



TAKE THE DETOUR.

You're mad.
 You're mad because you've banged up against an obstacle in life—
 Maybe it's a big obstacle, some real tragedy—death or treachery—
 Maybe it's a little obstacle—lost a job—been gossiped about.
 Whatever it is, it has thrown you off your course—
 And you're mad.



Elsie Robinson.

You say you are sick of life.
 What's the use of trying?
 You're thru! You won't go on!
 Well, I know how you feel—
 I've been there myself and it is exasperating—
 But wait a minute—
 Stop and think—
 Suppose you were out in your automobile—
 And suddenly you came to a place, where the highway was torn up and blocked.
 And there stood a sign saying "Detour"—
 Would you get mad and quit?
 Or would you take the detour?
 You'd take the detour, of course.
 You might be a little peevish about it—
 You might growl at the dust and cuss the bumps—
 But you'd take the detour.
 Because you'd realize that was the only thing to do.
 And you wouldn't feel personally insulted.
 Because you had to take it—
 You wouldn't get the idea that that detour
 Had been especially invented to plague you—
 You wouldn't believe that you were the only person
 Who had ever had to take a detour.
 You'd realize that detours are a natural part
 Of any highway program.
 And you'd follow that detour until eventually
 It led you back to the highway.
WHY CAN'T YOU BE AS SENSIBLE AS THAT ABOUT LIFE?
 Life is a highway, too—
 A highway with detours.
 Every now and then something turns life upside down.

Sends you off your course for a bit—
 But that detour isn't the end of life.
 Sooner or later, if you'll follow it, you'll come back into the highway again.
 You may be travel-stained and tired—
 Sadder and wiser for the ruts and bumps—
 But there, again, is the highway waiting.
 Waiting for you to go on where you left off.
WHY CAN'T YOU SEE THAT TROUBLE AND GRIEF ARE ONLY DETOURS?
THEY'RE NOT PERSONAL INSULTS, INVENTED JUST TO PLAGUE YOU.
THEY'RE A PART OF ALL NORMAL LIVING.
EVERYBODY HAS TO TAKE THEM, SOONER OR LATER—
WHY NOT BE SENSIBLE AND TAKE THEM WITHOUT SO MUCH BELLY-AKIN?

Naturally (they) will be some if you will not need to consider, those you could add where needed. For instance, your rent may be a little higher than this table allows, but you could take it from an item on which you do not have to plan at all. Here are the figures:
 10 per cent savings account.
 16 per cent house rent, property tax, fire insurance and repairs on house.
 25 per cent table expenses—groceries, meats, vegetables, lunches and extra meals.
 12 per cent clothing—dry goods, millinery, shoes, including materials and cost of making.
 7 per cent fuel, light, telephone and ice.
 7 per cent furniture and furnishings.
 6 per cent railway and street car fare, livery.
 6 per cent laundry, dry cleaning and tailoring.
 2 per cent books, literature and education.
 3 per cent life insurance, interest, lodge dues.
 4 per cent luxuries, amusements, and candy.
 2 per cent help and services.
 Hope this is helpful to you, O. K.
YOUR WEIGHT MARGE.

INTERPRETERS.

There are some thoughts too sad to put in words,
 There are some joys too deep for accents gay.
 I think that that is why God makes the birds
 Such things to say.
 There are some moments full of melodies
 Too sweet for harps or any human thing.
 I think that that is why God makes the trees
 Such songs to sing.
 There are some souls that down life's highway pass
 Too fair to last in hope's bright diadem,
 I think that that is why God makes the grass
 To shelter them.
 There are some hours too lonely for the light,
 When laughing sunrays but intruders seem.
 I think that that is why God makes the night,
 To sleep, and dream.
 —Douglas Malloch.
 In "Tote-Road and Trail."

"Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It is the freshness of the deep springs of life. Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.
 Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old by deserting their ideals.
 Years wrinkle the skin; but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.
 Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear, despair—these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the greenening spirit back to dust.
 Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement of the stars and at starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the un-falling, childlike appetite for what next, and joy of the game of living. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.
 In the central place of your heart is an evergreen tree; its name is Love. So long as it flourishes you are young. When it dies you are old.
 In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage, and power from the earth, from men, and from the Infinite, so long are you young. When the wires are down, and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at twenty, and may God have mercy upon your soul."—Dr. Frank Crane.

The taciturn woman is a mother whose children rise up and bless her to the last day of their lives. They never look back upon a childhood in which they were kept in subjection by fear. They never think of their mother as an incarnate demon, or as a stepmother who could be counted on beforehand to veto everything they wanted to do. And it is only after they are grown that they realize how firm was the hand always upon them. They didn't see it at the time because it was so hidden in the velvet glove.

The taciturn woman knows that children are abnormally sensitive, and so she does not humiliate hers by correcting them in public. She waits until they are alone together and then talks things over, and the offense is not repeated. She takes the trouble to explain to a child why such and such a thing should be done, or should not be done. And she is obeyed because she does not seem an arbitrary tyrant to the child, and so does not set up irritation in its mind.

She knows that vanity is the strongest human impulse and she plays upon that as upon a harp with a thousand strings. She praises Johnny's good manners until he becomes a Chesterfield. She appeals to Tommy to set her right about some date in history and Tommy has to read upon it to justify his reputation, and so becomes a student. She calls Mary mother's little helper and Mary goes with enthusiasm at domestic tasks that otherwise she couldn't be driven to. She calls attention to Sally's neatness and Sally has to keep herself slick and span to live up to her blue china.

The taciturn wife and mother never has any trouble keeping her husband and children at home. You can't drive them away from the one place in the world where there is peace and comfort, and where their fur is always rubbed the right way.

The taciturn woman is the friend we grapple to our souls with hoops of steel because she understands the fine art of being intimate without being inquisitive. She is interested in everything we do, but she does not pry into our private affairs, nor seek to poke her nose into our holy of holies. She listens with sympathy to what we have to tell her, but she asks no questions. She is always willing to help, but she does not feel it gives her the right to boss us. And because she loves us she has the privilege of monopolizing us.

Tact and graciousness. They are the virtues of queens. What a pity that women do not cultivate them more, for they are the magic talisman which opens every door for a woman and will do more to insure her happiness and success than anything else in the world.

DOROTHY DIX.

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Relief Society of First Ward 1930 Honors Officers

The First Ward Relief society, of which Mrs. T. A. Hunt is the new president, entertained at a most delightful patriotic program Tuesday afternoon in the ward chapel, honoring the retiring president, Mrs. H. Winkel, the other retiring officers, class leaders and teachers of the organization.

The auditorium, decorated in numerous baskets of red, white and blue flowers, formed an appropriate setting for the affair. As a feature of the entertainment each of the honor guests was presented a token of appreciation.

Mrs. A. J. Bird, who had charge of the music for the afternoon, with Mrs. Vern A. Blomquist at the piano, led the congregation in community singing. Mrs. Ernest E. Hedman, Misses Euarta Poulson and Della Outzen with Mrs. Bird at the piano sang two patriotic selections. Mrs. Manilla Christensen read "The Man Without a Country," and Mrs. Retta Nielson gave a humorous reading. The opening prayer was offered by Mrs. Orlando Thurber, and the closing prayer, by Mrs. J. W. Olsen.

After the program a social hour and refreshments were enjoyed.

Mountain Sweethearts -

Two lovers stood together

In a mountain forest dim;

And he was silent for love of her,

And she trembled with love for him;

And she was clad in silver green;

And he in dull green-blue;

And they sighed little murmuring love songs

When the mountain breeze passed through.

Yet they stood there winter and summer

And never spoke a line. For she was

a dainty Aspen and he was a stately

pine.

Never Say Fail!

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail
Who daily march onward,
And never say fail!

With an eye ever open,
A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
To sorrow succumb—
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty
Who never say fail.

Ahead, then, keep pushing,
And elbow your way,
Unheeding the envious,
And asses that bray;
All obstacles vanish,
All enemies quail,
In the might of their wisdom
Who never say fail!

In life's early morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto,
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

—Author: Unknown.

TALKING TO MYSELF.

You were not made to fail. You do not
need

To triumph over others to succeed.
But over self. Could you but make the best
Of what is in your mind and in your breast
Only a scanty handful from all time
Could have achieved success so near sub-
lime;

None ever could do more. Perhaps not one
Of all the millions since the race has run
Has thought and lived his best. Yet it can be
Within the reach of even such as we.

'Tis not the fault of others. You alone
Are the responsible, the guilty one
If you shall fail. Success is but to live
The best you can, and through your work
to give

The world your best; not ever just to make
Yourself a name and place. That's the mis-
take

Of all the countless millions who have
failed
Through petty aims, and at their rate have
railed.

No man may know what chance holds. Only
you
Know what your life could be if it were
true.

It can be glorious, it can be great.
No matter what the chances men call fate.
A beacon lighting to a splendid goal—
He masters fate who masters his own soul!

—Lee Shippey.
Los Angeles Times.

TIEN WENKEN.

1. **Zeg** niets, waarvan gij niet gaarne wilt, dat God het hoort. (Ps. 141 : 3.)
2. **Zing** niets, waarvan gij niet weet, dat het aangenaam klinkt in de ooren Gods. (Ef. 5 : 19.)
3. **Schrijf** niets, waarvan ge niet zoudt willen dat God het las. (2 Kon. 19 : 14.)
4. **Denk** niets, dat gij niet zoudt durven weten voor God. (Ps. 139 : 2.)
5. **Lees** niets, dat een van Gods knechten niet met u zou kunnen lezen. (Hand. 8 : 30.)
6. **Zie** naar niets, waarop Gods oog niet met welgevallen rust. (Ps. 119 : 37.)
7. **Ga** nergens, waar gij niet gaarne door God gezien zoudt worden. (Ps. 139 : 3.)
8. **Doe** niets, wat niet is ter eere Gods. (1 Cor. 10 : 31.)
9. **Besteed uw tijd** nooit zóó, dat God tot u zou moeten zeggen: „Wat maakt gij hier?“ (1 Kon. 19 : 18.)
10. **Leef** als Abraham en Henoeh in de tegenwoordigheid Gods. (Gen. 5 : 24 en 24 : 40.)
J. J. B.

mij Mother.

If you have knowledge, let others light their candles at it.—Margaret Fuller.

Poem to "Quite Plain"

Editor Tribune: Here's an old poem which appeared years ago in a country newspaper. I want to rededicate it to "Quite Plain":

THE TWO VERDICTS.

She was a woman, worn and thin,
Whom the world condemned for a single sin;
He was a man and more to blame,
The world spared him a breath of shame.

Beneath their feet they saw her lie,
And raised their heads as they passed her by;
These were the people that went "to pray"
At the temple of God on a holy day.

They scorned the woman, they forgave the man;
It was ever thus since the world began.
Time passed on and the woman died,
On the cross of shame she was crucified.

The man died, too; but they buried him
In a casket of cloth with a silver rim,
And said, as they turned from his grave away,
"We have buried an honest man to-day."

Two mortals, knocking at heaven's gate,
Stood face to face to inquire their fate;
He carried a passport with earthly sign,
And she a pardon from love benign.

Now ye who judged 'twixt virtue and vice,
Who think ye entered to Paradise?
Not he who the world had said would win,
But the woman alone was ushered in.
W. D. M.

Mother

Just a note of welcome -
Just a line of cheer
Just to say we're happy
That you are still here!
Grown we too, and your grandson Val -
Here's a greeting true:
We want you to know, Mother dear,
We are happy to have you.

Thys. Reba and Val



Happiness is found in the appreciation of things you have and in worrying less about the things you haven't.

The most important part in life is the raising of a good family. ^{spend love}

True religion is not what ^{men} sees but what God sees and loves.

Nobody ever outgrows Scripture;
The books widens and deepens with our years ^{surgeon}

Heavenly joy - Open mine eyes that I may see
Riches of glory, know only to Thee.
Open mine ears that I may hear
Sweet sounds of music, my heart to cheer.
Open mine heart that I may receive
Thy spirit's blessing. Thy truths to believe.

