

The following article is an interview of Grandma Polly Berthena Huntington by Will Fail, a historical records writer. It appears that she was asked certain questions regarding pioneer life. The article seems to be her answers to his questions. It was in my Dad's paper box and is quite aged. I felt it would be a good look at her life and decided to print it up for you kids and grand kids.

The bell Grandma refers to in the article that was used to ring up the curtain for the theatrical performances is still here in Mom's home. There are also one chair and a rocking chair, which was made for Grandma by her brother in Springville for her wedding. Grandma told Dad that she rode on the rocking chair most of the way when she went to California on her honeymoon in the freight outfit.

I hope you enjoy reading the article as much as I did and that it gives you some insight into Grandma Huntington's life as a pioneer woman.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
FROM
YOUR DAD, OR GRAND DAD
WHICHEVER THE CASE MAY BE!!

LIFE HISTORY OF A UTAH PIONEER WOMAN W. F. FAIL, HISTORICAL RECORDS WRITER

January 17, 1938

My name is Mrs. Polly Berthena Huntington. I live at Orangeville, Emery County, Utah. I am living in my own home and look after my own needs. I have my grandson, Walter Reid and his wife, Reva, living in part of my home and they relieve me of the heavier tasks. I have never found it necessary to seek employment, as my home life has used all my time.

I was born November 3, 1849 at Pisgay, Pottowatama County, Iowa. My present age is 88 years. I married Hyrum Fenno Huntington February 6, 1872—66 years ago. We were married at Springville, Utah.

I am a native born citizen. I came to Utah in a covered wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen and a yoke of cows. I cannot recall the place we joined the wagon train with which we came to Utah. We left for Utah June or July, 1852. Our destination was Utah. The place to live was not decided on until we reached Utah and we just kept traveling until we reached Springville, where my father decided to make his home. The plentiful supply of water and the green trees and general appearance all appealed to my people, and it was a most welcome place after our long journey. We arrived in Springville about September 1st, 1852. I do not recall who was the leader of the company in which we traveled.

Our method of travel was a covered wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen and a yoke of cows. We milked the cows along the way, using the milk for food. All surplus milk was stored in a wooden churn and the motion of the wagon churned our butter for our family.

Our first house was constructed of rough cottonwood logs with dirt roof and floor. There were no brick or adobe made at this time. This home was constructed on what we called Dry Creek, which was about two miles south of Springville at that time.

The only light used in our house was an open fireplace. A movable light was made by inserting a rag wick in a dish of grease. The first lamp used in our house I purchased for my mother in Salt Lake City when I was eighteen years old, fifteen years after our arrival in Springville. Previous to the purchase of a lamp, the homemaking of candles had developed. Nearly every family had a set of candle molds and made candles for their own use.

The first electric lights I ever seen was at Orangeville, Utah in the year 1904. I was 55 years old at this time. A local company built and established electric service for Orangeville and Castle Dale. This company was later absorbed by the Utah Power and Light Company.

The fuel used was the native woods brought to the houses by the pioneers themselves from nearby hills.

By the time we reached Springville in 1852, the people who had already settled there had succeeded in raising sufficient grain and vegetables so that food was available for all. Fish were plentiful in the nearby streams and we did not suffer for the necessities.

The first dress I remember was a dress made for me by my mother from a piece of factory common white cotton cloth. My mother traded for this piece of cloth with Jackson Stewart. My recollection is that Mr. Stewart was the first man to bring goods into Springville from the outside. Mother colored this cloth with Squaw Brush solution, which made it, to me, a very pretty brown. I still have in my possession several pieces of woolen goods I wove as a girl. The yarn was dyed before weaving, which made it possible for us to choose our own colors. Hand weaving and yarn spinning was practiced for many years.

Courtships were encouraged through the medium of spinning bees and home dances. The spinning bee was a combination work party and social event. The young ladies invited were expected to bring their own spinning wheel. The young men would call in the evening and escort them home. Dances were held in homes large enough to accommodate one set dancing the quadrille. The music was furnished by one fiddler. I remember Mr. Ben Blanchard as the main and only fiddler for dances held in Springville.

The cost of food at this time was governed very much by the supply. The price of all home grown foods were based on the supply held in the hands of the settlers. All imported items were limited as to amount and variety and the price was, of course, very high.

I remember the first sugar we bought was for a wedding and the price was \$1.00 per pound. Tea was \$6.00 per pound and a box of sulphur matches, the size of our penny boxes of today, cost 25 cents or one dozen eggs.

The settlers at Springville were fortunate in the fact that sugarcane would grow there. My father established a sorghum mill to grind the cane and extract the juice, which was boiled in iron kettles to the consistency of sorghum and this was the principal source of sweetening for the settlers. Much of this sorghum was sold to the less favored sections, the settlers of which would bring in their surplus products and trade for our sorghum.

The shoes we used at this time, 1852—1870, were made for us by my father. We would each get one pair every fall. I don't remember where he got the leather. Mother made all our clothing from homespun wool, doing all the sewing by hand.

The first sewing machine I had ever seen, and I think the first one ever brought to Springville, was about the year 1870 and was brought in by Orin Packard. I felt highly honored when he invited me to come to his house and learn to operate it.

My mother was an especially expert needlewoman and used to sew for Mrs. Stewart Jackson. She would receive as pay parts of worn clothing, which she would use in making tops for handmade quilts.

Flax was also grown and made into cloth to use for bed ticking and sheets. The process of making the linen cloth required much hand labor. The plant was subjected to a process of maceration to separate the fiber from the husk. This was a long, tedious task. The fiber, after being prepared in this manner, was woven into linen yarn and spun on the handlooms, the same as the woolen yarn. I still have some of this linen cloth I spun as a girl. The process of making dye was gradually developed. I remember gathering the large yellow flowers that grew in the country surrounding Springville. Squaw Brush was another medium used to make coloring. Copper was used as an agent to set the dye.

The people of Springville, as far as I know, never had any severe shortage of food. The cricket invasion that did so much damage in parts of the state was controlled by the people by driving the crickets into burning straw that had been previously spread.

Corn, wheat, potatoes, sugar cane, and many varieties of vegetables were raised, the seed being brought in by the first and succeeding emigrants. The first raspberries I remember in Springville were some my mother developed from the wild bushes brought from the mountains.

The first farm implements were a plow and harrow. The harrow was homemade. The plow was brought with us when we made our journey to Utah.

A sawmill, built and operated by my father was located about two miles east of our farm on Hobble Creek. I think this was the first start of the lumber industry. The mill was driven by water power. The lumber made at this mill was used to build better homes for the people of Springville. Our second house was built of lumber made at this mill.

The manufacture of sorghum was also an industry that brought some additional wealth to Springville. Preserved fruit was another early industry. The women, using sorghum as a preserving medium, would pack the preserves in fifteen gallon barrels. These barrels were made in Springville by a cooper named Suminum Blanchard. The settlers of Sanpete County were good customers for both the sorghum and the preserved fruit, as they had been unable to raise sugar cane in their section.

My life being spent in the farming communities, I knew nothing of the mining industry. I never saw any buffalo or hunted wild game. Fish and game were plentiful. The streams were teaming with fish and deer and bear were common in the mountains adjacent to the town.

We used the wild berries, which grew profusely in the mountains close to Springville, and also the wild Sege bulb.

I think it interesting to relate some experiences of the early days. In making the journey from Iowa to Utah, the wagon was loaded with essential necessities to last our family until such time as we could raise a crop for my Father, Mother, three boys and four girls, a total of eight persons. Our mode of power was two yoke of cattle, one yoke being cows, which we milked. The surplus milk was stored in a wooden churn and the jolting of the wagon would churn our butter.

My father's sister died on this trip and she was buried at a place called Devils Gate. This place was an opening between upright rock ledges or walls. A stream of water cascaded between these walls. This massive structure of stone, reared in some passed cycle of time, was a fitting monument to a brave woman who had started to help build a new church in the great west. My girlish fancies, as they traveled back over that long road, could always feel the loneliness of that grave in the great wilderness.

Gleaning wheat: In the fall, after the wheat was harvested and in the shock, the people of Springville, both young and old, would go to the fields and glean the wheat left by the harvesters. This we would carry home and thresh by hand, beating the chaff from the wheat and tossing it in the air for the wind to carry off the chaff. I remember selling one fall \$11.00 worth of wheat I gathered in this manner.

Method of harvesting: All the grain raised was cut with a hand grain cradle and grass hay with a scythe. The operation of the first grain harvester brought to Springville was watched by everyone in town. The first mowing machine used was owned by Will Snelson. This was a great sight for the farmers.

Moving our house: Our first house was built on Dry Creek, as mentioned previously. Later, the Indians began raids on the settlers and the settlers constructed a mud wall twelve feet high. My recollection is that this wall was nine blocks square with heavy gates at each side of the square. There were towers constructed at each corner that were sixteen feet high with small openings to shoot through. This wall was built by the combined effort of the entire people. We moved our log house from the banks of Dry Creek to the inside of this wall and lived there during the Indian war. I remember about this time a young man by the name of Jack Edmonson was killed by the Indians in Hobbie Creek. His body was laid in the shade of the ward hall and was buried in Springville Cemetery.

Visit by Indian Chief: Chief Black Hawk used to bring horses to my father, who made horseshoes and shod horses. He did this work for the Indians, also. Black Hawk, at one time, brought a piece of iron for father to make him some horseshoes. On being asked if it was steel, he replied, "Yes, it steal. I steal 'em." This Indian was usually accompanied by a white man named Ike Potter. Black Hawk was a tall slim Indian. The Indians used to gather wild service berries, which they would sell to the settlers.

First alfalfa seed brought to Springville: My sister, Mrs. Susan Noakes was living in San Bernardino, California and she sent my father three pounds of alfalfa seed which he planted. He was surely delighted to receive this seed.

