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JUBILEE YEAR

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NO. 8

1915



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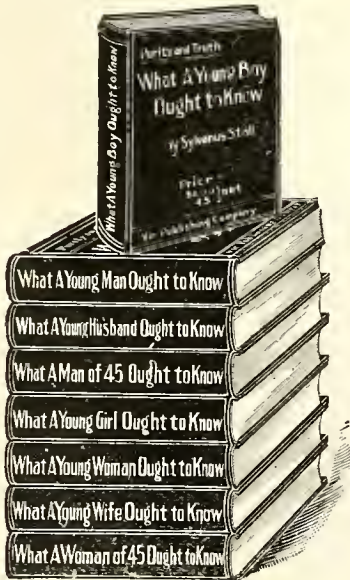
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**CONTENTS.**

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Old Homes of Nauvoo (Illustrated) ..... Junius F. Wells 493  
 The Tabernacle Choir of Ogden, Utah...  
 ..... Alonzo West 501  
 The American Osprey (Illustrated).....  
 ..... Claude T. Barnes 507  
 Talks on Thrift.....T. D. McGregor 509  
 Sunday School Class of Sydney, N. W. S.. 511  
 Eighteenth Ward Sunday School at the  
 Grave of President Brigham Young.... 526  
 Notes on Our History (Illustrated).....  
 ..... D. Ibert W. Parratt 536  
 Be Patient (A Poem).....James Crystal 539  
 Stories by Students...Prof. N. L. Nelson 540  
 The Jews and the War.....  
 .....Dr. Joseph M. Tanner 546

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Word of Wisdom..... 512  
 Get in Step ..... 512  
 Cheerfulness ..... 513

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Superintendents' Department — Sacramento  
 Gem for September ..... 514

**For Putting  
Up Fruit**

MRS. TOMILSON: "Mrs. Franklin, the fruit you put up last season was the most inviting to look at, and the richest tasting of any bottled fruit I ever ate. And you say it all kept splendidly. Tell me the secret, if you will."

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## CONTENTS (Continued).

Parents' Class Department—Work for September—Photo of Parents' Class, Manassa Ward, San Luis Stake..... 515

Theological Department—First and Third Year Lessons for September..... 516

Second Intermediate Department—First and Third Year Lessons for September. 519

First Intermediate Department—First and Third Year Lessons for September..... 528

Primary Department—Lessons for September ..... 530

Kindergarten Department—Work for September ..... 533

### CHILDREN'S SECTION.

A Journey of Five Little Sunbeams..... Sarah M. Williams 548

Just Mother's and Mine (A Poem)..... L. Lula Greene Richards 550

The Hen's Bath-Tub ..... Annie Pike Greenwood 550

The Bluebird—And the Slingshot..... Cath Wells 551

Chiquito ..... Bertha A. Kleinman 552

The Children's Budget Box ..... 556

Polly Winkums ..... 558

The Funny Bone ..... 560



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ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

VOL. L.

AUGUST, 1915.

No. 8.

## The Old Homes of Nauvoo.

*By Junius F. Wells.*

### I.

It was characteristic of the Prophet Joseph and his faithful associates to set a high standard upon all their material undertakings that were in harmony with their exalted religious convictions. As a consequence, the houses they built to be occupied as residences, as well as the public buildings designed or erected by them, were always superior. They were usually far in advance of the times when they were undertaken and much beyond any apparent means at their builders' command. Consider these facts with respect to the homes and public edifices in Nauvoo.

It was in the year 1839 that the Saints began to settle in Nauvoo upon the lands purchased from Dr. Galland and others. They came upon the site of Commerce upon lots that were laid out on the river bottoms. The land was a heavy clay partly covered with small timber and underbrush, very wet

and malarious—Commerce comprised fewer than a dozen houses in the village—though several good farms were occupied back from the river, having decent farm-houses of the log and clapboards style built upon them. One of these was the home of Daniel H. Wells.

The Saints were destitute. They had been despoiled of their property by the mobs that drove them from Missouri. Except their teams, in some cases, and the most portable of their farm implements and household goods, they arrived in Illinois with nothing. They had no money and the purchases of lands, undertaken by committees appointed for the purpose, was upon long time,—ten and twenty year payments. They were compelled to take such lands as were offered upon these terms, rather than exercise a choice and selection that the possession and use of money would have afforded them. It was not long, however, after the first purchases before





HOME OF JOSEPH SMITH, SR., THE PATRIARCH.

more desirable tracts were procured upon the deferred payment plan and the city plot extended up and over the bench lands.

Having come into Illinois in such destitution—driven from all their earthly possessions by the mobs of Missouri, supported by the exterminating order of the infamous Governor Boggs, it was a grateful and comforting change to be welcomed and generously assisted in their new retreat. Citizens of Quincy and neighboring settlements appointed committees to

help and many individuals manifested their sympathy substantially. So that the immediate needs of the people were meagerly supplied and steps advanced towards locating them. It was not, however, until the Prophet was liberated from his long imprisonment at Liberty, Mo., and made his way to the new gathering place, that properly organized and orderly means were taken to locate and establish the people on lands and in homes of their own. No sooner had he arrived, in April, 1839, than this was undertaken



HOME OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.



HOME OF JOHN TAYLOR.

with the utmost energy. But it was accompanied by an act that would have been considered by any other people as a fatal blunder, destructive to the hope and prospects of the people. I refer to the immediate calling of the Twelve Apostles and other leading men of the community to go on foreign missions to preach the Gospel. Most of them were prostrated with malarial fever at the time, and

their families were in abject poverty. They were the leaders and exemplars of the people, who were their converts, and dependent upon their counsel and guidance.

Nothing but sublime faith in the revelations of the Lord and absolute confidence in the leadership of the Prophet Joseph, could have induced these men to leave their families and people under such circumstances. Men



HOME OF PRESIDENT JOSEPH YOUNG.





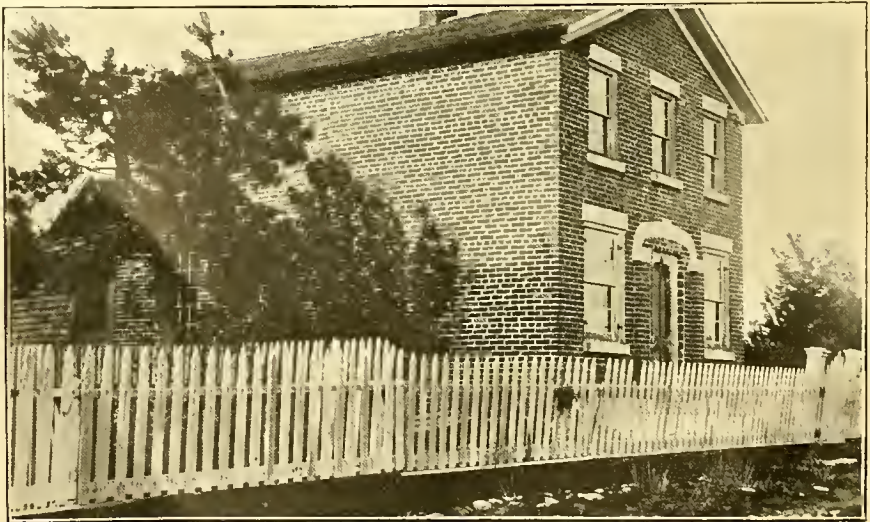
HOME AND STORE OF PARLEY P. PRATT.

without faith would stand aghast at such apparent desertion. Yet to the heroic self-denial and heartbreaking sacrifice of these missionaries and their families, who suffered that they might go, is directly due the amazing creation and marvelous prosperity on the Illinois bank of the Mississippi of Nauvoo, the City Beautiful.

The Twelve and their companions

proceeded to their several fields of labor—visiting enroute such of the Saints as they could find scattered over the States through which they passed. These were instructed and encouraged to gather with the main body of the Church at Nauvoo that strength might be given the new settlement. Hundreds of families responded.

The Elders, upon reaching their



HOME OF ORSON PRATT.





HOME OF ORSON SPENCER.

fields of labor, found willing and eager listeners to their message and testimony. Converts were made by many thousands in Great Britain, and other parts of Europe. These quickly supplied additional means and added enthusiastic population to the new city, which grew apace.

The families of the missionaries were provided for, as promised by the Prophet when they were separated; and upon returning after absences of from one to three years they found, in place of the wretched malarial village and encampment they had left, the beginning of a city of wondrous thrift



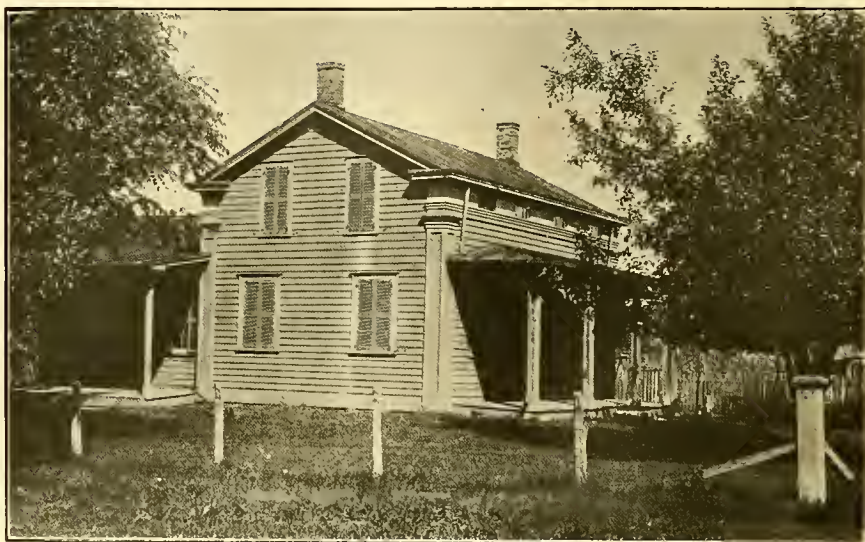
THE "EXPOSITOR" OFFICE.

and humming industry—the marvel of the times—with a population numbering thousands of happy, hopeful, progressive people employed upon the public works and private property, making a name and reputation for their city and Church that all the world took notice of and wondered at.

Then these apostles and leading elders set to, with the same energy and spirit that had sustained them as missionaries, to build homes for their families. Scarcely any of these were begun before 1841, and some were not finished until the end of 1845. Some

houses, hotels, offices, Society halls; and, crowning all, in the magnificent million dollar Temple, that seemed almost let down from the skies, rather than upreared by the patient labor of the people, so grand and lovely was it, and so quickly erected by them.

The homes of the people, as will be observed in viewing the engravings, were built in the prevailing architectural style of detached dwellings in Pennsylvania—where the square gable ends are ever conspicuous, and of New England, whence so many of the prominent converts had come. The



HOME OF ORSON HYDE.

of the more pretentious and of the public buildings were never completed. What was done was accomplished in the three or four years' time of comparative peace, while the Saints were unmolested, to some degree at least, by their enemies.

The remarkable feature of this period is in the style, size, substantial beauty, convenience and cost of the dwelling houses that were built and in their environment of fenced gardens; in well laid out and graded streets, and public grounds and in the commodious stores, printing and publishing

frame clap-boarded houses of the latter, with outward swinging window blinds, side-window front doors, and shallow door porches were numerous; the very counterpart of such homes in Vermont and New Hampshire. Materials for the building of the new city were procured from the fine limestone quarries located about a mile and a half north of the Temple block, near the river. The brick was very superior, hard and of a deep red color, and some of them, such as were used in the Nauvoo House, almost as finely surfaced as modern pressed





HOME OF JONATHAN BROWNING.

brick. They were procured from the kilns located above the town near Hiram Kimball's, on the river bottom and back in the bluffs, where excellent clay was also found in abundance.

The timber was cut and sawed in the virgin forests of the then Territory of Wisconsin, and floated down the great Mississippi on rafts and flat boats. A considerable colony of the

Saints had early been organized and equipped with loggers' and sawmill supplies and located in the timber. At one time when the Prophet's liberty was so seriously threatened by Missourians that he was obliged to take cover, he was urged to accept refuge in the lumber camps. But he decided otherwise, and in giving himself up was taken to Springfield, where that



HOME OF SOLON FOSTER.

remarkable trial before Judge Pope was held, and the eloquence and learning of the Prophet's counsel again prevailed and secured his release, greatly to the discomfiture of the Missouri officials. It was at this trial that the well-known *bon mot* of Judge Butterfield was uttered. He said: "I arise, your honor, before the Pope, in the presence of angels (waving towards some ladies seated by the judge) to defend the Prophet of the Lord."

Nauvoo was well peopled by me-

ica to take an essential part in building up Zion—first at Nauvoo, afterwards in the Rocky Mountains. I never think of these men but with love and admiration, for if ever God *chose* men that were needed it was in calling these Old Country men of trades, without whose skill cities could not be built. How fortunate that these were also men of great integrity and faith, for they had well nigh to work and work without money and without price. This tribute is no disparage-



THE MASONIC HALL.

chanics—stone-cutters and masons, brick masons, carpenters, blacksmiths and painters. Many of these were artisans of the first class, who had served their apprenticeship in the several trades in Great Britain, and were skilled workmen. How wonderful to contemplate this fact! Men thus trained, drawn from the traditional channels in which they and their forefathers for generations had labored, by a peculiar religious faith which had suddenly sundered their old ties of kindred and country, and transplanted them to the western frontiers of Amer-

ican birth or to the ingenious Yankees who were leaders in planning and in devising ways and means for building and beautifying the city. Such men as Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Truman O. Angell, W. H. Folsom and many others, masters of trades and practical workmen, contributed much to fashioning the high order of merit that prevailed in the houses that were then designed and erected and have remained down to the present day superior to any that were ever built in Nauvoo.



# The Tabernacle Choir of Ogden, Utah.

*By Alonzo West.*

The "Mormons" Tabernacle Choir, of Ogden, Utah, is an organization that has achieved national fame for its splendid singing in past years. It numbers 230 voices, with the parts finely balanced, and is directed by Prof. Joseph Ballantyne, a musician educated in America, with the exception of two summer seasons under the noted European masters, William Shakespeare in London and Edwin Bowes, in Paris.

This chorus was first organized in 1856, but was re-organized in 1900, with Prof. Joseph Ballantyne as its director. At that time, it had a membership of 150 voices, but within four years had been increased to its present size. Its members sing without pay and their purpose is, under the able direction of Mr. Ballantyne, to present music of the highest order, so that its educational value might be felt among the masses. That this purpose has been well carried out is shown by the fact that the choir has several times presented "Elijah" (Mendelssohn), "Christ the Victor" (Buck), "Stabat Mater" (Rossini), "Lazarus" (Edwards), "The First Christmas" (Coombs), "The Holy City" (Gaul), "The Forty-Sixth Psalm" (Buck) and a number of other oratorios and cantatas, in addition to a big repertoire of standard sacred and secular choruses.

The Ogden Tabernacle Choir first gained national fame in 1903, when it sang "The Irrigation Ode" (John J. McClellan) at the National Irrigation Congress, held in Ogden that year. Its singing at that time so impressed the members of the congress that two years later the choir received and accepted the joint invitation of the National Irrigation Congress and of President Goode of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, to sing at the annual session of the congress and at the Exposition, held at Portland, Ore., in 1905. The

singing of the "Ode" and the concerts given in Portland were heard by crowds that filled the Festival hall to its utmost capacity and the reception given the Ogden singers was such that President Goode declared the visit of the choir to Portland to have been the finest single attraction of the entire exposition.

In 1907, the big choir made its first trip to California, again at the invitation of the National Irrigation Congress, and gave concerts both in Sacramento and San Francisco. The events were also brilliantly successful, the one given in the Agricultural building at Sacramento being heard by 11,000 people, said by officials to have been the largest crowd that ever assembled in the California capital.

For the third time the Ogden Tabernacle Choir has been far away from home on a combined trip of service to the state and Church and a pleasure outing for its members. The trip was to California and the choir sang its way into the hearts of thousands of people, visitors at the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego, the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco and to several national conventions at Los Angeles, as well as to hundreds of residents of California.

The trip to San Francisco was definitely decided upon nearly two years ago, when the Ogden chorus received the consent of the First Presidency of the Church to sing at the Panama-Pacific exposition. Shortly after this became public, tentative concert dates at San Francisco were secured and, following fast upon this development, an invitation came from the San Diego exposition commission for the Ogden "Mormon" choir to include a visit to San Diego in its trip to California as an attraction at the exposition. This invitation was ce-

mented a few weeks later with a guarantee of \$2,500 for three concerts in the immense open-air auditorium, which was then in course of construction on the exposition grounds.

The acceptance of the San Diego invitation was delayed for a few weeks on account of the financial problems which presented themselves in view of the long trip from San Francisco to the southern city, but this bugaboo was dispelled on January 11th, 1914, when the Weber club, Ogden's commercial club, at its annual meeting assured the choir of its hearty support. In due time, the choir was designated, by the Utah Commission, as



WILLARD SCOWCROFT,  
President Ogden Tabernacle Choir.

the official singing body at the Utah Day celebrations at both expositions, and these dates formed the basis of its concert itinerary. For the concerts at San Diego, the dates set were July 16, 17 (Utah Days) and 18; for those at San Francisco, July 21, 22, 23, and 24

(Utah Day). For financial reasons and also in order to give the singers the opportunity of visiting some of the famous pleasure spots in and near Los Angeles, the choir management arranged for a two-day stop, July 19 and 20, in that city, with a concert each evening.

A concert date had also been contemplated for Riverside, Cal., but this was set aside in favor of an invitation from Mayor Wixon and the Chamber of Commerce of San Bernardino, Cal., for the Ogden singers to make their stop there and to remain there for an afternoon and evening as guests of the city. Through trips to California by President Willard Scowcroft, Manager Charles J. Ross, Director Joseph Ballantyne and J. David Larson, secretary of the Ogden Publicity Bureau of the Weber club, and a trip to Boston, by Director Ballantyne, the dates and itinerary for the concert tour were finally arranged. Director Ballantyne's trip to Boston was for the purpose of booking the San Francisco dates with Dr. H. J. Stewart, head of the musical attractions commission of the Panama-Pacific exposition and was made in the summer of 1913, while he was taking a course of special instruction at the Brookfield Summer School of Music, under Dr. H. W. Green. It was here that he first met Leon Hoffmeister, the young baritone who was later engaged to accompany the choir on the coast tour as a soloist. While in the east at this time, Professor Ballantyne also planned the repertoire of the tour and secured a number of the choruses with which the choir has delighted thousands of music lovers on the west coast.

Upon the return of Prof. Ballantyne from the east in the fall of 1913, the choir began the work of preparation for the big tour and, from that time, until its departure for the coast, with the exception of a two months' vacation during the summer of 1914, worked assiduously on the many choruses that were to be sung, also



keeping up with its regular Church work. For the first season, rehearsals were held weekly, at the opening of the second season, semi-weekly; and during the past four or five months, tri-weekly; the latter strenuous work being the result of the ambition of the choir members and their splendid director, to achieve the memorization of their entire repertoire. Through the extra rehearsals, this ambition was realized, 24 choruses, the majority to be regularly programmed, and the others to be used as encores, being memorized, an achievement rarely, if ever, equalled by a big chorus in any country.

The repertoire is as follows: Opera—Finale to Act II, "La Traviata", Verdi; "O Italia, Italia, Beloved", Donizetti; Sextette from "Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti; "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust," Gounod; Church Scene ("The Lord Now Victorious") from "Cavalleria Rusticana", Mascagni. Sacred and Sacred Oratorio: Rain Scene from "Elijah," Mendelssohn; "God is our Refuge" and "The Lord of Hosts" from "Forty-Sixth Psalm," Buck; "Hallelujah Chorus" from "Messiah," Handel; "Hymn to Music," Buck; "By Babylon's Waves," Gounod; and "There is None Holy as the Lord," Dr. H. J. Stewart. Temperamental: "The Rosary," Nevin; "In the Time of Roses," Reichardt; "Don't You Mind the Sorrows," Cowles; "Sleep, Gentle Lady," Sir H. R. Bishop; "Sweet and Low," Barnby; "Mary," Richardson; and "Woo Thou Sweet Music," Elgar. Popular: "I Love You, California," Threepwood; "La Paloma," Yradier; and "Drink to Me only With Thine Eyes." Patriotic: The "Star Spangled Banner," Francis E. Scott Key; and "Utah, We Love Thee," Evan Stephens.

On the night of June 15, before an audience estimated to number 2,500 people, in the Salt Lake tabernacle, the Ogden Tabernacle Exposition choir gave its first farewell Utah con-

cert. The affair was a testimonial to the singers from the people of Salt Lake City and was worked up through the efforts of Horace G. Whitney, manager of the *Deseret Evening News*, one of the Ogden choir's staunchest admirers; the Salt Lake Commercial club, the Salt Lake Tabernacle choir and the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church, the annual convention of which was in session at that time, in Salt Lake City, with Fred C. Graham as business manager. Virtually all expense in connection with the testimonial was eliminated through the First Presidency of the Church having tendered the visiting choir the free use of the tabernacle; the Salt Lake newspapers free space for advertising, the Gardiner Printing Co., and the Utah Bill Posting company, free printing and bill posting. On the whole, the affair was a fine compliment to the public spiritedness of the people of Salt Lake City and to the efficient management of Mr. Whitney and Mr. Graham.

The appreciation of the Ogden choir for the fine testimonial was shown in the presentation of a magnificent program, with the assistance of Miss Emma Lucy Gates, Utah's noted prima donna; Prof. John J. McClellan, the Salt Lake tabernacle organist; Miss Romania Hyde, violinist; Horace S. Ensign, baritone, and W. R. Worley, tenor. The singers were in their official concert attire and presented a charming and dignified picture, the ladies being dressed in white and the men in full dress suits. Sam F. Whitaker, presided at the console of the big organ, for the choral numbers and rendered the choir fine service, while Mr. McClellan, in addition to his solo work on the organ, acted as piano accompanist for the solosists. Professor Ballantyne directed his big chorus in a manner that made their singing an inspiration and every number was received with prolonged applause.