Character is the result of contacts, of struggle,
of effort, of triumphs and failures.

The proclamation sounded in my ear -
It reached my heart - I listened to the sound
Counted the cost and laid my earthly all
Upon the altar, and with purpose fixed
Unalterably, while the spirit of
Elijah - God within my bosom reigns
Embracing the Everlasting Covenant;
and am determined now to be a saint
and number with the tried and faithful
Whose race is measured with their life
Whose prize is everlasting, and
whose happiness is God's approval,
and to whom his more than
meat and drink to O His
righteous will.

During the reign of Tib-
Cesars there was a man ^{named}
Publius Lentulus who is ^{created}
with the following written descrip-
tion of Christ.

"There lives at this time in
Judea a man of singular virtue
whose name is Jesus Christ.....

He is a tall man, well shaped
and of amiable and revered as-
pect; his hair is of a color that
can hardly be matched. It falls into
soft graceful curls, waving about
and very agreeably couched upon
his shoulders, parted on the crown
of his head and running as a
stream to the front.....his
forehead high, large and imposing;
his cheeks without spot or wrinkle,
beautiful, with a lovely pink glow;
his nose and mouth formed with
exquisite symmetry, his beard the
color suitable to his hair, reaches
far below his chin, and parts in the
middle like a fork—his eye, bright
blue, clear, serene, innocent yet
mature. His arms and hands de-
lectable to behold.

A man for his extraordinary
beauty and divine perfection sur-
passing the children of men in
every sense."

I thought this a lovely de-
scription. Do you like it?

Whatever is, is best.

We shall know as life grows older
and our eyes have clearer sight
That under each rank wrong,
Somewhere, there lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose
By the sorrowing of unguessed ^{mourning}
But as sure as the sun brings shade
Whatever is, is best.

We shall know that each sinful
action, as sure as the sun brings shade
Is somewhere sometime punished tho
the hour be long delayed.
We'll know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer—
But whatever is, is best.

We shall know there are no errors
In the great Eternal plan.
That all things work together for the
final good of man.
And I am sure when our souls
Speed onward in the grand eternal
quest.
That we'll say, as we look back
earthward, "Whatever was, was best"

Many things in this world
are healing besides medicine
Love is healing, Kindness is healing
and Happiness is the
Greatest healing power of all.

Alma L. Woolson

A Daily thought

Nothing happens to anybody which
he is not fitted by nature to bear.
—Marcus Aurelius.

The Little Black Hen

Here is something good for the poultryman who is down in the dumps. Perhaps it is part of the solution of "What's Wrong With The Poultry Business".

Said the little red rooster, "Gosh all hemlock
Things are tough.

Seems that worms are getting scarcer, and
I cannot find enough.
What's become of all those fat ones
is a

Mystery to me;
There were thousands through that rainy spell but now where can they be?

The old black hen who heard him, didn't grumble or complain,
She had gone through lots of dry spells, she had lived through floods of rain,
So she flew up on the grindstone, and she gave her claws a whet,
As she said, "I've never seen the time when there were no worms to get.

She picked a new and undug spot; the earth was hard and firm,
The little rooster jeered, "New ground?

That's no place for a worm."
The old black hen just spread her feet, she dug both fast and free,
"I must go to the worms", she said,
"The worms won't come to me.

The rooster vainly spent his day, through habit, by the ways
Where fat worms have passed in squads, back in the rainy days.
When nightfall found him supperless, he growled in accents rough,
"I'm hungry as a fowl can be—conditions sure are tough."

He turned then to the old black hen and said, "It's worse with you,
For you're not only hungry but you must be tired, too.
I rested while I watched for worms, so I feel fairly perk.
But, how are you? Without worms, too? And after all that work."

The old black hen hopped to her perch and dropped her eyes in sleep,
And murmured, in a drowsy tone,
"Young man, hear this and weep,
I'm full of worms, and happy, for I've dined both long and well,
The worms are there as always—but, I had to dig like hell."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Destiny.

Shackled and chained by the hand of Fate!
Bound by Destiny!
It is useless to struggle and complain;
It is just as the thing was to be.

The play was written; your part assigned
Before you saw light of day,
So assume the role as best you can,
For that is the better way.

If you think, when things are bright with you,
It was your efforts that made it so,
Just remember it was in the program
That the bright things you should know.

Each effort and thought and action
Were all arranged before
By the Writer of the play called "Universe"
That was written behind closed door.

Don't take full credit for things well done
But be happy you drew that part;
Nor regret in vain your follies
No matter how deeply they smart.

Don't laugh at or censure the actor,
Who draws a minor role at the start,
The scenes change often; before the play's thru
You may assume his part.

For a Master Hand did write this play
As he would have it be.
So don't question the part assigned to you
If its wisdom you cannot see.
LAURA BEEBL,
Salt Lake City.

THOUGHT.

Thought is the food of the spirit;
Take care your exchange of bread
Comes not from the altars of alien gods,
Where the palates of men are fed.

Thought is the robe of the spirit;
Let it be woven with care,
Of waxen threads unsullied,
And carefully free from snare.

Thought is the prompter of action;
Then let the heart be kind;
Deeds can be noble only
When ruled by a noble mind.
LINNIE FISHER ROBINSON,
Salt Lake City.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY

Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations.

He comes into this world without his consent, and goes out against his will, and the trip is exceedingly rocky. The rule of the contraries is one of the important features of the trip.

When he is little, the big girls kiss him; when he is big, the little girls kiss him.

If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest.

If he needs credit he can't get it; if he is prosperous, everyone wants to do him a favor.

If he is in politics, it is for graft; if he is out of politics, he is no good for his country.

If he doesn't give to charity, he is a tightwad; if he does, it is for show.

If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no part in religion, he is a hardened sinner.

If he shows affection, he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one, he is cold-blooded.

If he dies young, there was a great future before him; if he lives to an old age, he missed his calling.

The road is a rocky one, but men love to travel it.—Anon.

A Daily Thought

Say not always what you know, but
always know what you say.

As to the cord the bow is
So unto man is woman,
Though she bends him
He obeys him.
Though she draws him
Yet she follows.
Useles one without the other

H. W. Longfellow

Woman as she is.

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction
A woman's the greatest of all contradiction.
She's afraid of a cockroach; she'll scream at a mouse
But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.
She'll take him for better; she'll take him for ^{worse;}
She'll split his head open and then be his nurse.
And when he is well and get out of bed.
She'll pick up a teapot to throw at his head.
She's faithful, deceitful, keensighted and blind;
She is simple; she's crafty; she's cruel and blind
She'll lift a man up; she'll cast a man down;
She'll make him her hero. she'll make him her clown
You'll fancy, she's this, but you will find she is that.
For she'll play like a kitten and bite like a cat.
In the morning she will; in the evening she won't.
And you're always expecting she does, but she don't.

P. 19. E.

The Mothers Code

Who'll, for the mothers, write a code?

Let's hear somebody speak
Who has a plan to put them on
a forty hour a week.
She rises with the early birds
and all the family wakes -
She scrubs their necks, inspect their ears,
and stirs a batch of cakes.
Then father she gets of to work;
The children to their schools -
The dishes also she must wash
and put away the tools.
She sweeps the floors and makes the beds,
The time slips by to soon -
She must have lunch all ready when
The crowd comes home for noon.

She has to wash and dry the clothes,
To iron them and mend;
And so the jobs for her to do
Just never seems to end.

Along 'bout midnight Fanny wakes
All choked up with the croup
She slips out quietly with him
To not to rouse the troupe.

With sixteen hours for a day
She's soon have in her time
and four days out of every week.

Her life could be sublime.
But then I guess, for mother codes
The need has been destroyed,
Because among the mother class.

There are no unemployed

Ed Tuttle
Helen, Utah

Speech.

Talk happiness. The world is sad
enough
Without your woe. No path is
wholly rough.
Look for the places that are
smooth and clear,
And speak of them to rest the
weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one contin-
uous strain
Of mortal discontent and grief and
pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off
without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid
doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man,
or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the
shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till
faith shall come:
No one will grieve because your
lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-
ending tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and
stale;
You cannot charm or interest or
please,
By harping on that minor chord,
disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with
you,
And God shall hear your words
and make them true.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Pleasant Smile

The thing that goes the farthest
Towards making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile,
The smile that bubbles from the hearts,
That loves its fellow men,
Will drive away the cloud of gloom
And coax the sun again,
It's full of worth and goodness too,
With many kindness blent,
It's worth a million dollars
And it doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when
We see a cheery smile;—
It always has the same good look,
It's never out of style—
It nerves us on to try again when
Failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are
Good for me and you;
It pays a higher interest, for
It is merely lent;
It's worth a million dollars and
It doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy, you can
Wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can
Squeeze out a tear;
It ripples out, moreover, to the
Heart strings that will tug,
So smile away, folks, understand
What by a smile is meant,
It's worth a million dollars and
It doesn't cost a cent.

Compensation

When my luck seems all out
And I'm down at the mouth,
When I'm stuck in the North,
And I want to go South;
When the world seems a blank
And there's no one I love,
And it seems even God's
Not in heaven above,
I've a cure for my grouch
And it works like a shot—
I just think of the things that
I'm glad I am not:
A bird in a cage,
A fish in a bowl,
A pig in a pen,
A fox in a hole,
A bear in a pit,
A wolf in a trap,
A fowl on a spit,
A rug on a lap,
A horse in a stable,
A cow in a shed,
A plate on a table,
The sheet on a bed,
The case on a pillow,
A bell on a door,
A branch on a willow,
A mat on the floor.
When I think of the hundreds of
things I might be,
I get down on my knees and thank
God that I'm me.
Then my blues disappear, when I
think what I've got,
And quite soon I've forgotten the
things I have not.

ELSIE JANIS.
In New York Times

CHRISTMAS

HAS NOT ALWAYS BEEN
DECEMBER 25-VARIOUS DATES
WERE FAVORED BY HISTORIANS
FROM TIME TO TIME - MAY 20,
NOVEMBER 18, APRIL 2 -
FOR FOUR CENTURIES THE
BIRTH OF CHRIST WAS
OBSERVED ON JANUARY 6 -
EVEN THE YEAR IS IN DOUBT
- HEROD, BEFORE WHOM
APPEARED THE WISE MEN, DIED
IN 4 B.C.

She was a woman worn and thin,
Whom the world condemned for a single sin;
They cast her out on the king's highway,
And passed her by as they went away.

He was a man, and more to blame;
But the world spared him a breath of
shame;
Beneath his feet he saw her lie,
But he raised his head and passed her by.

They were the people who went to pray
At the temple of God on the holy day;
They scorned the woman, forgave the man—
It was ever thus since the world began.

O, we who judge 'twixt virtue and vice,
Which think ye entered paradise?

WHICH?

Time passed on, and the woman died—
On the cross of shame was crucified;
But the world was stern and would not yield,
And they buried her in the potters' field.

The man died, too, and they buried him
In a casket of cloth with a silver rim,
And they said as they turned from his grave
away:
"We've buried an honest man to-day."

Two mortals knocked at heaven's gate—
And stood face to face to inquire their fate.
He carried a passport with earthly sign,
And she stood with a pardon from love divine.

A Mother's Prayer.

There is bliss in my heart that no
words can express,
As I sit with my children and
fondly caress,
As I look in their faces my heart
wells with joy,
That I am their mother, my girl
and my boy.

I love my dear children that cling
round my knee,
Dear Father in Heaven Thou gave
them to me.
God bless them and guide them
and bring them to Thee,
Oh God bless them and guide them
and bring them to Thee.

When sorrow afflicts them, Lord
help them to say:
"Thy hand, Heavenly Father, sus-
tain me today."
If temptations assail them when
mother is gone,
Guide Thou them aright till life's
journey is done.