First postmaster: The first post office, if my memory serves me right, was run by Aaron Johnson, who was also the first bishop of Springville. William Huntington was the next postmaster, keeping the office fourteen years. The mail was brought in the old style stagecoach drawn by four horses.

Indian cures: My father furnished food and shelter to an old Indian medicine man, who many times helped the family in caring for the sick. I remember one occasion when he asked for and was gladly granted the permission to exercise his curative powers on a brother of mine who was suffering from a very severe sore throat that had defied the efforts of my mother and others skilled in administering pioneer remedies. He called for a pan of wood ashes and using these he rubbed both sides of the throat vigorously. The pain seemed to stop instantly and recovery was soon complete.

The "Ute Indian" maternity ward: The expectant mother was taken to a secluded part of the camp that had previously been prepared with a shallow depression in which rocks had been heated and placed in reach of the patient. At each corner of this crude bed a stake was strongly driven. With these preparations, the mother was left alone until such time as she was able to bring her baby to the wickiup.

Freight service between Utah and California was soon established. Six to eight span of mules were used on these freight wagons. This service was continued until the completion of the railroad to Utah. My husband was engaged in this business and we took our honeymoon trip to California in his freight outfit. My most vivid recollection of this trip was the danger and trouble we had in crossing the Virgin River. On account of the quick sand, it was necessary for us to try each crossing horse back before trusting our outfits to the river.

My husband took a contract to haul wood for a mining company at Ibanpaw (Indian word for pure water). There were only two other women at this camp and although my husband's work kept him away from home a great deal of the time, I was always treated with respect by the men of the camp.

On the completion of this contract, we moved to Trojan where my husband contracted to haul ore from Trojan to Ibanpaw, a distance of seventy-five miles. On his return trips he would load his wagons with barrels of water and distribute them along the road for the use of himself and teams. While my husband was engaged in this work, his brother and myself ran a boarding house for the miners. At the completion of this contract, we returned to our home in Springville, having been gone a year and five months and making a total of thirty-nine crossings of the Virgin River.

While living at Ibanpaw, I remember a shooting that took the life of one man. This was the result of a quarrel of the previous day. The body was left lying where it fell on the floor of the store in which the shooting took place. My husband had a nervous reaction after viewing the body that caused him to have a severe nosebleed. Having previously acquired the power to stop profuse bleeding, I put this power to the test and was gratified

to find I was able to accomplish this. By this power, I have been able to accomplish much good to my fellow men.

The first schoolhouse I attended was constructed of poles attached to upright posts, interlaced with willows. The roof was constructed of the same material and had a light covering of dirt. My first teacher was Mr. Henry Moss, a man for whom I had the highest regard. My father paid tuition for my schooling. I think the amount was \$1.50 for each quarter. Each child studied such books as they owned. I remember I had a McGuffey spelling book. A bible was the only book I remember in our home until a later date.

The first newspaper was the Deseret News. This paper was published in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The first automobile I ever seen was at Orangeville, Utah. This was brought across the mountains from Sanpete County by Stanley Crawford.

I remember the first railroad train that came to Springville, but not the date. The first train I ever rode on was from Price to Springville on the Denver Rio Grande Western.

The early theatrical entertainment was by local theatrical talent. The first building used for a theatrical performance was built by Mr. Nicholas Grosbeck from Salt Lake City, Utah. I have in my possession the bell used to ring up the curtain for the first play ever held in Springville in the early days. The bell was used for this purpose for a long time.

The 24th of July was the main celebration held in Springville and was held under a large bowery constructed on the public square. There was always an interesting program, after which we all had our lunch under the shade of the bowery.

The woman gaining the most prominence locally was Mrs. Stanton who acted as midwife and doctor for many years.

Shortly after 1853 the Indians used to come to my fathers blacksmith shop to have their horses shod. The Indians around Springville never planted any kind of crops. I have no knowledge of the Indians growing crops at any place or their use of irrigation. I could talk the Ute language enough to make myself understood by the Indians.

The total descendants of myself and my husband number 58. The names of our sons and daughters are: Len F. Huntington of Castle Dale, Utah; Arch D. Huntington, Orlo B. Huntington, Nettie Reid, Fred M. Huntington, Hyrum Huntington, of Orangeville, Utah; and Olive Huntington, deceased. Our grandchildren are: Fenno, Loyd, Olive, Grant, Stanley, Jennie, Rose, Morris, and Royal, all children of Len and Caroline Huntington; Jessie, Hyrum, Milton, Dora, Robert, and Nettie, all children of Arch D. and Velma Huntington; Edward Ray, Preston, and Blanch, all children of Orlo B. and Adelade Huntington; Walter, son of Nettie Huntington and Earnest Reid; Katie, Jean, Reed and

Ruth, all children of Fred and Myrtle Huntington. There were 27 great grandchildren born by 1938.

I was married at the age of 22 to Hyrum Huntington in Springville, Utah. At the age of 35 I moved with my husband to Emery County and helped pioneer the settlement of this new country and have lived here ever since. Our first home in Emery County was in a covered wagon. The next year we built our first home here.

Polly Berthina Childs Huntington

Polly Berthina was born on November 13, 1849 to Moses and Polly Patten Childs in Pisgah, Pottawattamia County, Iowa. Berthina's family traveled to Utah in a covered wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen and a yoke of cows. They settled in Springville in 1852, where her father built and operated a sawmill on their farm at Hobbie Creek. Because her father worked closely with the Ute Indians, Berthina knew enough of the Ute language to understand them. She married Hyrum Fenno Huntington on February 6, 1872 when she was 22 in Springville, Utah. In 1884 Berthina and Hyrum moved to Orangeville where their first home was a covered wagon. A year later, they built their first home. Berthina was talented in sewing and tatting. She would cut out poems, articles, and anything of interest from newspapers and would hang them on a wall in her kitchen. She also kept a scrapbook with poems and newspaper clippings. In an interview by Will Fall she stated that the first electric lights she ever saw were in Orangeville in the year 1904 at the age of 55. They had eight children: Orlo Boutwell, Emma Caroline, Fred Moses, Archie Delivan, Nettie Leona, Hyrum Melvin, Olive Ophelia, and Leonard Fenno.

1849 - 1938



Berthina in front of her home in Orangeville



Nettie, Berthina, unknown



Hyrum Fenno

This picture taken in 1891 shows the Hyrum Fenno Huntington home in Orangeville, Utah (North of their second home). Shown in the picture are Parker Adelbert Childs (brother of Polly Berthina) children Leonard Fenno, Orlo Boutwell, Hyrum Melvin, Fred Moses, the mother Polly Berthina Childs Huntington, Nettie Leona, Olive Ophelia and the father Hyrum Fenno Huntington. Another son, Archie Delivan refused to be in the picture and hid in the house under the bed.

Hyrum Fenno Huntington

Hyrum Fenno was born on January 24, 1847 to William Dresser and Caroline Clark Huntington in St. Louis, Missouri. The William Dresser family traveled with the Saints to Nauvoo, Illinois and then to Utah. Hyrum Fenno was in the freight service, which ran from Utah and California during the building of the railroad. Hyrum and Berthina took their honeymoon to California in his freight outfit. Hyrum was contracted to haul wood for a mining company at Ibanpaw. Berthina traveled with him, being one of the total of only three women at that camp. After he finished his contract, they moved to Trojan where Hyrum had a contract to haul ore from Trojan to Ibanpaw. During this time Berthina and Hyrum's brother ran a boarding house for miners. After a year and five months and making a total of 39 crossings of the Virgin River they returned home to Springville. Hyrum and his family moved to Emery County to help pioneer the settlement. In Orangeville, Hyrum farmed and raised corn and other vegetables and would load his wagon full of crops and sell them at coal camps. Hyrum owned a lot of property in Emery County, including a good part of the canyon heading to Joe's Valley. He left his farm land to his sons and left his home and the land it sat on to his grandson Walter H. Reid who they had raised.



1847 - 1935

HISTORY OF POLLY BERTHENA CHILDS HUNTINGTON

Whenever I think of my Grandmother Huntington thoughts of her cozy and cheerful kitchen come to my memory. I can't remember of being in any other room very much when as a child I visited in her home. Her kitchen radiated her goodness. I remember how she always cut from news papers and magazines helpful hints and short thoughtful verses and sayings. These she pinned to the kitchen wall by the table for all to see and read.

As I was quite young when she passed away I can't remember too much about her so a history written by me has entailed getting most of the information from other sources. I have talked to my Uncle Fred Moses Huntington (her last living child) and to my Mother, Velma Jane Jewkes Huntington who have been most helpful to me. Also the bulk of the information has come from the Pioneer Biographies, Volume 13, Utah 31, pages 198 to 214 at the Genealogical Library in Salt Lake City, Utah. This history consists of questions asked her on 30 Jan., 1938 at her home in Orangeville, Emery Co., Utah.

She was born on 3 Nov., 1849 at Mt. Pisgay, Pottowatama Co., Iowa to Polly Patten Childs and Moses Childs. In June or July of 1852 her parents, three boys and four girls left Iowa to join the Saints in Utah. The family traveled by covered wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen and a yoke of cows. Milk from the cows was used for drinking. Surplus cream was stored in a churn and the motion of the wagon churned the butter.

On the trip her Father's sister passed away and was buried at a place called Devil's Gate. This place was an opening between upright ledges of rock with a stream of water cascading between the walls. Grandmother states that she felt this massive structure of stone reared in some passed cycle of time was a fitting monument to a brave woman who had started out to help build a new church in the West. She also states the loneliness she felt as the wagon pulled away from the grave and made it's way onward. At this time she would have been not quite 3 years of age.