On the night of June 29, a similar testimonial was given the choir in

Ogden, and on the following night in Brigham City. Both were attended by capacity audiences and the choir was assisted at Ogden by Miss Gates, Mr. McClellan, Mr. Leon Hoffmeister and a number of its own solists; and at Brigham City by the same artists, with the exception of Mr. McClellan, whose place as piano accompanist was ably taken by Prof. Edward P. Kimball of Salt Lake.

The date set for the departure of the Ogden Tabernacle choir for the Pacific coast was Wednesday, July 14th, and for several rehearsal nights prior, the singers were in a joyous mood of anticipation. Mr. Larson of the Ogden Publicity Bureau departed for the coast as advance agent on July 21, after previously sending a great quantity of advertising matter on ahead. The official title of the choir in all of the billing was "The 'Mormon' Tabernacle Choir of Ogden, Utah." Upon his arrival at San Diego, he arranged for the housing of the singers at the Yale, Albany, San Diego and Lubin hotels, the use of the four being made necessary through the fact that hundreds of delegates to the National Elks convention would be in the city at the same time. In Los Angeles, quarters at the Alexandria hotel were secured and in San Francisco, at the Fielding, a 20-minute ride from the exposition grounds.

The official itinerary was shortly afterward announced to the singers as follows: leave Ogden on a 12 car special train, including 2 diners, 1 parlor observation car, 1 baggage car with a special attendant, and 7 standard pullman sleepers; via the Oregon Short Line, at 5 p. m., Wednesday July 14th; arriving in Salt Lake City an hour later and transferring to the Salt Lake Route for the trip to Los Angeles. The arrival at San Bernardino, was scheduled for 5 p. m., July 15th. Here the singers were to remain until 10 p. m., at the disposal of the San Bernardino Chamber of Commerce. Leaving San Bernardino at



JOSEPH BALLANTYNE,  
Director Ogden Tabernacle Choir.

that hour, the special was to proceed to Los Angeles and to be transferred during the night to the Santa Fe. The arrival at San Diego was set for 10 o'clock the next morning and concerts were to be given there on the next three evenings. As before mentioned, these were to be followed by concerts at the Trinity Church in Los Angeles on the nights of the 19th and 20th and at Festival hall, in the exposition grounds in San Francisco on the nights of the 21, 22, 23 and 24, in addition to special service to the state on Utah Day.

The special was to be transferred at Los Angeles on the return trip, from the Santa Fe to the Southern Pacific and the trip to San Francisco and home via that railroad.

Special train and hotel rules were announced by President Willard Scowcroft, Director Ballantyne and Man-



ager Ross, to be followed out by the choir members for their own benefit and the credit of their Church and state and these were received with entire good will. A captain was appointed for each car and the occupants of the car were also to be under his care at the California hotels. Tentative plans for a number of special outings for the choir as a body were also spoken of by the officers, it being thought that the time given over to pleasure on the coast could be utilized to the best advantage for all, in this way.

The start was made as scheduled, with the following officers and members of the choir, soloists and several wives and husbands of members on board the big special:

Officers, Williard Scowcroft, president; Joseph Ballantyne, director; Charles J. Ross, manager; Sam F. Whitaker, organist; Miss Annis Brown, secretary; Alonzo West, librarian and press agent; soloists, Emma Lucy Gates, soprano; John J. McClellan, organist; Leon Hoffmeister, baritone; W. R. Worley, tenor:

Members:

Soprano Division—Anna May Hunter, Verna Rhees, Leona Brown, Mrs. Agnes Warner, Mrs. Carl Allison, Eva Rose, Norma Taylor, Josephine Herrick, Mrs. David Foulger, Grace Taylor, Mrs. Emma Schmidt, Lois Fife, Vera Shupe, Mrs. Myrtle B. Higley, Mary Bell, Nondus Brown, Elea M. Folkman, Minnie Brown, Mrs. Harold Tribe, Mrs. Mary Jones, Mrs. Roy L. Tribe, Mrs. Mary Farley, Olive Lundquist, Ethel Lane, Verna Rhodes, Mrs. Ellen J. Stevens, Pauline Christensen, Mrs. Leonora Debbendener, Myrtle Unsworth, Maggie Sanders, Della Tracy, Mrs. Will Howell, Melba Read, Mrs. Ed. Phillips, Lucile Williams, Myrtle Colvin, Jennie Lynberg, Mrs. Oscar I. Read, Bertha Owens, Mrs. Phebe W. Farley, Katie Blyth, Mrs. L. H. Saville, Florence Fisher, Florence Brown, Mrs. Blanche Moore, Mrs. R. W. Wells, Clara Brough, Lil-

lian Scott, Mrs. Mary A. Scharer, Lizzie Blair, Frances Smyth, Edna Ludington, Mrs. Pearl H. Lochhead, Hazel Jackson, Mrs. Isaac Blair, Gladys B. Ballantyne, Hazel Mohlman, Alma Little, Mrs. Emily Maddock, Mabel Bramwell, Mrs. Sarah West, Bessie Blair, Mrs. Bessie W. Millard, Pearl Frost, Darle Dean.



CHARLES J. ROSS,

Secretary and Manager Ogden Tabernacle Choir.

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### Helping Each Other.

In mountain climbing, the members of the party are fastened together with a long rope, with the guide at the head. If one slips, the others brace themselves and save him from a fall which might mean death. If one of the climbers tires and proves unequal to the harder places, the stronger ones can help him along, or even lift him bodily over the rough or dangerous spots. All unite to save the strength of the weakest, to keep him with them and enable him to reach the coveted heights when they do.

How like life it is! We are all trying for the heights in some way. We all want to amount to something, to do something worth while. For we know that we are not here to do nothing.

Yet some of us are weak and some strong. And to the weaker ones the helping hand of the strong is like the saving, sustaining rope of the mountain climbers. Those who are strong can save the weak from many a fall and hurt, perhaps from destruction, by being watchful and kindly and ready to help them over the hard places.

At the head is a Divine Guide, strong, alert, ready to draw us upward, to save us from harm and danger, to help us to do the best that is in us. With the tie of love and service binding us to each other and to Him, we can be sure that our lives will all count for good, and that we will reach the mountain tops in safety.



## The American Osprey.

By Claude T. Barnes.

Co-author of "Western Natural Resources," "Forest Groves and Canyon Streams," etc.

Sweet-scented balsams filled the air with a bracing freshness and purity; here and there water lilies adorned the broad, noiseless stream; while many flowers, such as crimson paint brushes, deep blue fringed gentians, and lavender lupines gave an indescribable charm to the grassy, pine-studded embankment. I paused to examine the deep holes that appeared in fours clear to the top of a tall, dead tree and wondered at the power of a

bear that could sink his claws more than an inch at every grasp; and then, from the upper branches of a neighboring pine, there came a sharp, loud scream. I turned and saw two birds over a foot and a half long, brown above, white below; and was pleased to find that I had come upon the nest of the osprey. As I looked into the stream and discovered a continuous shoal of Rocky Mountain herrings (*Coregonus williamsoni*) I was not



surprised that the fish hawks had chosen this delightful spot as their summer habitation.

Go where you will on the North American continent you may find the osprey about the lakes and larger streams, ever vigilant for fish, always interesting about its conspicuous nest. It is a bird of our summer months; for, when the first glassy ice creeps over the lake and river, even the strong talons of the fish hawk must give up and clutch fish elsewhere. From this fact we may truly surmise that rodents and small mammals on land are seldom if ever disturbed by this champion fisherman; but the same may not be said of the alert robber that inconsiderately steals the osprey's dinner, the bald eagle, for he changes from fish to rabbit with perfect satisfaction.

Of the genus *Pandion*, the osprey is the sole representative in North America; a single species inhabits the northern hemisphere of the old world, and a third similar bird is found in far away Australia. A striking characteristic of all three is the length of the claws, the posterior outer and inner claws of our bird measuring actually 1.20 inches. Thus, unlike the belted kingfisher, which catches fish with its bill, the fish hawk clutches with its claws. Nature seems to perfect every bird and animal according to the use it makes of its various parts; and in fact the same rigid physical law applies to man. The talons of the osprey cannot be excelled for their purpose; they are not only exceedingly long and sharp, but also narrow on their under side and round and smooth. Moreover, the toes that hold them are all perfectly free.

Few more interesting sights than the plunge of the osprey add their part to the charm of the wildwood. Circling over its favorite stream with ever-watchful eye, the bird suddenly stops in midair, hovers for a second, close its wings and drops with unerring accuracy upon the fish which its

eye had caught swimming near the surface. The sharp claws are sunk deep into the prey, and if perchance the struggling fish is sideways or tail foremost it is rapidly adjusted, as the bird rises, so that its head points straight ahead of the hawk's flight. If a small fish it is swallowed while the bird is awing, but if a large one it is carried to a favorite stump or tree and its bones soon strewn among many more on the ground beneath.

Not always does the feat so happily end; for frequently the bald eagle is courasing above in anticipation of the event. Seeing the osprey rise with its wriggling victim, it straightway gives chase, and rapidly overtaking the fish hawk it so pesters the latter that it is forced to drop the fish and escape. Several times in the same day the robbery may be repeated until, exasperated beyond further endurance, the osprey assembles several of its kind and drives the tyrant from the scene.

A bird so elert and strong as the fish hawk could readily supply its larder with choice birds and small animals; but not only does it refrain from this habit, but also actually permits small birds to build their nests among the sticks of its own mammoth home. If undisturbed, the birds, which pair for life, return year after year, each time adding sticks, brush and rubbish to their nest until the whole may eventually attain a height of five feet and width of three! It may be placed at the top of a dead pine tree right beside a roadway, or an inaccessible cliff, on deserted buildings, at the top of a telegraph pole or even on the ground. Usually three young hawks are hatched in the protection of which the male is so daring that he will not hesitate to attack an intruder. This confidence in the power of his talons probably accounts for the conspicuous site of the nests.

Ospreys are very sociable birds, whole colonies congregating in places where suckers and other suitable fish are plentiful. Not only do they mate

for life but also, as Wilson relates, if one lose a leg the other considerably supplies its spouse with bounteous food. Sometimes in a colony, all of the members assist in the building of

a new nest, as if at a wedding. Can we well afford to destroy a bird that selects the fish we usually do not care for and plays its part in the ensemble of the wood's charm?

## Talks on Thrift.

By T. D. MacGregor.

### NO. XV. A MESSAGE TO SALARIED MEN.

"Systematically laying aside a portion of our earnings, during prosperous times, for a less fortunate day, is as ancient in principle, as it is desirable."—Franklin Pierce.

This conversation between an executive and a subordinate asking for more pay is recorded in *The Saturday Evening Post*:

"Own your home?"

"No."

"Any investments?"

"Never been able to make any—salary too small."

"If you can't manage such things for yourself, how can you for the house?"

A word to the wise is sufficient.

As far as saving and making money is concerned, there are two kinds of people in this world—those who are always getting ready to do something, and those who go ahead and do it.

The average salaried man's problem is a hard one. He must adjust his living expenses very closely to his income.

He has a "fixed use" for every penny that comes into his hands.

Each year his salary may be increased a few dollars, but these few dollars quickly find themselves "fixed" among the expenditures.

He still lacks a surplus.

Of course this system is wrong!

We all know that. But the question is how can the system be changed? How can the average salaried man "get ahead" without uncomfortably changing his way of living?

There is a way. Not a mere theory,

but a real way that other salaried men are now using successfully.

You can save a dollar or two a week if you assume an obligation to put this aside in a savings bank account. You can adjust this amount to your cost of living and never miss it. You will not inconvenience yourself. All that is necessary is to agree with yourself that your savings account deposit will be a "fixed charge" the same as your rent or your tradesmen's bills or your insurance premiums, all of which you manage to meet because you plan for them in advance.

Will you do it?

### NO. XVII. HOUSEHOLD EFFICIENCY.

"The woman who can save money wins masculine respect and feminine envy."—Mrs. Carey.

"The same methods which are used in a modern factory to eliminate false motions and waste of energy can and should be applied to the kitchen by the housewife," said Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, Professor of Home Economics at Cornell University, in a recent talk on "Household Efficiency." She said that if the majority of the homes were presided over by wives who were simply pleasure-loving parasites, wasting the earnings of their husbands, the consequence would be that their sons, the future law-makers, would not be frugal in their expenditure of public money.

"Household efficiency," said Professor Van Rensselaer, "does not mean that a woman must skimp in the



kitchen. She should so manage that by applying a little reasoning power, eliminating waste here and a useless motion there, she can obtain the best results with the least possible outlay of time, money and energy."

Woman's work ought to be estimated in money the same as a man's. Women are earners and in reality have saved more money per capita than men, because it is in the home where there are the greatest possibilities of saving.

Where yearly incomes average from \$1,500 to \$1,800, 80 per cent of that income usually is spent for food, clothing and shelter. Since the woman is the one who does the spending, she should be able to spend wisely and obtain the greatest possible value for the least possible outlay.

Housewife, are you conducting your household along lines of true economy? Or are you making your family go without certain nutritious foods because the prices are high, while at the same time throwing away more than enough good food to offset the amount you think you are saving?

A recent number of "The Ladies' Home Journal" contained a good article by Mrs. Christine Frederick on how to arrange a family expense budget under the seven headings of:

Shelter, Food, Clothing, Operating Expenses, Savings, Luxuries and Advancement.

There is no universal answer to the question of how the income should be distributed in these various divisions because the apportionment depends upon the size of income and the number in the family; the taste and education; the locality; the occupation or social standing. However, it is suggested that in incomes of \$1,200 or \$1,600 a year or thereabouts the proportion should be: Shelter, 23 per cent; luxuries, 4 per cent; advancement, 6 per cent.

Many persons spend nearer 10 per cent than 4 per cent for luxuries, and more important things suffer, including the savings account.

The advantages of keeping household accounts include:

The ability to see at a glance all items of expense.

Makes possible a comparison of items to see where greater economy can be practiced.

Any one item can be compared with the whole budget, thus showing its relative importance and giving further help towards wise spending and saving.

#### A WARNING.

I was made to be eaten, not to be drank,  
To be threshed in a barn, not soaked in  
a tank,

I came as a blessing when put in the mill,  
As a blight and a curse when run through  
a still.

Make me up into loaves and your chil-  
dren are fed:

But made into drink, I will starve them  
instead.

In bread I'm a servant, the eater shall  
rule,

In drink I'm a master, the drinker a fool.  
Then remember my warning; my strength

I'll employ,

If eaten to strengthen, if drunk, to de-  
stroy.

—P. E. Alven.



SECOND INTERMEDIATE CLASS OF SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

Though we are far from the land of Zion, yet we have a fully organized Sunday School. We are adhering as closely as possible to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and find it of untold value to us. It is ever welcome and one hundred per cent of the children in this Department have access to it.

We have had excellent attendance and attention in this class, though we are working to a great disadvantage due to some of the pupils living so far away. One of the boys lives fourteen miles from our place of worship; yet, during the months of July, August and September, he was neither tardy nor absent. He walks about two and one-half miles and then takes the train. Others of the class come by train, but not so far.

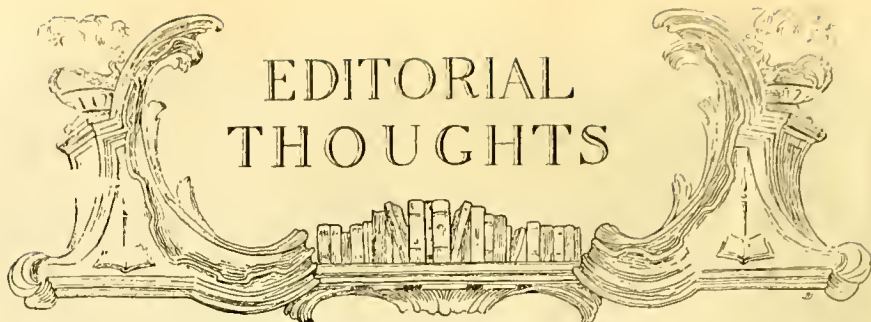
The war is interfering somewhat with our missionary work, especially in the sale of literature; but this is greatly overcome by the increase in Gospel Conversations.

The effects of a drouth and the war are manifest by many of the bread earners being either out of work or on half pay; and the enormous advance in the price of food, is causing much suffering among the working class.

In the past four months flour has advanced fifty per cent or five pounds five shillings (approximately \$26.00) per ton.

Many of the people, unable to pay house rent, have been turned out into the streets and are seeking refuge in the stock sheds on the show grounds.

It is costing the Elders more to live now, but still the Lord is blessing us as we are all enjoying good health and meeting with fair success in our work.



# EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

## THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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SALT LAKE CITY, - AUGUST, 1915

## The Word of Wisdom.

One of our subscribers, a member of the Parents' Class in Sublett, Idaho, asks the following questions on the Word of Wisdom:

"What is included in the Word of Wisdom? Does it mean just what is mentioned in Doc. & Cov., 89, or does it include anything that is injurious to one's health, such as over-eating, over-working, or the taking of too little sleep?"

The Word of Wisdom is the name of a particular revelation given to the Prophet Joseph at Kirtland, Ohio, Feb. 27, 1833. It is the will of God relating to the "temporal salvation of all Saints in the last days." It includes among other suggestions,

1. Things forbidden to the use of man;
2. Things ordained for the use of man; and
3. Blessings following obedience to this revelation.

The things specifically forbidden are, wines, strong drinks, whiskey, including all intoxicating liquors and beverages; tobacco, and hot drinks.

Just what beverages are excluded from use by the term "hot drinks," is not stated, but we may conclude that it means just what it says and refers to all hot drinks. However, we do know that tea and coffee are both included. Hyrum Smith, the Patriarch, said in 1843, "There are many who wonder what this (hot drinks) can mean, whether it refers to tea or coffee, or not. I say it does refer to tea and coffee."

Now, when a man says he observes the Word of Wisdom, it is understood that he refrains from using alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and tea and coffee, and that he eats meat sparingly. He may be unwise in other ways, and injure his health by not acting the part of wisdom, but a man may over-work, or take too little sleep, and still keep the "Word of Wisdom."

### Get in Step.

During the last semi-annual conference I was walking along the main



street of Salt Lake City, and became interested in the struggling masses of humanity traveling in opposite directions. There was a ceaseless line of pedestrians going down on the right and another surging crowd coming up on the left of the walk. I noticed one man struggling down the left side against the tide of humanity pressing in the opposite direction. He bumped against the pedestrians. He swore at the knocks he received. He evidently did not even think of turning to the right and going with the tide. So he made little headway, and all he got was knocks. He was ill-tempered and thought everyone was in his way, when in fact he was in everybody else's way. I thought, how like many men in social and business life: they run contrarywise. They complain of knocks brought about by their own perverseness and go through life soured by circumstances which a little thoughtful tact might have changed entirely. This does not mean that one should always go with the tide, for that would mean at times a sacrifice of purpose; but one

ought not always to go against it. If he has to do this he should learn to "tack."—G. D. P.

### Cheerfulness.

A bright, happy manner is an excellent virtue. It is essential for harmony and peace in home life, causing things to run smoothly and pleasantly. It keeps the heart young and is a panacea for most ills. Its influence for good is boundless. It imparts joy to the joyless, hope to the hopeless, and comfort to the comfortless. It is as sunshine along the pathway of life—cheering and refreshing to all.

Those who are endowed with this attractive gift are welcome everywhere, because they have that which money cannot buy—a genial, helpful, cheerful disposition, which makes their society a pleasure in life.

'Tis gentle good humor that makes  
life so sweet,  
And picks up the flowerets that garnish  
our feet.

—Henry Lee.

### Faith.

Oh, Faith divine—be ever mine,  
For as the scripture saith,  
Without that trusting power of thine  
God is not pleased, oh Faith.  
But with thine aid, we're undismayed,  
We onward, upward press;  
With thee our shield, all things will yield  
To truth and righteousness.

Thou art the mainspring of our lives,  
First of that glorious three,  
That o'er cold unbelief survives—  
Faith, Hope and Charity.  
For by thy overwhelming power  
This great, wide world was made,  
And lion's mouths ceased to devour;  
Fire's violence was stayed.

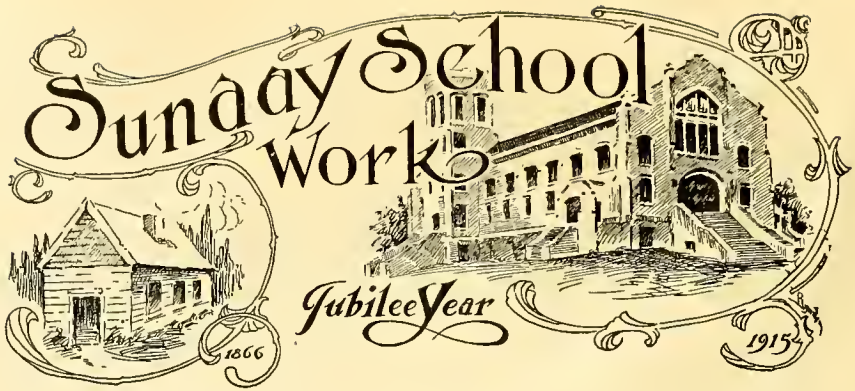
When Israel's armies stood affright  
Before their enemy,  
The power that put their foes to flight  
Can be ascribed to thee.  
We gaze into the firmament,  
Myriads of stars appear;  
We stand aghast in wonderment,  
They seem so far, so near.

And all this mighty host, they claim,  
Receives light from the sun,  
And God, through Faith, calls each by  
name,  
And counts them, one by one.  
We doubt not thy divinity,  
Thy help in hours of prayer,  
Thou source of all activity  
That drives away despair.