I love my dear children that cling
round my knee,
Dear Father in Heaven Thou gave
them to me.
God bless them and guide them
and bring them to Thee,
Oh God bless them and guide
them and bring them to
Thee.

In the pathway of virtue, dear
Father, I pray,
May Thy hand ever lead them; Oh
let them not stray
Till life's warfare is over and life's
battle is won
And God's benediction acclaims:
"Tis well done."

I love my dear children that cling
round my knee,
Dear Father in Heaven Thou gave
them to me.
God bless them and guide them
and bring them to Thee,
Oh God bless them and guide them
and bring them to Thee.
—Oliver Hodgson.
Salt Lake City.

A Daily Thought

Let us so live that when we come to
die, even the undertaker will be sorry.
—Mark Twain.

I searched into the heart of youth,
And found there, this eternal truth—
Age is only what you are
When wondering at a falling star,
Age is only what you see
When apple blooms are on a tree—
A day of canning fruit, instead
Of blossoms dancing overhead.
You are old when setting sun
Means only that your work is done;
When drifted snows piled high and white
Means shoveling off the walk tonight;
When wild rains dashing at the door
Means just another muddy floor.
I searched into the heart of youth,
And found there, this eternal truth—
Age is seeing use in beauty,
Youth is finding joy in beauty.

—Miranda S. Walton
from "Utah Sings"

REMARKABLE REMARKS

Women always prefer saxophonists.—Rudy
Vallee.

American men are too cautious as lovers.—
Mrs. Edgar Lee Masters.

The newspapers don't count for much in
most political issues.—Lady Astor.

Destiny distributes triumphs and defeats
with charming nonchalance.—Senator Ashurst.

There is too much learning in the head and
too little in the hands.—Isaac F. Marcossou.

We cannot end war by hating war and call-
ing it bad names.—The Rev. William Jusserand
de Forest.

America is fast becoming the most lawless
nation in the world today.—The Rev. W. Har-
old Weigle.

I predict that in the summer or fall of 1933
there will be a stock market collapse.—Gen.
Charles G. Dawes.

I will pay more for the ability to handle
people than for any other ability under the
sun.—John D. Rockefeller.

Unless the doctors of capitalism can fix its
appendix of debt, the next call will be for the
undertaker.—Roger W. Babson.

Happiness comes only as we possess a proper
sense of values and lead a natural and well-
balanced life.—Roger W. Babson.

People ought to be encouraged to make
profits; they cannot employ people if they
don't make profits.—Harry L. Hopkins.

A Daily Thought

The big potatoes wouldn't be at
the top if it weren't for the little
ones at the bottom.

The Value of Religion.

by Alfred Osmond.
Salt Lake City.

Religion helps us see the brighter life,
That flames the summit of the higher goal,
When darkness dims our normal sense of sight
And sadness holds communion with the soul;
When vivid lightnings flash and thunders roll,
Religion drives away the fangs of fear
And gives the mind the calmness and control
That makes us feel the Lord is ever near
And that the darkling skies will soon be bright and clear.

Religion takes the convert by the hand
And leads him through the valley of distress,
She seems to feel and clearly understand
The ways and means that make his burdens less.
Whenever he is willing to confess
That he is weak and weary, she appears
And utters words of cheer and kindliness
That quickly exercise his foolish fears,
And hearten him to meet the strains of coming years.

Religion is the mother of devotion,
The consort of the noble and the brave.
She stays the storms that sweep across the ocean
And checks the fury of the wind and wave.
She overcomes the horrors of the grave,
And takes away from death this dreadful sting.
She wields the only weapon that can save
The prince, the slave, the master and the king
From the impending fate that time will surely bring.
Religion drives away the fear of dying
That lurks within the secret soul of dread
She comforts those who sit in sadness sighing
For loved ones who are numbered with the dead
When fondest hopes of happiness have fled
And life is traced to her primordial source
The One who had no place to lay His head
Sends from the stars a faith of vital force
That sets the captive free from sorrow and remorse.

See Walter Scott.

Chaterland

Breathe there the man
with soul so dead.
Who never to himself has said
This is my own, my native Land.
Whose heart hath never within him
burned, as home his footsteps he
hath turned
From wandering on a foreign
strand?

One ship sails east, and one sails west.
On the self same wind that blows.
It's the set of the sail, and not the gale
That determines the way it goes.
Like the winds of the sea, are the ways of fate
As we journey on through life.
It's the set of the soul that determines the goal
and not the toil or the strife.

Age

Age is a quality of mind;
If your dreams you've left behind,
If hope is cold;
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambitions fires are dead -
Then you are old.
But if from life you take the best,
and if in life you keep the best,
If love you hold;
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly
You are not old
Favorite poems of Helen J. Grand

Take Time to Pray

"Men ought always to pray."—Luke 18:1

Take time to pray; take time to talk
with God;
Take time, to ponder o'er His Holy Word;
Take time the Spirit's "still, small voice"
to hear;
Take time to learn life's wav'ring course
to steer.

Take time to pray, in close communion
sweet;
Take time to sit and learn at Jesus' feet;
Take time to pause, and lay your burdens
down;
Take time to lift the cross, and win the
crown.

Take time at morning, noon and night
to pray,
As hour speeds after hour and day on
day—
How strange it is that we should dare to
run
Alone one single hour from sun to sun!

Did we oft "come apart and rest a while."
Refreshment would be ours; the Master's
smile
Would cheer each moment and would
strength impart,
And calm the stress and strain of every
heart.

Take time to tell Him, then, your griefs
and fears;
Take time to thank Him for the joy that
cheers;
Take time to "wait on Him," and He will
share
Each joy, each grief, each burden and
each care.

Take time to pray; take time to holy be;
Take time to talk with God, in secrecy;
Take time to listen to His voice today;
Take time to seek His face; take time to
pray.

JENNIE WILSON-HOWELL.

Suppose:

If all that we say
In a single day,
With never a word left out,
Were printed each night
In clear black and white
'Twould prove queer reading, no doubt,
And then just suppose
Ere one's eyes he could close
He must read the day's record through,
Then wouldn't one sigh,
And wouldn't he try
A great deal less talking to do?

And I guess than half think
That many a kink
Would be smoothed in life's tangled thread,
If one-half that we say
In a single day
Were left forever unsaid

THE FIDELITY OF FAITH
Believe, my friend, that God is
still existing,
To overwhelm the hateful hosts of
strife
And that the foes of faith you are
resisting
Are training you to live a richer
life.

Believe, my friend, that even sin
and sorrow
Have missions to perform upon the
earth,
And that the revelations of to-
morrow
Will manifest and magnify their
worth.
Believe, my friend, the world is
getting better,
Although it is to some becoming
worse.
To doubt is but to shackle and to
fetter
The cleansing claims that rob it of
its curse.

Believe, my friend, that all men
are your brothers,
And help them in the tasks they
have to do,
If you will only learn to live for
others,
Then other men will learn to live
for you.

Believe, my friend, if you have
been retreating,
You have been yielding to a faith-
less force.
The dreary drums of doubt that
have been beating
Are normal taps of sorrow and re-
morse.

Believe, my friend, the good are
still believing
The simple tenets of the royal
creed
That loves the men whom doubt
is still deceiving,
And helps the helpless in their
hour of need.

Believe, my friend, the conflict is
availing,
No matter what may seem to be
the cost.
No child of God on earth is ever
falling,
Unless he thinks and feels that he
has lost.

Believe, my friend, affection is a
river
That rushes down to oceans of de-
light,
And that the aspen leaves of life
that quiver
Are leaves the frosts of death will
never blight.

Believe, my friend, the dead are
only sleeping
Until the morning mists have rolled
away,
That those for whom our eyes are
wet with weeping
Awaken in the light of perfect day.
—ALFRED OSMOND.



"I always say I'm feelin' good
if I ain't. There's nothin' in the
world that interests folks less than
somebody else's ache."

Een oud verhaaltje.

Ik heb wel eens van arme en treurige kerkelijke gemeenten gehoord, zoo vertelt een ander in Heart Throbs, maar de treurigste predikant die ik ooit gekend heb, zegt hij, vertrok indertijd uit Posey County, Indiana, naar Pike County, Missouri. Hij kon maar amper het leven er in houden met de geschenken van visch en konijnen, die hij ontving, en een salaris van honderd dollar. Met be-traande oogen stond hij in de preekstoel om voor de weenende gemeente zij afscheidspraak te houden.

„Broederen en zusters,” sprak hij, en stelpte zijn tranenvloed met zijn gekleurde zakdoek, „ik heb u hedenavond bijeen geroepen om afscheid te nemen. De Heere heeft mij naar een andere plaats geroepen. Ik geloof niet dat de Heere veel van dit volk houdt, want er schijnt niemand te sterven. Hij schijnt u niet tot Zich te willen nemen. En u schijnt elkander niet lief te hebben, want ik heb hier nog nooit een huwelijk voltrokken. En ik geloof niet dat u mij liefhebt, want u betaalt mij mijn salaris niet — en uw geschenken zijn schimmelige pruimen en wormstekige appels. Aan hun vruchten zult gij ze kennen.”

„En nu, broederen en zusters, ga ik naar een betere plaats. Ik ben aangesteld tot prediker in de gevangenis te Joliet. Waar ik heenga, kunt gij niet komen; maar ik ga heen om u plaats te bereiden.”



A DROP OF WATER
WILL REVEAL MANY PLANTS
AND ANIMALS — KNOWN TO
SCIENCE AS INFUSORIA.

GIVE THANKS FOR WIL

“Let Earth give thanks,” the
con said,
And the proclamation read,

“Give thanks fer what an wha-
about?”

Asked Simon Soggs when Church
was out.

“Give thanks fer what? I don’t see
why;

The rust got in an’ spilled my rye,
And hay want half a crop, and
corn

All wilted down and looked for-
lorn.

The bugs jest gobbled my pertaters;
The what-you-call-em lin-caters,

And gracious! when you come to
wheat,

There’s more than all the world
can eat;

Unless a war should interfere,
Crops won’t bring half a price this
year;

I’ll have to given ’em away, I rec-
on!”

“Good for the poor!” exclaimed the
deacon.

“Give thanks fer what?” asked Si-
mon Soggs.

“Fer th’ freshest carryin’ off my
logs?”

“Fer Dobbin goin’ blind? Fer five
Uv my best cows, that was alive

Afore the smashin’ railroad come
And made it awful troublesome?”

“Fer that hay stack the lightnin’
struck

And burnt to ashes?—thund’rin’
luck!

“Fer ten dead sheep?” sighed Si-
mon Soggs.

The deacon said, “You’ve got yer
hogs.”

“Give thanks? And Jane and baby
sick?”

I e’enmost wonder if old Nick
Ain’t runnin’ things!”

The deacon said,
“Simon, yer people might be
dead!”

“Give thanks!” said Simon Soggs
again.

“Jest look at what a fix we’re in!
The country’s rushin’ to the dogs

At race horse speed!” said Simon
Soggs.

“Rotten all through—in every
state—

Why, ef we don’t repudiate,
We’ll hev to build, fer big and
small,

A poor house that’ll hold us all,
All round the crooked whiskey still

Is runnin’ like the Devil’s mill;
Give thanks? How mad it makes
me feel.

To think how office-holders steal!
The taxes paid by you and me
Is four times bigger’n they should
be;

The Federal Govment’s all askew,
The ballot’s sesh a mockery, too!

Some votes too little, some too
much,

Some not at all—it beats the Dutch!
And now no man knows what to
do,

Or how is how, or who is who,
Deacon! corruption’s sure to kill!

This glorious Union never will,
I’ll bet a continental cent,

Elect another President!
Give thanks fer what, I’d like to
know?”

The deacon answered, sad and low,
“Simon! It fills me with surprise;

Ye don’t see where yer duty lies;
Kneel right straight down, in all
the muss,

And thank God that it ain’t no
wuss!”

