

"What's that?" asked Dan curiously.

"Why—why—" she stammered. Surely he knew what it was. "It's that black box you gave me before we went to the Islands the other time."

Dan grinned. "Oh, that thing! Have you got that yet? Yes, I recall it now. Old Hunt said you were a little dishonest just like all other women, that your curiosity would get the better of you, that you would open the box. But you haven't, I see. I knew you wouldn't. There is something fundamentally straightforward about you—"

"But whose name is this, on the front of it?"

"Why, I don't know. I never noticed any name. He said it was his wife's box, so maybe it's her name. Here, let's open it. I wonder if the old fellow left anything in it. A little money would come in handy he laughed.

Like one in a trance she watched Dan as he worked with the tiny lock. It opened at last. It was empty.

The black box was *empty!* Empty as her whole life had been—her dreams, her desires, her efforts, her hopes, her fears. Everything had been unreal until her baptism. "The gospel is the only real thing on earth," she breathed, as she tucked the black box back into the trunk, "I shall keep this as a remembrance—and when I become discouraged I shall look at it and think of the emptiness, the loneliness, the years of hunger. Then I shall smile and work again—for Zion."

The car bearing them to the station wound about the dusty country road. The woods were beautiful with wild spring beauties, golden buttercups, purple violets, and white flowering dogwood.

"They're all dressed up for church, Danny John. The woods, I mean. Just see—" But Danny John was all grief and tears.

"I want my dog. I just can't leave him, I can't! I want Pluto. I want my dog!"

"Listen, Danny. Look," cried Dorothy Jane, "we're going to have lots more interesting things to do than just playing with a dog. See the flowers in that field! And what do you bet there isn't an even prettier spot just around that curve? There. What did I tell you? What did I tell you, Danny? It's like that poem in the story of the flax mother read us about, don't you remember?"

"Snip, snap, snare,

Baisse allure.

The song is never done. The best part of all is yet to come."

So the Nomads were on their way again. But this time their journey was most joyful. For they were going to work for Zion. Others were working,

too, and by and by all of God's wandering children would find rest and home—at last.

The End.

ZIONIC OPTIMISM

(Continued from page 1444.)

could condone or agree to suggested schemes designed to upset or overturn the entire system on which our country has been built. All systems have their weaknesses, and all groups have their weak members. Because some designing men do take advantage of opportunity to exploit other people does not necessarily mean that the system is wrong. When church members go wrong, as some do, we do not think of overturning the church system which we believe to be of divine origin, but we do take steps to remove or punish the individuals at fault. That is rational thinking. It is the reasonable attitude. It is optimism tempered with wisdom or in other words it is zionic optimism.

Zionic optimism will lead us on to continue doing the work necessary to build Zion. There are enough obstacles in the way now without permitting more to be put in our path. Unless we are careful, we will permit false prophets, who promote their ideas of giving all people all their wants under the guise of humanitarian measures, to get a control of government to the extent that it will be harder for us to have the freedom as a group necessary to build Zion.

God has told us to look forward with a determined hope. He has instructed us to keep up our morale and continue to make the fight necessary to progress. In other words he has commanded us to develop zionic optimism. The most pitiable result of the depression is the loss of morale on the part of so many men who could *if they only would* keep up a fight that would eventually get some results. In my human weakness I have been tempted many times to give up. Perhaps all of us have. It is a hard fight under present conditions but that is the very reason that God gave us *faith* as the first principle, the very cornerstone of human progress. We should use it. We should put it to work, every day as well as on Sunday. But at the same time this faith or hope should be tempered with the wisdom which recognizes that every doughnut has a hole, and that there are danger spots in our path which must be watched. One of the greatest of these danger spots under present disordered conditions is the frequency with which false prophets are asserting themselves. They appear in the name of religion, politics or economics. May we be divinely alert to recognize all things in their proper place and may we have just enough zionic optimism to proceed in a careful, determined, divinely planned way.