Her Father traveled on to Utah and arrived in Springville, Utah Co., in Sept. of 1852. He had no definite destination in mind but upon seeing the green trees and the plentiful water supply he wanted to settle there.

Their first home was constructed of rough cottonwood logs with a dirt floor and roof. This home was on what was called Dry Creek about 2 miles south of Springville. This home was lighted by a fire in the fire place and by a movable light made by putting a rag wick in a bowl of grease. The art of candle making was developed and each family had a set of candle molds. I have seen a set of molds my Grandmother used that are now in the home of my Uncle Fred. The first electric lights she saw were in Orangeville in 1904. She was then 55 years of age. The first fuel used was native wood found in the hills.

As near as she could remember people raised enough crops to supply food demands. She did remember eating wild berries and Sego Lily roots.

Her Mother had a desire for a raspberry patch so wild plants were brought down from the mountains and transplanted.

The first dress she remembered owning was made from factory cloth. Her Mother traded for this material with a man named Jackson Stewart. Her recollection is that he was the first man to bring trade goods to Springville. The cloth was dyed to a pretty brown with a squaw brush solution.

People made their own material by spinning and weaving wool and flax. The flax seed was brought in by settlers and planted. The process to get linen required much hard labor. It was spun and woven like the wool. Grandmother spun and wove many pieces of material. The yarn was colored before it was woven. She states that she liked this as she could choose the color she wanted. She remembers as a child gathering large yellow flowers and squaw brush to dye yarns with. Shoes were also home made. Her Father made shoes for his family.

The first sewing machine was brought to Springville in about 1870 by Orin Packard. She felt highly honored to be asked to learn to operate the machine. Her Mother was an excellent seamstress. She made by hand from home spun the clothing for her family. She sewed for Mrs. Jackson Stewart and received as pay worn cloth to be used as quilt tops.

Courtships were encouraged through medium of spinning bees and home dances. Each girl brought her own spinning wheel to the bee. In the evening the young men called and took the girls home. Dances were held in homes large enough to accommodate one set of dancing quadrilles.

Grandmother remembered buying some sugar for her sister's wedding cake at the cost of \$1.00 a pound. A box of penny matches sold for 25 cents and tea was \$6.00 a pound.

Settlers raised sugar cane. Her Father had a sorghum mill to grind cane and to extract juices which were boiled in iron kettles to the consistency of sorghum. This was the principle source of sweetness. This sorghum was used in preserving of fruits much of which was sold to families in Sanpete Co. as another source of income.

Her Father also built a saw mill on Hobble Creek using water for power. Lumber was then used in building of better homes.

After the wheat was harvested young and old went into the fields to glean carrying the wheat home to thresh by hand. One fall Grandmother sold \$11.00 of the wheat she had gleaned. When the first grain harvester was bought the whole town came to see it operate for the first time.

The second home they had was built inside a fort for protection from the Indians during the wars and troubles with the Indians.

Her Father also shod horses and made horse shoes. Often he would shod horses for Chief Black Hawk. He told the story of Black Hawk bringing a fine piece of metal and wanting horse shoes made from it. Her Father asked him if the metal was steel to which Black Hawk replied, "Yes, it steel, I steal em."

Her Father furnished food and shelter to an old Indian Medicine man. One time her brother was very ill with a severe sore throat. All pioneer remedies failed to cure him. The old Indian took a pan of wood ashes and rubbed them on the boy's throat. The pain stopped and he recovered.

Henry Moses was Grandmother's first school teacher. Her Father had to pay \$1.50 a quarter for her to go. The school house was made of poles interlaced with willows and filled in with dirt. The roof was made the same way. The Bible was used as a reading book in home and school. The family took the Deseret News to read also.

Entertainment was by local talent. The biggest celebration was on the 24th of July. A program and lunch were held in the bowery.

Freight service was established between Utah and California. Six to eight mules were used to pull a wagon. Grandfather Huntington was in this business. When Grandmother was 22 she was married on 6 Feb., 1872 and took a honeymoon trip to California that lasted for 1 year and 5 months. The biggest danger of the trip was crossing the Virgin River because of there being quick sand. The river had to be crossed 39 times.

Grandfather got a contract to haul wood for a company at I-ban-paw (Indian word meaning pure water). After the contract was over he contracted to haul ore from Trojan to I-ban-paw, a distance of 75 miles. They moved to Trojan and there she and her brother-in-law operated a boarding house. At one time a man was shot as a result of a quarrel. This so upset Grandfather that he got a nose bleed and the bleeding could not be stopped. My Grandmother having previously acquired the power to stop profuse bleeding, put the power to test and the bleeding stopped at once. By this power she was able to help many people and do much good.

When she was 35 years of age she and Grandfather moved to Orangeville to pioneer there. They spent the first year living in a covered wagon. The home I remember her living in is the home now lived in by my cousin Walter Reid. He is my Aunt Nettie's son. She died when he was a small boy and he made his home with his Grandparents. I was named after this Aunt.

They endured the many hardships of pioneer life. Before her death on 14 Feb., 1938 she had 5 of her 8 children pass away. These children were Emma Caroline, Archie Delevan, Hyrum Melvin, Nettie Leona, and Olive Ophelia. Since that time Leonard Fenno and Orlo Boutwell have passed away. Also my Grandfather Huntington passed away on 11 Dec., 1936.

My Mother remembers her as being a wonderful Mother-in-law. She was a very honest person and treated people honestly in her dealing with them. Mother says she always gave practical, useful gifts to her. She seemed to know what a person needed.

I remember making bread one day and was about to throw away a small amount of flour that had spilled on the table. My Mother told me of Grandmother and her frugal ways. She would never throw away anything that could be put to good use. I think of her nearly everytime I bake bread. Mother also says that she spent her days working for the good of her family.

My Grandfather was not a member of the church until 21 Aug., 1924 when he was baptized by my Father. Grandmother was baptized on 1 Aug., 1865. They went to the Manti Temple on 2 Sept., 1925.

I am grateful to Uncle Fred and to my Mother who have helped me in writing this. Also I am grateful that the Utah Historical Society saw fit to have my Grandmother interviewed. All this has helped me have greater love and appreciation for her. I only hope to be worthy of the wonderful heritage that she and others have left me.

Nettie Jane Huntington Holladay

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(This department is prepared by the genealogical committee of the Daughters of the Pioneers.)
ELIZABETH CLARIDGE M'CUINE,
 Chairman.

EDITH A. SMITH,
MINNIE HORNE JAMES,
JOSEPHINE BEATIE BURTON,

That Mrs. Zina D. Huntington Young was one of the most remarkable women of this Church and this generation would be readily conceded by everyone who knew her. But that she had a most remarkable family back of her is not so well known. To be well born is not often to be born into titled families; for riches and luxury have the same enervating effect now as in ancient times. But the family of American as of English, Huntingtons, is as truly wonderful any of those more velod Puritan pioneers of whom we read so much.

In England, the original Huntington dates his surname back to the restoration of Malcolm the Third, on the defeat of the famous Macbeth in 1107. "Edward" was honored then with the title of Earl of Huntington. A son of Seward's married the niece of William the Conqueror. This son, named Waldeot, had a daughter who married Simon St. Lyv, and after his death she and David, brother of Queen Matilda of Scotland, David himself succeeded to the throne of Scotland.

The Conqueror made Robert, portreeve of Hastings, the Earl of Huntington; so that from another branch, the title descended. The name itself sprang from the favorite pastime of animals was almost his only pleasure and recreation. For the killing and despoiling of men cannot be called a pleasure, even if the gory William himself, when he came to the other English line was created through George Hastings, who married Anne, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham. From him descended the noted Lady Huntington.

The American line is no less distinguished. The emigrant Simon came over in an English ship in 1633, with his wife Margaret, and three or four children. But the brave man died on his knees, and his widow and her young was left to stem the tide of life alone and unaided in the new and savage country. She went to Roxbury, and was under the pastorate of the famous Rev. John Elliot. In later years, she married Thomas Stoughten, leaving her oldest son in Roxbury, and taking her three youngest boys with her to Windsor, Connecticut.

Samuel, the most famous descendant of the emigrant, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was presented with the highest offices of the nation; being governor of his state for nearly ten years, and president of the continental congress, which adopted the instrument he had so nobly defended. His glory is made the brighter through the tributes paid by his biographers to the deeply religious nature which lay at the root of all his labors. And that his kinsmen scattered in nearly all of the New England states should bring aside their plows and printing books to sing his praises in 1778, is to be wondered at; the lives of every American

onal and judicial records y fairly blaze with brilliant achievements. Mrs. e poets, writers, artists ters, as well as clouds of s, fill glowing pages of squire of the American family says: "We have less than thirty state representatives; two gov whom was president of fifteen judges, some of stices. A hundred of the

family have taken collegiate honors. Ministers, poets, orators, and shire of the descendants. Professors in colleges, writers and authors in all are found here. And the Huntington daughters have not been behind their brothers in these contributions to the civil and educational movements of our land. They have been, eminently, the mothers of legislators, of divines, of doctors, of lawyers and of teachers. Their sons were numbered by tens in the French and Indian wars, and hundreds in the Revolutionary struggle and in the war of 1812.

The biographer continues: "From the very beginning of our American history, the name of Huntington has sustained an honorable rank for the patriotism and piety of its members and representatives." "I must name Deacon Hezekiah, whose prayers and counsels, whose affability penetrated with the grace of his true piety, endeared him to all who knew him. Need I do more than name the Hon. Jedediah, honored next to him by the people, whose consistency was Christian—a man whose counsel and more effective than eloquence, yet felicitous that none could forget them; and who won from the people among whom he labored, the appellation to himself of that divines acscription—"the Spirit of the Lord rested upon him." A number of distinguished women of the race are mentioned, among them Ruth, who married Dr. Wheelock; Lydia Huntington, whose counsels to the Rev. Ebenezer Fitch, the founder of the famous Williams college with her son as its president; Abigail, mother of the famous sisters, Mesdames Whislov, Hutchins, Perry and Cherry, who spent their lives among the heathen; Hannah Huntington; Catherine, wife of Col. Williams; and Utica, a "woman in whose piety there was a completeness which best asserted its genuineness. Her pastor said of her: "She was one of the rarest, choicest characters in the whole acquaintance I am proud to bear the acquaintance of heaven during the probation of earth."