W. F. CROFFUT.

The girl pay the price if you stand out
for it, be firm, make him pay - Himself.
Learn these lines from C. Patmore

Oh wasteful woman! she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay!
How she has cheapened Paradise!
How sold for naught her priceless gift!
She spoiled the bread and spilt the wine.
Which, spent with due, respective thrift
Had made brutes men, and men divine!

They walked in the lane together
The sky was covered with stars.
They reached the gate in silence
She lifted down the bars.
She neither smiled nor thanked him
Because she knew not how;
For he was just a farmer's boy,
And she, a Jersey cow.

There is no nobler work in which
men or women can be employed
than that of helping the unfortunate
who are in spiritual darkness
to find the way to life eternal and
encouraging them to walk therein.
George F. Richards.

Sometime

Sometime, when all life's lessons
have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore
have set,
The things which our weak judg-
ments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieve
with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's
dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints
of blue:
And we shall see how all God's
plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof
was love most true.

MARY RILEY SMITH.

a woman's price.

By Dr Frank Crane

I wish I could say something to you women, to make you realize your worth and the high prices you ought to set on your self. Do you know you are the one thing in this world the man wants most of all? He may give his time and labor and money for other things, but for you he will give his soul.

You are just that expensive - higher priced than rubies and diamonds. a deeper necessity than bread, a greater luxury than limousines. the cause of a more irresistible want than whisky or drugs; in fine the most valuable commodity in the market of the world.

Why cheapen yourself?
Why give away a handclasp wantonly when it might help a man to success? Why squander your nobility when it might be the price of a man's soul, and win him to his feet from a bad habit, and win him to

~~Why give a hand,~~ You depreciate your self you say you amount to nothing and that it makes no difference what you do.

Every woman is a battery of electric purpose, or might be. Every woman is a life preserver for some man. ~~What~~ may save some man from going under in the sea of despair. Whatever else you may hear of the "mission of woman," and of what she might do in the field of politics, or business, or art, the biggest business after all for woman, the most inalienable of her privileges, is to make men be real men, and to make children be sons and daughters of God.

Do you know what you were put into this world for? It was to make men great. Make him pay! Not money, not flattery, nor favors. These be cheap counterfeits. They mean nothing, or worse, but make him pay in truth. and honor and strength and Loyalty and fineness.

(For The Dazret News by Dr. Frank Crane.)

Have you ever noticed how thoughts feel inside your mind? Some are satisfying as bread, some fiery as pepper, some refreshing as water, some heady as wine, and some—and these are they I am going to treat of—lie in the mind's stomach heavy as lead, painful, nauseating, and making one sick of life.

These last are thoughts that ferment and do not digest. I once ate a spoiled ham sandwich at a railway lunch counter. I found no relief until the physicians had made use of a stomach pump, and I did not recover from the effects for a month. There are certain thoughts that act precisely the same way in the brain; they cause "mental gastritis."

In the mind's cellar everything must be kept sweet and clean, if we do not want to breed spiritual fevers. As soon as an idea begins to "work" and spoil and sour, out with it! It does not pay to go about this bright world with something yeasting and seething in our souls.

It is the very best of foods that spoil the most quickly, such as cream, beefsteak, and butter. The cream, beefsteak, and butter of the soul are love, religion, and laughter.

So it is these things we must watch most carefully. Love, the very milk of life, is worth all that poets have written and fond and foolish heads have dreamed of it. But if love thoughts are going to "keep" and not play havoc within us, we must air our hearts often and keep them clean and be on the watch for the insistent microbe that dearly loves to multiply in a love "culture."

Laughter is good. It may not save our souls, but it often saves our lives. It prevents insanity. But it is like butter. It must be fresh; likewise clean; also spread not too thickly over the bread of serious business.

No one can eat solid butter, unless he be an Eskimo! and no one, outside a madhouse, can laugh all the time. Some of the saddest people I have known have been those whose only business was to find something to amuse them.

And religion. This is man's greatest passion and privilege; hence, also, his greatest danger. Sometimes it is a blessing, and sometimes it seems to make us morose and dark-souled, narrow and bigoted, contentious, and even cruel. As was said of liberty, so it may be said of religion, "What crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Clean up or cast out every fermenting thought, whether uncleanness or distrust, the memory of a wrong or the apprehension of disaster. Feed your mind on clean, sweet, wholesome thoughts. Above all, do not indulge in self-pity, most horrible of all mental toadstools!

"Keep thy heart," said the wise man, "with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life!"

(Copyright, 1921, by Frank Crane.)

He Who Knows

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool, shun him;
He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is a child, teach him.
He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep, wake him.
He who knows, and knows that he knows, is wise, follow him.

—Persian Proverb.

THE TEST

The test of a man is the fight he makes,
The grit that he daily shows;
The way he stands on his feet and takes
Fate's numerous bumps and blows.
A coward can smile when there's naught to fear,
When nothing his progress bars,
But it takes a man to stand up and cheer
While some other fellow stars.

It isn't the victory after all
But the fight that a brother makes,
The man, who, driven against the wall,
Still stands up erect and takes
The blows of fate with his head held high,
Bleeding, and bruised and pale,
He's the man who'll win in the by and by,
For he isn't afraid to fail.

It's the bumps you get and the jolts you get
And the shocks that your courage stands,
The hours of sorrow and vain regret,
The prize that escapes your hands,
That test your mettle and prove your worth.
It isn't the blows you deal,
But the blows you take on this good old earth
That shows if your stuff is real.

We lead out our days in monotonous ways
The humdrum of work and of sleep,
Time slips along, no thrill in the song
Not even a reason to weep.
And then like a flash there comes a crash,
We're stunned by the buffet Fate gives
In the blackness and blur we feel the soul stir
And that is the moment one lives.

HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH

By Dr. Frank McCoy

Letters to Dr. McCoy must be sent directly to him at the McCoy Building, 1151 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

MOVE INTO YOUR MENTAL MANSION

Americans are accused of being a nation of movers. The average family expects to keep moving into better and better homes as times goes by. The habit of moving is a good one, if some improvement in living conditions is secured.

However, in looking forward to a better house to live in, it is a good plan at the same time to seek better and more satisfactory mental mansions. Try to improve your mind while improving the house in which you live. After all, the only place you really live is in your mind.

Many people build mental homes that you could compare to flimsy shacks. It is no disgrace to start life in a mental shack, the disgrace is in being willing to stay there. If you are discontented, miserable, or irritated by defeat and anxiety you are living in a mental shanty. The thing for you to do is this: begin now to build a better mental life for yourself. Busy yourself with thoughts of courage, cheer, power and friendship. Make your mental life satisfying.

In building your mansion, you will need supporting timbers taken from the sturdy tree of friendship. To gain friends, be a good friend to all you meet. Speak a

good word for others and look for things you can honestly praise in them. If you radiate one hundred friendly thoughts some of them will be sure to come back to you.

As you build your mansion, put in as foundation stones, thoughts of courage, honesty and confidence. At first the habit of thinking positive thoughts will not be easy, however, each time you repeat them they grow stronger. Hammer into your sub-conscious mind thoughts of faith, courage and power. Say to yourself many times each day, "I can, I will."

Right now, you are choosing whether you will live in a shanty or mansion. You must do the choosing, nobody else can do it for you. Be sensible and move away from those tormenting thoughts you do not want. Move toward happiness, contentment and courage and see what a big change follows.

If you want additional articles desired, send a three-cent stamp.
Destructive Thoughts Cause Toxemia . . . ; The Emotions and Digestion . . . ; Lights and Shadows (worry) . . . ; Those Melancholy Days (The "Blues") . . . ; The Demon of Fear . . . ; The Hidden Springs of Power . . . ; The Harm of Prejudice . . . ; All Psychology Good . . .

a woman's price.
By Dr Frank Crane

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Why give away a handclasp wantonly when it might net you a man to success? Why squander your kiss when it might be the price of a man's soul, unless his feet from a bad habit, and win him to nobility?

Why give a hand, you depreciate your self. You say you amount to nothing and that it makes no difference what you do.

Every woman is a battery of electric purpose, or might be. Every woman is a life preserver for some man. ~~That~~ may save some man from going under in the sea of despair. Whatever else you may hear of the "mission of woman," and of what she might do in the field of politics, or business, or art, the biggest business after all, for woman, the most inalienable of her privileges, is to make men be real men, and to make children be sons and daughters of God.

Do you know what you were put into this world for? It was to make men great. Make him pay! Not money, nor flattery, nor favors. These be cheap counterfeits. They mean nothing, or worse, but make him pay in truth, and honor and strength and loyalty and fineness.

Values of life;

Supposing today were your last day on earth
The last mile of the journey you've trod;
After all your struggles how much are you worth?
How much can you take home to God?

Don't count as possessions your silver or gold;
For tomorrow you leave them behind;
And all that is yours to have and to hold
Are the blessings you've given mankind.

Just what have you done as you journeyed
That was really and truly worth while?
Do you think your good deeds would offset the
Could you look over your life with a smile?

We are only supposing, but if it were real
And your invoiced your deeds since your
And you figured the profits you've made in
How much are you really worth?
Life's deal;

That which we persist in doing becomes
easy to do; not that the nature of the thing
has changed, but that our power to do has
increased.

A C R O S T I C

H I G H P R I E S T S O F S E V I E R S T A K E

H igh Priests in the Church of Christ,
I nspired from heaven above,
G od's envoys on this earthly sphere,
H is messengers of love.

P reserve ye every gift of life,
R emove from you all sin,
I nstructing all till faith is rife,
E njoy the rewards therein,
S trengthen home ties, man and wife,
T each children, kith and kin,
S oon then must cease all strife.

O fficers within God's cause
F orward go and teach God's laws.

S mile wherever smiles are needed,
E very human heart needs joy,
V oice the gladness, service speeded,
I f our time's in God's employ,
E arn this thought, by work conceded,
R est assured none can destroy.

S peak forth in meek, yet bold debate,
T ell the world, as Christ decrees,
A bout God's plan to consummate,
K indred, friends and families,
E arth and heaven thus federate.

Irvin L. Warnock,
Sigurd, Utah
March 3, 1931

Proverbs Of Conduct

Tell no one what you would have known
only to yourself.

You will conquer more surely by pru-
dence than by passion.

See that in avoiding cinders you step not
on burning coal.

Do not look upon the vessel but upon
that which it contains.

Never ask another to do what you are
afraid to do yourself.

Tell not all you know nor judge of all
you see if you would live in peace.

It is a thousand times easier to contract
a new habit than to get rid of an old one.

A Daily Thought

True charity is the love of Christ
in the hearts of men.

Woman is not undeveloped man, But diverse:
Could we make her as the man -
Sweet Love were slain; his dearest bond is this:
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker they must grow:
The man be more of woman, she of man;
The gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling throes that ~~throw~~ the world.
The mental bread, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be.
Self-reverent each and referencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love,
Then comes the atelier Eden back to men
Then reign the world's great deeds chaste + calm
Then springs the crowning race of human kind
May these things be.
Tennison

"The highest sphere of womanhood is only obtained through right living and service to God and man."

A Daily Thought

There is no use asking God to do things you can do for yourself.

" - WINKEL FAMILY REUNION? HELD AUG. 22, & 23 1933."

*1- A bunch of boys, that make lots of noise,
And some girls that's true and more--
Some in-laws fine, that all toe the line,
And parents that we adore.
Cho----
Winkels all are we, Winkels we're proud to be,
Living along, singing our song
Where is a tribe so free?
Winkels all are we, Winkels we're proud to be.
We may be dutch, but we're glad we're such
For we're proud of our family.

-2- Tune..Long Long Trail

There's a lot of youngsters aiming
To bring us honor and Fame.
They're young and healthy and happy,
And they're proud to bear our name.
Now it's up to us as parents,
To keep they're aims always true,
For with morals high, Bad deeds will die,
And we'll be proud of what they do.