Oh, what a weary world 'twould be  
If faith were not its guest,  
All would be doubt, uncertainty,  
Perplexity, unrest;  
But with bright faith's inspiring gleam,  
Hope comes, good words to tell;  
And charity's sweet face is seen  
And whispers, all is well.

Stay with us, stay  
On earth below,  
Let naught our union sever;  
It mattereth not how much we know,  
We'll need thee, faith, forever!

—S. S. J.  
Provo.



## Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards.*

### SACRAMENT GEM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1915.

(Deseret Sunday School Songs, No. 281.)

Again we meet around the board  
Of Jesus our redeeming Lord;  
With faith in His atoning blood,  
Our only access unto God.

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### CONCERT RECITATION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1915.

(Doctrine and Covenants 76:1-6.)

“Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth, and rejoice, ye inhabitants thereof, for the Lord is God, and beside Him there is no Savior.

“Great is His wisdom, marvelous are His ways, and the extent of His doings none can find out.

“His purposes fail not, neither are there any who can stay His hand.

“From eternity to eternity He is the same, and His years never fail.

“For thus saith the Lord, I, the Lord, am merciful and gracious unto those who fear me, and delight to honor those who serve me in righteousness and in truth unto the end.

“Great shall be their reward and eternal shall be their glory.”

## Parents' Department.

*Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter and E. G. Gowans.*

### Work for September.

For the regular lessons in September, we advise that the supervisors choose among the following subjects from *Parent and Child*, Vol. II.

1. The Public Schools.
2. Co-operation of Parents and Teachers.
3. The Home as a Help to the Schools.

Let the discussions be centered on such vital questions as these:

- (a) How can the public school be best made to serve parents as well as pupils?

Discuss here the advisability and practicability of night schools for parents, picture shows in the schools, educational lectures for home-makers, better school libraries and their freer use in the home, with other like topics.

Keep clear this thought: The school plant should serve the whole community. Parents, as well as pupils, are entitled to its benefits.

- (b) Appoint parents and teachers to open up the following topics:

1. The home that is most helpful to the teacher.
2. The thing I should like the teacher most to impress upon my child.
3. A sensible plan for patron-teacher meetings.
4. What one thing shall parents and teachers in co-operation work to achieve for the schools during the year?

### Calendar Subject: Labor Day.

For the Sunday nearest Labor Day—preferably the one just preceding it, plan a program the central thought of which shall be—"Every one a Worker." Let such topics as the following be assigned and discussed.

1. True service is man's glory.
2. To find one's work is to find joy.
3. The parent who does not train his child to work is not his child's friend.
4. The best way to bring up the child to love labor.

Add to the program poems and songs that extol labor. Make the day worth while.



PARENTS' CLASS, MANASSA WARD, SAN LUIS STAKE. \*  
Class Instructors, R. Haynie, Christian Jensen and Unice E. Dunn.



# Theological Department.

*Milton Bennion, Chairman; John M. Mills, Geo. H. Wallace, Edwin G. Woolley, Jr., and Elias Conway Ashton.*

## Lessons for September. First Year—The Life of Christ

[Prepared by Elder Milton Bennion.]

### Lesson 25. At the Feast of Tabernacles.

Text: St. John 7.

Reference for teachers: Sunday School Outlines, Jesus the Christ, Lesson 23, and any good Bible Encyclopedia.

The nature and significance of the Feast of Tabernacles should be made clear at the outset. If a Bible Encyclopedia is not available, an Oxford Bible may be used for this purpose. The fact of the celebration of this notable Jewish feast and Jesus' presence there are, however, incidental to the main purpose of the lesson. The meaning and importance of Jesus' teaching on this occasion should be the central theme. The following questions and topics for discussion are suggested as a means of developing this theme:

1. What two great principles are taught in verses 16-18?
2. Against what Jewish habit of thought does Jesus protest in verse 23?
3. Give illustrations of the meaning of verse 24.
4. Explain and illustrate the value of the principle contained in the question of Nicodemus (verse 51).

Discussion of the above topics should bring out the following points:

1. The truth of a religious principle is to be tested by obedience to it. In other words, knowledge is to be acquired through practice or experience. This is in agreement with the best thought of today. The other principle referred to in the question is stated in verse 18. In terms of the moral life this principle may be restated as follows: The good man speaks for a great cause and devotes his life to its advancement.
2. The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. The Pharisees and Scribes had killed the spirit of the Hebrew prophets and their religion by dwelling upon the mere technicalities of the law.
- 3 and 4. Students should give examples from their own experience and observation of the principles referred to in topics 3 and 4. The justice of the principles seems to be self-evident.

### Lesson 26. Sin and the Sinner.

Text: St. John 8.

References for teachers: Sunday School

Outlines, Jesus the Christ, Lesson 24.

Love for the sinner and forgiveness of his wrong doing should not be interpreted as approval of sin. A person may hate sin and yet love the sinner. Failure to understand this fact is responsible for much of the adverse criticism of the teachings of Jesus. The accusers of the woman referred to in the text indulged in sin themselves doubtless through love of it, but they would stone to death the sinner when they caught one, other than themselves.

Men are born free and equal in respect to their natural, legal, or civil rights; but in a much more fundamental sense they are "born unequal and acquire their freedom," if they ever get it. Moral freedom is acquired through obedience to moral law. The license that sometimes passes under the name of freedom leads to bondage and death.

The truth in regard to the most vital concerns of life is known fully only by living it, and to live it is to be free. This is the only kind of freedom that has real value.

These general principles should be developed by questions that class members can answer from their own experience.

### Lesson 27. Eyes That See Not.

Text: St. John 9.

References for teachers: Sunday School Outlines, Jesus the Christ, Lesson 25.

1. What prejudice is manifest in the question, "Who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?"
2. Give examples of afflictions that are the result of wrong doing or ignorance (a) on the part of the afflicted one, (b) on the part of his parents, (c) on the part of neither.
3. What do you find in this text that shows again the tendency to unduly emphasize the letter of the law?
4. What sort of blindness is attributed to the Pharisees who objected to Christ's healing the blind on the Sabbath day?
5. What did Jesus mean when He said, "If ye were blind, ye should have no sin?" Or, to put the question otherwise, What kind of seeing is related to sin?

Questions such as those above should be assigned to all the class in advance that they may be studied in connection with the reading of the text.

### Third Year—Church History

[Prepared by John Henry Evans.]

In this month's article are given some incidents from the life of a man in our own time, the reading or telling of which to the class on testimony day should inspire testimonies in the class. They are taken from the "Life of President Wilford Woodruff," but illustrate various classes of incidents.

#### PRAYERS ANSWERED.

After Wilford Woodruff received the Gospel, he felt an intense desire to deliver in turn the same message that had brought him such joy, such assurance, such satisfaction in the service of the Master. The message that came to him was the most glorious event of his life, and it is quite natural that he should wish to be a messenger of the same divine truth to others. The talents with which he had been endowed by his Maker awakened within him those hopes, aspirations, and ambitions that were in harmony with those gifts which were peculiar to the man. His talents made him pre-eminently a messenger of salvation to the world. It is no wonder that he was prompted by a heartfelt desire to bestow upon others that which had come with such joy and with such abundance to him.

He wanted to go on a mission, but felt that he should be called, and he sincerely believed that the Lord would prompt those whose duty it was to bestow upon him such an honor, such a privilege. He retired to the woods in prayer. There upon his knees in humility and childlike simplicity, he told the Lord his wishes and his hopes. He asked Him, if it was within His holy will, that the way might be opened for him to preach the Gospel in the world. "Before I arose from my knees," he says, "the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me, and bore witness that my prayer was heard and should be answered upon my head. I arose very happy and walked through thick woods about forty rods into an open road. As I entered the roadway, I met Judge Elias Higbee. Brother Higbee was a high priest and a very faithful man, one of the noblest men of God in the last days. I had associated with him daily, but never mentioned to him my desire to preach the Gospel. To my surprise, as soon as I approached him he said: "Brother Woodruff, the Spirit of the Lord tells me that you should be ordained to go and preach the Gospel."

A few days later, on the 5th of Novem-

ber, 1834, by vote of the branch of the Church at Adam-ondi-Ahman, Wilford Woodruff was ordained a priest by Simon Carter who also ordained Stephen Winchester and Heman Hyde at the same meeting. He received his license and by appointment of Bishop Partridge was assigned to Arkansas and Tennessee. In eight days he left to perform his mission, to be one of the very foremost in introducing the Gospel into the Southern States—a section of the Union where, since then, so many thousands have received the Gospel and have been gathered to Zion. His faith had been great. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon him and his prayers were promptly answered.—Life of Wilford Woodruff, pp. 46, 47.

#### GIFT OF DISCERNMENT.

"On the 27th of March I arrived at Memphis, weary and hungry. I went to the best tavern in the place kept by Mr. Josiah Jackson. I told him I was a stranger and had no money, and asked him if he would keep me over night. He inquired what my business was and I told him I was a preacher of the Gospel. He laughed and said that I did not look much like a preacher. I did not blame him, as most of the preachers he ever had been acquainted with rode on fine horses or in fine carriages, dressed in broadcloth, had large salaries and would likely see this whole world sink to perdition before they would wade through one hundred and seventy miles of mud to save the people.

"The landlord wanted a little fun, so said he would keep me if I would preach. I must confess that by this time I became a little mischievous, and pleaded with him not to set me preaching. The more I pleaded to be excused the more determined Mr. Jackson was that I should preach. He took my valise, and the landlady got me a good supper. I sat down in a large hall to eat. Before I got through, the room began to be filled by some of the rich and fashionable people of Memphis, dressed in their broadcloth and silk, while my appearance was such as you can imagine after traveling through the mud as I had done. When I finished eating, the table was carried out of the room, over the heads of the people. I was placed in the corner of the room, with a stand having a Bible, hymn book, and candle on it, hemmed in by a dozen men, with the landlord in the center. There were present some five hundred persons, who had come together, not to hear a Gospel sermon, but to have some fun. I read a hymn and asked them to sing. Not a soul would

sing a word. I told them I had not the gift of singing; but with the help of the Lord, I would both pray and preach. I knelt down to pray, and the men around me dropped on their knees. I prayed to the Lord to give me His Spirit and to show me the hearts of the people. I promised the Lord, in my prayer, that I would deliver to that congregation whatever He would give to me. I arose and spoke one hour and a half, and it was one of the best sermons of my life. The lives of the congregation were open to the vision of my mind, and I told them of their wicked deeds and the reward they would obtain. The men who surrounded me dropped their heads. Three minutes after I ceased I was the only person in the room.

"Soon I was shown to a bed, in a room adjoining a large one in which were assembled many of the men whom I had been preaching to. I could hear their conversation. One man said he would like to know how that "Mormon" boy knew of their past lives. In a little while they got to disputing about some doctrinal point. One suggested calling me to decide the point. The landlord said: 'No; we have had enough for once.' In the morning, I had a good breakfast. The landlord said if I came that way again to stop at his house, and stay as long as I might choose."—*Life of Wilford Woodruff*, pp. 55, 56.

#### SPIRIT OF REVELATION.

"In 1848, after my return to Winter Quarters from our pioneer journey, I was appointed by the Presidency of the Church to take my family and go to Boston, to gather up the remnant of the Saints and lead them to the valleys of the mountains.

"While on my way east I put my carriage into the yard of one of the brethren in Indiana, and Brother Orson Hyde set his wagon by the side of mine, and not more than two feet from it.

"Dominicus Carter, of Provo, and my wife and four children were with me. My wife, one child and I went to bed in the carriage, the rest sleeping in the house.

"I had been in bed but a short time, when a voice said to me, 'Get up, and move your carriage.'

"It was not thunder, lightning nor an earthquake, but the still, small voice of the Spirit of God—the Holy Ghost.

"I told my wife I must get up and move my carriage. She asked: 'What for?'

"I told her I did not know, only the Spirit told me to do it.

"I got up, and moved my carriage several rods, and set it by the side of the house.

"As I was returning to bed, the same Spirit said to me, 'Go and move your mules away from that oak tree,' which was about one hundred yards north of our carriage.

"I moved them to a young hickory grove and tied them up. I then went to bed.

"In thirty minutes a whirlwind caught the tree to which my mules had been fastened, broke it off near the ground and carried it one hundred yards, sweeping away two fences in its course, and laid it prostrate through that yard where my carriage stood, and the top limbs hit my carriage as it was.

"In the morning I measured the trunk of the tree which fell where my carriage had stood and I found it to be five feet in circumference. It came within a foot of Brother Hyde's wagon, but did not touch it.

"Thus by obeying the revelation of the Spirit of God to me I saved my life, the lives of my wife and child, as well as my animals.

"In the morning I went on my way rejoicing.

\* \* \* \* \*

"While returning to Utah in 1850, with a large company of Saints from Boston and the east, on my arrival at Pittsburg, I engaged a passage for myself and company on a steamer to St. Louis. But no sooner had I engaged the passage than the Spirit said to me, 'Go not on board of that steamer, neither you nor your company.'

"I obeyed the revelation to me, and I did not go on board, but took another steamer.

"The first steamer started at dark, with two hundred passengers on board. When five miles down the Ohio river it took fire and burned the tiller ropes, so that the vessel could not reach the shore, and the lives of nearly all on board were lost either by fire or water. We arrived in safety at our destination, by obeying the revelation of the Spirit of God to us.

"In another instance, after attending a large annual conference in Salt Lake City, and having a good deal of business to attend to, I was somewhat weary, and at the close of the conference I thought I would repair to my home and have a rest.

"As I went into the yard the Spirit said to me, 'Take your team and go to the farm,' which is some three miles south of the Tabernacle.

"As I was hitching the horse to the



wagon Mrs. Woodruff asked where I was going.

"I said, 'To the farm.'

"'What for?' she asked.

"'I do not know,' I replied but when I arrived there I found out.

"The creek had overflowed, broken through my ditch, surrounded my home, and filled my barnyard and pig pen. My wife was wading in the water, trying to turn it from the lot, to save the home and family.

"Through my own exertions I soon turned it and prevented much damage that might have occurred had I not obeyed the voice of the Spirit.

"This same Spirit of revelation has been manifested to many of my brethren in their labors in the kingdom of God, one of which I will here name.

"Elder Charles C. Rich was going from

Sacramento to San Bernardino with a company of brethren. He had in his possession a large amount of money to make payment on their land purchase. This was known to some road agents in the vicinity, who gathered a company of robbers and went on ahead of Brother Rich and lay in ambush, intending to kill the 'Mormons' and rob them of their money.

"Before reaching the company of robbers Brother Rich came to a by-path or trail. The Spirit then told him to take that path.

"The brethren with him marveled at his course, not knowing that enemies awaited them, but they arrived in safety at San Bernardino with their lives and money, while the robbers wondered why their prey did not come."—Leaves from My Journal, pp. 95-98.

## Second Intermediate Department.

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### First Year—Church History

[Prepared by Levi Edgar Young.]

#### CHAPTER IX. FLIGHT INTO THE GREAT WEST—THE MOVE FROM NAUVOO.

This chapter deals with three subjects: (1) The abandonment of Nauvoo and the march of the Saints through Iowa; (2) The call of the "Mormon" Battalion and the lesson of the Battalion; (3) The establishment of Winter Quarters on the Missouri River.

Any history of the Church is good for reference, but I call the teacher's attention especially to James A. Little's, "From Kirtland to Salt Lake City," which gives much source material for the last days at Nauvoo and the general move westward. Many good stories can be obtained from pioneers and others concerning the History of the Church from the days of Nauvoo to the present. The teacher should encourage the pupils to obtain interviews with pioneers and to have pioneers talk to the pupils at the regular session of the class. There is hardly a town or city in Utah, or wherever the Saints have settled in the West, but what has some pioneers, who are ever ready to tell their experiences and to indicate their faith in the Gospel. Make use of these good people while they live. Have the pupils make note of their stories. Then, too, obtain, if possible, all the old records or journals that is possible. The boys and girls will be able to bring many of these to the class at times. In one Sunday School not long ago, seven old journals were brought into the class and studied. They were of interest to the boys and girls, for they contained the stories of pioneer life in the original form. Then, too, you will be able at times to get hold of ward records, etc. They often contain much good information on the life struggles of pioneer days.

**Lesson 27. Sunday, August 29.**

In the outline for August, the fifth or last Sunday was not provided for. For this day, I suggest that you assign some special review topics to the pupils for preparation, and let them give the topics before the class. Here is a list of good subjects:

Boyhood of Joseph Smith.

The great interest in Religion in early part of 19th Century.

How the Book of Mormon was obtained.

Sketch of the History of Kirtland.

The First Missionaries to the Indians. "Zion's Camp."

Why the Saints Became good Farmers.

An Explanation of what the "Doctrine and Covenants" is.

Why Nauvoo Became a Beautiful City.

Its government, schools, homes, etc.

Or let each one of the pupils choose a topic and recite on it after careful preparation.

**Work for September.****Lesson 28.****Outline.**

- I. The last days at Nauvoo.
  - (a) Brigham Young succeeds the Prophet Joseph Smith, because he was President of the Twelve Apostles.
  - (b) Preparations to move westward.
  - (c) Completion of Nauvoo Temple.
- II. Saints cross the Mississippi in the winter of 1846. Hardships of the winter. From 12,000 to 15,000 people on the march.
- III. The different camps.
  - (a) Garden Grove.
  - (b) Mt. Pisgah.
  - (c) Why camps were established.
  - (d) Life in these camps.
- IV. Saints reach Kanesville and Winter Quarters.
- V. The Saints make a road through Iowa.

Brigham Young succeeded Joseph Smith as head of the Church, and it was he who now was the directing personality in the future movements of the Saints. He was not formally sustained as President of the Church, however, until his return from the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, in 1847, to Winter Quarters. It was Brigham Young who now directed the Saints both as prophet and as colonizer. The Saints were compelled to give up their homes in Illinois; Nauvoo

was abandoned. As we have pointed out the Saints had become a great and united people. They had become great, not only because of the lives of the men who had led the people, but because of the deeds and high ideals of all who had understood the message of their prophet leader. They had solved many problems; fought many evils; and realizing that they held in their hands the fate of the coming years, they faced the future with wisdom and strength, with hope and faith. They had been perfected in virtue and efficiency. Their courage was equal to all of their difficulties. Their history shows us that they were American in heart and soul; that they were Christians in spirit and action.

The winter of 1844-45 found the Saints very busy preparing to leave their homes. After the martyrdom of the Prophet and his brother Hyrum, mob spirit was rampant in all the communities where the Saints had settled. Houses were burned, the Saints were threatened, and hundreds in the rural districts fled to Nauvoo. The "Mormon" people well understood again that a new home must be found elsewhere. But they never despaired. Could one have looked into a typical "Mormon" home in the Autumn and Winter of 1844-45, one would have seen the women making tents and wagon covers, stockings and bed clothes; and the men busy preparing timber for wagons and gathering all kinds of old iron for horseshoes and wagon tires. They began collecting wheat, corn, bacon, and potatoes, and exchanging their lands as far as possible for cattle, horses, and wagons. Yet the people realized little for their holdings, and in most instances, the farms were literally abandoned for which they never realized a cent. Mrs. Jane Young says of that time:

"I remember my husband Joseph coming in one night and telling us that the promise had been made by Brother Brigham that we should all leave the State of Illinois. 'But where are we to go?' I asked. His only reply was: 'I do not know. We must trust all to God.' That night Joseph wept as if his heart would break. But after a fervent prayer to God, he sat down before a tallow-dip, and wrote to his brother Lorenzo urging him to get all the brothers of the household together, that they might be united firmly in the work which was required of them by the Lord. We said nothing to the children, but little Addie cried all night long, and, in the morning, only the kind hopeful words of father would comfort her. We worked hard that winter. We suffered often for want of fuel; we did

not always have plenty of food. Yet father's trust in God was beautiful."

You may read a very pretty description of those trying times in the Autobiography of Christopher Layton edited by Elder John Q. Cannon. He says:

"After my wife's death in September, I went to see about the grain I had left stored at La Harpe, and while there a mob broke out. I was riding a fine mare noted for her racing qualities, and I started back toward Nauvoo. Some of the mobbers seeing me came after me, but I encouraged my mare to try her speed and we soon left them behind.

\* \* \* These were busy and sad times. Hundreds were making tents and wagon covers and packing preparatory to leaving their homes; companies were organized and numbered, each with its wagon shop, wheelwrights, carpenters, etc., and all were busily employed. It was intended that each family of five persons should have 1 good wagon; 3 yoke of cattle; 2 cows; 3 sheep; 1,000 lbs. flour; 20 lbs. of sugar; 1 rifle with ammunition; 1 tent and poles; from 10 to 20 lbs. of seeds; 25 to 100 lbs. farming tools, bedding, and cooking utensils. But many a family were driven out with almost nothing.

"I came out of Nauvoo with the first company of exiles, my team pulling the little cannon called the 'Old Sow.' We crossed the Mississippi River on the ice on February 6, 1846. That night we camped in the snow, sleeping in our wagons, and before morning, there were nine new babies in camp."

In October, 1845, the Nauvoo Temple was completed, and though it was to be used for a very short time, it was an expression of the religious zeal of the Saints, and was an index of what some of their work was to be in the future. In the future, temples were to be built to their God.

When the Saints expressed a willingness to leave Illinois and Nauvoo, Brigham Young promised their persecutors that they would depart "as soon as the grass would grow and the water run." They asked the citizens of Illinois to help them sell their lands and belongings, "thus enabling them to secure means to assist the widows, orphans, and poor to move on with the rest. They begged not to be subjected to mob violence and house-burnings and other depredations while they remained." They set about to do everything possible to appease their persecutors.

"Early in the month of February, 1846, the Twelve Apostles with about two thousand followers, were ferried across the broad Mississippi: wagons and teams in

flat boats and persons in smaller craft. After the 16th of February, owing to a sudden change of temperature, the emigrants could cross the river on the ice. Landing in Iowa, they pushed on about nine miles and pitched camp in the snow, on Sugar Creek, in Lee County. Here the company remained two or three weeks, daily receiving accessions, while snow fell heavily. The thermometer dropped 20 degrees below zero, and supplies grew scarcer."