The fascinating delineation of this most remarkable family through all its branches would tempt the pen to linger with far more copious quotations. Suffice it to say, the lines are crowded with gallant men and noble women. The recent well known name of Col. C. F. Huntington belongs to this family, and the name of the woman, Zina, railroad passes to pay a visit to her eastern relatives.

On the maternal side Aunt Zina claimed a most famous pedigree. There is now in the Relic hall of the Daughters of the Pioneers, a most interesting genealogical chart of Dr. Oliver Baker, who was born Oct. 5, 1756, and who married Dorcas Dimic, or Dymock, as the English name was spelled. This chart bears the family names of their children among them Zina Baker, born May 2, 1786. This was Aunt Zina's mother, who married William Huntington in 1786. The chart is bordered with an interesting title or design and bears the legend "Keep sacred the memory of your ancestors." The forms of the four females, one with a babe in her arms, at the four corners of the chart, are ancient indeed; while vases of flowers, horns of plenty, a bird feeding her young, and a very woody eagle at the top, are all drawn with the touch of thoughtful symbolism and marvelous but thorough artistic feeling.

The picture had not been so faded the picture of this rare relic would have appeared in these pages.

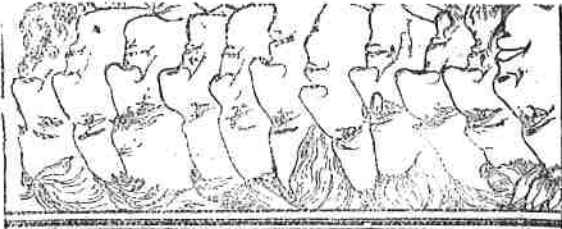
The Dymocks are very old and famous English family, five of its gallant cavaliers of early times, holding the same office in succession; namely that of Chamberlain to the king and queen of England. While the Bakers hold a splendid Puritan record for integrity and patriotism. All in all, this family from which Aunt Zina, with

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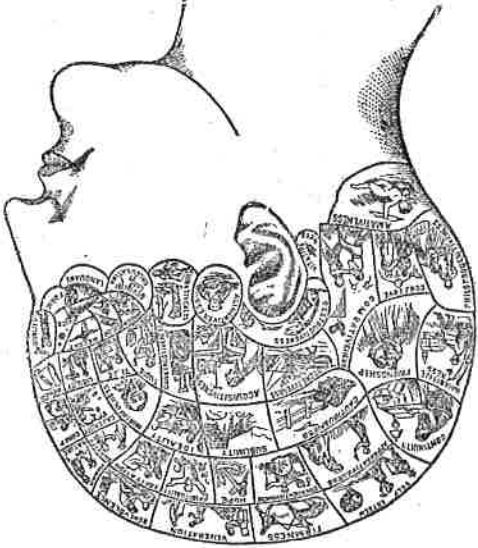
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FOR THE USE OF EXAMINERS,

DELINEATION OF THE CHARACTER

GIVING A

OF *Arthur Huntington*

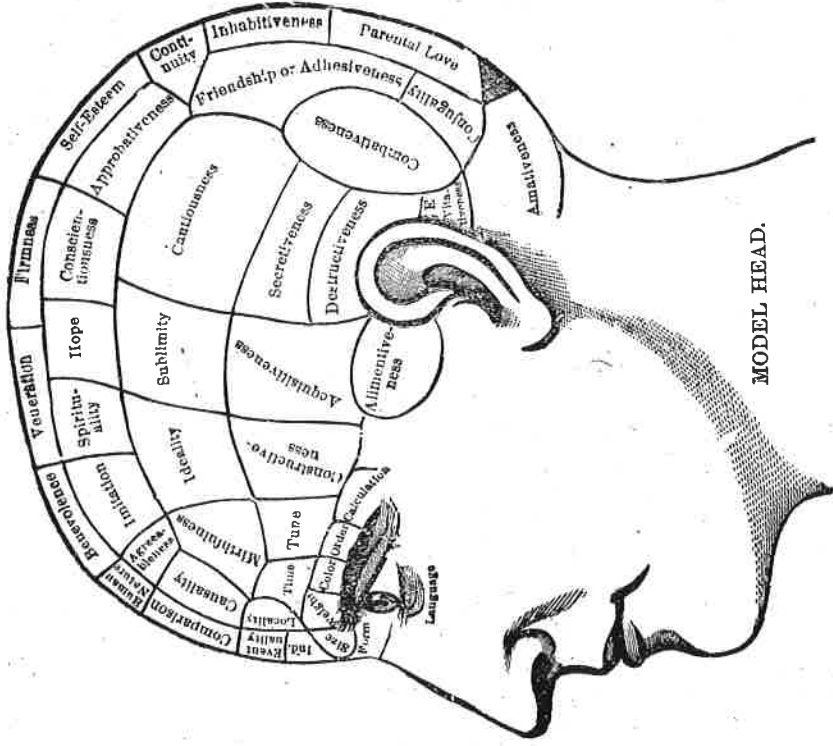
GIVEN BY *John Pope*

DATE *Oct 22*

- 1.** Amativeness, Love between the sexes.
2. Congeniality, Marriamony—love of one.
3. Parental Love, regard for offspring, pets.
4. Friendship. Adhesiveness—sociability.
5. Inhabitativeness, Love of home.
6. Community, One being at a time.
7. Vitalitativeness, Love of life.
8. Constructiveness, Resistance—defense.
9. Alimentsiveness, Appetite—hunger.
10. Acquisitiveness, Accumulation.
11. Secretiveness, Policy—management.
12. Cautiousness, Prudence—provision.
13. Approbativeness, Ambition—display.
14. Self-Esteem, Self-respect—dignity.
15. Firmness, Decision—firmness.
16. Conscientiousness, Integrity—loyalty.
17. Spirituality, Intuition—faith—creativity.
18. Veneration, Devotion—respect.
19. Benevolence, Kindness—goodness.

NUMBERING AND DEFINITION OF THE ORGANS.

- 20.** Constructiveness, Mechanical ingenuity.
21. Ideality, Reasoning—reasoning—imagination.
22. Imitation, Copying—padding.
23. Mirthfulness, Jocoseness—wit—fun.
24. Individuality, Observation—desire to see.
25. Form, Recollection of shape.
26. Size, Measuring by the eye.
27. Weight, Balancing—climbing.
28. Color, Judgment of colors.
29. Order, Method—system—arrangement.
30. Calculation, Mental arithmetic.
31. Locality, Recollection of places.
32. Eventuality, Memory of facts.
33. Tune, Sense of harmony and melody.
34. Language, Elocution—id.
35. Cause, Cause—effect.
36. Comparison, Inductive reasoning—illustration.
C. Human Nature, Perception of motives.
D. Agreeableness, Pleasantness—suavity.



MODEL HEAD.

I look upon Phrenology as the Guide to Philosophy and the handmaid of Christianity. Whoever disseminates true Phrenology is a public benefactor.

Horace Man

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man. Pope.

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7716 W. H. 16, 1918

came out of it and for awhile all was very hopeful of her recovery, but her health and strength having been so poorly sh. was unable to survive the seriousness of the operation and sank very rapidly at the last. She has always been a very delicate girl. She had not been able to go out and mingle with the public and enjoy life as most of us do but those who knew her loved her for she always had a sweet smile and a kind pleasant word for all and appreciated so much everything that was done for her. All was done for her that was in any way possible by her husband, father, and mother, who with their untiring efforts were ever ready to do anything they could.

Everything in their power was done to show the great honor and respect our people feel for those bereaved. There was not a dry eye as the funeral procession marched in, bearing the beautiful casket covered with all kinds of flowers, which told of the many loving hands which had placed them there. The heartbroken husband and little son Walter, the dear father and mother whose heads were bowed in grief, and the four big stalwart brothers whose faces showed so plainly their keenly-felt loss as they bore the casket to its place, was a sight to move the strongest heart.

The speakers were Elders Andrew Anderson and Frank Killian and the Hon. Bishop O. E. Huntington of Springville. All spoke feelingly and paid high tribute to the beautiful pure and loving life which Nettie had lived, and encouraged the husband and parents and other bereaved relatives to look to the hereafter and not to mourn too greatly for she had gone to a better world. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the whole community in their sad loss.

We miss thee Nettie, and we feel all you were to us—

A blessing and a comfort since e'er we knew thee first;

We miss thee for since first our lips thy name were taught,

It's been a fondly cherished one with choice affection fraught,

Which speak of thee in accents strong and bitter tears are shed—

That one so young—so dear to us—is numbered with the dead.

We miss thee, Nettie, thou art gone, The veil between us drawn.

But we hope again to meet thee in the resurrection morn;

For in your early youth, obeying words of truth divine,

Thou hast anchored sure thy hopes and a great reward is thine.

We miss thee everywhere—thy place is vacant here,—

But thy little son shall still receive the love we hold so dear.

We trust e'er long to meet thee where heart responds to heart,

And join in perfect purity—we ne'er again to part;

The warm spring winds are sighing—

The flowers are blooming fast.

And every lovely blossom will remind us of the past;

And though we know thou'rt gone to dwell with spirits of the blest,

We feel one link is broken in our earthly happiness.