-3- Tune--Utah Trail

You ask us what we're true to, for what we'll ever stand,
We're true to Winkels standards, the jolly Winkels band.
We'll honor them forever, and we'll keep their ideals too.
We'll keep the boy's right up to the top, and the girls will be theretoo.
Cho;;
Winkels we're proud to be, we are proud to bear the name.
Wherever we may be --we will always be the same.
Loyal and loving, withstanding every test.
We all are dutch, but we're glad we're such,
For we're the best dutch in the west-----
What ever we may do--or wherever, we may go,
Winkels we'll always be, and we'll always let you know.
We'll bring ~~xxxxxxx~~ Winkels honor and glory,
And we'll hold our standards high.
Winkels are the tops
Be a Winkel one,
And a Winkel you will die.

Directions

FOR THE CULTIVATION OF *Bulbs*

by

THE CENTRAL BULB COMMITTEE - HAARLEM
(HOLLAND)

Hyacinths on Glasses

1. When the bulbs have arrived, they should be unpacked and stored in a cool, dark place.
2. In the 2nd part of October they may be put on the glasses. Before doing so the bulbs should be thoroughly cleaned with a soft brush, the glasses to be filled with water; to a level that the bulbs do not stand in the water but only just touch it.
3. When ready they should be placed in a dark cellar or cool cupboard; in no circumstances should they be put in a place where the temperature may become hot or the atmosphere too damp.
4. Should the water in the glasses go down, it is essential to fill the glasses to the same level as before.
5. The bulbs are to remain in their cool and dark place until the flowerbud is well out of the neck of the bulb. This can be judged by carefully taking the neck of the bulb between thumb and fore-finger, where one should be able to trace a hollow space. When at this stage the bulbs may be transferred to the living-room, but care must be taken that they are not immediately exposed to strong daylight; this should be done gradually. Please note that bulbs brought too soon into a warm room or too rapidly exposed to daylight, will result in a failure. To prevent the plants from toppling over, one should put three pieces of cork between the bulb and the glass.
6. When the bulbs are exposed to daylight, the yellow buds will turn a natural green and as the flowers grow, their lovely colour becomes visible and soon the room is filled with their delicious fragrance.

Bulbs in Pots

1. Well drained pots which have been previously used, and **not** new ones are essential for planting. They should be filled with ordinary garden soil or leaf-mould and the bulbs set at such a depth that the top of the bulb stands just above the soil.
2. When ready they should be placed on a bed of coal ashes in the coolest place in the garden and covered with 4 inches of soil by digging a trench around the bed. The covering soil should be sufficiently porous, and if heavy in nature, should be mixed with peat.
3. In case no garden space is available, the pots should be stored in a dark cellar or in a cupboard in a cool room. It is essential that the soil remains damp and it is therefore advisable that they are watered from time to time.
4. The pots may be removed to a warm room when the flowerbuds are well out of the neck of the bulbs, but they should be kept shaded by covering with paper until the buds are about 3 inches long, when they may be exposed to full daylight.
5. Apply water liberally when the flowerbuds are beginning to show colour.
6. Practically all varieties of Hyacinths, Tulips, Daffodils, Narcissi and Crocus may be used for potwork and should be treated similarly.

Bulbs for the Garden

1. Carefully dig the soil before planting and if heavy in nature it should be mixed with sand.
2. The best time for planting is October. If the weather remains mild it may also be done later in the year. It is however essential that Daffodils, Narcissi are in the ground as early as possible.
3. Large bulbs such as Hyacinths, Tulips and Narcissus are planted 3" deep; Crocus 2½", Anemones and Ranunculus 1½"; Scillas, Snowdrops, Aconites, Chionodoxa, Iris reticulata and Corydalis 1½—2", Lilies 5", Fritillaria-meleagris and Leucojum 2½", Colchicum 6".
4. In borders and flowerbeds 45 Hyacinths are planted to the square yard, 60 Tulips, 60 Daffodils or Narcissi, 75 Crocus and smaller bulbs in proportion.
5. When the beds are planted it is recommended to cover the soil with a layer of peat or litter, which should be removed in early spring.

War's End Called For April 11, 1946

Europeans Apply Magic Figures Which Worked In Past Conflicts

(Editor's Note: Foreign Correspondent Roy P. Porter, just returned from an assignment in France, brought back with him a new mathematical formula which Europeans are talking about. He tells for The Deseret News Special News Service how they arrive at a date when, they say, the war will end.)

BY ROY P. PORTER

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—(The Deseret News Special News Service)—So you'd like to know how long the war will last?

All right, get out your paper and pencil and try out this formula, based on calculations by European mathematicians.

First, put down the date 1870, the year when the Franco-Prussian war started. Then, directly underneath, put down 1871, the year after the war started. Add the two dates together like this:

1870
1871

3741

Now, divide the date 1871 into two pairs of figures: 18 and 71, total each of the pair separately, which gives 9 (8 plus 1) and 8 (7 plus 1). Subtract the two totals—9 minus 8—which leaves 1.

This result (1) added to the date of the year when the war started (1870) equals 1871, the year when the Franco-Prussian war ended.

Now, to get the day and the month, split the figure 3741 (1870 plus 1871 above) into two pairs of figures exactly as you did before with the date 1871. This gives 10 (3 plus 7) and 5 (4 plus 1).

In Europe, when dates are written in figures, the custom is always to give the day of the month first, then the month of the year—exactly opposite to the American system. You have, then, 10 (from a total of 3 and 7) which means the tenth day of the month and you also have 5 (the total of 4 and 1) which, being the month of the year, is May.

This means that you have calculated that the war of 1870 ended on May 10, 1871—and your history book will confirm that the treaty of Frankfurt, ending that war, was signed on that date.

Now, we'll try the same calculation with the World War.

Put down 1914, the year when the war started, and one additional year, as you did before, 1915. Add to the two together, which gives 3829.

Now, split the date 1915 into two separate pairs of figures, add them together as you did with the first example. That will give you 10 (1 plus 9) and 6 (1 plus 5). Subtract 6 from 10, which leaves 4. That the

war which started in 1914 ended four years later or 1918.

Now, as you did before, divide the total of 3829 into two pairs of figures, add these pairs separately, and you get 11 and 11. As in the example for the Franco-Prussian war, this gives the eleventh day of the eleventh month in 1918 of Nov. 11, 1918, the day now known as Armistice Day.

These two examples which coincide with the actual historical dates provide the background for the calculation on the present war.

First, put down 1939, the year when the war started, and, as before, one year afterward, 1940. Add the two together to get a total of 3879.

Divide the year 1940 (as you did before in the previous examples) into two pairs of figures (19 and 40) add the two pairs separately (1 and 9, 4 and 0) and you have 10 and 4. Subtract 4 from 10 and you have 6, which, these Europeans figure, means the war will end, based on this part of the calculation, six years after it started, or in 1945. But wait a minute—

Now, take the total of 3879 (1939 plus 1940), split this figure into two pairs and then separately and you will have 11 (3 plus 8) and 16 (7 plus 9).

This gives the date, in figures, for the war's end, as 11-16-1945. But, since there are only twelve months in a year, (the second figure, or 16, always refers to the month in European custom) it is necessary to carry out 12 months to the date you have already calculated (1945) showing the final year for the war to end would be 1946.

You still have the 11th day, from your previous calculation, you have taken 12 months away from the 16, leaving four. The fourth month of the year is April.

Therefore you have, as the final date for the war to end:

April 11, 1946.

At least that's what the formula says.

My Father's home.

I love thy sacred solitude,
Oh house of praise and prayer!
I love the warmth of fellowship
Within thy walls I share.
To rest within thy blessed peace
Secure from taunting forms,
The only port where salvaged wrecks
Are safe from future storms.

I need thy holy ordinance
To make my spirit strong.
Absolve into forgetfulness
The pain of others wrong.
To magnify my own mistakes
And lead me to esteem
A loving Savior charity
His sacrifice supreme.

The strong serve God with great ability
Through faith, repentance, and humility.
The weak serve Him with deft sagacity
In a advisory capacity.

It's not exactly what you say
But how you say it.
Nor yet exactly what you play,
But how you play it.
And life is not how long you live,
But how you live it.
A party isn't what you give
But how you give it."

Please don't.

When I am dead and silent lie.

Don't say, "Here rests a perfect guy."
(I wasn't);

Don't say, "Here's one who was content."
Whichever way his life was bent.
(I wasn't);

Don't say, "Here had a temper sweet,
Misfortune he did daily meet."
(I didn't).

Don't say, "He passed temptation by
And looked things squarely in the eye."
(I didn't) —

And never, never told a lie —
(I did.)

Helin B. Richardson

Judge not

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still;

In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,

I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.

Joaquin Miller

Prayed For Rain

Arizona Mormons are giving thanks for abundant rainfall which they believe was sent in response to their prayers. Farmers of the Salt River Valley had experienced five years of devastating drought. A sixth year would utterly destroy their \$100,000,000 project. So these members of the Latter-day Saints Church prayed for rain and the rains came, filling their irrigation reservoirs.

—Pathfinder

A Daily Thought

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong.—Emerson.

About Ben Adhem.

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of
And saw, within the moonlight in his room
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom
An angel, writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem

And to the Presence in the room he said,
What writest thou? The vision raised its head
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord,

And is mine one?" said Abou, "Nay, not so."
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next
night

It came again with a great awakening
And showed the names whom love of
God had blessed, and, lo! Ben Adhem's
Name led all the rest.

You'll never be sorry for hearing before judging, for
thinking before speaking, for holding an angry tongue,
for stopping the ear to a talebearer, for being kind to
the distressed, for being patient with your sister or brother,
for speaking evil to no one, for doing good to everyone,
for asking pardon for all wrongs, for being courteous,
for being kind to dumb animals.

Your life is what you make it.

**"Tact and Graciousness in a Woman
Are the Two Magic Qualities That
Will Insure Her a Happy Home, Loyal
Friends, a Contented Husband and**

Adoring Children," Says Dorothy Dix

A politician says that Mrs. Coolidge, who by her tact and gracious manners makes friends with all with whom she comes in contact, is worth a million dollars a year to the Republican party.



A tactful and gracious woman is worth her weight in gold wherever you may find her, for hers is the magic that smoothes down the ruffled feathers of the overly sensitive, that sidesteps our prejudices instead of bumping into them, and that generally sandpapers the rough edges of life.

The tactful woman makes the kind of wife whose price is above rubies. In her home the domestic machinery never creaks and groans and shrieks aloud. It moves noiselessly and frictionlessly on oiled ballbearings. There are no hysterical scenes. No quarrels and fights. No perpetual wrangling with children.

The tactful woman, no more than any other woman, gets a saint or an angel for a husband. Hers is just as full of faults as any of the balance of the bunch, but she does not let her perception of them blot out her vision of all his virtues. And having deliberately picked out the man she did for a husband, she doesn't attempt to change him into something entirely opposite.

Being of different sexes, coming of a different heredity, having been brought up in a different environment, there are inevitably many subjects that she and her husband must see from a different viewpoint, and concerning which they have different opinions. Very well. She simply sidetracks these. She never drags forth on the carpet, unless it is absolutely necessary, those topics that are to her husband like waving a red flag before a mad bull, and that are just as good for a fight as a nickel is for a gingercake.

The tactful woman studies her man, and, in the parlance of the day, gets his number, and so knows how to work him. If he has the head-of-the-house complex and likes to be deferred to and consulted, she makes the graceful gesture of asking his advice, which pleases him so much that he never notices whether she takes it or not.

She knows when a man is tired and hungry that it is no time to tell him bad news or ask for money, and so she waits until he's rested and fed and soothed before she imparts the information that mother is coming on a nice long visit, or gives him the bill for her next hair. And she never, never quarrels with him in public, or does anything to make him look small and ridiculous before other people.

The tactful wife keeps her husband always on his toes to live up to her expectation of him, because she praises his good qualities and makes him believe that whatever a dull and unappreciative world may think of him, she thinks him a wonder, and he has to do wonders to justify her faith in him.