Thousands left Illinois for the wilderness. Many were destitute. All were poor. Brigham Young directed everything. On the 1st of March, the refugees took up the line of march in five hundred wagons: "without confusion, without hurrying or even discord, their long trains rolled by him, while he comforted, inspired, blessed, and counseled the weeping emigrants." On April 6th, they were encamped on Shoal Creek, where they decided to locate another camp. Up to this time, the Saints had passed along a well beaten path, but from now on they blazed a new trail through Iowa to the Missouri River. They established camps at various places along the route, especially at Garden Grove and Mt. Pisgah. The van-guard of the company reached the Missouri River June 15th, and established a camp called Kanesville now Council Bluffs, and in the autumn, Winter Quarters was located. The various settlements along the route were established for the benefit of those who were following. For example, one of the brethren says in his journal:

"Yesterday, we traveled about eight miles, today, six miles. We came to a place which we named Garden Grove. At this place we determined to form a small settlement, and open farms for the benefit of the poor, and such as were unable, at present, to pursue their journey further and also for the benefit of the poor who were yet behind."

Garden Grove, and Mt. Pisgah, especially, became little farming and business communities in the midst of the wild and uninhabited country. Says Jacob Van der See of the State Historical Society of Iowa:

"Thus thousands of 'Mormon' Refugees fleeing from persecution in Illinois, passed over Iowa's territorial roads and highways into an Indian country beyond, and opened up for themselves a thoroughfare, which guided hundreds and thousands of later homeseekers to the fertile valleys and plains of Nebraska, Utah, California, and Oregon—indeed to the whole American West."



Note to the teacher: Show and emphasize, this lesson,—how the Saints, as a people, were firmly united in their travels. It was their religious idealism that united them. They had been entrusted with the divine plan by their God. Ask your pupils questions of this type: What were some of the trials and sorrows of the people in the Exodus from Illinois? What gave them hope? Why were the "Mormons" trail breakers into the far West? No highway led through all of Iowa from East to West until the Saints made one. Name some of the camps that were made in Iowa. Why did a few Saints remain at these various camps? How did the Saints show their unselfishness? Why does the State of Iowa feel grateful for the work of the "Mormons" in their journey to the West? What were some of the amusements that the Saints indulged in during their long march?

### Lesson 29. Call of the "Mormon" Battalion.

#### Outline.

- I. Why the war with Mexico broke out. Refer to any elementary American history.
- II. Call of the "Mormon" Battalion.
  - (a) Why the Saints were asked to furnish soldiers.
  - (b) The response of the Saints. Brigham Young's reply to Captain Allen.
  - (c) The Battalion ready in three days.
- III. March of the Battalion to Fort Leavenworth and Sante Fe, thence on to California.
  - (a) Why a great undertaking.
  - (b) The "Mormons" as soldiers.
  - (c) Love of country shown.
- IV. Benefit of Battalion to the Saints.
- V. Battalion members discover gold in California.
- VI. Journal of General Cook. His words to the Battalion.

This lesson will show how "Mormon" history has touched up with the history of the Nation. This it has often done. When the war with Mexico broke out, thousands of people were on their way over the plains bound for California and Oregon. Among these were the "Mormons." Many army officers had written in a very complimentary manner about the stability and fearlessness of the "Mormon" people, while they were in Missouri and Illinois. The Saints had a splendid reputation among many people of influence. When the war with Mexico broke out, the government knowing of

their intention of settling in the Far West lit upon the plan of calling on them for five hundred able bodied men. So James Knox Polk, desiring to take California as soon as possible, sent Captain J. Allen to overtake the "Mormons" and to ask them for a Battalion of five hundred men. Captain Allen came up to the main body of Saints at Mt. Pisgah, and making known his mission, he was directed to President Young, who had arrived at Council Bluffs. The request was made by the officer, and President Young's reply was:

"You shall have your Battalion, Captain Allen, and if there are not young men enough, we will take the old men, and if they are not enough we will take the women." This reply shows the spirit of the Latter-day Saints. And it may be added here that no people ever responded to the call of their country more quickly than have the Saints in time of need. Colonel Thomas L. Kane who was present at the time of the muster says:

"A central mass meeting for counsel was called. An American flag brought out from the storehouse of things rescued, and hoisted to the top of a tree mast, and in three days the force was reported mustered, organized, and ready for the march."

The Battalion marched from the wilderness of Iowa to Ft. Leavenworth, thence on to Sante Fe, in New Mexico, which was the border town of the southwest. From here, the route took them along the Gila River in southern Arizona then on to California. This march was a long and terrible one, and ranks as one of the most wonderful of all history. After the arrival of the Battalion at San Diego, California, the General of the Command, P. St. George Cook, stated to them his approval of their conduct as United States volunteers and said to them:

*Fellow Soldiers*:—You have performed a march without a parallel in the history of infantry soldiers, and you have endured uncomplainingly the hardships and deprivations of the journey, with the bravery and fortitude of veterans. You have been obedient to command, and patient under conditions of intense suffering, during your march, many times deprived of rations and water. Napoleon crossed the Alps, but you have crossed a continent.

That one may get a good idea of the sufferings of the soldiers on this long march, I quote again from the journal of the Commandant:

*Nov. 9th [1846]*.—In six days, resting one, the battalion could only make forty

miles. \* \* \* This slow progress was over very bad ground, \* \* \* deep sand, steep hills and rocks \* \* \*; the men, nearly all of them, laboring in aid of the weak teams to move the wagons, \* \* \*

[The Journal continues with entries like this through the months of November, December, and the half of January.]

January 16th.—\* \* \* Camping two nights, *in succession*, without water, the battalion made in forty-eight hours, \* \* \* fifty-six miles \* \* \* A great many of my men are wholly without shoes, and use every expedient, such as rawhide moccasins, \* \* \* and even wrapping their feet in pieces of woolen and cotton cloth.

January 18th.—Some of the men did not find strength to reach camp before daylight this morning. \* \* \* They staggered as they marched, as they did yesterday. \* \* \* I went through the companies this morning; they were eating their last four ounces of flour; of sugar and coffee, there has been none for some weeks. \* \* \*

[On the 30th of January they reached the missions of San Diego.] We rode on into a valley \* \* \*; its smooth sod was in sunlight and shade; a gentle brook wound through it; the joyous lark, the gay blackbird, the musical bluebird, \* \* \* warbled together the evening song; it seemed a sweet domestic scene which must have touched the hearts of my far, rude wanderers.

The Battalion was mustered out of service in California. Most of the soldiers began the march home, while others remained in California, and it was while some of them were working for Captain Sutter in building a mill race on the American river, a branch of the Sacramento, that gold was discovered in California, in February, 1848. In fact, the journal of Henry W. Bigler is the only one that has a distinct statement of the date of the discovery of the yellow metal.

The "Mormon" Battalion was composed of a most excellent band of men. Most of them had been honest tillers of the soil, and had all the ideals of high religious and moral endeavor. They were true to their trust as soldiers, and you may put them among the best type of soldiers the American army ever had.

Note to teachers: What was the cause of the war with Mexico in 1846? Any good American history will tell you. Why were the Saints called upon for help? Why was this helpful to them? With a map, trace the route of the Battalion. Why was it a hard journey? Why were the "Mormons" good soldiers? Can you give other

proofs that the "Mormon" people have always been loyal to their country? Why was the discovery of gold an important event in Western history? Why was it helpful to the Saints who had settled in Utah?

### Lesson 30. The Saints on the Missouri River.

Outline:

- I. Establishment of Winter Quarters.
  - (a) Location on Missouri River.
  - (b) How a settlement was made. The houses and dugouts. About 800 homes.
  - (c) How people lived during the winter. (Food, clothing, etc.)
  - (d) The Indians. Goodness of the Pottowatomie Indians. They bring beaver skins and buffalo hides to the camps of the Saints. These are purchased.
- II. The Saints among the Indians on Running Water.
  - (a) The Indians sell them corn, furs, etc.
  - (b) Traditions of the Pottowatomies.
  - (c) Why all the Indians sympathized with the Saints.
- III. Condition of the "Mormon" camps in the spring of 1847.

Winter Quarters became the most important centre for the Saints during the Winter of 1846-47. Here they built seven hundred log cabins and one hundred and fifty dugouts and made life as pleasant as possible. Twelve thousand people had gathered at these two places, and it was only by careful planning and faith in God that they passed through the winter in safety. As it was, many died of cold and hunger, for the season was severe. One of our pioneer women, still living, was a girl of nine years when she lived at Winter Quarters. She tells me that she never had a thing to eat during that long winter but bread and molasses. One time, a neighbor gave her a half cup of milk and this she took to the little dugout and shared it with her two smaller brothers. There is something inexpressibly sad in the thought of how the little children must have suffered that long winter. It was hard for the fathers and mothers to live, and they were strong men and women. How hard at times it must have been for the children! The old journals tell us that it was a season of bitter struggles, "not for comfort but for existence." They are heartrending—their entries concerning the sorrows of the people, and yet in one of them, the brother writes on Christmas day, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not

want," etc. I know of no time when the twenty-third Psalm ever had more sincere expression. Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith, in a very remarkable description, tell us how Winter Quarters was built:

"Our chimneys were made of sods, cut with a spade in the form of a brick; clay was pounded in to make our fireplaces and hearths. In our travels the winds had literally blown our tents to pieces, so that we were glad to get into cabins. Most of the roofs were made of timber covered with clay. The floors were split and hewed puncheon; the doors were generally made of the same material, of cottonwood and lined with weight-poles. A few were covered with shingles. A log house was built, about twenty by forty feet, and the hewn floor was frequently used for dancing. A grist mill was built and run by water-power, and in addition to this, several horse-mills and hand mills were used to grind grain."

During the winter a good school was maintained for the children. Many of the Saints had brought with them the texts used at Nauvoo. Nearly every family had a Lindley reader of some kind, and these books together with the Bible were used. It is very interesting to note that all read the Bible and the Book of Mormon, and I think this accounts for the good English found in nearly all of the journals. Like Abraham Lincoln, the Saints learned the beautiful phraseology of Holy Writ and used at times what we call beautiful English. The Saints danced in the meeting houses, and a good brass band was organized and at various times cheered the people with music. They had their amusements, if they did have their sorrows, and it was by patience and watchcare, that they passed through the long season to the spring of 1847.

The Pottowatomic and Pawnee Indians visited them at times and brought furs and buffalo skins, all of which were used to good advantage. The Pawnees especially were intelligent, and during a visit to their camps beyond the Missouri River, a brother obtained a translation of one of their songs from a trapper. It is certainly a beautiful expression of faith, and indicates the spirituality of that tribe of Red Men.

"We heed as unto Thee we call;  
O, send to us thy potent aid.  
Help us, O Holy Place above!  
We heed as unto Thee we call."

"We heed as unto Thee we call;  
O send to us thy potent aid.  
Help us! Hortoru, Giver of breath.  
We heed, as unto Thee we call.

"We heed as unto Thee we call;  
O send to us thy potent aid.  
Help us Shakuru, Father of Strength.  
We heed as unto Thee we call.

"We heed as unto Thee we call;  
O send to us thy potent aid.  
Help us! Uraru, Mother of all.  
We heed as unto Thee we call.

"We heed as unto Thee we call;  
O send to us thy potent aid.  
Help us! Toharu, giver of food.  
We heed as unto Thee we call."

Note to teacher: Read to your class parts from the lecture of Thomas L. Kane concerning the exodus from Nauvoo and the flight across Iowa. You will find this quoted in James A. Little's "From Kirtland to Salt Lake City." In Whitney's "History of Utah" you will also find extracts. Have the boys and girls obtain stories from pioneers still living concerning life at Winter Quarters. Point out the great lesson that the people were kind to one another. There were no rich nor poor, high nor low, but all were equal: a fine type of what the historian would call a democratic and American society. Show the great humility of the people before their God. Their life of sorrow and great religious ideals united them into a brotherhood almost perfect. Show the importance of this brotherhood as a factor in life. Ask such questions as these: What kind of people are required for a new message like "Mormonism?" Point out some of the noble characteristics of those early day Saints. Why were they able to stand the winter on the Missouri? What power did it develop within the hearts of the people that was needed for the future work?

### Third Year—Old Testament Lessons for September.

#### Lesson 33. Ruth.

Text: Ruth 1-4.

Aim: The devotion of Ruth manifests itself under all the circumstances of her remarkable career.

Memory Gem: "Who findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord."

- I. The Migration of Israel over the Jordan.
  1. Marriage of Ruth.
  2. Death of father-in-law.
  3. Death of husband.
- II. Ruth's Courtship and Marriage.
  1. Ruth gleaneth in the field of Boaz.
  2. The law of the next of kin.
  3. The courtship of Ruth.
- III. The Lesson of Fidelity.

From the brief Bible story of Ruth we



learn the lesson of fidelity. First to her husband's mother whom she refuses to leave and to whom she makes use of the following beautiful expression which should be memorized:

Ruth 1:16-17. "And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more, also if ought but death part thee and me."

Ruth's obedience to her mother-in-law Naomi is manifested in her conduct to Boaz whose right to marry her she acknowledges.

Through the ancestral line of Ruth and Boaz came Obed, father of Jesse, the father of David, the progenitor of Christ.

The duty to marry a deceased brother's wife fell on the next of kin if the brother did not exercise his right. This next of kin law was called the "Goel."

#### Lesson 34. Eli and Samuel.

Text: I Samuel, Chapters I, 2, and 3.

Aim: Story shows that youth is no hindrance to the revelations of God.

Memory Gem: "The Lord called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I."

##### I. Hannah's Prayer.

1. She asks for a son.
2. Eli's rebuke.

##### II. The Song of Hannah

1. Comparison with the songs of Miriam and the mother of Jesus.

2. Hannah's relations to Peninnah.
3. The saying among the Jews.

##### III. Samuel dedicated to the Temple.

1. Hannah's vow.
2. Samuel's life in the Temple.
3. Eli's failings.

##### IV. Samuel Called.

1. Aroused from his sleep.
2. Home life in the Temple.
3. Samuel to take Eli's place.
4. Eli's punishment.

##### V. Explain the love of children which was natural to the heart of every Hebrew woman.

Explain what gave rise to the preference among Hebrew women for a "man child." They were influenced by the divine calling which men enjoyed through their priesthood. Women also possessed a desire to be progenitors of the favored ones of God.

In this story there is shown the simple family life of the people in the days of Samuel. The story shows their devotion to the tabernacle which had been set up in the wilderness.

The song of Hannah pours forth her

gratitude to God. It rebukes those who are arrogant. It shows how God may exalt and how He may also punish those who are haughty. During Samuel's life in the temple he was not forgotten by his mother who looked after his personal wants and took pleasure in the thought that he lived and labored in the House of God.

Eli had corrected his sons. He had warned them but he did not restrain them nor did he prevent them from doing wrong in the House of God and of setting a bad example before the people.

#### Lesson 35. The Ark—The Philistines—Change in Government.

Text: I Samuel, chapters 4-8.

Aim: The dangers that come from disobedience to the requirements and laws of God.

Memory Gem: Deut. 32:11. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings."

##### I. The Philistines.

1. The country they occupied.
2. The ark taken by them.
3. The punishment of the Philistines.

4. They return the ark to the Israelites.

##### II. The False Worship of the Israelites.

1. The worship of Baal.
2. The Israelites imitated the heathens.
3. Samuel's home at Ramah.

##### III. Change of Government.

1. Eli's sons unworthy to rule.
2. Samuel's sons unfit to take their father's place.
3. The desire of the people for a king.

##### IV. The Dangers of a Kingdom.

1. The taxation of the people.
2. The oppression of the people.
3. The increase of slavery.

##### V. The Enemies of the Israelites.

The successors of Joshua had failed to rid the land of the Canaanites as they had been commanded to do.

Among these Canaanites there was a class of people called the **Philistines** who inhabited the low country along the Mediterranean to the valley of the Sharon. The chief god of the Philistines was Dagon, the idol to whom they built a temple.

The Israelites thought that if they took the ark along with them, something they had no right to do, they might overcome the **Philistines**. By this act they showed themselves to be more adulterous than the true worshipers of God. They likewise showed their disobedience to the provision which the Lord had made for the safe keeping of the ark.



EIGHTEENTH WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL, SALT LAKE CITY,  
At the Grave of President Brigham Young.





Superintendency: Joseph J. Cannon, Superintendent: William J. Willes, First Assistant; Horace B. Whitney, Second Assistant.



# First Intermediate Department.

*Geo M Cannon, Chairman; Wm D. Owen, Josiah Burrows and J. W. Walker.*

## First Year

### Biographical Sketches from the Book of Mormon

[Prepared by J. W. Walker.]

#### Lesson 25.—Nephi, the Son of Helaman.

(For second Sunday in September.)

Text: Helaman 3:37; 5.

Lesson setting.

Memory Gem: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon him while He is near."

Truth to be taught: Eph. 4:32. "And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

I. Nephi's righteous life qualifies him for the judgment seat.

1. What traits of character should a judge possess?
2. We sometimes judge each other.

II. Nephi resigns his position.

1. His reason.
2. Willing to sacrifice for others.

III. Two brothers in missionary work. Their experiences

1. Cast into prison.
2. Encircled with heavenly fire
3. The voice calling to repentance (a) Prison walls shaken.
4. Aminadab and his words to the other prisoners.

IV. A voice whispers words of peace to those who repented.

V. Nephi spends the remainder of his life in laboring among the people.

The children should understand that the Nephi and Lehi of this lesson are not the same as those of earlier Book of Mormon history.

Read the chapters noted above for lesson statement.

#### Lesson 26. Samuel, the Lamanite.

(For Third Sunday in September.)

Text: Helaman 13, 14, 15 and 16.

Lesson setting.

Memory Gem: Isa. 59:1. "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear."

Truth to be taught: Amos 3:59. "Surely the Lord God will do nothing but He revealeth His secrets unto His servants the prophets."

- I. Samuel's Mission to the Nephites.
  1. Nephites very wicked.
  2. Lamanites more wealthy but more righteous.
  3. Nephites resent his warnings.
  4. Drive him from the city.
  5. An angel bids him return to the city.
- II. Delivers a decree from the top of the walls of the city.
  1. Its contents.
- III. Prophecies of the coming of the Savior five years hence.
  1. The wonderful events to take place at that time.
- IV. Some receive his message; others stone him.
  1. Unable to hit him.
  2. A testimony unto many.
  3. He is finally driven away.
- V. The prophets words find a fulfilment at the birth, death, and resurrection of Christ.

The teacher is referred to the above mentioned chapters for lesson statement.

#### Lesson 27. Nephi, the Disciple.

(For Fourth Sunday in September.)

Text: 3 Nephi 1, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

Lesson setting.

Memory Gem: John 10:16. "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Truth to be taught: The salvation offered by Jesus was for those who lived in the new world as well as those who live in the old, near Jerusalem.

- I. Nephi the Disciple becomes High Priest and Prophet.
- II. Unbelievers declare that signs to take place at the coming of the Savior will fail.
  1. Make a decree that all believers will be put to death if signs do not appear by certain day.
- III. Nephi pleads with the Lord.
  1. After one day's pleading receives an answer.
  2. The answer. 3 Nephi 1:13.
  3. The signs follow.
  4. Many of the wicked repent.
- IV. No record of Nephi's life for succeeding thirty years.
  1. At end of that time still preaching the Gospel.
- V. Great events at the temple in the land Bountiful.

1. The voice from heaven. 3 Nephi 11:7.
2. The Savior appears.
3. His words. 3 Nephi 11:10, 11, 14, 17, 21, 22 to 26; 3 Nephi 19: 13, 14.

See above mentioned chapters for lesson statement.

### Third Year—Life of Christ

[Prepared by George M. Cannon.]

#### Lesson 25. Lazarus raised from the dead.

(For Second Sunday in September.)

Text: John 11:1-46.

Lazarus the beloved brother of Mary and Martha was sick unto death. In the home of this family Jesus had found rest and peace and love. And so the sisters of Lazarus sent unto Him and said: "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick." The Bible so clearly describes the events that it is unnecessary to repeat. Read there the story. But it is as well, perhaps, to point out some of the chief points of the lesson.

First, Jesus did not delay His coming because of lack of feeling; but "for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." In fact, so great was His feeling that (verse 35) He wept with the sorrowing sisters: the only incident recorded in the Bible in which He shed tears. The language also shows the great love of these sisters for the Savior and their unswerving faith in His divine mission.

#### Lesson 26. Christ's Triumphal Entry Into Jerusalem."

(For Third Sunday in September.)

Text: Matt. 21:1-17; John 12:12-19.

In this lesson the humility of Jesus is again shown. He sought not great display but rode into Jerusalem on the humblest of beasts of burden. Yet was His greatness acclaimed by the people and the magnificent reception they tendered Him and their use of the palms is one of the most noted of the days in the earthly career of Him who is the "Prince of Peace."

While Christ was thus humble in His own attitude He had a proper conception of the importance of His Father's House. Matt. 21:12-14.

"And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the moneychangers, and the seats of them that sold doves,"

"And said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

"And the blind and the lame came to Him in the temple; and He healed them"

#### Lesson 27. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

(For Fourth Sunday in September.)

Text: Matt. 26:13-36; Luke 22:7-23.

This lesson should be outlined by the ward Sunday School teachers under direction of the Stake Officers. We suggest the advisability of having the pupils commit to memory the prayer both for the bread and for the water as found in the Doctrine and Covenants.

### True Sportsmanship.

The dead-game sport is not the chap a lot of people think he is. He doesn't even care a rap if no bar fly's esteem is his. He does not squander golden disks with lordly air of fools' applause. He does not take foolhardy risks—the thought of others makes him pause. He'd rather be a little slow than by his speed make others sad. He is not a Lothario, but rather a Sir Galahad—

In fact, the dead-game sport is he

Who this big truth has learned:

True sportsmanship means square to be

With all who are concerned.