Nettie Huntington Reid

From the Emery
County Progress

March 16, 1918

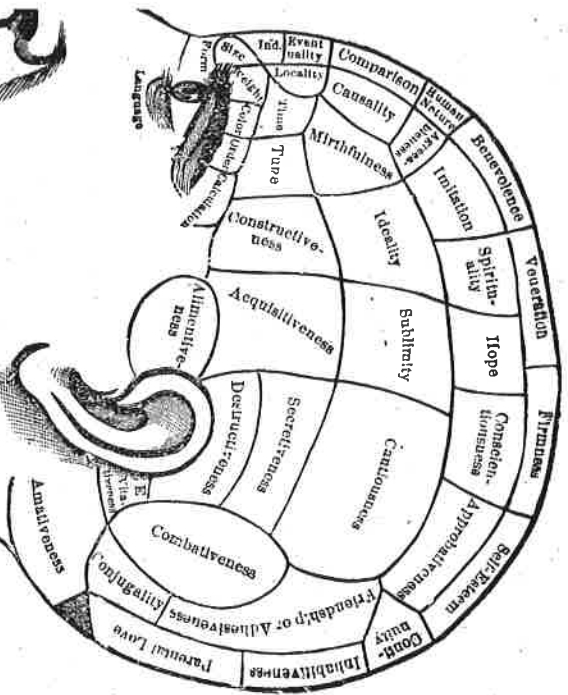
When a person has a perfect balance of temperament and a harmonious development of all the mental faculties and dispositions, a companion should be chosen whose development is similar; but as this is very rarely found, each person should seek to form a union with one who is very early contrasted, so that the excess of one may be balanced and modified by a less development in the other.

The person for whom the foregoing Chart is marked should choose a companion having a constitution and mental qualities as indicated by the marking of this table.

Vital Temperament..	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
Motive Temperament	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
Mental Temperament.....	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
General Build or Form.....	Tall & Bony.	Medium.	Short & Plump.
Size of Head.....	Large.	Medium.	Moderate.
Weight.....	Heavy.	Medium.	Light.
Full and Plump	Decidedly.	Medium.	Moderately.
Complexion.....	Dark Brunette.	Medium.	Light or Blonde.
Hair.....	Dark & Strong.	Medium.	Light & Fine.
Eyes.....	Dark.	Medium.	Light, or Blue.
Social and Domestic.	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
Energy of Character.	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
Self-Balance.....	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
Prudence and Policy.	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
Regard for Praise and Public Opinion	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
Economy and Love of Property	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
Cheerfulness and Self-Control.....	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
Ingenuity, Skill and Taste.....	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
Practical Talent.....	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
Reasoning and Planning Talent.....	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
Conversational Power	Strong.	Medium.	Moderate.
Moral and Religious.	Very Strong.	Full.	Moderate.

BUSINESS ADAPTATIONS.

Artistic.	Commis. Mer.	Superint'g'l.	Boss W'ry
Actor.	Com. Traveler.	Steward.	Boat Builder.
Artist Flowers.	Com. Law.	Tailors' Tr'm's.	Builder.
Designer.	Conductor.	Wholesale Mer.	Cabinetmaker.
Decorator.	Druggist.		Carpenter.
Engraver.	Dry Goods.	Literary.	Carriage
Elocution.	Express.	Actor.	Composit.
Landscape Gardening.	Fancy Goods.	Amateur.	Cooper.
Lithographer.	Florist.	Author.	Contractor.
Musician.	Flour & Feed.	Clergyman.	Dairyman.
Music Teacher.	Fruits.	Conveyancer.	Dentist.
Painter.	Grain.	Correspond't.	Draftsman.
Photographer.	Groceries.	Critic of Art	Dressmaker.
Poet.	Hardware.	or Books.	Farmer.
Sculptor.	Hotel.	Editor.	Finisher.
Stained Glass.	House Furn'g.	Elocutionist.	Gasfitter.
	Implements.	Historian.	Glass Blower.
Commercial.	Importing.	Lawyer, Office	Gardener.
Accountant.	Insurance.	Work.	Gunsmitth.
Agent, Gent'l.	Jewelry.	Lecturer.	Inventor.
Adv'g Agent.	Live Stock.	Linguist.	Locksmith.
Appraiser.	Lumber.	Orator.	Machinist.
Auctioneer.	Marketing.	Poet.	Mason.
Banker.	Millinery G'ds.	Professor.	Miller.
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Bus. Col. Tr'ch'r.	Real Estate.	Writer.	Photo Engr.
Butcher.	Restaurant.		Printer.
Carrriages.	Retail Mer.	Mechanical.	Plumber.
Cashier.	Salesman.	Architect.	Shoemaker.
Clothing.	Shipp'g Cl'k.	Baker.	Seamstress.
Collector.	Speculator.	Blacksmith.	Stonecutter.
	Sport'g G'ds.	Bookbinder.	Shipbuilder.



MODEL HEAD.

NUMBERING AND DEFINITION OF THE ORGANS.

- 19. Agress. Love between the sexes.
- 20. Constructiveness. Mechanical Ingranity, regularity, harmony—love of order, regular Love, regard for organization, peils, andship. Adhonestness—scrupibility.
- 21. Sublimity. Measure of grandeur—individuality. One thing at a time.
- 22. Sublimity. Measure of grandeur—individuality. One thing at a time.
- 23. Adhonestness. Love of home.
- 24. Adhonestness. Love of home.
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- 49. Adhonestness. Love of home.
- 50. Adhonestness. Love of home.

C. Human Nature, Perception of motives, **A**mbiguity, **P**assion, **S**ensitivity, **D**iscrepancy.

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NEW DESCRIPTIVE CHART,

FOR THE USE OF EXAMINERS,

DELINEATION OF THE CHARACTER

OF *William Wells*
 GIVEN BY *Wm. Wells*

DATE *27th 1900*

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Horace Mann.

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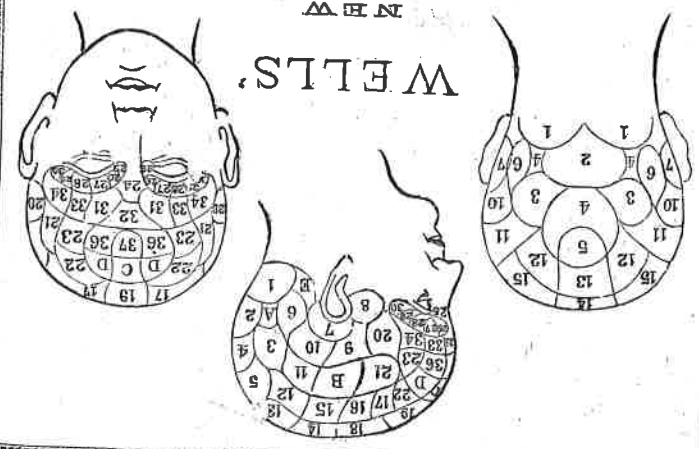
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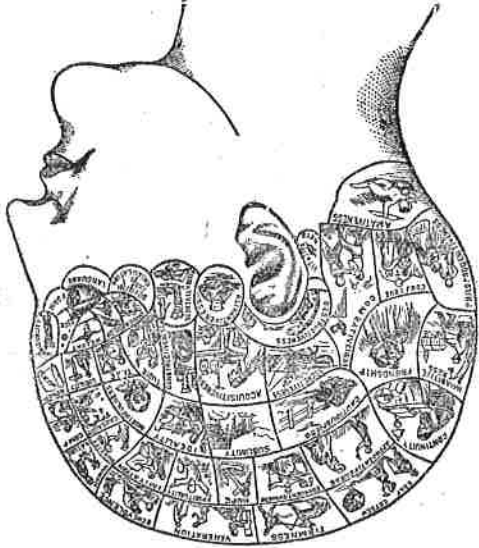


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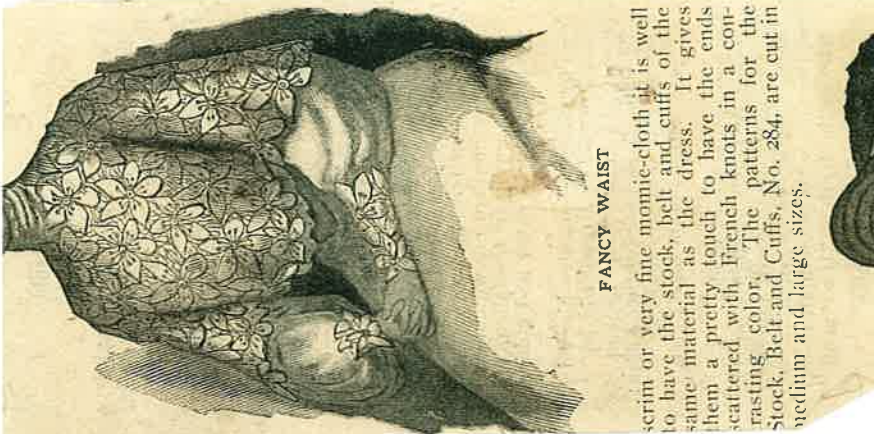
Please send to my address, as below, the STUDENT'S SET [Price, \$18.75], for which I enclose \$13.00.

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FANCY WAIST

scrip or very fine momic-cloth it is well to have the stock, belt and cuffs of the same material as the dress. It gives them a pretty touch to have the ends scattered with French knots in a contrasting color. The patterns for the Stock, Belt and Cuffs, No. 284, are cut in medium and large sizes.

WOMEN AND HOME.

KISS HER AND TELL HER SO.