Furthermore, the tactful wife helps her husband by making friends for him. Many a business deal goes blooey because an arrogant woman snubs some little insignificant woman whose husband happens to be the kingpin in the deal. And many a man prospers because his wife is so popular that every woman she knows gives her a hand up by patronizing her husband.

They buy their groceries of Mr. A., or they send for Dr. B. when they are sick, or they have their teeth fixed by Dr. C. just because Mesdames A., B. and C. are always so perfectly charming and delightful, and say such pleasant things to them when they meet, that they boost their games.

And, on the other hand, an untactful wife is invariably her husband's undoing, because when she irritates people she drives his clients and customers away from him. Nobody is going out of his or her way to patronize the husband of a woman who is snippy, or snobbish, or sarcastic and disagreeable, or who is like a bull in a china shop and always says to you something that hurts like pressing on a sore spot.

ON A PARK BENCH.

He sat on one end of the long park bench.

And she upon the other; in between

Was the prim, proper space that marked their pride.

He read a paper, with his back half turned;

She read one, too, and never glanced his way.

Both wore a hopeless look—the look of those

Whose youth is gone, and with it youth's great gift—

Expectancy; the old expect no more.

But face the dull routine of every day.

His coat had buttons missing here and there;

While she, though poor, had used her needle well

To furnish up the gown that made her neat.

Two derelicts in life's Sargasso Sea.

They sat, forlorn, divided by a space

So narrow that their stretched

"It's Changed"

Since Leaving home I can recall, the weeks
that have gone past -

The Nervous temperament I showed, yes
and the days they flew so fast.

'Twas the Kinema work that did it all and
No one can I blame -

However, things are different now and
I'm glad they're Not the Same.

The days I worked from twelve to twelve
and never home til two -

When Lee was off on business and every
thing seemed New.

the Billboards must be posted, the
feature films were gone -

My health was failing daily, But the
work kept steady on.

'twas one thing and another, from
early morn til Night -

But now things are so different
and I know I'm in the Right.

The train across the States was fast,
and Company was fine

and thirteen Elders bold + strong
Willing to hold the line.

Thurs 1923

The Expert

Honore de Balzac liked to believe that he was an expert at reading character in handwriting.

One day an elderly woman brought him a little boy's notebook, and asked him for an opinion of the child's possibilities. Balzac carefully examined the scrawly, untidy writing.

"Are you the boy's mother?" he finally asked.

"No."

"Some other relative?" he insisted.

"None at all," the woman replied.

"Then I will give you my frank opinion," Balzac exclaimed. "This child is slovenly and probably stupid. I fear that he will never amount to anything."

"But, master," the woman cried, cackling with laughter, "that notebook was your very own when you were a little boy in school."

—Christian Science Monitor.

Mr. Jenkins Sets Fine Example, Says Writer

Editor Deseret News:

The Deseret News just arrived, and looking through its pages I saw the picture of Ab Jenkins. Reading the article which accompanied it, I came to this statement: "I attribute my success in speed driving to the care I take of myself; I've never tasted beer, coffee or tobacco."

Recently Mr. Jenkins was in Provo, and gave a movie picture show depicting safe driving, and also showing pictures of his speeding on the Bonneville salt track. After the presentation of the picture Mr. Jenkins stepped on the stage in person. He does not give a regular lecture about his achievements, but prefers to answer any question pertaining to driving a car that the public may ask. He gave his exhibition in one of the show houses here, and it was well filled with an attentive audience.

Many questions were fired at him, which he answered to the satisfaction of all. The question was asked him: "How do you account for your endurance in speeding for hours in a stretch?" He answered practically the same as above. He said: "I do not drink coffee or liquor nor smoke." The audience was extremely quiet; it seemed as though all were stunned by the answer for a few seconds, then at once it broke loose with a tremendous applause. Another question: "What do you drink while driving to keep up your strength and to keep awake?" He answered "I drink tomato juice and milk; mostly milk."

Utahns Pay As Much For Tobacco As For Education

OGDEN, Feb. 10.—Speaking at the weekly meeting of the Ogden City School principals in the School Board Office Tuesday, Arthur Corey, adult civic forum leader from Orange County, Calif., said, "that the people of Utah can apparently pay for what they want."

Dr. Corey said that the people spend as much money for tobacco as they do for educating their children. He said that the states of New York

and California show two extremities in organization, the system of New York is centralized and that of California decentralized, yet these two states have the best schools in the nation. The large amount of money spent for education is responsible for the high rating of their schools, he said.

The lecturer declared that Utah's school system is much better organized than that in California.

You Can't Blame Dad For Johnny's Temper Any More

LANGHORNE, Pa., Oct. 16.—(US)—If you have a little "problem child" in your home, it's the fault of his training and environment, and cannot be blamed on heredity, Dr. Leslie B. Hohman, Johns Hopkins University psychiatrist, today told the third institute on the exceptional child, at Woods School.

Few children are born with psychological handicaps, said Dr. Hohman, but many acquire them. He said:

"I do not believe that children are born constitutionally badly endowed to any appreciable degree. I think that all children are problems in the sense in which the average physician or educator speaks of the problem child.

"The adaptation of any child is so difficult a job that practically every one of them runs into some type of maladjustment even though this adaptation does not bring the child into active conflict with his environment."

I desire to read a statement by
J. A. Francis, "THE MAN OF
GALILEE."

"Here is a man who was born in
an obscure village, child of a peas-
ant woman. He grew up in another
obscure village. He worked in a
carpenter shop until he was thirty,
and then for three years he was
an itinerant preacher. He never
wrote a book. He never held an of-
fice. He never owned a home. He
never had a family. He never went
to college. He never put his foot
inside a big city. He never traveled
two hundred miles from the place
where he was born. He never did
one of the things that usually ac-
company greatness. He had no cre-
dentials but himself. He had nothing
to do with in this world except
the naked power of his divine
manhood.

While still a young man, the tide
of popular opinion turned against
Him. His friends ran away. One of
them denied Him. Another betray-
ed Him. He was turned over to his
enemies. He went through the
mockery of a trial. He was nailed
upon the cross between two
thieves. His executioners gambled
for the only piece of property he
had on earth while he was dying,
and that was his coat. When he
was dead he was taken down and
laid in a borrowed grave through
the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have
come and gone and today he is the
center of the human race and the
leader of the column of progress.
I am far within the mark when I
say that all the armies that ever
marched, and all the navies that
were ever built, and all the Parlia-
ments that ever sat, and all the
kings that ever reigned, put togeth-
er, have not affected the life of
man upon this earth as powerfully
as has this one solitary life."

A Daily Thought

Satan laughs at our toil, mocks at
our wisdom, but trembles when
we pray.

A DAILY THOUGHT

**Small faith may take you to heaven, but
great faith will bring heaven to you.**

—Spurgeon.

A DAILY THOUGHT

**The life you live, not the words you preach,
really tells the story of your beliefs.**

In spite of the fact there are 11,000,000 unemployed there is a shortage of parking space for automobiles.

A Daily Thought

For every school teacher in America there are more than four criminals.—J. Edgar Hoover.

Dutch Held Founders Of U. S. Ideal

Speaker Calls For Credit Where Due

America owes its religious freedom, public education and its system of government to the Dutch and not to the English.

Giving "the little country of Europe credit where credit is due," Franklin J. Murdock, former president of the Netherlands Mission spoke before the Lion's Club on "Holland—the Mother of American Freedom."

"We Americans are more indebted to Holland than to England for things which we cherish as our American heritage," he said.

"The Pilgrims were financed by Dutch merchants after being driven out of England for choosing to worship as they pleased. Their members were thrown into prison, their property was confiscated and they were social outcasts. The whole story is told in William Bradford's own handwriting which is in the Boston State House."

He compared the education systems and showed that Holland was the first country to put spellers and readers into the hands of the children. Public schools and state supported universities had their beginning in the low countries, he said.

The Netherlands was the first country to recognize the freedom and independence of the American colonies. It was also the first country to organize a republic of independent states which the U. S. copied. It argued for religious freedom, freedom of speech and press and against taxation without representation 200 years before the Boston tea party, Mr. Murdock said.

"Eternal life is God's greatest gift to man.

"Within the limits of heredity, own life.

"With such rich potentialities, human life is all too frequently plateaued on too low a level.

"Life in America, the land of promise, is richer than in any other nation.

A Daily Thought

Every 22 seconds a serious crime is committed in our supposedly civilized land.—J. Edgar Hoover.

A Daily Thought

The antidote for lawlessness is decency and development of character.—J. Edgar Hoover.

A Daily Thought

Crime must be brought to an irreducible minimum if civilization is to survive.—J. Edgar Hoover.

SALT LAKE CITY, --- NOVEMBER 7, 1936.

"The Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is, to all those who are privileged with the sweets of liberty like the cooling shades and refreshing waters of a great rock in a weary and thirsty land. It is like a great tree, under whose branches men from every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun."—The Prophet Joseph Smith.

They are always abusing the women,
As a terrible plague to the men;
They say we're the root of all evil.
And repeat it again and again;
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
All mischief, be what it may!
And pray, then, why do you marry us
If we're the plagues you say?
And why do you take such care of us,
And keep us so safe at home?
And are never easy a moment
If ever we chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking heaven
That your Plague is out of the way,
You all keep fussing and fretting —
"Where is my Plague today?"
If a Plague peeps out of the window,
Up go the eyes of men;
If she hides, then they all keep staring
Until she looks out again.

Aristophanes.
comic poet.

A Daily Thought

Home, Sweet Home. You need a
sweet disposition to keep it so.

Make the Best Of Your Womanly Gifts

By Dorothy Dix

Because this is a man's world wherein the masculine sex gets most of the breaks, and because women have to play second fiddle in it and are weighted down by various and sundry physical, mental, moral, social and conventional handicaps, women are envious of men and would like to change places with them if they could.

Indeed, so dissatisfied are many women with the sex that has been wished upon them at birth that they attempt the impossible task of making imitation men of themselves, but no man ever wants to be a woman, or to be mistaken for one. On the contrary, to be called "sissy" is the fighting word with him and off the vaudeville stage he never assumes the role of the female impersonator. Many women parade the streets in britches, but you will never meet a man diked out in a decollette ball gown.

However, without wishing to swap jobs with women, one young man who takes a broad and philo-sophic view of the subject points out to women several things in which they have the edge on men and tells them what he would do if he were a woman. He begins with the matter of looks and says:

"Being a man, I have to be even as God made me, for there is very little man can do to improve his looks, but a woman can make herself over to her heart's desire. She can change the color of her hair to whatever shade is most becoming. She can buy a drug-store complexion that beats anything that nature ever turned out and she can be plump and cuddly or thin and willowy as she prefers. So, if I were a woman, I would go in for scientific diets and patronize beauty parlors and make myself easy on the eyes.

"And I'd have clothes to help me, a blessing denied me as a man. We men, poor things, must wear dull, uninteresting, tubular garments that do nothing to enhance our appearance, but women can camouflage their bad points and bring out their good points by wearing gay colors and lovely fabrics. No well dressed woman is ever homely.

"I realize that all of this takes time and work and sacrifice, but men do not escape these hardships. Shaving is not a pleasant task, either, but men must suffer its agonies without getting the reward that women do when they doll themselves up.

"If I were a girl and wanted to marry, I would go back to the original tactics that women used in the days when there were no old maids. I would stress my respectability, because, after all, men don't fall in love with other men, so want to marry them. I would cut out the sophisticated and hard-boiled pose of the modern girl and be sweet and gentle, and I would never, never know quite so much as the man I was with or beat him at his own game. And I would never be a copycat of other girls. I would have that something different about me that would make a man notice me and start him wondering about me.

"And I would thank my heavenly stars that, being a woman, I could enjoy dates at no cost. It certainly must be nice to relax when you step out and know that your taste will be consulted and your bills paid and nothing is expected of you except to be reasonably charming and entertaining.