True dead-game sports are scarce, I

think, for I've known only one or two. I knew one chap who wouldn't drink, as nearly all the cheap sports do, because he loved his home and wife, and feared if booze got hold of him 'twould sadness bring into her life, as well as put him out of trim. He would not gamble, though he knew that he could lose his all and grin, because he knew 'twould make her blue to have him do it, lose or win—

In fact, he'd used his thinker some

And got on this a grip:

One's sportsmanship must start at home

To be true sportsmanship.

—Lee Shippey, in *Collier's*.

# Primary Department.

*Cnas. B. Felt, Chairman; assisted by Dorothy Bowman and Ethel Simons Brinton.*

## Lessons for September.

### *Suggestions for Fast Day:*

How many remember the rich Captain Naaman we talked of last month? He had a very terrible disease that doctors could not cure. Who did cure Naaman? What prophet told Naaman what to do to be healed? Whose faith sent Naaman to the prophet? That little girl had remembered what her mama and papa and teachers had told her of the Lord's great power, so even when doctors could not heal her master, she knew that the Lord could. Perhaps if she had not told Naaman to go to the prophet he would have died with that dreadful disease.

Have you ever been sick? Have you ever had the elders come and put holy oil on you and ask God to make you well? Don't you think that if the Lord could heal Naaman He can surely heal you?

The teacher may relate an incident where a child has shown faith in administration. Here is an example and it is true.

A little boy between three and four years of age was feverish and sick one night. He tossed continually, not being able to sleep. His parents became anxious because of his condition. This little fellow had been administered to when previously sick and had seen other members of the family blessed and remembered it. In his sweet childish voice he asked his "Daddy" to put oil on his head, and there, during the night, the administration was carried to heaven by that baby's faith and in a few moments he was peacefully asleep.

### Lesson 33. The Captive Princes.

Text: II Kings 24, 25; II Chronicles 36; Jeremiah 52:1-30; Daniel 1.

Reference: JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, NOV., 1913.

Aim: God directs the mind of a pure, strong body.

Memory Gem: "And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge." (Doc. & Cov., Sec. 89.)

Song: "In Our Lovely Deseret."

- I. The Prophecies Concerning Jerusalem.
  1. Jeremiah.
  2. Warning unheeded.
- II. Jerusalem Besieged.
  1. Nebuchadnezzar.
    - a. Takes prisoners and vessels from Temple.
    - b. Jerusalem destroyed.

III. Babylon.

1. A beautiful city.

IV. Four Captives.

1. Daniel, (Belshazzar), Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

V. The King's Bill of Fare.

1. For the captive princes.

VI. The Captive Princes refused meat and wine.

1. Result—physically, mentally.

Introduction: What city of the Israelites was the most beautiful? Yes, Jerusalem. Name the most beautiful building in that city. Tell of some of the beauties of the Temple, and how the Lord had blessed the Israelites in the promised land—given them gold and silver, possession of the land by giving them victory over the wicked people who had lived there. How strange it seems that notwithstanding all these things the people forgot God, and ceased keeping His commandments.

Tell how the Lord always warns the people not to sin and tells them, through the prophets, of what will happen if they sin; of Jeremiah and other prophets' warning, and lamenting over Jerusalem; how the kings and people continued sinning; the coming of Nebuchadnezzar's army; the capture of the city, its destruction, with the Temple; the greater portion of the people taken captive and with the sacred vessels from the Temple, taken to Babylon. Describe Babylon.

Tell of the four little princes who were among the captives, who had been taught wisdom in relation to eating and drinking, just as our Word of Wisdom teaches us. (Refer to the promises in it and bring out the memory gem). How the king of Babylon, who lacked wisdom, wanting them to grow strong and wise, ordered meat and wine to be served to them. How Daniel remembered his home teaching and refused to eat the meat or drink the wine, and when, three years after, they were brought before the king, he found them ten times wiser and with better understanding than the wise men of his realm.

Application: What kind of fruit do you like best? What kind of vegetables? What meats? Surely our Heavenly Father loves His children, as shown by providing such delicious things for us to eat. He knows what foods are best for His children. In His love for us He has told us of certain things which are not good for us. Strong drinks, hot drinks, tobacco and too much meat. Just



a few things when we remember the many and the wonderful variety of good things. If we are obedient to His teaching and do not take those things not good for us, He has given us a promise that we shall have strong bodies and bright minds, and by thus keeping our minds and bodies pure we shall better understand the things of God. Listen to some of the promises: "And all Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments shall \* \* \* find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures: And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint; And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

Let us repeat that portion, "And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge."

How can we keep our bodies pure? When our bodies are pure what thoughts do we have? Whom do we please? What reward will we receive from our Heavenly Father? What promise has He given to those who keep His commandments?

#### Lesson 34. Youth Who Would not Bow to an Idol.

Text: Daniel 3.

Reference: JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Nov., 1913.

Aim: Courage to do right wins the favor of God and man.

Memory Gem: "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace."

I. Jealousy of the King's Counselors.

II. Nebuchadnezzar's Golden Idol.

1. The decree.

2. Penalty.

III. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

1. Refuse to bow before the idol.

2. Their faith.

3. Cast into the fiery furnace.

IV. Their Deliverance.

1. By the power of God.

2. The effect.

Illustrative story, used as an introduction:

Bessie and Irene awoke early one beautiful Sabbath morning in June. The birds were singing and the sun shining.

All nature looked very beautiful from their bedroom window—the grass, the flowers, ripe fruits and vegetables.

They decided to get up and take a long walk before Sunday School. Arising, they washed and dressed themselves in their best clothes, not forgetting to bow down and thank our Heavenly Father for His

care over them. Slipping quietly down stairs they partook of a light breakfast and started off. They enjoyed the walk, admired the trees, flowers, and streams of water and in their hearts felt to praise the Lord for making this world so beautiful for His children. "Aren't you thankful," said Bessie, "that our Heavenly Father has given us one day in the week when we can forget our work and play, and meet together in His house to worship Him?" "Yes I am thankful," said Irene. "We had better turn around now and go to the chapel, so we may be sure to be in good time for Sunday School."

On the return journey they met some of their friends with well filled lunch boxes going towards the canyon.

"Oh, come and join us. We are so glad to have met you. We have plenty of lunch for all."

"No, thank you," said the girls.

It took some courage to say it, but these girls could be brave when they knew that they were in the right, and oh how much they enjoyed the Sunday School, and how happy they felt the rest of the day.

What made the girls feel unusually happy that day? Who was pleased with them? How does it make us feel to know that we have pleased our Heavenly Father? What has our Heavenly Father said concerning the Sabbath day? How can we show Him that we love Him?

We will now tell you of how three of those captive princes, of whom we learned last Sunday, had the courage to do right, even at the risk of their lives.

Tell how, because of their wisdom, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, had been made rulers in Babylon, which made some of the king's counselors jealous, and they sought the lives of the young princes; that Nebuchadnezzar did not know God or love Him but worshiped idols, which these wicked counselors tried to use for the destruction of the princes, whom they knew would not worship an idol.

Describe the golden image set up in the plain; tell of the decree that all should bow down and worship it, on penalty of being cast into a fiery furnace.

Tell how the young princes loved God more than they loved their lives, of their faith in Him, and how they would not bow before the idol; of their declaration "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O King! But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy

gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.'

Tell of the king's anger; his order to make the furnace seven times hotter than usual; of the young princes being thrown in bound.

Describe what the king saw: "four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

Tell how the king called upon the princes to come out, and of his declaration as to the glory of God, of the wonderful faith of the princes, and his command to the people never more to say anything against God.

Application.

### Lesson 35. A Young Prince Who Dared to Serve God.

Text: Daniel 6.

Aim: God protects those who have faith in Him.

Reference: JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, for June, 1913, page 396.

Memory Gem: "My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me."

Song: "Dare To Do Right," Primary Song Book.

- I. One of three Presidents.
  1. Faithful and true.
  2. Jealousy of the others.
- II. Laws of the Medes and Persians Unchangeable.
  1. The rule that a royal statute must be executed.
  2. Decree against prayer.
- III. Daniel's faith and integrity.
  1. Kneeling, prayed three times a day.
- IV. The Demand upon the king.
  1. That Daniel be punished.
- V. Daniel cast into the lion's den.
  1. The king's encouraging words.
  2. The king's fast and sleepless night.
- VI. Mouths of the lions' shut.
  1. The king's discovery in the morning.
  2. "My God hath sent His angel."
  3. Daniel delivered.
- VII. God glorified.
  1. "He is the living God."

Introduction: Ned had invited a few friends to visit him at his home in the canyon. They had a splendid time roving over the hills, fishing, etc. They slept in a large room with a number of beds in it.

The boys arose early, washed and dressed and combed their hair neatly. Then Fred, Tom and John came rushing out declaring their appetites were good, and wanting breakfast. Ned's mother noticed that Lowell was not with them, and glancing into the room, saw him kneeling at his bedside in prayer, thanking His Heavenly Father for the protection of the past night and asking for His guidance during the coming day. At the breakfast table Ned's mother said, "Boys, Lowell is the only one of you who started right today." "How is that?" said one after another. "Just stop and think if the rest of you did not forget the most important thing of the day?"

No matter where you are or what the conditions, remember the morning prayer, that you may start right, having won our Heavenly Father's favor.

Would you like to hear of a man who knew how necessary it is to pray, and who dared to do right?

(The outline is given so fully, and the text is so complete and pointed, that it does not seem necessary to go into further detail here, see page 296 JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, for June, 1915.)

### Lesson 36. A Brave Young Queen.

Text: Book of Esther.

Reference: JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, for Nov., 1913.

Aim: Great blessings come through fasting and prayer.

Memory Gem: God loveth those who fast and pray.

Introduction.

- I. Ahasuerus becomes king.
  1. His queen.
- II. Haman's Plan.
  1. Why made.
  2. The plan.
  3. The king's consent.
- III. Mordecai.
  1. His distress.
  2. His appeal to the queen.
- IV. Queen Esther.
  1. Custom regarding the palace.
  2. Her appeal to the Jews.
  3. The fasting and prayer.
  4. The prayer answered.

(Space will not permit the giving in full this beautiful story, so we earnestly urge teachers to get access to the November, 1913, number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and read it as given there.)

# Kindergarten Department.

*Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Assisted by Beulah Woolley.*

*Suggestions for August Union Meeting.*

1. Review and discuss the papers written by Sister Marian B. Kerr, on "The General Preparation of a Kindergarten Teacher," in *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, April and May, 1913.

2. Teach appropriate song for September.

## Work for September.

Read the lesson text from the Bible and adapt the stories as you think best for your children. The stories adapted are only to be used as a help.

We are indebted to Sister Ina Johnson, of Granite Stake, for the help this month.

Thought for the Month: "Do good to those who hate you."  
Memory Gem.

Children, do you love each other?

Are you always kind and true?

Do you always do to others,

As you'd have them do to you?

### First Sunday.

Morning Talk: Sheep.

Show a picture of a shepherd and his herd, letting the pupils look at it for a few seconds; then lay it down and ask the children to describe it from memory. Show the picture again and give the morning talk.

When we see a lot of sheep together we speak of them as a herd of sheep, and the man who cares of them is called a shepherd. Now, when a man owns as many sheep as you see in this picture he has to take them away off from his home, so that they can have lots of room to run about and get feed. Some of these shepherds take their herds up on the mountains, while others go away out on the desert, which is a long, long way from home.

The shepherds have to stay with the sheep all the time to keep the wolves and wild animals from hurting them.

Let us see if all of the little boys and girls can be farmers and have a few sheep at home in the meadows.

"Here is the meadow where all the long day,

Ten little frolicksome lambs are at play.

Here is the measure the good farmer brings

Salt in, and corn meal, and other good things," etc.

—E. Poulson's Finger Plays, p. 16.

Song: "Little Lambs so White and Fair."

Bible Lesson: Joseph Sold into Egypt. Gen. 36.

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there lived a man whose name was Jacob. Jacob owned a large herd of sheep. He did not care for them himself as he had a number of sons. Benjamin was too young to herd sheep. Joseph was older than Benjamin, and he stayed at home to help his father and mother.

Joseph was so happy because he was always busy, doing everything he was asked to do. Whenever his father wanted anything he just called Joseph, and Joseph would say, in a cheerful voice, "All right, father," and away he would go singing or whistling, and in a little while the work was done.

Joseph dearly loved all the beauties in nature—the flowers, the rainbow, and the white clouds sailing in the blue sky. Joseph's father knew this, so he made him a little coat out of the colors Joseph loved best.

One day Jacob called Joseph to him and said: "Joseph, I want you to go and see how your brothers are. See if they need anything, and if the sheep are doing well."

Now, it was a long, long way from home, but Joseph was not afraid. He was always so happy, and he knew Heavenly Father would care for him. He did not know just where his brothers were, but he asked a kind man, who told him the way.

When his brothers saw Joseph coming they began to talk among themselves. Now, they knew that everybody loved Joseph, because he was so happy and kind. They did not know how to make people love them, but they wanted people to love them ever so much. They did not like Joseph. One of the brothers said, "Let's kill Joseph and throw him into a pit." But one boy was kind, and he said, "Oh, no, let us not kill him, let us just put him in a pit and leave him." This brother thought after the others had gone, he would come back and help Joseph out.

When Joseph came up to his brothers he asked them how they were. They caught him, pulled off his pretty coat and smeared it in the blood of a goat and sent the coat home to their father to make



their father believe that Joseph had been killed and eaten by wild animals.

Jacob cried and cried for his little boy.

The wicked brothers were just about to put Joseph in the pit when they saw some men coming along on camels. These men were on their way to another country called Egypt, where they expected to sell a lot of goods.

Joseph's brothers said, "Let us sell Joseph to these men." So they took him and sold him for twenty pieces of gold.

Poor Joseph felt so sorry for his brothers and for his kind father at home. When the men reached Egypt they sold Joseph to one of the king's soldiers. Joseph lived in the officer's house and worked for him. Joseph was still cheerful, and always willing to work, and when people spoke to him, he smiled, but down deep in his heart he was lonely, and wanted very much to see his father and brothers.

Joseph's master was very much pleased with him, and it was not long before everyone loved Joseph.

Application: Whenever we have work to do, no matter if it is distasteful, let us do it with a light heart and a smile, and we will learn to love all work.

### Second Sunday.

Morning talk: Harvest of grains.

Get small bottles, label, and put different kinds of grains in each. Let children see and talk about the use of each. Also show pictures of grain fields, standing, cut, stacked, and being thrashed. After pictures have been shown, let children tell what the farmers are doing now. Talk of care for the grains.

#### I. Planting.

(a) Good seed selected.

#### II. Growth.

(a) Need of sunshine.

(b) Plenty of water.

When there is not much rain the ground dries up, and the sun becomes so hot that the grain can not ripen; it burns up. The work of one element is not complete without the aid of another. Lead children to see that when crops fail little boys and girls cannot have all the bread and mush they want.

Rest exercise: (Tune. "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush.")

This is the way we cut the grain, cut the grain, cut the grain.

Oh, this is the way we cut the grain so early in the morning.

This is the way we tie the grain, etc.

This is the way we haul the grain, etc.

This is the way we thrash the grain, etc.

This is the way we grind the grain, etc.

### Lesson. Joseph in Egypt.

Text: Genesis 21st Chap.

Review the previous lesson.

There was, in the land of Egypt, where Joseph now lived, a king. The king was a kind man. He was troubled because he had two strange dreams and could not understand what they meant. He heard about Joseph and sent for him to come to the palace. Joseph told him that Heavenly Father had given him the dreams so that he would know that after seven years no food would grow in the land for a long time.

Joseph told the king to buy all the corn and grain he could and put it away in storehouses and granaries. Then when any of the people needed food they could come to the king and he would give them some, just like our poor people when they need food go to our bishop.

The king was so pleased with Joseph's plan that he said to him, "I will have to have a man who knows how to take charge of the grain, and I would like very much to have you stay with me."

So Joseph lived at the king's palace. He had some of the workmen build big store-houses and granaries. The farmers planted the corn and wheat, and when it was ripe they took all that they did not need to the granaries. Joseph worked very hard and saw that all the grain brought by the farmers was put in safe places.

Then there came a time when very little rain fell in Egypt, and the sun shone out so hot it dried a great many grain fields, and that winter the little boys and girls could not have had all the bread they needed if their fathers and mothers had not gone to Joseph for wheat. The next year came and still there was no rain and nothing would grow. The poor people went crying to the king for food, so he sent them to Joseph. They thanked Joseph for the corn and wheat which he gave them.

### Third Sunday.

Text: Gen. 42-47 chaps.

Review the two previous lessons.

In the country where Joseph's father and brothers lived it did not rain at this time and all the grain burnt up. The sheep and cattle died because there was no water to make the grass grow.

The people had very little to eat. Joseph's father heard that the king of Egypt had a store house with plenty of grain, so he said to his sons, "My sons, you must go to Egypt and see if the king will be so kind as to sell us some

grain, so that we can have some bread."

So the brothers started off on their long journey, they did not take Benjamin with them, because he was the youngest son, you remember, and his father kept him home.

After they had traveled a long, long way they came to the storehouse where Joseph was giving out the grain. His brothers did not know him, for he was a large man at this time.

The brothers went up to Joseph and bowed before him, because they knew he was working for the king and they wanted to please him. After they got their sacks full they started off, but Joseph called them back and asked them all about their home. So they told Joseph all about their father and their brother at home.

Joseph listened, and when they were ready to go back Joseph told them that the next time they came for corn that they must bring their brother. If they failed to do this he would not give them any more corn.

After awhile Joseph's father and brothers needed more corn. The boys remembered what Joseph had told them—that unless they brought their little brother they couldn't have any more corn. So they asked their father if they could take Benjamin along. They started off on their journey. When they reached Egypt Joseph had them come to his house, where he gave them a big feast. Joseph was glad to see Benjamin. He asked how their father was. The brothers were afraid. They could not understand why this man was so kind to them. They wondered why he had given them corn and then put the money back into the sacks. It seemed so strange. They kept looking at him. At last Joseph told them that he was their brother, Joseph, the one

they had sold into Egypt many years before.

The brothers felt so ashamed that they knelt down before Joseph and said they were sorry for what they had done, and would he please forgive them.

Joseph told them that he had forgiven them. He also told them to go back to their home and bring their father and families and come and live in Egypt.

Joseph told the king all about it, and the king was very much pleased with Joseph for what he had done. He told Joseph to have them come and live where they could have plenty.

When the brothers reached home they told their father the story of how they sold Joseph, and how they had found him, and how kind he had been to them. They took their father and moved to Egypt and they went to see the king, whose name was Pharaoh, and they were all so happy.

Application: This story happened a long, long time ago; but it can help us today. Who has thought of a way in which it can help us? Yes, indeed, when any one does any unkindness to us we will just smile and feel sorry for that person. And we can pray for him, and just as soon as we see a chance to do some kind deed or help him in some way we will do so.

Yes, it can help us to do something else. If every one of us were careful and always stopped before we did anything to hurt another person, and asked ourselves, "How would we like that person to do it to us?" we would never do anything that would injure another.

#### Fourth Sunday.

Review the month's lesson with pictures and blackboard drawings, letting the children do the talking.

### Memory Gem.

Kindly words will always be  
What my Savior asks of me,  
And I'll try with all my might  
Keeping this good thought in sight.

Kindly deeds will always show  
That I love my Savior so,  
And will ever bear in mind  
These two things in one: be kind.

—EMMA E. LINDSEY



UTAH LAKE.

## Notes on Our History.

*By Delbert W. Parratt, B. S., Director Utah State Historical Society.*

### XIX.—TIMPANOGAS.

In Escalante's account of explorations and experiences, while in this interesting region, we have our very earliest description of beautiful Utah Valley. Under date of September 25, the distinguished missionary and path-breaker writes as follows:

"North of the river of San Buenaventura (Green River) as we have shown before, there is a range of mountains that, so far as we could learn, extends from the northeast to the southwest more than seventy leagues, and in width more than forty and where we crossed it more than thirty leagues (a league equals 2.41 miles). In the western part of these mountains, in latitude  $40^{\circ} 49'$ ; and in a direction a quarter northeast of north of the town of Santa Fe, in the Valley of Our Lady of Mercy of the Timpanogas (Utah Valley) surrounded by the peaks of the Sierra (Wasatch and Oquirrh), from which flow four rivers, which flow through and water it, until they enter the lake in the middle of it. The plain of the valley extends from southeast to northwest, sixteen Spanish leagues, and

from northeast to southwest ten or twelve leagues; it is all clean land, and with the exception of the marshy places along the shores of the lake, very good for planting. From the four rivers that water it, the first flows from the south, and is the Aguas Calientes (now Currant Creek), in whose broad plains is sufficient cultivatable land for two large villages. The second following the first, three leagues to the north, and with more water than the first, could maintain one large and two small villages. This river before entering the lake, is divided into two branches, on whose banks are poplars (firs) and large alder trees. We named this river San Nicholas (now Spanish Fork Creek). Three leagues and a half from this to the northwest is a river which runs through large plains of good planting land. It has more water than the two preceding ones; it has large groves and plenty of good land, if irrigated, for two or even three large villages. We were near this river on the 24th, and the 25th, and we named it Rio de San Antonia de Padua (now Provo River). To the fourth we did not go, although we saw it. It has on each side of it much level



ground. They told us that it had as much water as the others, and so I am satisfied we could establish there some ranches and towns. We named it the river of Santa Ana (now American Fork River).

"Aside from these rivers, there are, in the plain, many pools (springs) of good water, and several fountains (small streams), which flow down from the mountains. From what we have just said about the settlements, let it be understood that we wish to give to each one more land than he really needs, but if each settlement took only one league for cultivation, there would be room in the valley for as many villages of Indians as there are in New Mexico; because, although in the northerly direction we gave to it the above dimensions, on the south it also has large spaces of good ground. There is everywhere good abundant pasturage, and in some parts flax and hemp grow in such abundance that it seems to have been planted.