You've a neat little wife at home, John,
As sweet as you wish to see,
As faithful and gentle-hearted,
As fond as wife can be;
A genuine home-loving woman,
Not caring for fuss and show?
She's dearer to you than life, John,
Then kiss her and tell her so.
Your dinners are promptly served, John,
As likewise your breakfast and tea;
Your wardrobe is always in order,
With rich notions whose business should be.
Her house is a cozy home nest, John,
A haven of rest below;
You think she's a rare little treasure;
Then kiss her and tell her so.
She's a good wife and true to you, John,
Of a cheerful and sunny face;
She'll cheerfully bear her share,
You feel she's a dear, true help;
You've no fears for more than you know,
Till she'll fetch her end of the load, John,
Just to kiss her and tell her so.
There's a crossroad somewhere, in life, John,
Whose hand on a guiding stone
Will lead one "over the river,"
And the other must go on alone.
Should she reach the last milestone first, John,
It will be comfort amid your woe.
To know that while loving her here, John,
You kissed her and told her so.
—*Charles A. Danforth's Dialects.*

FIFTEEN TO-DAY.

For the last time, dear dolly, I dress you,
And carefully put you away;
You can't tell how much I shall miss you,
But then I am fifteen to-day.
And you, not so very much younger—
Have you nothing at parting to say?
Are you sorry our fun is all over,
And that I am fifteen to-day?
What walks we have had through the clover!
What rides on the top of the hay!
What feasting in grandmother's garret!
And now I must put you away.
Cousin Ethel just buried her dolly,
With its eyes opened wide, and as blue
As yours, my sweet dolly, this minute;
I couldn't do that, dear, to you.
Oh, stop, dolly! what am I thinking?
Why cannot I give you away?
There's a poor little girl I love dearly,
And she's only ten years old to-day.
How happy your bright face would make her!
She never had playthings like you,
With all your fine dresses and trinkets.
Yes, dolly, that's just what I'll do.
I do believe, dolly, I'm crying,
"What nonsense, child!" grandmum would say.
Good-bye; one last kiss; I'm half sorry
That I am fifteen, dear, to-day.
—*Mary A. Denison, in Harper's Young People.*

LILIUOKALANI.

The queen stood on the royal deck,
Whence all but her had fled.
The scoop that hit the throneless wreck
Had scamped her crownless head.

Yet beautiful and bright she stood,
As born to rule the storm,
A creature of peculiar bloom,
A proud though squatty form.

"The scoop rolled on," she would not go
Without her patron's weight,
That patron, knocked on, "Oh, you know,
Her voice no longer wait."

She called aloud: "Say, Grover, say,
If yet the throne is mine?"
She did not know her patron lay
In helplessness supine.

"Speak, Grover!" once again she cried,
"If all my hope is gone!"
And but the Dolcents replied,
And last the scoop rolled on!

She shouted but once more aloud:
"Oh, Grover, can't I stay?"
While round her passed the conquering
crowd
All fixed the other way.

They wiped the Queen in splendid style,
They hung the flag on high,
They got there with both feet, meanwhile,
And Freedom was their cry.

There came a burst of thinner sound,
The Queen; oh where was she?
Asked the wind, that whisks found
On Blount and Grover C.

With throne and crown and scepter too,
That long had swayed by might,
The Queen and all her vicious crew
Were buried out of sight.

—Charles A. Danforth.

A woman seen has been discovered in

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE NIGHT 'FORE CHRIS'MUS.

Most gen'rally at eight o'clock I go up stairs to bed,
 An' Jes' undress an' say my prayers an' cover up my
 head,
 An' shut my eyes up good'n' tight an' go to sleep, an'
 then
 First thing I know it's mornin', an' time to git up
 again,
 Some nights, er course, don't seem so short, like 'fore
 the Fourth, yer know,
 Or 'fore a feller's birthday, or the night Jes' 'fore yer
 go
 To visit gran'pa—oh, my, yes! they're kinder long,
 but, gee!
 The night that comen 'fore Chrism'us is a million
 years to me.
 Seems 's if December, anyway, 's the longest month
 they is;
 The months that's in the summer, why, they go so
 fast they whiz,
 But old December crawls along, so kinder slow and
 late.
 That Chrism'us keeps so far away seems 's if you
 couldn't wait,
 An' when yer've marked off all the days but one, an'
 that's most through,
 An' yer've hang'd up yer stockings right 'longside the
 chimney flue,
 An' said "Good night!" an' gone upstairs, my, don't
 the minutes creep!
 'Cause when he knows it's Chrism'us eve no boy can
 go to sleep.
 Yer hear the old hall clock "tick tick!" an' hear the
 wind, so low
 An' kinder soft an' lonesome like, jes' 's if 'twas goin'
 to snow;
 An' then yer wonder if it will, so 's yer can slide next
 day.
 An' then yer think 'bout Santy an' his reindeer, an'
 his sleigh,
 Yer wonder what he'll bring yer, an' yer wonder how
 he guessed
 Yer wanted skates las' Chrism'us an' a bowgun 'an
 the rest;
 An' then yer try to git to sleep, an' then, er course,
 An' then yer say, "Well, you jes' will," an' then, er
 course, yer won't.
 I 's'pose it must be right, but, oh! sometimes it does
 seem wrong.
 That that midnight boys wants so short should be no
 extra long.
 I've found
 Is that it's long so Santy he'll have time to git around.
 But I know this, I'm mighty glad I ain't a Yakymow
 An' has to live 'way 'way up north 'mong all the lee
 an' snow,
 I really don't see what they do, the boys, I mean—
 oh, dear!
 Jes' think of waitin' through a night that lasts a half
 a year.
 —*Jes' Lincoln.*

HAND SHADOWS AND ARTICLES



ELEPHANT.



FIG.



TORTOISE.



DEER.



EAGLE.



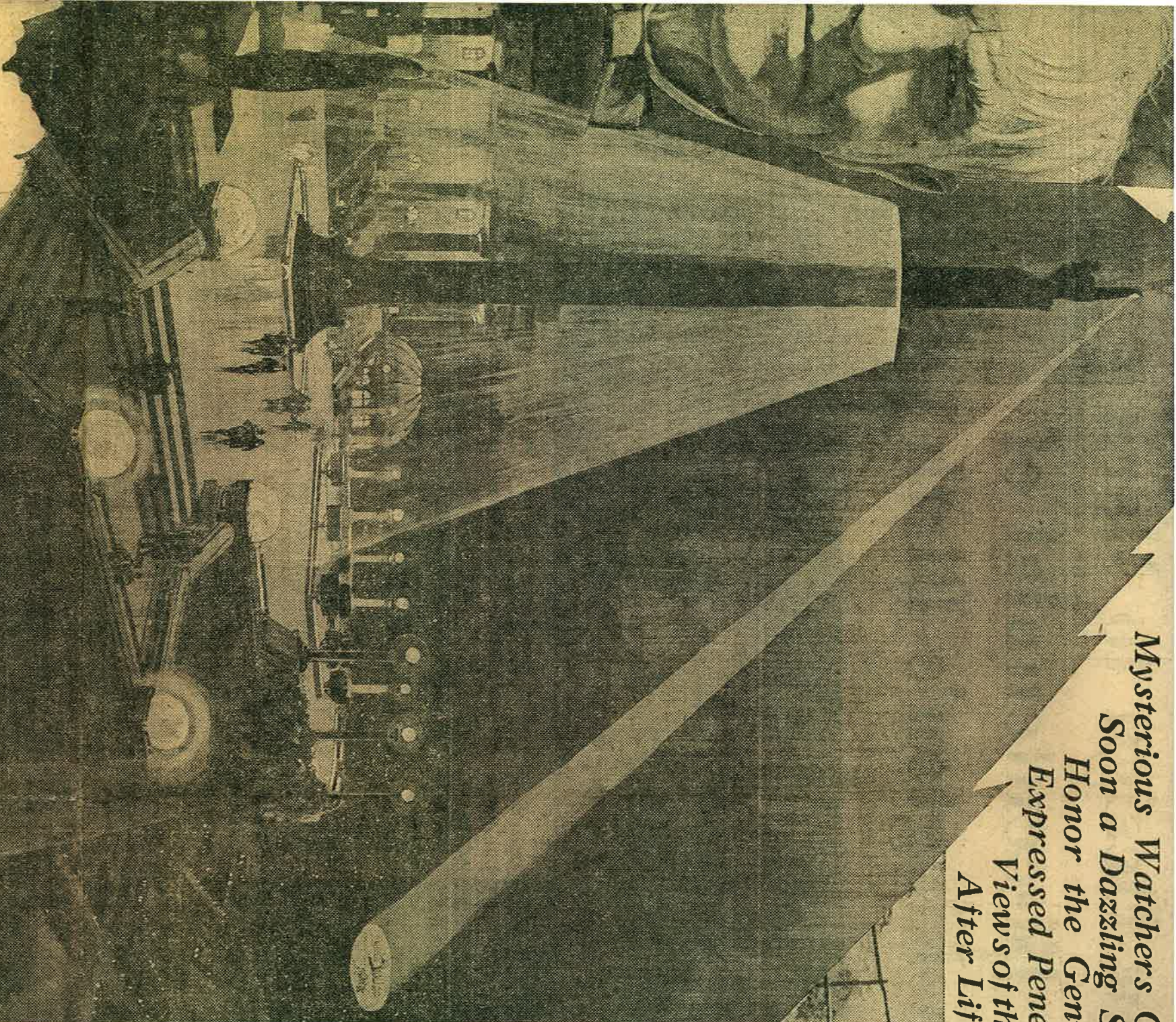
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Views of the
After Life*




**TOWERING TO
THE SKIES**

Some of the World's
Most Eminent Ar-
chitects and Architects
Are Now at Work
on... Designs for the Massive

EDISON, mightiest
thus that civilization
produced, did not
l immortality.
enerable "Magician
d recently, a project
ached to invest him
? While the whole
r to honor his mem-
rchitects began to
i monument which

World Wonders How to Honor the Memory of Edison—

*Mysterious Watchers Guard His Grave; and
Soon a Dazzling Shaft Will Rise to
Honor the Genius Who Once
Expressed Penetrating
Views of the
After Life*



**HE RESTS
NEARBY**
The Summit
of Eagle Rock,
Arrow Indicating
Edison's Grave. If His
Family Permit It, His Body
Will Eventually Be Moved to
and Enshrined in the New
Memorial.

who was much interested

Family Permit It, His Body Will Eventually Be Moved to and Enshrined in the New Memorial.

who was much interested in the absorbing riddle of communication between the quick and the dead.