"And, if I were a woman, when I married I'd try to remember that I had got the soft end of the bargain and I would endeavor to give my husband a run for his money. I would realize that even a husband who doesn't come up to your ideal but who brings in the bacon is better than to have to hustle it yourself. I would reflect that no woman stands before a cook stove as many hours as she would have to stand behind a counter; that a crotchety husband is no harder to get along with than a crotchety boss; that even the busiest housewife can find time during the day to take a nap or go to the movies; and that no wife is in danger of losing her job because she is inefficient and lazy.

"So, taking all of these things into consideration, is it bad luck to be born a woman, after all?"

Keep Off the Grass

Oh Women, why must you beset us
With salads, again and again?
Be warned that the hearts of the lettuce

Don't get to the hearts of the men.
And whether you're dark Eves or
Blonde Eves,

And whether you're sweethearts or
wives,
You do not allure us with endives,
You do not enchant us with chives!

For men are carnivorous fauna
And though you try terribly hard,
You seldom, if ever, are gonna
Bewitch 'em with parsley or chard.
They'll list to your lecture that stresses
The vitamins salads contain,
And yet refuse messes of cresses
And still remain cold to romaine!

For male dietetical habits
The truly wise woman allows;
She knows they hate nibbling like rabbits,
And loathe ruminating like cows.
She knows they crave gobbets and masses
Of food that the butcher-man cuts.
—True, Nebuchadnezzar ate grasses,
But—Nebuchadnezzar was nuts!

—By Berton Braley.

Mother Shipton Prophecy in verse
It is general conceded that Mother Shipton
was born in Norfolk England more than five
hundred years ago. She is reported to have died
in 1449. 242 years before Columbus discovered America

And now a word in uncouth rhyme
Of what shall be in future time.
For in those wonderful far-off days
The woman shall adopt a cease
To dress like men, and trousers wear,
And cut of all their locks of hair.
They'll ride astide with brassen brow,
As witches do on broomsticks now.
Then love shall die and marriage cease,
And nations wane as babes decrease,
Then wives shall fondle cats and dogs,
And men live much the same as hogs,
A carriage without horse shall go,
Disaster fill the world with woe
In London Primrose Hall shall be
Its center hold a Bishop See.
Around the world mens thoughts shall fly
Quick as the twinkle of an eye.
And waters shall great wonders do—
How strange, and yet it shall come true
Then upside down the world shall be,
And gold found at the root of trees,
Through towering hills proud men shall ride
No horse or mule move by his side,

...Mother...

I have watched the white threads
creep into your hair;

I have watched the wrinkles line
your face.

I have watched and sorrowed -- for
I put them there:

Harried marks that love cannot
erase.

I have spoken harshly; I have
been unkind;

I can only guess how you have cared.

I can only guess how you have grieved
and pined,

How each joy and fear of mine, you've shared.

Has your heart been broken, back
along the years?

Has your son lost sight of what
you taught?

Seldom do I pause to thank you,
Mother dear.

Am I worth the battle that you fought?

Mother, as this is the last hour before
Mother's day, I wish you all the joys
and blessings of your heart's desire. You've
more than earned them.

Francis

1935

The tacit woman is a mother whose children rise up and bless her in the last day of their lives. They never look back upon a childhood in which they were kept in subjection, by way they never think of their mother as an incarnate sin, or as a spoilsport who could be counted on beforehand to veto everything they wanted to do. And it is only after they are grown that they realize how firm was the hand always upon them. They didn't see it at the time because it was so hidden in the velvet glove.

The tacit woman knows that children are abnormally sensitive, and so she does not humiliate hers by correcting them in public. She waits until they are alone together and then talks things over, and the offense is not repeated. She takes the trouble to explain to a child why such and such a thing should be done, or should not be done, and she is obeyed because she does not seem an arbitrary tyrant to the child, and so does not set up irritation in his mind.

She knows that vanity is the strongest human impulse and she plays upon that as upon a harp with a thousand strings. She praises Johnny's good manners until he becomes a Chesterfield. She appeals to Tommy to set her right about some date in history and Tommy has to read upon it to justify his reputation, and so becomes a student. She calls Mary mother's little helper and Mary goes with enthusiasm at domestic tasks that otherwise she couldn't be driven to. She calls attention to Sally's neatness and Sally has to keep herself spick and span to live up to her blue china.

The tacit wife and mother never has any trouble, keeping her husband and children at home. You can't drive them away from the one place in the world where there is peace and comfort, and where their fur is always rubbed the right way.

The tacit woman is the friend we grapple to our souls with hoops of steel because she understands the fine art of being intimate without being inquisitive. She is interested in everything we do, but she does not pry into our private affairs, nor seek to poke her nose into our holy of holies. She listens with sympathy to what we have to tell her, but she asks no questions. She is always willing to help, but she does not feel it gives her the right to boss us. And because she loves us she has the privilege of monopolizing us.

Tact and graciousness. They are the virtues of queens. What a pity that women do not cultivate them more, for they are the magic talisman which opens every door for a woman and will do more to insure her happiness and success than anything else in the world.

DOROTHY DIX.

(Copyright by Public Ledger.)

Relief Society of First Ward 1930 Honors Officers

The First Ward Relief society, of which Mrs. T. A. Hunt is the new president, entertained at a most delightful patriotic program Tuesday afternoon in the ward chapel, honoring the retiring president, Mrs. H. Winkel, the other retiring officers, class leaders and teachers of the organization.

The auditorium, decorated in numerous baskets of red, white and blue flowers, formed an appropriate setting for the affair. As a feature of the entertainment each of the honor guests was presented a token of appreciation.

Mrs. A. J. Bird, who had charge of the music for the afternoon, with Mrs. Vern A. Blomquist at the piano, led the congregation in community singing. Mrs. Ernest E. Hedman, Misses Euarta Poulson and Della Outzen with Mrs. Bird at the piano sang two patriotic selections. Mrs. Manilla Christensen read "The Man Without a Country," and Mrs. Retta Nielson gave a humorous reading. The opening prayer was offered by Mrs. Orlando Thurber, and the closing prayer, by Mrs. J. W. Olsen.

After the program a social hour and refreshments were enjoyed.

Mountain Sweethearts -

Two lovers stood together
In a mountain forest dim;
And he was silent for love of her,
And she trembled with love for him;
And she was clad in silver green;
And he in dull green-blue;
And they sighed little murmuring love songs
When the mountain breeze passed through.
Yet they stood there winter and summer
And never spoke a line. For she was
a dainty Aspen and he was a stately
pine.

Beneath the water men shall walk.
Shall ride, shall sleep and even walk;
And in the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, as well as green.
A great man shall then shall come and go,
For prophecy declares it so.
In water iron then shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat,
Gold shall be found in streams and stone,
In land that is as yet unknown,
Water on fire shall wonders do (Steam).
And England shall admit a Jew,
The Jew that once was held in scorn,
Shall of a Christian then be born.
A house of glass shall come to pass. (Crystal Palace)
In England but alas, alas!
A war will follow with the work.
Where dwells the pagan and the Turk.
The States will lock in fiercest strife,
And seek to take each others life.
When North shall thus divide the South,
The Eagle builds in lions mouth
Then tax and blood and cruel war.
Shall come to every humble door.
Then, when the fiercest fight is done,
England and France shall be as one,
The British olive next shall twine
In marriage with the German vine.
Men shall walk beneath and over streams—
Fullbilled shall be our strangest dreams.
All England's sons that plow the land,
Shall oft be seen with book in hand.
The poor shall now great wisdom know

water wind where corn doth grow;
Great houses stand in farflung vale,
All covered o'er with snow and hail,
In nineteen hundred twenty-six,
Build houses light of straw and sticks
For then shall mighty wars be planned,
When pictures seem alive with movement free,
When boats like fishes swim beneath the sea
When men like birds shall scour the sky
Then half this world, deep drenched in blood
shall die.

But those who live to see all this through,
In fear and trembling this will do:

Flee to the mountains and the dens,
To bog and forest and wild fens -
For storms will rage and oceans roar,
When Gabriel stands on sea and shore
and as he blows his wonderful horn
Old worlds shall die and new be born

This Mother Shipton

Ford Visions Federated Europe

All Barriers Will Vanish, Says Auto Maker

BY DAVID J. WILKIE
(Associated Press Automotive Editor)

DETROIT, Dec. 3.—Henry Ford said in an interview here today that out of the war in Europe will come a federation of the world in which "all barriers of nationality will be leveled and the peoples of the world live in common peace and prosperity."

It will be a federation in which politics will be definitely discarded; one in which a universal currency, a universal economy and a universal market will prevail, he asserted.

Unless such a federation is established, the 78-year-old industrialist added, the present war will be only a dress rehearsal for another and more terrible conflict.

"The United States is a practical example of federation. We federated because it was the only

way to save ourselves from ruin. Europe is finding she cannot live unfederated today," Ford said.

"If the United States puts its influence behind it, the same type of agreement can be arrived at in Europe. No country should be forced in, but every country soon would see the advantage to be gained by voluntarily coming in. They would need no armies and there would be no wars because nations would all be neighbors in the same federation. This in turn would lead to a universal currency and a universal economy and a developed industry that would have all the world for its market."

"The point I make," Ford went on, "is that the time is here to start the federation. The last prophecy along this line was made just 100 years ago by Tennyson. His 'Locksley Hall' as a marvelous forecast of things to come. He forecast the invention of the airplane as an instrument of peace. Then he saw it

turned into a terrible tool of war. After that he saw the war drums become silent 'in the parliament of man, the federation of the world.' Everything has come in the order he saw it right up to the present time. All that remains to come is the 'parliament of man, the federation of the world.' I think the time is here, and I think America has a big part in it."

Ford said that every country that took part in the last war, "asked for something and got it, except the United States. We asked for nothing and got nothing. We are not asking for anything this time. We lend and lease materials, men and ships without thought of repayment. But I think the time has come when we have the right to demand something in return and the only repayment the United States can ask or accept is something that insures peace and prosperity to the world."

Citing the United States as a

ALL I know of good, truth, honesty and idealism I have learned from the Bible. In school I listened each morning as a chapter was read before classes started, and it was then that I came to know and respect the Holy Book. I never have lost my regard for the Word of God, and if I had my way about it, a chapter of the Bible would be read every single morning in every schoolroom in this country. I feel at home in the pages of the Bible, for that Book speaks my language.—Henry Ford.

"practical example of federation," Ford said:

"What we have done the people of Europe can do. The people of Europe are just as good as you will find anywhere. They are no more warlike than we are. But they are divided and kept divided by men who profit by divisions and wars. But if Europe were federated, the people who profit by war will never again get a foothold; they would have nothing to work on."

"Here is something to think about," Ford continued. "Europe never has produced a European. Frenchmen, Germans, Scandinavians, Italians, Hollanders, Belgians, Russians, Poles—yes, but no Europeans. That is the poison of division. Yet with these very same nationalities and races here in the United States, we have produced Americans. If these people can become Americans in America, they can become Europeans in Europe. That is what federation would do."

A Wonderful People

*"I saw a people rise before the sun,
A noble people scattered through the lands,
To be a blessing to the nations; spread
Wherever mortals make their home; without
A common soil or air, 'neath alien skies;
But One in blood and thought and life and law;
And One in righteousness and love; a race
That, permeating, purified the world,—
A pure, fresh current in a brackish sea,
A cooling wind across the fevered sand,
A music in the wrangling market-place;
For wheresoe'er a Jew dwelt, there dwelt Truth;
And wheresoe'er a Jew was, there was Light;
And wheresoe'er a Jew went, there went Love."*

Israel Zangwill.

A BRAHAM, "the father of the faithful," and the first Hebrew, is one of the grandest figures in the imagination of the world. He looms large against the background of barbaric polytheism which up to this time had covered the world. He stands there against the morning twilight of history. He faces the present, he looks to the future. He is the one of whom it is said that he heard the voice of God and went out, not knowing whither he went.