"The climate here is good, and, having suffered so much from cold since leaving the river of San Buenaventura (Green River), we found this valley very comfortable, both day and night. Aside from all these advantages, in the range that surrounds the valley there is plenty of wood and timber, plenty of shelter, water and grass, to raise herds of cattle and horses; that is, in the northern, northeast, east and south-eastern parts. In the south and southwest it has two other extended valleys, also with abundant grass and sufficient water. One of these extends to the lake. It (the lake) is six leagues wide and fifteen leagues long; it extends to the northwest and, as we are told, is connected by a river (the Jordan) with a larger lake. This lake of the Timpanogas abounds in many kinds of good fish and in geese and other fowl that we had not time to see.

"The Indians of whom we have spoken live in the neighborhood, and subsist upon the abundant fish of the

lake, from which reason the Yutas and Sabuegnas called them the *Fisheaters*. They also gather seeds and herbs and from them make atole (a sort of gruel); they also hunt wild hares, rabbits, and fowls, which are very abundant here. There are also buffalo, not far away, to the north—northwest, but fear of the Comanches hinders these Indians from hunting them. Their dwelling places are huts of cane. From cane they also make curious baskets and other useful articles. They are poorly clothed; the most decent garment they wear is a jacket of buckskin and moccasins and leggings of the same. For cold weather they have blankets made of rabbit skins; they use the Yuta language, but with many changes and accents, and even some foreign words. They are good looking and most of them without beard. In all parts of these mountains there live a great many of the same people as the Lagunas, with the same language and gentleness, among whom might be formed a province of many large settlements. The names of the chiefs that are in the token spoken of above in their own language, the Big Chief, being Tura; the second, Cuitza, of the third, which is our Silvestre. Panchu (meaning spokesman) who is not a chief, but is a brother of the Big Chief, Pichu.

"The other lake that joins this one occupies, as we are told, many leagues, and its waters are very harmful and very salty; the Timpanogas assured us that any one who moistened any part of the body with it would at once have the part bathed greatly inflamed. They told us that near the lake there lived a tribe very numerous and very quiet, who are called Paua (Paua Guampors), which, in our own tongue, means sorcerers; they speak the language of the Comanches; they live on herbs and drink from the many fountains that are near the lake, and their homes are of dry grass and earth. They are not enemies of the Lagunas,



A VIEW OF ROCK CANYON, IN THE WASATCH RANGE, NEAR PROVO  
Once a part of the Tim panogas' hunting grounds.

as some have said, but since a certain occasion when they killed a man, they have not been so neutral as before. One this occasion they entered by the last pass in the Sierra Blanca de los Timpanogas by a quarter north to the northwest, and by this same pass they say the Comanches enter, but not very frequently.

“Los Timpanogas are so called be-

cause of the lake on which they live, which is called Timpanogas (now Utah Lake), the name being peculiar to this lake because the ordinary name which they give to any lake is Pagarrori. It is six leagues wide and fifteen long, to the narrow pass, and drains into the other lake.” Of course “the other lake” is what we now call Great Salt Lake.

Timpanogas, an Indian word, sometimes spelled Timpanogotizes, means people who eat fish. Because the natives along the lake dieted upon fish they were called the Timpanogas, and later the lake was given the same name and the valley containing the people became known as the Timpanogas or Fisheaters' Valley. Nor did the name end here, but it was likewise applied to the mountains east of the lake, so that by the time Escalante entered Utah, the people living in Utah Valley were known by other natives as the Timpanogas Indians; their lake, the Timpanogas Lake; their valley, the Timpanogas Valley; their mountains, the Timpanogas Mountains. But like nearly all other original Indian names, these "have gone the way of the world" so that today we have the very old term applied to but one physical feature of the simple Fisheaters' territory.

Northeast of Provo City looms a magnificent mountain—a

"Tall cliff, lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves  
the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling  
clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Happily, to this massive pile towering into heights of perpetual snow, still clings the striking name of Mount Timpanogas. What more befitting monument could have been left to remind oncoming generations of those peaceful redskins over whom it guarded for so many, many moons.

May success attend the Mount Timpanogas Club in its splendid efforts to have this wonderful, historic landmark included in a national park for the preservation of the mountain's primitive beauty and sublime grandeur. Some future generation may see fit to erect an appropriate cross on the topmost peak suitable to the memory of the little group of devout Christians who first penetrated these regions and who first beheld this master mountain of the old Timpanogas range.

## Be Patient

By James Crystal.

Soul be patient, never mind  
What your fate may be;  
Earthly trials heav'n designed  
Mortals all should see.  
Meet misfortune with a smile,  
Laugh dull care away;  
Then will it be worth the while  
Living day by day.

Cherish hope and banish fear;  
Borrowed ills are vain—  
Ghastly specters, fierce and drear,  
Void of earthly gain.  
Never yet did worry bring  
Pleasure out of woe;  
Therefore do the proper thing,  
Bid your worry go.

When life's threat'ning clouds appear  
Be of cheerful heart;  
Hope's bright lamp is ever near  
Comfort to impart.  
Know that just before the dawn  
Darkest is the morn;  
And, though clouds obscure the sun,  
Light will soon return.

Nature's noblemen are they  
Who are born to cope  
With life's trials, come what may,  
Full of faith and hope;  
Helping weaker ones to face  
Life with joy and cheer,  
Making earth a better place  
For their being here.



## Stories by Students.\*

Introduction by Prof. N. L. Nelson.

Since the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has paid the Church Schools the compliment of creating a new department under the above title, it may not be amiss to offer some suggestions by way of helping young writers prepare their stories.

Let us first distinguish between narration as history and narration as literature. The first aims primarily to convey useful information, to enlarge the circle of our knowledge; the second aims mainly to give pleasure. While narration purely of facts is perhaps not to be excluded, I take it that the department was created especially for narration as art; that is to say, narration which aims to please and entertain.

Consider next in what way human beings are pleased. A little thought will make it plain that art appeals almost exclusively to the feelings. The beautiful, the good, the true—expressed in a score of subdivisions, such as the picturesque, the charming, the wonderful, the generous, the forgiving, the modest, the honest, the truthful, the merciful, the pathetic, the witty, the bright, the intelligent, the humorous, the grotesque, the strange, the unearthly—these and their opposites are the colors which the storyteller must paint with, if his work is to be classed in the realm of art.

In what way must he use these colors? In other words, which are the essential conditions of a good story?

The first and easily the foremost quality of art in story-telling is *Verisimilitude*. The dictionary will probably tell you this means trueness to life. It stands for the general atmosphere of reality. So conspicuous is this quality in Dean Swift's writings

that even impossible characters and situations are made to seem real. Read his "Gulliver's Travels;" read also "Robinson Crusoe" by DeFoe as fine examples of this quality. But verisimilitude occurs in all fiction that is worth while. And whenever it is absent in the amateur story, that story goes into the editor's waste basket, whatever its other merits.

The second quality in importance is *Human Interest*. The reader is interested in that which touches within the range of his experience. Descriptions and events may be dry and barren in themselves—incapable of holding the reader; but the moment they are made to affect the lives of beings like ourselves, they become interesting.

It goes without saying that a story, in order to keep the reader awake, must have a certain vividness of *Color*; that it must not be of a milk and water tameness. It is in this particular that most young writers fall down. Their characters and happenings rarely get above the horizon of the humdrum. A good test of what will go in print, is to try it at the breakfast table or the evening fireside social. You will find that you cannot bring yourself to thrust a tame or colorless topic upon the conversation. Do not put it into writing then; or rather, if you do, see that you so intensify it that the reader cannot fail to wake up and take notice.

A fourth quality, and one akin to vividness of color, is briskness of *Movement*. Rarely do you find a person capable of being continuously interested in a landscape if the touring car is an ox-team. Now, the events constitute the movement of a story; the descriptions and explanations are so many halts to admire the scenery. The more cultured the reader the more attention can be given to the filling in of detail; but after all is said,

\*From Prof. N. L. Nelson's English classes, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

the best of us retain much of the child's impatience of delay. A good general rule is to give descriptive and explanatory details grudgingly, in side-glances, as it were, and only when the reader's ability to interpret between the lines is obviously exhausted.

Every well-written story will, of course, have a *Plot*. That is, the events will be so disposed as to create suspense, and to grow in interest till the climax is reached. The central quality of the plot is technically called *Prospectiveness*. No important event should come unheralded; but the shadow cast before, must never be so distinct as to prefigure just what is coming.

Herein lies the greatest art of the story-teller. No rules can be given; each writer must instinctively feel what setting or background will be necessary to make the event or outcome telling to his readers. On the other hand, it is easy to tell when prospectiveness has been violated. Whenever the interest flags; or when important events are seen long before they come, and therefore cause no surprise; or when the narrator finds it necessary to say, "But before you can appreciate this, I must go back and explain that, etc."—you may be sure there has been bungling somewhere in the preparation of the listener or reader for the outcome.

The foregoing is of course a very incomplete statement of the basic principles governing effective story-telling. It leaves out of consideration the elements of picturesqueness and dramatic power, dependent upon a vivid and constructive imagination; also that greatest of all charms pervading the story like an aroma, and best defined as *tang* or *life*—the very quintessence of the writer's own personality. These things cannot be taught: they must be felt; but no writer persists long in public favor without them.

It remains, then, to point out that the narrations which naturally will

find place in this department are incidents, anecdotes, character sketches, and short stories. Only in the last-named composition do all the qualities above set forth apply; but it must not be forgotten that every form of narration, be it only the squib or funnyism, gains effectiveness in proportion to the number of these qualities it makes use of.

Two examples are given below. The first illustrates the short sketch. There really is no plot as such. The writer depends for interest upon the quaintness of his characters and the humor of the situation. Much more is suggested than is actually set down.

The second is a short story designed to illustrate all the qualities of narration and plot—a story dictated to one of my classes in English for that very purpose. The germ of the plot was found in a sketch handed in by one of the students and containing barely one paragraph of fewer than a hundred words. My young readers are invited to take the story to pieces—after it has served its art purpose—and see whether it fulfills the conditions outlined in this short lecture.

### Grandma's Courting Days.

By B. Y. Baird.

"Say, Grandpa," said Fred Beesly, as the children gathered around the old rocking-chair before the fire, "tell us how they used to do down in Louisiana when you were a little boy."

"Oh, thet wuz way back afore the war; things have changed mightily sence then."

"Tell us about you and Grandma!" begged Pearl, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass of six summers.

"Wal, maybe I could remember somethin' about thet," said Grandpa, as he settled down in the big rocker and gazed thoughtfully into the fire.

"The fust time I ever seed yo' grandma wuz at a protracted meetin'. My ma wuz arful religious, and

wouldn't let me go anywhar, unless it wuz to preachin' or suthin' like thet. Wal, they wuz goin' to be a revival down at the Sand Ridge church, about nine miles frum whar I lived, an' ma said I might go. I wuz about twenty then, but I hadn't been out much. I 'lowed I wud be able to take keer o' myself tho'; an' as I had to walk, I reckoned I'd stay all night, bein' as the meeting's wuz goin' to last three days.

"The mornin' meetin' was out when I got thar; and the folks wuz settin' around outside, whar they had been eatin' their lunch. They started up agin in a little while tho', an' I got in on the back bench close by the door. Just across the aisle on t'other side of the door wuz a gal about sixteen. She wuz the purtiest one of the hull lot, an' I just kep lookin' at her, and she looked at me an' smiled once or twice. I didn't hear much thet the preacher sed, an' I thot they wuz never goin' to quit. It wuz gittin' dark when they let out.

"Wal, thet gal on t'other side of the door went out an' I follered. She seemed to be alone, an' started down a path toward a branch, so I jest went an' axed her if I couldn't carry her home. She sed 'Yep,' an' took holt of my han'."

"Say, Grandpa, you didn't have to carry her home, did you?" asked Beth.

"Nope, we used to say carry fur take down thar."

"How funny!" laughed Edith.

"Didn't the preachers think they wuz litin' a shuck, holdin' meetin' so long!" said your Gran-ma."

"What's 'litin' a shuck?'" asked Fred.

"Oh, thet's suthin' they think is smart.

"I axed her what her name wuz, an' she said, 'Sally'; an' I axed her whar she lived.

"With Dad,' sez she.

"How fur is it to Dad's place?" sez I.

"'About two rooster crows,' sez Sally.

"Wall, we crossed the branch on a long foot log, an' went up the slope a long ways through the piney woods, till I seed a light.

"'Who lives thar?' I axed.

"'Dad,' says she.

"When we got up to the house thar wuzn't any door—only two crooked logs put together with the bows out. Thet made a hole big nuff to crawl through.

"Sally's father wuz a poor planter, an' he built it thet way so outlaws couldn't get in very easy when he wuz away, an' his wife could defend herself better. Lots of the houses out in the back woods wuz made thet way.

"Wal, Sally went in, an' I follered; an' there sot a ol' man on a rock by the side of the fire-place, an' a ol' woman t'other side, an' both smokin' pipes. Thar wuz two or three rocks in a circle in front of the fire, an' a big pile of coals heaped up in the fire-place.

"Sally took me up to her pa an' sed. 'Dad, this is Mr. Man.' So we shook han's, and we went up to her ma, an' she said, 'Mam, this is Mr. Man.' Sally hadn't asked me what my name wuz, an' I hedn't thought to tell her.

"The old folks wuz pow'ful glad to see me, an' the old man sed:

"'Have a rock, Mr. Man.' So I took one rock, an' Sally took another; an' we talked about the preachin' and the craps up my way, an' so on. Fin'ly the ol' man sed,

"'Wal, I reckon it's about tater time, ain't it, Sal?'

"Sally got up an' got the poker an' began rakin' the sweet taters out of the coals. We et taters an' talked a while, an' then the ol' man sed agin:

"'Wal, I reckon it's about gum time, ain't it, Sal?'

"So she went an' climbed up a little ladder at the back of the house to a loft whar they had a lot of gums."

"What's gums, Grandpa?'" broke in Beth.

"Oh, them wuz pieces of blue-gum



trees sawed off about five or six feet long, an' the holler part cleaned out, leavin' a shell like a barrel with about two inches of wood all around. They had a board nailed on one end, an' wuz real light an' easy to han'le.

"Sally just rolled one down to the ol' man, an' he crawled in; then she rolled one down to the ol' woman, an' she crawled in; then she rolled one down to me an' sed,

"Have a gum, Mr. Man."

"An' she crawled in hern, so I crawled in mine, an' went to sleep.

"The next mornin' we had some bacon an' corn bread an' sweet taters, an' then Sally an' me went to preachin' agin.

"After that I seed quite a lot of Sally," said Grandpa, with a sly wink of one eye.

### The Biggest Fish Yet.\*

"I guess mother'll call a long time before she gets anyone stirring up-stairs this morning," said Jack Fielding, as he crept cautiously down stairs and tip-toed out of the kitchen by the back door. Jack chuckled as he thought of how he had given everybody the slip. The boy was too intent upon his project to hear the greeting of the meadow lark or listen to the bewildering chorus of birds in the trees. The deaf old gardener was bending over his cabbage and tomato plants, but he was too nearly blind to note what the boy was up to. Jack laughed as he thought of how his good mother, a half hour later, would begin calling:

"John, John! get up, you lazy boy! It is time to do your chores."

Jack belonged to that age when the boy is passing into the man; the age when mirrors are re-discovered, shoes are blacked with scrupulous care, neckties are chosen with fastidious taste, trousers are creased twice a week, and

worn so as to exhibit fancy silk socks.

One other characteristic which, indeed, was the spring and source of all the rest, had come into Jack's life. He had lately found out that Mary Morgan was not the little freckle-faced tomboy that he had played with all his life, but an angel in disguise, whom he dared scarcely speak to now.

Perhaps it was thoughts like these that made him wake so early. Perhaps it was a remark he had overheard, as Mary bade good-by to his sister the night before, *viz.*, that she would come early and spend the day at the Fielding home. Was it Jack's bashfulness which now caused him to make his way to the barn? Was he going to "beat it" till the angel should leave the house in the afternoon?

Far from it! Jack had planned a coup which should make him a hero in her eyes. Having saddled his pony, he climbed into the loft and took down his fishing tackle.

"If they see Ginger and the saddle missing, they'll think I've gone to town," and he laughed again, as he galloped a half mile up his father's ranch, where Deer Creek makes a deep bend, and tied his horse in the midst of a dense clump of willows.

Jack had not, however, heard all the girls' conversation. Jennie, girl-fashion, had offered to take her friend part way home. Then at the Morgan gate the two had planned a surprise on the Fielding family; which was to the effect that Mary should return and stay over night with Jennie, and then the girls would arise very early and have a steaming-hot breakfast for Jack and the rest of the family.

"Look," said Mary, as the two girls stood for a moment at the large bay window of their bedroom, watching the changing play of colors in the morning sky. "Who's that riding up the pasture so fast?"

"Jack," replied Jennie. "But what can the boy be up to?"

They watched him dismount and

\*Dictated by the teacher to illustrate the principles of the Short Story.

lead his horse under cover, then emerge to adjust the joints of his fishing rod.

"Oh, ho!" guessed the girls, "he's got a surprise up his sleeve also."

By this time the sun was peeping over the eastern range, and a dewy freshness filled the air. It was one of those mornings in early June which appeal strongly to the artist and lover of nature. But just now Jack was neither; the only thing that appealed to him was the gurgling of the creek near by, and the occasional splash of the speckled beauties, as they arose to snap at an early willow dragon. It was, therefore, with no little impatience and eagerness that he pushed his way along a cow path toward the stream.

"Urph! Urph!" grunted an old sow, which Jack had to kick out of his way.

To sneak up under cover of a tall elm, and cast his fly at the foot of a waterfall, which had excavated what was known as the "swimming hole," was the work of only a few seconds.

For the time being, Jack forgot everything: earth, sky, and even Mary Morgan and the stratagem whereby he was to win her admiration—so strongly did the sportsman in him dominate the man.

Jack was an artist in the matter of getting trout on his string, however much of an amateur he might be in fishing for sweethearts. The way he played his Royal Coachman back and forth over the sunlit ripples below the waterfall, was good to behold; at least, so thought the rainbow beauties in that splendid pool, judging by the eagerness with which they rose and snapped at its gay colors.

For two hours Jack was completely absorbed; then as his appetite began to take on an edge, he thought, perforce, of a daintily covered dinner-table, with himself on one side, Mary on the other, flowers at each end, and a heaping platter of crisply-browned fish for a centerpiece.

The picture was enchanting, and he did not know which it appealed to

most, his love for Mary Morgan, or the gratification of the boy's appetite for fried trout.

While in this reverie, he distinctly heard an exclamation of surprise, followed by hushed girlish laughter. He stopped, looked around, and listened for a few minutes, then concluded it was the girls of his dinner-table scene, that had played this prank on his senses.

However, it was time to go home; but just as he was beginning to furl his line, he became aware of an unusually large fish, the grandfather of the tribe he had been snailing out during three sunny hours.

If he could only catch *him*—wouldn't that fetch her admiration! He began playing his bait so as to allure the prize, and so passed another half hour.

One more throw along that shadowy edge, and he would be done. Quick as a flash, his bait was snapped, and the next moment his reel fairly whistled as the long line unwound itself. It was fully fifteen minutes before the game was wearied; then, with one careful swing, that almost broke his fine steel rod, he threw his captive over the little willow hedge, where the rest of his catch lay flopping in the dewy grass.

"Urph! Urph!" grunted the old razor-back, as Jack mounted the embankment—just in time to see his prize disappearing down a cavernous, black maw! The ugly creature was, in fact, looking up with that expression of innocent inquiry, which seemed to say, "Any more fish, laddie?"

Jack was so infuriated that he fetched the brute a kick which would have done credit to a football champion; but the old sow merely gave one staccato squeal, then continued nosing about in the grass.

"So you're the only fish I've got left, are you?" and suddenly the ridiculousness of the situation appealed so strongly to him that he sat down and laughed till he rolled on the grass. The sow looked at him suspiciously a mo-

ment, then backed off and trotted away, dragging Jack's fishing tackle behind her.

"Talk about anti-climaxes! Gad, but it's lucky I have Ginger tied up here. Those girls mustn't know but what I've been to town," and he proceeded to lead his pony out through the pasture gate, then galloped off toward Ioka, planning the while how best to cover his discomfiture.

Twenty minutes of twelve o'clock, a horseman cantered up the dusty road and brought his pony to a swift halt at the garden gate of Fielding's ranch.

"Hello, Jack," said Mary Morgan. "Where have you been all day? We planned to surprise you with a breakfast done to the queen's taste."

"Oh, I've been up town," said Jack, blushing to the roots of his hair. "Here's a letter for you, Jennie. I asked for yours, Mary, but the folks had got the mail."

The girls had been out gathering bouquets for the dinner table. Had Jack known why each of them was busy just now smelling their delicious fragrance he might have guessed something. But Jack was too much absorbed in making-believe, to notice anything, and hastened to the stable with Ginger.

As he entered the house five minutes later, a suspicious aroma greeted his nostrils.

"That can't be fried ham. What is it?"

But soon after, when the family were seated around a deliciously-served banquet, he judged he had been mistaken; for there was the usual platter of ham and eggs.

Mary sat opposite him, just as he had planned; but somehow he had courage enough only for furtive glances toward his charmer. Jack became, in fact, suspicious that the girls were dying to laugh.

Just then the kitchen door opened, and in stalked old man Dobbs, the

gardener and general factotum of the Fielding ranch.

"Be this your fishin' pole, Master John? That old sow was rootin' among my turnips, and when I went to drive her away, her was draggin' this fishin' line and rod."

Jack's face turned red, then scarlet.

"He-he-he! Ho-ho-ho! thinks I to myself: if that be Master John's pole, it's a mighty cur'ous fish he's caught!"