"Do you consider it possible," Mr. Mitchell asked, "that you can devise a mechanism through which, when you left this life, you might *hope* to communicate with us on earth?" Edison was then almost seventy-four, though hale and hearty as a man of forty. He sat and thought for a time. Then he replied, slowly and carefully:

"If my theory is correct, that the machine called man is only a mass of dead matter and that the real life is in the million of units which navigate this machine, and if on the destruction of the machine, these individuals keep together, including those which have charge of memory (which is our personality), then I think it is possible to devise apparatus to receive communications, if they desire to make them. It will be very difficult, as each individual, as to size, is beyond the limit of our present microscope."

Then with a smile he gave a sly little dig at our continued efforts to understand those things which are beyond human understanding. He said:

"When I was a little boy, trying persistently to find out how the telegraph worked and why, the best explanation I ever got was from an old Scotch line-repairer. He said that if you had a dog shaped like a dachshund long enough to reach from Edinburgh to London and you pulled his tail in Edinburgh he would bark in London. I could understand that, but it was hard to get at what it was that went through the dog and over the wires."

Edison believed that the life of every individual is not in the body itself, but in the trillions of individual units smaller than the smallest unit that ever will be discovered by science. These swarm about a "mass of dead matter," which is the human body, and when that body crumbles there is noth-



THE GENIUS'S WIDOW

Recent Photo of Mrs. Thomas Edison, Formerly Miss Mina Miller. She Bore Her Husband Two Children, and Survives Him.

was the credo of Thomas A. Edison.

Perhaps Edison realized that if he had lived in ancient times he would have been executed because of his "magical" inventions. Often he must have thought of Savonarola, burned at the stake at an *auto da fe* for having declared that the earth was round. Or of many other scientists who paid dearly for their iconoclastic researches, sometimes with their lives.

Those were evil days for the eager scientific mind. People viewed experimenters with an intense distrust that could be and often was transformed into legalized murder in the twinkling of an eye. Scientists were classified as wizards, magicians and sorcerers. They were universally believed to be in league with the devil. They carried out their experiments in crude laboratories, usually hidden in caves or castles. And they did not dare to give out the results for fear of being made to pay the extreme penalty of the law. Some of them hoped for, others believed in immortality.

Now another kind of immortality is about to be conferred on the dead

sort through life, he might living.

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THOMAS A. EDISON, mightiest inventive genius that civilization has thus far produced, did not believe in a personal immortality.

Yet when the venerable "Magician of Menlo Park" died recently, a project was immediately launched to invest him with deathless glory. While the whole world wondered how to honor his memory, artists and architects began to plan a stupendous monument which would defy "the tooth of time."

Impetus was given the project of perpetuating Edison's fame down the ages by the Chamber of Commerce and Civics of the Oranges and Maplewood, New Jersey. Preliminary plans called for the erection of a great marble memoria to equal if not surpass the famed Lincoln Memorial, in Washington, D. C. This will be built on the top-most peak of Eagle Rock, a spur of the Orange Mountains which look down on Edison's grave from a point about three miles to the east of it.

Near the monument a gigantic marble arm will be thrust skyward. The fingertip will be a dazzling beacon capable of throwing its rays over a radius of fifty miles and acting as a guide to aviators.

If the Edison family consent—and it is predicted that they will—his body

TOWERING TO THE SKIES

Some of the World's Most Eminent Artists and Architects Are Now at Work on Designs for the Massive Edison Memorial to Be Erected on Top of Eagle Rock, N. J., 3 Miles from the Inventor's Grave. Above is Louis Biedermann's Conception of the Giant Shaft, With Its Beacon-Fingertip, Capable of Casting Its Rays Over a 50-Mile Radius and Serving as a Guide to Aviators. Above at Left: One of the Last Photos Taken of Thomas Alva Edison.

paces up and down in the graveyard, his eyes bright with wariness. Around the actual sepulchre three other policemen work on eight-hour shifts. This ceaseless vigil is to forestall possible raids on the tomb by ghouls.

The graveside guard, of which the officers mentioned above are but a part, was put into effect the moment Edison was laid to rest. At dusk on that October day, when the last shovelful of earth descended on the copper-lined box that sheathed his \$15,000 bronze

on which its owner once half-promised to work. It was to have been a machine of some sort through which, when he quitted life, he might communicate with the living.

These prophecies are regarded as surprising when one recalls that Edison himself was rather skeptical about individual immortality. He had, in fact, little tendency toward a belief in any organized religion, though he was buried with church services.

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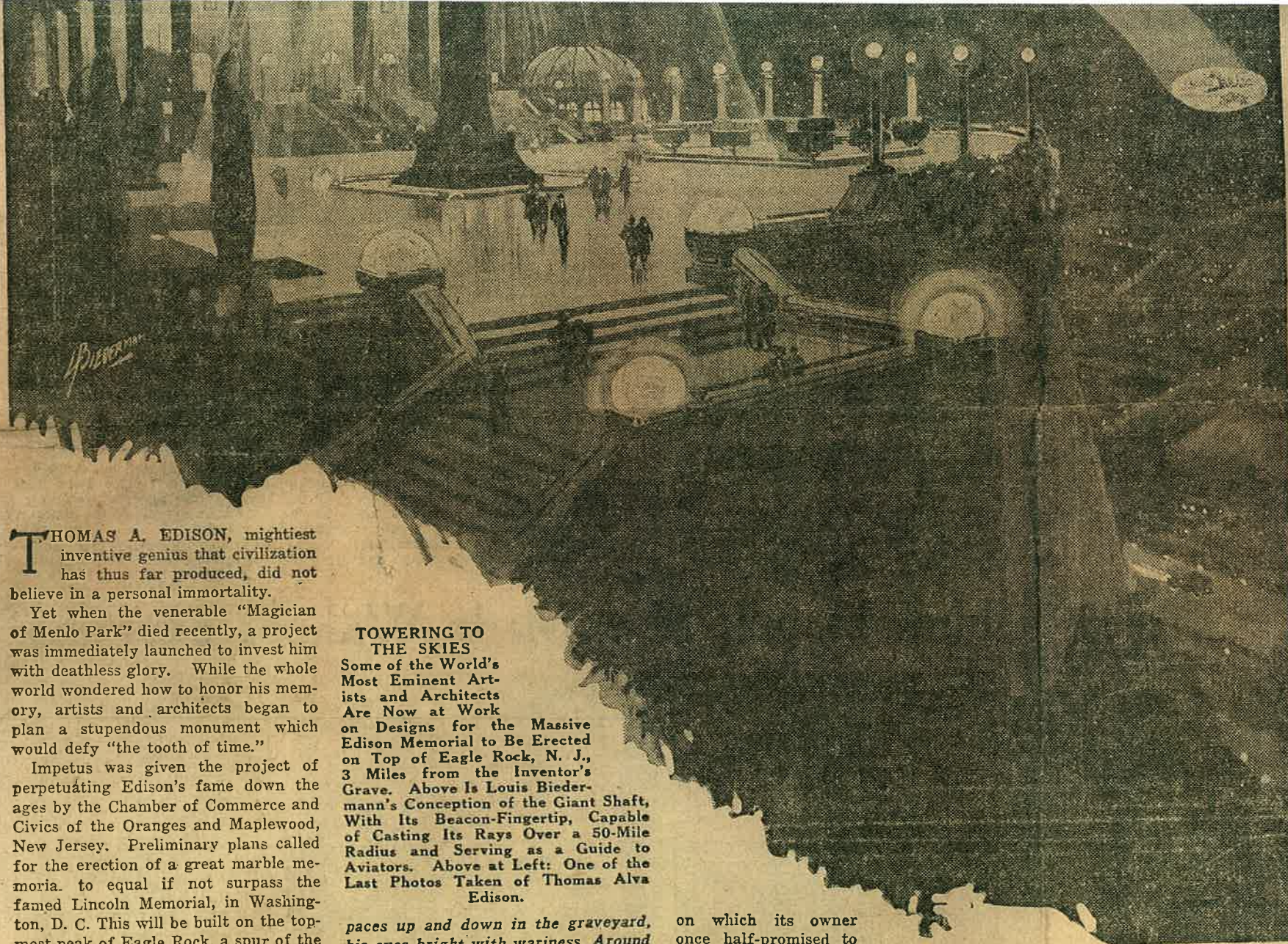
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Then with a smile he dug at our continued stand those things of human understanding.

"When I was a little boy I persistently found out how things worked and why, the I ever got was from a repairer. He said that shaped like a dachshund to reach from Edison and you pulled his hair he would bark in London that, but it was what it was that were over the wires."

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Near the monument a gigantic marble arm will be thrust skyward. The fingertip will be a dazzling beacon capable of throwing its rays over a radius of fifty miles and acting as a guide to aviators.

If the Edison family consent—and it is predicted that they will—his body will be moved to the memorial itself. From that point can be seen, on a clear day, the homes of nearly 10,000,000 people in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Newark, the Oranges and Montclair. And at night toward the eastward twinkle millions upon millions of incandescent lights invented fifty-two years ago by the man whose mortal remains lie quietly there.

There Thomas A. Edison will rest, sleeping under light which he first imprisoned in a glass vacuum tube. Around him will undulate ether waves which he made it possible to hear by inventing the amplifier, basis of radio. Within walking distance you will find those palaces which house moving pictures, also largely contributed to science by Edison.