Then as the history of this great people unrolls we have Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, Saul and David, and by and by they give birth to the grandest figure of all their history, to the supreme figure of the world, Jesus of Nazareth; and under His followers, a new religion, which is largely Jewish, supersedes the old, and becomes the conquering power of the world.

From this time on the Jews are a people without a country. They are scattered through the nations of the world. Today there are between fifteen and sixteen millions of them scattered throughout the nations, the largest number outside of Russia, in any one place, is found in the city of New York. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that they have no country that they can call their own, this wonderful people has kept itself distinct, like the Gulf Stream which flows through, but does not mingle with, the waters of the Atlantic. The Jews are still a separate people wherever they are scattered around the wide world.

No other people on the face of the earth have given so many names to Christendom as have the Jews. Glance at a few of them: Adam and Eve, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Aaron, Saul, David, Solomon, Samuel, Elisha, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, the great prophets: Jesus, James, John, Peter, Paul. What a list of great characters furnished by this one little people.

Turn now for a little while to consider some of the achievements of this people in other fields of human endeavor. There is hardly a department of human thought or life in which a Jew is not found in the very front rank. If one should select the six finest and most beautiful lyrics that all the world has produced up to the present time, the twenty-third psalm would be one of them. One of the greatest dramatic poems of the world—dramatic so far as drama up to that time had been developed—one of the noblest in all literature, is Jewish—the Book of Job. In Isaiah and other parts of the Old Testament may be found some of the most sublime poetry of the ages.

Turn to another department of human life and we find among the world's small list of great composers, two Jewish names—Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn. Everyone knows that the Jewish race has produced the greatest financiers. They have been the money masters of the world. If one turns to the department of philosophy, there are

few names that stand higher in intellectual power, in moral enthusiasm, than that of the Jew, Benedict Spinoza. Space will not permit the mention of the names of Jews who have led in the field of medicine, of science and of almost all the different departments of human achievement. Some of the greatest legal minds of the world have been Jews.

It was not until the year 1835 that civil disabilities were removed in England, and yet the leading financier of that country was a Jew. The leading man at the bar in London, the most famous lawyer of all Europe, was Judah P. Benjamin, a Jew. The most eminent man as a judge on the Queen's Bench was Sir George Jessel, a Jew. The prime minister of England was Benjamin Disraeli, a Jew. The moment the doors of opportunity were opened in England the Jews rushed to the front, and occupied the highest positions in the national life.

There are no more famous names among the world's great philanthropists than those of Moses Montefiore and the Baron and Baroness de Hirsch. In the realm of ethics we admire Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Confucius, and other moralists; but when we praise these masters we say that their ethical principles and teachings are almost as good as those of the Jews.

We have heard it said in justice to this people that there are no Jewish paupers, that they care for their own poor, and what speaks wonders for the Jewish character is the fact that in no country of the world do you find Jewish women of the town.

This is a remarkable record for one little people. Can you match it anywhere else in the history of humanity.

One may wonder why this remarkable people are persecuted, driven from pillar to post, disliked by some. But this is another story.

DO YOU KNOW.....



THOMAS JEFFERSON INTRODUCED WAFFLES TO AMERICA, BRINGING THE FIRST CRISS-CROSSED WAFFLE IRON HERE FROM HOLLAND.....

AT ONE TIME IN CONNECTICUT, IT WAS AGAINST THE LAW TO BAKE BREAD OR MILK A COW ON SUNDAYS!



THE OLD REVOLUTIONARY WAR SONG "YANKEE DOODLE" WAS ORIGINALLY AN OLD BAKER'S CHANTEY.



THE U.S. ARMY MAINTAINS 12 BAKING SCHOOLS WHERE PROMISING DOUGHBOYS OF HIGH CHARACTER AND ABILITY MAY LEARN THE BAKERS ART.....

GOBBLE M. FAST BAKER



THIS IS THE NAME OF A BAKER IN LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.....



BAKERS REVIEW

CHECK IN PAYMENT FOR:	ACCOUNT NO.	AMOUNT
1st prize on potted plants	Exhibits	\$1 00
CHECK IN PAYMENT FOR:	ACCOUNT NO.	AMOUNT
1st prize six Zinnias	Exhibits	\$1 00
CHECK IN PAYMENT FOR:	ACCOUNT NO.	AMOUNT
2nd prize six roses	Exhibits	\$0 75
Mrs. Evendina Winkel City		

20 Bishop's Building
Salt Lake City, Utah

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It will begin with the Oct-39 issue.

Sincerely yours,

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Belle Spafford

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Salt Lake City, Utah

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As requested your award of a free subscription will be sent to

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It will begin with the Nov.-38 issue.

Sincerely yours,

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

POSITION TO TEM ACTIVITIES

ON one occasion I heard late Apostle Marriner Merrill, President of the Logan Temple, relate this extraordinary incident.

He was sitting in his office one morning, he said, when he noticed from the window a company of people coming up the hill to the Temple. As they entered the Temple grounds they presented rather a strange appearance not only in dress but in their mode of travel. Some were riding on horses, others were in conveyances and still others were afoot. He wondered who they could be as he was not looking for a company of such size that particular morning. They dismounted from their horses, stepped down from their conveyances, put their animals under the sheds and walked about complacently as if they had a perfect right to be there.

A little later a person unknown to Brother Merrill entered the room. Brother Merrill said to him, "Who are you and who are these people that have come up and taken possession of the Temple grounds unannounced?" He answered and said, "I am Satan and these are my people." Brother Merrill then said, "What do you want? Why have you come here?" Satan replied, "I don't like the work that is going on in this temple and feel that it should be discontinued. Will you stop it?" Brother Merrill answered and said emphatically, "No, we will not stop it. The work must go on." "Since you refuse to stop it I will tell you what I purpose to do," the adversary said, "I will take these people, my followers, and will distribute them throughout this Temple district, and will instruct them to whisper in the ears of the people persuading them not to go to the Temple, and thus bring about a cessation of your Temple work." Satan then withdrew.

President Merrill commenting on this strange interview with the Evil One said that for quite a period of time the spirit of indifference to Temple work seemed to take possession of the people and very few came to the House of the Lord. The presumption was that Satan had carried out his threat which caused a temporary lull in Temple work.

It is not to be wondered at that Satan, who is the enemy of righteousness, is displeased with Temple work.

ANGER C

MODERN RESEARCH DOES NOT WEAKEN BIBLE

BISHOP WILLIAM T. MANNING

Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York
Writes for The Deseret News

Modern research has in no way weakened the message of the Bible, but has placed that book in such a strong position that atheistic statements made against it are childish.

The Bible is still the best guide for modern life, since it has lost none of the power which, in the past, has caused it to shape the thought of the dominant nations of the world. If the Bible held its rightful place in every home, we should hear less of the divorce question.

The message of the Bible to our souls has not been in the least degree weakened by the researchers of modern scholarship or the advancement of modern knowledge, but on the contrary the spiritual message of the Bible, the divine revelation which it contains, the fact of its divine inspiration, stand clearer to us than ever.

I say without hesitation that no fact or truth which modern Biblical scholarship has established conflicts with or tends to weaken full belief in the deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, in his miraculous birth of the Blessed Virgin Mary or in his resurrection from the grave and ascension into heaven. If there are religious teachers today who believe less fully in these essential facts of the gospel this is because their own faith in Christ has weakened and not because any facts established by Biblical scholarship require this. If the Bible has less power in our lives today, the lack of power is in us, not in the Bible.

It is necessary to remember that it is only the spiritual message of the Bible that is inspired, and not its science or geology, which necessarily reflect the knowledge of the time in which it was written.

Much of the Old Testament is in the language of glorious poetry, and if we remember this, many of the imaginery difficulties about it vanish.

Use your Bible faithfully and it will find you and bring you near to God.

Trips I have made with my husband,
and Children. 1930 trip to California San Diego
Trip to Yellowstone Park. 1931.
trip to Fairview Idaho Saw. Foot mountain. 1931
Trip to Michigan with my husband. Rudyard. 1933
Trip to Northwest. Portland with my husband. Rose
and 2 of her friends. 1934.
Trip to Kelsey Texas. with my husband + children 1935.
Trip to Netherland - England - Belgie +
France. in 1935 - 1936. (mission)
Trip to "Bill Cumora" May 1936.
Trip to San. Francisco + Los Angeles 1938 in an car
Trip to Mesa temple 24 Jan 1940
Trip with Henry + Wilma to Escalante over Wayne
County and back over Johns valley. 1945.
Trip to Cardston Temple when Pauline came
home from her mission went to the Grand
Cooley Dam. 1941 May

Pres. R. D. Young of the Manti temple related
to the 3rd ward S. School:

On the 5th of Dec. ¹⁹³⁴ Sister Johnson wife of the
Manti temple doorkeeper had a dream, seven
women came to her and one seems to
be the spokesman. She told sister Johnson
they were ready to have their work done.
What is the name asked sister Johnson.
The answer was Mary Warner.
When sister Johnson went to the recorder
room she ask for a name to work for.
What record? the recorder ask. It does
not matter sister Johnson replied. were
upon a other recorder said: here is a
name, and handed it to her. the name
was Mary Warner. and the other 6
seem to be sisters.

1861 missionwork in Holland was
started. by Elder van der Woude and
Elder Schtler German by birth.
It was first a part of the Swiss German
mission Later it became Netherland &
Belgium. About 1000. people accepted
Mormonism, and nearly half emigrated
to Utah & other States. ^{the Star}
In 1895 a monthly mission paper was
published which is still in use. Before
that the book of Mormon was translated
and published in the Nethel. language.

A DAILY THOUGHT

Small faith may take you to heaven, but
great faith will bring heaven to you.

—Spurgeon.

A DAILY THOUGHT

The life you live, not the words you preach,
really tells the story of your beliefs.

Monday child is full of woe
Monday's child is fair of face;
Tuesday child is full of grace;
Wednesday child is loving and giving;
Wednesday child works hard for a living;
Thursday child is full of woe;
Friday's child is full of woe;
Saturday child has far to go.
But the child that's born on the Sabbath day
Is clothe and sonny and good + gay







Doorn. Mooi gezicht op Huize Doorn
Doorn. Vue sur „Huize Doorn“

Doorn. Fine view of „Huize Doorn“
Doorn. Schöner Anblick auf „Huize Doorn“

DECEMBER 1955

Z	4	
M	5	
D	6	€
W	7	
D	8	
V	9	
Z	10	10 tot 17 Inwijdingsfeest (1st.)



Utrecht. Oude Gracht
Dans la ville d'Utrecht

Peep at Utrecht
Anblick in Utrecht

DECEMBER 1955

Z	18	
M	19	
D	20	
W	21	
D	22	☽
V	23	
Z	24	





DELFT - OUDE DELFT

foto Doerer



Winternacht in Laren (N.H.)
Nuit d'hiver à Laren (N.H.)

Winter night at Laren (N.H.)
Winternacht in Laren (N.H.)

DECEMBER 1955

Z	25	Kerstmis
M	26	Kerstmis
D	27	
W	28	
D	29	☺
V	30	
Z	31	





LEEWARDEN - BEURS

foto Doeser



TEXEL - KOKSDUIN

foto Doerer

MAART						1956	
MEMORANDUM	*	4	11	18	25	*	Z
	*	5	12	19	26	*	M
	*	6	13	20	27	*	D
	*	7	14	21	28	*	W
	1	8	15	22	29	*	D
	2	9	16	23	30	*	V
	3	10	17	24	31	*	Z

27 en 28. Isr. Paasfeest; 30. Goede Vrijdag



Een der prachtige Groningse Boerderijen One of the magnificent Groningen Farms
Une des plus belles fermes de la province de Groningue Eins der prächtigen Groninger Bauerngüter

DECEMBER 1955

Z	11	
M	12	
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D	15	
V	16	
Z	17	