At this the girls broke down, and laughed till tears glistened in their eyes.

"I tried to get the hook out," continued Dobbs, "but I couldn't. It must have been down in her stummick. But here's the line."

"Jack," said Mary, rallying him, "make a clean breast of it. That's the biggest fish yet caught on Deer Creek. How did you happen to do it?"

"Look here, if you girls will let me swear a blue streak for five minutes,—I'll tell you all about it."

Then he proceeded to narrate the experiences he had passed through.

"I'm mighty sorry that old sow got ahead of us, for I had planned to have a heaping platter of trout in the center of this dinner table."

Jennie, in the meanwhile, had gone into the kitchen; and as the oven door clicked, Jack again smelled the tell-tale odor. His suspense was not of long duration, however, for there in the doorway stood his sister, with the well-browned pyramid which had figured in his imagination, but which was more artistically garnished than he had been able to picture it.

"Well, I'll be darned! The old sow didn't get all of them, after all. I thought I heard you girls laughing in the willows."

"Yes," said Jennie, setting down the platter in the center of the table, and going back into the kitchen for Mary's white apron. "Do those stains seem to tell you anything?"

So Jack won glory in Mary's eyes, after all.



# The Jews and the War.

*By Dr. J. M. Tanner.*

For more than a century there have been no stirring events in Russia in which the Jews were not made to figure more or less prominently. It is hard, from the standpoint of our political experiences, and the liberties of our government; to imagine even, such conditions as exist among the Jews of Russia. There are in that country something like six million Jews confined to the western part of the empire, in what is known as the "Pale of the Jews." The Russian Jews constitute also a large part of the population of Poland—Austrian, Russian, and German Poland. This unfortunate people is, therefore, in the whirlpool of the Russian and German struggles. Little of their condition has been known to the outside world; only such as the Russian censors permit to leave the country.

Early in the war, rumors reached the outside world that the Poles, for the first time in their history, were persecuting the Jews. The accusation was not denied. A prominent Pole in the United States came forward with the explanation, that the immigration into Poland of a large number of Jews was disturbing political conditions in that country, upsetting the balance of power, and that as a consequence the Poles were bringing pressure to bear upon them to prevent their activity in the government affairs of the districts in which they locate. This apologist of his country's wrongs blames the Jews, because they should not have immigrated from those parts of Russia to which he thought they were legally and materially bound. The pretense for this unusual persecution of the Jews was the statement that they were becoming German spies. They were seen talking with German soldiers, and German generals, with whom they also did business. Now, the language of the Jews

is Yiddish, a corrupt form of the German, and quite naturally they would speak to the Germans in the language which they and the Teutons could understand, but of which the Russian knew nothing. The Jews have always been subjects of suspicion, not only in commerce, because of the shrewd bargains which they drove, but also in religion, and in the affairs of government.

Months elapsed, and these complaints of Jewish persecution broke again over the Russian boundary line which held in such secrecy the actual conditions of Russia. During the recent German drive in Galicia, the most horrible treatment of the Jews was reported to the European and American press. The defeat of the Russians called for an explanation. Usually it was said that it was due to traitors and spies, claimed by the Russians to be the Jews. Putting blame on others in the midst of any misfortune is a peculiar Russian trait. The writer has known how difficult it is to hold the Russian to an argument that calls for an explanation in defense of Russia's conduct. The Russian is an adept in shifting the issue. One can hardly raise a discussion on a question involving Russian policies that he does not immediately find himself on the defensive, to which the Russian knows how to put one, in the most ingenious manner. Those who understand the Russians know how easy it is for them to shift the responsibility of their defeat on to others. In shifting the blame they select, of course, victims that are the most unpopular throughout the country, and concerning whom the Russian people at large would be quickest to attach the blame. The Russians have been taught from their infancy to hate the Jews, and shift the blame upon them for almost every evil a Russian has complained of; evils

from which the people must suffer.

Were these horrible stories of Russian atrocities true? Had they even any element of truth in them? Were they not so highly colored that they could not be trusted? Some time ago the New York Sun sought an investigation through a prominent diplomat, who, knowing the Russians well, was sent to that country for that purpose. After two months he made his way back to Stockholm whence he sent reports to the *Sun* of the conditions he found in Poland. He discovered that the Poles had been brutally treated by the Russians, and that the Jews had suffered the worst outrages which had befallen them for many centuries. Among other things he writes: "A million Jews in East Galicia have been completely ruined. When the Russian army entered Galicia it suffered terrible losses. Whole regiments of Russian soldiers were destroyed, and hundreds of thousands of men were made prisoners. The Russians began to seek vengeance. The Poles were in a position to demand a little consideration. They only suffered the loss of their property. So the Russians fell upon the Jews of Galicia. They were accused of hostility towards the Russian soldiers, and of treachery. They became the victims. Now began the story of 'Jew Baiting,' or the so-called

Russian Program. Jewish property was confiscated, Jews were driven out of their homes; hundreds were carried away prisoners to Siberia; many were hanged; others imprisoned; countless women outraged. It is further declared that the misfortunes which befell the Belgians was never so shameful, so horrifying, as the condition which the Russians imposed upon the Jews, not only of their own empire, but Jews within the empires of both the Austrians and the Germans. A part only of this report has been published. It is blood-curdling; it is too awful to believe in its entirety. If only a fraction is true it is one of the most awful indictments against an empire whose hands, for more than a hundred years, have been drenched in Jewish blood. That poor, unfortunate people! In the sufferings and curses recorded in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy it is written:

"In the morning thou shalt say, Would to God it were even! and in the even thou shalt say, Would to God it were morning, for fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see."

All these wrongs are perpetrated against a people whose sons, to the number of 400,000, are fighting for Russia.

### Peace.

What was the first prophetic word that rang

When down the starry sky the angels sang.

That night they came as envoys of the Birth—

What word but peace, "Peace and good will on earth?"

And what was the last word the Master said

That parting night when they broke brother bread,

That night he knew men would not let him live—

Oh, what but "peace I leave" and "peace I give?"

And yet behold: near twice a thousand years

And still the battle-wrath, the grief, the tears.

Let mercy speed the hour when swords shall cease,

And men cry back to God, "There shall be peace!"

Edward Markham.



## A Journey of Five Little Sunbeams.

At the Sun Palace, in the Kingdom of Light where the great Sun God lived, were many Sunbeam children. The Sun God was their father. All day they roamed about the great Sun Palace, seeking amusement. Sometimes they rode with the king in his chariot, when he went to scatter his sunshine over the earth. One day they were looking out from the Sun Palace watching the great chariot hurrying on and on to give light to the world.

"Oh, how I should like to go wherever I pleased over the earth and see what I could find," said one.

"Oh, and we also," cried others.

"Let us ask if we may," and they hurried to tell the king when he returned.

Next morning they entered the chariot gleefully. When they were very near to the earth, the king took his great bow and shot them one by one into the wide, wide world, and they scampered off as fast as they could on their journey.

The first little sunbeam fell into the midst of a dark, dark forest. How lonely everything seemed. The Sunbeam noticed this and started to smile.

"If I can make this forest look cheerful, how happy I shall be," it said.

The trees began to gather in its brightness for the leaves started to rustle and dance as it flitted in and out among the branches. Right in the middle of a large branch it found a nest full of tiny, furry, bright-eyed little squirrels. How they chatted, as

it played with them. Even the father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Bushy Tail, who should have been very sedate and dignified, frisked about like babies themselves.

Next the Sunbeam saw some rabbits under a tree, and played hide-and-go-seek with them. It kissed the folded flower cups and made them lift their heads and smile.

The second little Sunbeam darted into a babbling brook. In and out among the pebbles it fluttered, chased bright colored fish and played beneath the petals of the water lilies and dashed in and out among the ripples.

The third little Sunbeam ran straight toward a waterfall, where it joined the spray and ran races to see which should leap the farthest. Some people, very tired and weary, came to the waterfall and stopped to rest. The races began again; both the Sunbeam and the silvery Spray leaped and tried to reach them first.

"How cool, and fresh and bright this spray feels, and how pleasantly the sun shines!" said an old man, and he eagerly ran to the bubbling water and drank heartily. The others did the same.

"It tastes just like a bit of sunshine," said one.

How happy the Sunbeam felt!

"You have won," said the Spray.

"No," answered the Sunbeam, "we both have won."

A little flower, out on the edge of the road, drooped lower and lower until it was almost dead. The Spray and the Sunbeam spied it, but they



could not make it look up. The Spray could not leap far enough.

"Oh, come and help us, Zephyr," cried the Sunbeam. "Aid the spray to reach that little flower so we may help her to be happy again."

The Zephyr had stopped to hear the Sunbeam, but now she laughed gaily, ran behind the Spray and pushed with all her might until with a great leap the Spray reached the drooping flower and scattered cooling water drops all about her. The Sunbeam looked into the cup and smiled until the flower straightened up, lifted her head and drank the precious water.

The fourth little Sunbeam started out for the ocean, and stopped to rest near a light house. It peeped in and out among the windows and came upon a white-haired man standing by a railing, looking far, far out at sea. His look was sad, so it smiled right into his eyes and played about his mouth until he looked up. Then he took a glass from his pocket and looked at the sea again. He grew more sad. "What can be the matter?" thought the Sunbeam, but as it looked there rose and fell, with the stormy ocean waves, a little ship. The man had turned into the house, and now came back, wearing a long rubber coat, rubber boots, and a large rubber hat, and at his feet lay great coils of strong rope.

The Sunbeam darted away to the ship. The people were much frightened. The captain was shaking his head slowly. It ran right across his face, danced in front of his eyes, and he glanced at the sky with a happy look. It ran to the sailors at work among the rigging. They began to work hopefully. It played peek-a-boo with a little boy until he laughed, and tried to catch it. All the rest of the people forgot their fear and joined in the laughter. Then it hid, and the little boy scrambled among the tackles to find it. "Now!" and it ran back to the lighthouse again. So brightly did it shine that the great coils of

rope, which the lighthouse keeper was throwing, were bathed in its yellow light. The people on the ship saw, and a great cheer went up, for the ropes had been fastened, and the ship was being drawn over the perilous waves to the light house.

The fifth little Sunbeam fell into the street and went peering along until it reached a low cellar window. It went inside, and creeping softly along, found a little cripple boy. How thin he was. His little face was so white and pinched and small. His weak little hands lay restlessly on an old quilt and his poor little twisted leg was limp at his side.

"You poor little fellow," cried the Sunbeam, "I will just make you smile to see how you will look," so it fluttered and danced and flickered and pranced about until two beautiful, beautiful eyes opened and found themselves looking right at the Sunbeam. This made it flicker and dance more than ever. It flooded him with light, sprang away, then back again until he raised up his poor little weak, thin hands, trying to clutch it and hold it fast.

"Now I've got you. You sha'n't go!" he cried, and they played until he was all tired out. "I wish I might be a sunbeam," he murmured.

"Oh," thought the Sunbeam, "if he only might."

It fell on him softly now and his head dropped lower and lower until he was almost lying down, but his hands were still trying to hold the Sunbeam. At last it kissed him, the little hands were opened slowly and the little face was bright with a beautiful smile, for the little boy had gone to be a Sunbeam.

"Come, children," cried a voice.

The little Sunbeam went out quietly and hurried to the king in his chariot. The other little Sunbeams were telling their adventures, and when they had finished, the fifth little Sunbeam said:

"You have all had nice journeys, but mine was the best of all."

"Tell us, tell us!" they cried.

It told of the visit to the dark, damp cellar, where the poor little uncared-for boy lay and—"the best is to come," it cried happily, "for the little boy has come to be a Sunbeam, and he shall play with us forever!"

"Yes, children," answered the king. "He has come," and they saw him standing bright and beautiful among them.

*Sarah M. Williams.*

### Just Mother's and Mine.

*By L. Lula Greene Richards.*

We have a baby new and bright,  
The sweetest in the world;  
She hardly ever cries at all,  
And her hair stays curled.

She smiles when mother washes her,  
And eats her hands;  
I laugh and play and talk to her,  
And she understands.

Yesterday she called to me  
With her eyes half shut;  
I listened and she called again,  
And I said "What?"

I called to grandma, "Come and hear!"  
And grandma came,  
And said "She has the hiccoughs!"  
But it sounded like my name.

We took her to the Fast Meeting,  
A month before the last,  
To get the blessing for her there,  
And have her name made fast.

Other babies who were there,  
Like ours, to be blest,  
And have their right names fastened  
on,  
So prettily were dressed.

When father took our baby up,  
And by the Bishop stood,  
And said the blessing and the name,  
She was *so good!*

All the other folks may think  
Their own most fine;  
But *our baby*, well, *she is—*  
*Just mother's and mine!*

### The Hen's Bath-Tubs.

*By Annie Pike Greenwood.*

"Here! You get out of there, you nasty hens!"

It was Bobby's voice, and mama stepped out onto the kitchen porch to see what was the matter, "Why, Bobby, I thought you liked the hens."

Bobby pointed with his stick to the fleeing chickens. "I made a cistern in the dirt and while I was going after water to put into it, the hens got into it and were mussing it all up."

"Why, how nice, Bobby." Bobby looked mystified. "The hens thought you had made them a bath-tub, and they were taking a bath in your cistern."

"Oh, no, mama; I didn't have any water in my cistern, so they couldn't take a bath."

"Hens don't take baths in water; they take dust baths."

"Dust baths! Why, I'd think that would make them dirty instead of clean. I watched the birds down at the canal, and they threw water over their backs with their wings."

"Yes, birds have to have water, and so do ducks, but chickens use dust. You see the dust helps them to get rid of lice. You watch the hens and you will see them fluffing their feathers in your cistern and kicking up the dust so that a cloud of it rises right up all over them, and through their feathers. The lice cannot breath when the dust cloud comes on them, and so the hens get rid of them. If they couldn't get a dust bath they would quit laying, and we wouldn't have any fresh eggs for breakfast, or any little baby chickens."

Bobby stood thinking about this, and then he said, "Then I don't care if they did get in my cistern. They can have

it for their bath-tub always, and I'll take my spade and dig them some more bath-tubs so that they won't have to all bathe in the same tub. Will you fix me a sign so that they will know mama?"

Can you blame papa for smiling when he came home a little later and found Bobby digging with all his might, while beside him was the sign: *Hens' Bathtubs. Charges, one Egg per Bath.*

And don't you think Bobby enjoyed his fresh soft-boiled egg next morning at breakfast so much for knowing that he had earned it by giving the hens their tubs?

### A Word for the Boys.

Drive the nail aright, boys,  
Hit it on the head;  
Strike with all your might, boys,  
While the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,  
Do it with a will;  
They who reach the top, boys,  
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,  
Gazing at the sky,  
How can you get up, boys,  
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,  
Never be downcast;  
Try, and try again, boys,  
You'll succeed at last.

### The Bluebird—And the Slingshot.

By *Catha Wells*, in "Motherhood."

"Bless my boy—and what have we here?" Mr. Morris laid aside the paper and peered intently at his small son.

"It's a sling-shot," said the boy proudly.

"A sling-shot?" Mr. Morris became serious. "My boy, a sling-shot is a mighty useless, ugly plaything. What do you expect to do with this one?"

"Well," the boy stood twisting the rubber loop around the rough Y-

shaped stick, "Tom Barrows says they're handy things to have about. You can kill folks with them, he says."

"Horrors! I hope you don't want to kill folks."

"No, sir," the boy grinned sheepishly, "but he says they're good for mad dogs."

"I never saw a mad dog, did you?"

"No, sir."

"And if I did I'd feel safer to turn him over to an officer, wouldn't you?"

The grin had left the boy's face.

"Really now, didn't Tom think the best thing to do with a sling-shot was to kill birds? Didn't he tell you how much fun *that* was?"

The boy nodded.

"Well, Tom doesn't know. He is just a little boy, not much taller than you. I know how he feels—I felt that way once. I had a sling-shot once and I killed birds with it and then—do you want to hear about the last bird I ever killed?"

The boy laid aside his precious weapon and climbed up on his father's lap.

"It was one spring when I was just your size and when my hair stood up just like yours," Mr. Morris gave a fond pat to the boy's stubborn locks. "I had made the sling-shot the winter before and had learned to shoot straight and true with it. I used to aim at everything, cows, pigs, chickens, fence posts—anything before my eyes was a target. Generally my pebbles were too small to do much harm; and no one had any idea of the mischief I was doing; I know I hadn't till that morning in May when I came strolling down the lane back of grandfather's house and saw just before me swinging on a sycamore bough, a little blue-gray bird.

"Even as I raised my sling I was conscious of a clear, plaintive trill but I drew back my arm and let go. Son, that pebble—hard and smooth—went straight to the heart of that little bluebird and it seemed to me that it just split the song in two.



"When I ran up to get my victim, I heard a chorus of weak little 'peep-peeps' and looking up in the tree I saw a nest full of tiny, bobbing heads. Then I knew I had killed a 'mother-bird.'

"With my jackknife—the one that had whittled out the ugly sling-shot—I dug a deep hole beneath the tree. There I laid first my despised sling and then, in a nest of soft moss, that poor little 'mother bird!'

"All through the night I thought I heard the hungry 'peep-peep' of those baby-birds; so before breakfast the next morning I hurried out to the tree. I climbed far out on the swaying limb and looked into—an empty nest! Over by the fence, stretched her length in the sun, lay my pet cat licking her paws.

"Had she finished the joy I began? Well—she at least had killed because she was hungry; but I—just because it was fun and *because my sling-shot was handy.*"

"Father," the boy's face was very sober now, "I have no jackknife to dig with, I think I'll burn my sling-shot."

"Bless my boy," said Mr. Morris. "That's the very thing, and to-morrow I'm going to buy you a kodak. With it you can snap-shot all the birds you see—and folks—and even mad dogs—if you think it wise."

### The Foxglove and the Buttercup.

"Good evening, Mr. Foxglove,"

Said Miss Yellow Buttercup.

"Good evening, Yellow Lady,

"Will you come with me to sup?"

"I'll order food so dainty

In the wood beside the stream."

"You're charming, Mr. Foxglove,

"Are you sure there'll be ice cream?"

"I promise you, sweet lady,

"There'll be pink ice cream galore."

"You're charming, Mr. Foxglove

"Did you say we'd met before?"

"What matter?" said the Foxglove,

"Since we love each other so,

"Let's marry, Yellow Lady!"

And she didn't say him "no."

—Mary Kingdom.

### Chiqueto.

By Bertha A. Kleinman.

Miss Kay was not at all smiley that morning. Might as well draw down the shutters over the big south windows as for Miss Kay to wear that pucker between her eyes. LaRee had brought fresh water and fixed the flowers all loose and floppy-like which was the artistic way and Miss Kay had thanked her all right enough but in a quick have-to way like company manners. Surely something was wrong.

Once before the puckery line had hung there for more than an hour. That was the time when Joe's mother came all ruffled up and loud because Joe's fingers had been ruled. Not on your life had they been ruled without just cause and Mrs. White found it out with a jolt when Mr. Hendry appeared and told some real truly things about Joe. She had gone away so choky and apologetic that one felt most sorry for her. Then the wrinkle went in and the glister came out on Miss Kay's white teeth and it was just like more sunshine over on the window boxes. But this morning there was no Mrs. White about—only Miss Kay scratching away at her everlasting papers and waiting for the line bell.

"Children, I have something disagreeable to tell you this morning," her voice was ringy and sweet though it came from unsmiling lips, and a room full of happy hopefuls, with hands all folded in first position, sat upright to listen.

"Word has come that the central building is filled to overflowing and twenty refugees are being sent back to us—six for our little room alone. Yes, I knew you would resent it—it was so nice to feel ourselves exclusive. But, let us make the best of it (do you notice I say us? because that includes me too. I am really very much put out and need to be scolded, I suppose). After all things are so bad with those

poor people. Over in Douglas and Noegales the situation is so much worse. Trainloads of Peons are being poured into the border towns and our quota is very small indeed. I have a list here," and Miss Kay read off the "odd Spanish names—Felina, Elisa, Juan, Fernando, Eduardo and Chiqueto."

"Old class-mates, some of them," she said, "culled out and returned again. But let us be pleasant about it and try to welcome them."

Try indeed! They came at noon, bare-headed and bare-legged, smelling stronger than ever of burned potatoes and black beans.

In the gym, where the teachers were munching sandwiches and buzzing their resentment, Miss Kay flung herself down in utter disgust.

"I've done my duty—talk about welcome and all that, but I just cannot face it. Can you?" and she turned to Miss Woodman who laughed as she screwed on the top of her thermostat.

"No, I'm ready to back down. See, I am looking up Coast excursions and trying to persuade myself I need a furlough."

Miss Kay thrust her fists vigorously into the rubber pads at her side.

"No joking about it, please. It is really a serious matter with me," she insisted. "I have brought that darling of mine a long ways to feast on winter sunshine and real air and now to have to coop her up along with those vile smelling children—Oh! it is too exasperating. If she wasn't so well and so happy here I would take her away from it all, but she is plumping out so beautifully and she sleeps like a top and eats so much."

Miss Drane looked up from her crocheting.

"You would be very unwise to take that child away," she remarked.

Miss Kay crossed over and sat down by the busy girl.

"What are you going to do about it?" she asked.

Miss Drane counted one, two, three and threw her thread before replying.

"I've done all I can, girlie—pulled down all those freshly laundered curtains to let in more air. Yiddish and garlic put me wise to that away back in Yonkers."

"Yes, I might know you would do something sensible, and I can fully trust you to take care of Alice. Keep her as far as remoteness itself from any hint of a Mexican."

"I shall keep her in the same sunny window," said Miss Drane.

Miss Kay arose with a resigned air.

"I thought some general protest might avail," she said, "but perhaps I am over-sensitive. There seems to be nothing to do but face it—Chiqueto and all."

"Chiqueto! poor little beggar, they might have spared you that!"

"Spare nothing," cried Miss Kay, "not even his oleanders! I knew when he came without looking up. I smelt them coming—a great bunch big enough for a tub—and his halting lingo—'Bonito for ze poco sister.' I threw them as far as I could see—the treasure—they would poison her! But no use explaining to him how I detest them. Do you know—if ever I have a nightmare it is dreaming of being buried in this outlandish place and oleanders smothering on my grave! But one look at Chiqueto's face and I fled in here. Those great eyes of his will haunt me till I die!"

Poor Chiqueto—he was not little as his name implied. The long-ago mother had called him that and the señor who found him handy in the cotton fields had not troubled to change it. He stood six inches higher than any boy in the room (no one knew his age)—his eyes almost at level with Miss Kay's as he shambled past her desk.

He had dreamed of the sky in her eyes all through the weeks of his banishment at the central school. And last night when the bursting cotton

pods had nodded over his camp-bed they had whispered: "Tomorrow, Chiqueto, you are going back—back to the blue sky and the window-boxes."

Yes, he had come back and the sky was blue as blue, but the bonito blooms in the window dazzled his eyes and the tears ran over his brown cheeks.

\* \* \*

Someone said it was the curtains—the fluffy things piled high near the heater in Miss Drane's room. Someone said it was the flare of the cottonwood. *Misquite* would not have burned so. It was all too sudden and too terrible for any conclusion to be accurate. Every stunt of discipline that had ever been learned since school began was flung to the winds and terrified, shrieking children fled from the smoking halls.

Miss Kay's room, first from the entrance, made hasty exit to the grounds. Miss Kay, herself flushed and triumphant, marched her flock once and a half around the building, quelling the general furore as nothing else could have done.

It was at the southeast angle that the disturbance was unusually prolonged. Miss Drane's face was pinched and white. She loosened her skirt from a dozen little clinging hands and fairly sprang at Mr. Hendry when he would have hurried by.

"It is Alice!" she panted, "No one can find her. Someone says she fell—there!" and she pointed to the window above their heads where the flames were crackling at the sashes. She cowered down upon the grass for down the path Miss Kay was hurrying, calling her as she came.

No need to ask the meaning of that wailing group. Had their numbers been a thousand strong, one instant only was needed to search its every face and guess the cruel lack.

"The upper floor is burning—not a soul inside on peril of your lives." But the words choked him and Mr. Hendry struggled with the frantic girl in silence

"Let me go!" she shrieked, "I would die for her! O my little lamb and the only one to be missing!"

No, one other was missing but no one thought of him. A dozen boys from the eighth were trying to mount a feeble lattice on the south wall. Mr. Hendry, with the screaming girl in his arms dragged heavily across the lawn, shouting his protestations.

"The engine is coming! Down, down, everyone of you!"

Snorting and throbbing the great black giant was already in the road. Would it be too late? No, No!

"Chiqueto!" a great shout went up from the eighth. There in the window above their heads—one grimy hand clutching desperately for the mission vine, whose leaves hung green in the winter sunlight—hung Chiqueto! And snuggled close to his jumper was a little head with its trim Dutch cut.

He had found her at her own little desk, her head buried in her arms and the flames licking close to her skirts.

Someone laid the terrified little burden in Miss Kay's arms, but, assured of its safety, she passed her quickly to Miss Drane. It was Chiqueto whom Miss Kay gathered up and hugged, kneeling down to him on the grass and wiping the grime and smoke from his face.

"Chiqueto, little hero—can you ever forgive me?" she was weeping over him and wiping her wet face against his shaggy hair. "Will you try to forgive what I did today? Oh! I have been so wicked. But I want you to love me again and bring me your flowers. Yes, boy, boy—bring me your oleanders, cover my grave with them when I die—I shall love them dearly after today. And Chiqueto—listen—you shall have a real live burro and you shall come to me every day that I may help you in the evenings and little Alice too, do you hear?"

"And I cut ze *miquite* for ze little stove and water the bonito in your garden?"



"Yes, yes, every day. You shall be my brave friend always and little Alice's."

His long legs dangled almost to the ground from the flanks of his mouse-colored burro but never did knight errant issue forth from castle portal more proudly than did Chiqueto when he guided the awkward hoofs away from the neatly trimmed *Burmuda* grass and turned to wave goodby to Alice—Alice who had herself mounted the balky steed and laughed herself wild over his funny antics. Miss Kay's pat was warm on the velvety nose of his treasure-beast—warm too on Chiqueto's hand where she had reached to him across the *bonito* blossoms of the window-boxes.

### Study.

Oh, wouldn't it just be jolly,  
And wouldn't it just be gay!  
If we'd fly at our books and our lessons  
The way we rush out to our play?

A toboggan or two in history,  
A tug to the top of the hill,  
Then a sail from the top, without ever a  
stop,  
You'll know it, I'm sure that you will.

Then go at your spelling like fury,  
The way you whirl off on your skates,  
And see if you cannot bring just as much  
vim  
To the words that you wrote on your  
slates!

I tell you it just would be jolly  
If we'd study the way that we play,  
'Twould take half the time—and I'm  
very sure I'm  
Going to study my lessons that way!  
(Are you?)

### The Echo Children.

They live in the woods at the edge of the  
hill,  
And I call them forth with a shout;  
"Hello!" I cry to them, over the field,  
And with "Oh!" they tumble out;  
I hear them hurry, they fill the air,  
When I shout, "Hello! Hello!"  
But I never can find them, when I look;  
If I hunt too near, they go.

"How are you today? Are you well?" I  
ask,

And they answer, "Well!" and "Well!"  
And "What are your names?" I call again,  
And I wait to hear them tell:  
But they only tease me by singing  
"Names!"

And I laugh, and they laugh, too,  
The Echo children, deep in the woods,  
Where the flowers grow wet and blue.

I think in the night, when the moon is up,  
They creep from their mossy place,  
And they whirl and dance, to the tune  
of the wind,

Each with a frightened face;  
For if anyone sees them dancing there  
With their feet that beat like rain,  
They will lose their voices,—the owl said  
so,—

And never be heard again.

—Miriam Clark Potter (Youth's  
Companion).

### How a man Became his own Grandfather.

I married a widow who had a daughter;  
my father visited our house frequently,  
fell in love and married my stepdaughter,  
thus my father became my son-in-law  
and my stepdaughter my mother, for she  
was my father's wife. My stepdaughter  
had also a son; he was, of course, my  
grandchild and my brother at the same  
time, because he was the son of my  
father. My wife was my grandmother  
for she was my mother's mother. I was  
my wife's husband and grandchild at the  
same time, and as the husband of a  
person's grandmother is his grandfather  
I was my own grandfather!

### A Prayer.

Father in Heaven,  
Bless us we pray,  
Give us Thy Spirit  
All through this day.

Bless my dear mother  
And father too,  
And bless my teachers  
So kind and true.

Help us our Father  
To always be  
Thy loving children  
Cared for by Thee.

—EMMA E. LINDSEY.

# The Children's Budget Box.

## My Life as an Acorn.

I was a little nut. The squirrels liked me very much. My name was Little Acorn. I lived with my mother on the side of a mountain.

When I was quite small, Mother Oak used to rock me and my acorn brothers and sisters to sleep, and this is a little of what I thought she sang as she rocked:

Lullaby acorns I'll rock you to sleep.  
I love you as much as the lambs do the sheep.  
No one will harm you as long as I'm here,  
The wind will not wake you as long as I'm near.  
So lullaby babies, don't fret, neither fear;  
The wind will not harm you as long as I'm near.

So, you may know that Mother Oak cared for us very much, and we loved her very dearly.

One day in the fall, as Mother Oak was rocking us to sleep, I asked her if I might go down to the ground where I might take care of myself. She gave her consent so down I went. Many leaves were covered over me; soon the snow came falling down and there I lay all winter long. In the spring I began to grow. It took many years before I was as tall and strong as Mother Oak, and by that time I had acorns to take care of. But then I did not stay in my place long for two men came and cut me down and made me into a rocking chair.

Geniel Jacobson,  
Age 11. Manti, Utah.

## A Bug Story.

Now, Freddy was a little boy  
Who didn't mind his mother.  
He played and played the whole day long,  
Or teased his smaller brother.  
"Freddy, will you get some wood?"  
His mother said one day.  
"No I won't," he blurted out,  
And started into play.  
That evening, as the sun was low,  
He hurried up the stairs,  
And jumped into his little bed  
Without a thought of prayers.  
It happened that a big bug  
Was just coming out to play:  
It looked at little Freddy,  
As on the bed he lay.  
And then with all his power  
And without a sign of fear,

He walked right up to Freddy  
And bit him on the ear.  
"Ouch! Ouch!" cried Freddy, "murder!"  
While he wiggled round in pain.  
At last he stopped his crying  
And settled down again.  
But soon as he had gone to sleep,  
The big bug came once more;  
It bit him, bit him, bit him,  
One, two, three and four.  
Then up jumped angry Freddy,  
"I'd crush you if I could."  
Then stopped; he heard the big bug say:  
"Now go and get your wood."  
He listened in amazement,  
And he heard the same voice say:  
"Now go and get your coal and wood.  
And I will go away."  
Then Freddy sat there thinking  
And dreaming of the past,—  
A new-born resolution  
Had filled his breast at last.  
In hurry and excitement  
He jumped from out his bed,  
Caught hold of his trousers,  
And put them on his head.  
He put his shirt on backwards,  
And put his shoes on wrong,  
But didn't care the slightest bit,  
As long as they were on;  
Then down the stairs he bounded;  
And out into the shed,  
While visions of good doings  
Were racing through his head,  
A dozen arms of wood he got,  
A bucket full of coal;  
Then up the stairs again he went,  
Contentment filled his soul.  
He said his prayers and climbed in bed  
And there in peace he lay  
For when he came the big bug smiled,  
And slowly walked away.

Leo Metcalf,  
Age 13. Manti, Utah.

## The Creek.

I know full well a dashing stream,  
On canyon beds its waters gleam.  
O'er rocks they dash, through tunnels  
glide;  
And sometimes under high cliffs hide.  
And still it sings the same old song  
It sang unto our fathers strong;  
Fed by all the mountain snows,  
Laughing and playing through town it  
goes.

Florence Billings,  
Age 12. Manti, Utah.

**The Pansies.**

Pretty purple pansies,  
With faces toward the sun,  
Dancing in the breezes,  
Having jolly fun.

Pretty purple pansies,  
With your hearts of gold;  
Trying to be cheerful—  
I am often told.

When your work is over,  
And snow your cover forms,  
You will be snug and cosy,  
Safe from cold and storm.

Eliza Passy,

Age 12.

Stirling, Albert, Canada.

**THE LITTLE ORPHAN GIRL.**

One day the wind was blowing  
The clouds were gathering fast;  
The rain would soon be pouring  
On the people going past.

A little girl walked slowly,  
Scarce knowing where to go;  
The passers took no notice,  
As they hurried to and fro.

She had no gentle mother  
To comfort her when sad;  
She had no loving sisters  
To play with and be glad.

There was a little urchin  
Came crawling down her way;  
He spied the little maiden,  
To her his feet did stray.

He took her hand so gently  
And whispered in her ear:  
"Come, sit beside our fireplace,  
And share with us the cheer."

Forthwith, the little maiden  
Went with the urchin small;  
His little sisters welcomed her  
Into their house so small.

That night a little heart went up  
To Father far above,  
And thanked Him for His kindness.  
And most of all, His love.

—Julia Deborah Clegg,

Age 14.

Elmo, Emery Co., Utah.

**SUMMER IS COMING.**

"Summer is coming,"  
Said snow bird one day;

"The snow is all melting,  
The cold's gone away."  
"Summer is coming,"  
Said Mary, one day;  
"The birds are so happy  
On this bright spring day."  
Nature is singing,  
The children are glad;  
Everyone's happy;  
No time to be sad.  
The flowers are springing  
Around our light feet;  
The winter has gone,  
And with it the sleet.

—Julia Deborah Clegg,

Age 14.

Elmo, Utah.

**Spring Time.**

Spring-time comes with pretty flowers,  
And the birds come back again.  
Fairies dance in shady bowers,  
Then we hear the singing wren.

Then the trees begin to blossom,  
And the leaves put on their green.  
With the little gray opossum  
Looking sweetly at the scene.

Then the rain began to pelt,  
And there's no more freezing snow.  
Soon the ice begins to melt  
And the waters gently flow.

Silas Young,

Age 10.

Brigham City, Utah,

R. F. D., no. 2.

**COMPETITION NO. 39.**

Book prizes will be awarded for the best contributions of the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.

Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Photographs: Any size.

**Rules.**

Competition will close Sept. 1st.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be on plain white paper, and must not be folded.












Address: The Children's Budget Box, Juvenile Instructor, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.






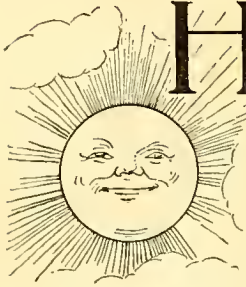
# Polly Winkums







By  
Jane Adams Parker.

## VI.






**H**ERE'S a big, round ring, two    
and a laughing . That's the  
picture of "old Mr. Sun." Polly  
Winkums sat on the  in her pretty  
green  and looked up and  
winked one . You see, it was the first of April,  
and Polly and Mr.  had a secret. Polly  
Winkums loved to be out on the porch and watch the  
little girls and boys go to school. Grandma Winkums  
was eating her oatmeal from the big round oatmeal  
 and Grandpa Winkums was drinking  
from his big china . All at once Helen popped  
her head in the . "Look, look, Grandma  
Winkums, at the big hole in your lace ,








" she  
cried. Grandma Winkums dropped her  
 and Grandpa Winkums almost  
tipped over the cream . They  
both jumped up to see. "April Fool!"  
laughed Helen, and down the steps she  
ran and out of the . How Grandma and  
Grandpa Winkums did laugh. "Now, we'll have  
some fun," thought Polly Winkums, as he winked








again at old Mr.  . Along the sidewalk came a little  and  with their  under their arms and lunch   in their hands. “You’re late! You’re late!” called  .

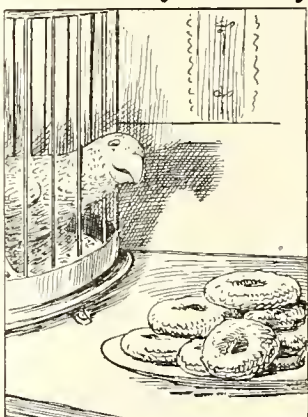


My! how wide their   did open. They looked about. Then how fast their little   did go. “Run, run,” laughed  . “You’re late! You’re late!”

. But oh, dear me! The little  fell and bumped her  . The  dropped his lunch  and  . A big  ran out of a  and barked at the noise. Then Helen came out.

She ran across the street and wiped the tears from the little girl’s   . “You’re late!” screamed  . “Ha-ha-ha---April Fool!” “Why, it’s only Polly Winkums,” laughed Helen.

Grandma Winkums opened the  and asked Helen what was the matter. Then, “Grandpa Winkums,” she called, “bring out that big  of doughnuts.” “Ha-ha-ha!” laughed Helen.



“And it’s April Fool for you, Polly Winkums, for you can’t have even a bite of a doughnut.”

# The Funny Bone.

## All Over.

She: "Father says if Teddy was President this war would now be over."

He: "It would. Over here."—Life.

## Telling Him.

Small Boy: "Good fishin'? Yessir; ye go down that private road till ye come to th' sign 'Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted,' cross the field with th' bull in it an' you'll see a sign 'No Fishing Allowed'—that's it."—Life.

## Where She Drew the Line.

The maid of all work in the service of a provincial family, the members whereof are not on the most amicable terms, recently tendered her resignation, much to the distress of the lady of the house.

"So you are going to leave us?" asked the mistress sadly. "What's the matter, Mary? Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?"

"Yis, mum," said Mary; "an' I've sthooed it as long as I'm going to!"

## Where?

Joseph and Isaac went to hear Billy Sunday preach, and after the service, as they were going home, Joseph said:

"Vell, Izaac, vat you tink of him?"

"I didn't like him," said Isaac. "Too much hell! It was hell, hell, hell all the time. And I don't believe there is any hell, Joseph."

"No hell?" asked Joseph in amazement.

"No," answered the friend.

"Vell, then, Izaac," said Joseph, "if there is no hell, where is bisness gone?"

## Gently Broken.

A young man—an only son—married against the wishes of his parents. A short time afterward, in telling a friend how to break the news to them, he said:

"Start off by telling them that I am dead, and then gently work up to the climax."

## An Egg Story.

Pete: "Ain't it frightful, Lucas, the way eggs is rising?"

Lucas: "I should say. What is the cause of it?"

Pete: "Why the war, of course."

Lucas: "Great scott! They're not fighting with eggs, are they?"

## An Even Thing.

"Aw, Aw," said Snobleigh—"it must be—aw—very unpleasant for you Americans to be—aw—governed by people whom you—aw—wouldn't awsk to dinner?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the American girl; "no more so than for you to be governed by people who wouldn't ask you to dinner."

## A Fair Crop.

John K. Kimble, secretary of the Farmers' National congress, said the other day at Port Deposit:

"Such crops as we may happen to have this year bring to mind an Abe Lincoln story. A farmer once told Lincoln a whopping big fib about his hay crops. Lincoln, smiling his melancholy smile, drawled:

"'I've been cutting hay, too.'"

"'Good crop?' the farmer asked.

"'Fine, very fine,' said Lincoln.

"'How many tons?'"

"'Well, I don't just know how many tons,'" said Lincoln, carelessly, "'but my men stacked all they could outdoors and then stored the rest in the barn.'"—Denver Times.

## An Extravagant Wife.

A farmer asked a negro farm hand the cause of his worried and harassed expression.

"De trouble, boss," said the negro, "is mah wife. She is de stravigantes pusson I knows. She is alwus after money. Money dis, en money dat, en mo' money. She comes ter me for one dollah, en den she wants two dollahs, en so hit goes."

"But, Joe," inquired the boss, "what does she do with all this money?"

"Weil, de fac is, bos," explained Joe, "I ain't gib her none yit!"

## Physiology.

The new maid from Finland entered her mistress' presence one morning and announced:

"The cat's had chickens, ma'am."

"Nonsense, Alma!" replied Mrs. West. "You mean kittens. Cats don't have chickens."

"Was them kittens or chickens the master brought home last night?"

"Chickens, of course."

"Well, ma'am, that's what the cat has had."



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## BOOK NOTICES

### THE MAKING OF A "MORMON"

Our readers will be pleased to hear that the highly-interesting story, "The Making of a 'Mormon,'" by Elder William A. Morton, which appeared recently in the Juvenile Instructor, is being printed in booklet form, and will come from the press in a few days. There has been great demand for this story, orders for nearly 5,000 copies having been received already. The author has been highly complimented on his excellent presentation of the gospel in story form. President Walter P. Monson, of the Eastern States Mission, writes:

"I have read every word of "The Making of a 'Mormon'" with unabated interest. Oh, how true to the lives and experiences of thousands! I most heartily congratulate you on your splendid presentation of a theme lying so close to the heart of those whose sacrifices have been acceptable to our Heavenly Father. I am sure your production will fill a vacancy now found in missionary literature should it be published in booklet form."

President John L. Herrick, of the Western States Mission, writes as follows:

"I congratulate you on "The Making of a 'Mormon,'" the manuscript of which I have just read with absorbing interest. The story form treatment should prove of distinctive value, especially in the mission field, and the thoroughness with which you treat vital gospel themes should at once be appealing and convincing to the reader."

"The Making of a 'Mormon'" will be on sale at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store. Price 10c per copy, postpaid.

### A NEW BIBLE.

We call your attention to the Bible advertised in this number of the "Juvenile." It is the best Bible of convenient size for student, teacher or missionary. The Ready Reference being printed right in with the Bible makes this book exceptionally valuable to the missionary. Young men who expect ever to go on a mission will find this the best Bible to buy now, for with proper care it will last a life time. There are two styles—\$3.00 and \$5.00, sold by the Deseret Sunday School Union.

SAY THAT YOU SAW IT IN THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



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Little capital needed. I grant credit—help you out—back you up—Don't doubt—Don't hesitate—Don't hold back—You cannot lose. My other men are building houses, bank accounts, so can you. Act then quick, SEND NO MONEY. Just name on penny post card for free tub or "Mustie!"

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Our task, now, under the blessings of modern science and the enlightenment of the arts is to build upon these noble deeds of the past a history of progress which shall carry us to the world's front. We have a rich citizenship, sons and daughters of the Pioneers, and the many other thousands who came and are coming to the intermountain country to build homes.

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## UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE LOGAN, UTAH

### A Pennsylvania Woman

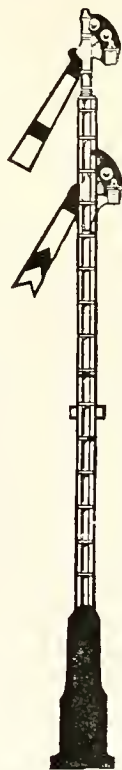
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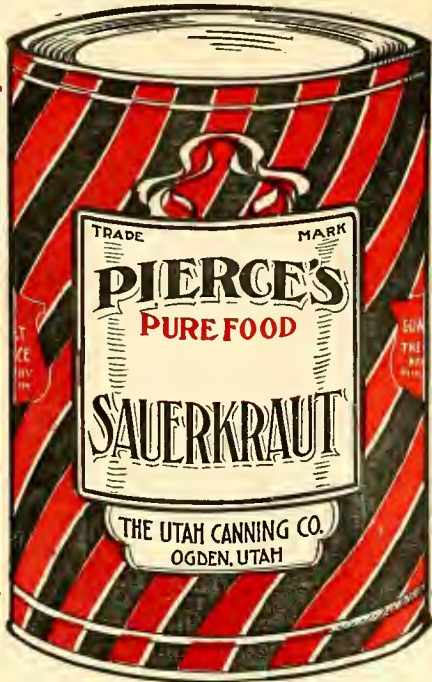
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