Today Edison is buried, facing the East, between two maple saplings five years old. Twenty-five feet from the grave stands a giant oak tree, whose rings proclaim it to be eighty-four years old, the exact age of the inventor at his death.

The township of West Orange has thrown a guard about the grave—and for very valid reasons. During every hour of the twenty-four, a policeman

Edison Memorial to Be Erected on Top of Eagle Rock, N. J., 3 Miles from the Inventor's Grave. Above Is Louis Biedermann's Conception of the Giant Shaft, With Its Beacon-Fingertip, Capable of Casting Its Rays Over a 50-Mile Radius and Serving as a Guide to Aviators. Above at Left: One of the Last Photos Taken of Thomas Alva Edison.

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The graveside guard, of which the officers mentioned above are but a part, was put into effect the moment Edison was laid to rest. At dusk on that October day, when the last shovelful of earth descended on the copper-lined box that sheathed his \$15,000 bronze coffin, two soldiers from the Sixteenth U. S. Infantry took up their posts there, grimly.

Eight hours later they were relieved. On the second day after the burial, State troopers, working on eight-hour shifts, relieved the Regular Army men. On the fourth day the West Orange policemen took command. They were ordered to remain on guard "indefinitely" by Commissioner of Public Safety Armand C. Brundage. The latter was non-committal as to the reasons for the protracted watch. But—grave-robbers are still existent in our civilization.

One fascinating speculation is being voiced—will Edison speak to us from the Beyond? Well-known spiritualists have no hesitancy in affirming that he will. They say that great mind of his will never rest in peace till it has pointed the way through death to us who have yet to make the last journey.

That mind, the spiritualists affirm, is greater than either of their most distinguished modern proponents, Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. So how can it rest in the grave's silence without protest? Edison's mind, they claim, will turn itself to an invention

on which its owner once half-promised to work. It was to have been a machine of some sort through which, when he quitted life, he might communicate with the living.

These prophecies are regarded as surprising when one recalls that Edison himself was rather skeptical about individual immortality. He had, in fact, little tendency toward a belief in any organized religion, though he was buried with church services.

Several times he had admitted that he was an agnostic. But it must be

borne in mind that an agnostic is not identical with an atheist. The latter believes that there is no God; the former, that God is a Supreme Intelligence, either unknown or unknowable. In this Intelligence Edison believed with a devoutness that expressed itself in inventions, such as a churchgoer expresses himself in prayer.

Ten years ago in his West Orange laboratory Edison granted an exclusive interview to Charles Grant Mitchell,

Looking Back 20 Years on Edison's

IN February, 1911, Thomas A. Edison, in an article in *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, made the following predictions, many of which have come astonishingly true:

"The day will come when gold will no longer lure No one will accept payment in gold The discovery of a rarer metal, such as radium, may be made at any time It is reasonable to expect that we shall find out how to make gold."

"Bankers appear to know none of the laws of finance and industry Business slumps. Bankers ask each other what is the cause. 'Overproduction of gold,' says one. 'Extravagance,' says another. All the experts do not know what is the cause of such a gigantic thing as a slump in business in the United States."

"The principle of sound waves in aeronautics will be discovered and then aeroplanes will carry passengers at the rate of a hundred miles an hour or more."

"The steam locomotive is blowing its last blast for millions of people Water-wheels will make electricity to run all the railroads that traverse regions in which there is abundant water-power In densely populated States electric locomotives will replace steam The New York Central will be electrified from end to end."

"All furniture will soon be made of steel."
"Within thirty years all construction will be reinforced concrete from the finest mansions to the tallest skyscrapers. Reinforced concrete is cheaper than either brick or steel and a building of reinforced concrete will stand practically forever."

"Books will be made of nickel. A sheet of nickel one-twenty-thousandth of an inch thick is cheaper, tougher and more flexible than an ordinary sheet of book paper. A nickel book two inches thick would contain 40,000 pages. Such a book would weigh only a pound. I can make a pound of nickel sheets for one dollar and a quarter. Such a book would be indestructible except by fire or abuse. Nickel will take printer's ink."

"Machinery will replace hand labor."

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together."

"Electricity will se
well as propelling pow
"In place of the p
at once a soil-chemist
farmer will be a man c
agricultural implement
"The submarine i
build battleships."

"I believe serious
dynasties and thrones
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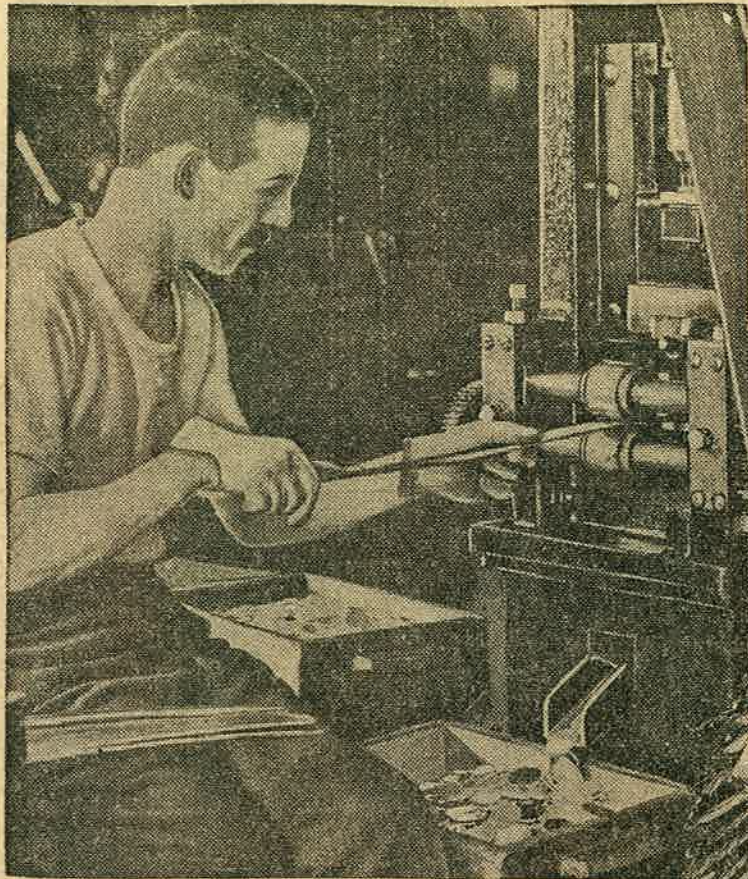
- "The day of the seamstress wearily running her seam is almost ended."
- "A machine could be made that would take the raw material at one end and turn out finished suits of clothing at the other."
- "Bound books will fall from the press."
- "The machine that takes in lumber will give out finished furniture."
- "In other words, machinery will make the parts of things and put them together instead of merely making the parts of things for human hands to put together."
- "Electricity will soon be used for every purpose, driving the farmer's plow as well as propelling powerful war-preventing submarines."
- "In place of the present farmer will come a shrewd business man who will be at once a soil-chemist, a botanist and an economist I think the coming farmer will be a man on a seat beside a push-button and some levers. Our present agricultural implements will seem primitive."
- "The submarine may become so formidable that it will not be worth while to build battleships."
- "I believe serious industrial troubles—clashes of a sort that will threaten dynasties and thrones—are due in Europe at any time (said exactly 3½ years before the World War. Ed.) and that similar troubles will be due in this country in ten years. I believe that all England will some day stop at the sound of one command, and that the command of a workingman."
- "There will be no poverty in the world a hundred years from now."
- "As a result of a machine age I predict a world flooded with food, clothing, shelter and luxuries. There is no limit to the cheapness with which things can be made But there will be one trouble. A few will have too much and the rest not enough Inventors can give the world wealth, but government will have to regulate it. There will be some big experiments tried in government within the next fifty years. There are stormy days ahead for the man who would take what another makes."

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Latest Facts from Science, Mechanics and Inve

Silver Coins of New Design to Mark the Bi-centennial of Washington's Birth



Above: Silver Coins Packed in Kegs and Bags for Shipment from the Mint.
Upper Left:

Two-Gun White Calf (now on exhibition), which represents him very strikingly in full war togs, as shown in one of the accompanying illustrations.

To revert to the new George Washington coins: As fast as the quarter-dollars now in circulation come in to the Treasury through the banks they

will be replaced with the new pieces, so that the existing ones gradually disappear. They will be melted and the old designs while the mints turn out the new 25-cent coins to replace the pockets of the people. They mark the bicentennial of America's first President.

Are Airplanes a Germ

How a Twenty-Five Cent Piece Is to Be Minted.

How a Twenty-Five Cent Piece Is to Be Minted to Replace the Present Unsatisfactory Quarter.

CONSPICUOUSLY numbered among the new things that the year 1932 will bring is the new silver quarter-dollar coin for which more than one hundred designs have been offered to the United States Treasury. This 25-cent coin is to be minted during the New Year in honor of the 200th birthday of the Father of His Country.

The new quarter will not be a "special" issue, merely to mark an occasion that is to be celebrated. On the contrary, it is meant to replace the 25-cent piece now in general circulation.

The latter coin has not proved altogether satisfactory. It does not wear well. If any one will examine any quarters he may happen to have in his pocket, he will find that the date figures beneath the feet of the standing image of Liberty are partly or even entirely worn away and effaced.

The 100 and more above-mentioned designs are represented by plaster plaques, each one of them about eight inches in diameter. Selection of the design considered best will be made by the Secretary of the Treasury, but at this writing it has not yet been chosen. All that was required of the designers entering the competition

Right: Two-Gun White Calf Whose Face Appears on the Buffalo Nickel. (From a Life-Size Statue in the National Museum).



was that the face of Washington should appear on the obverse. As regards the reverse side of the coin they could suit their own taste and judgment.

An act of Congress was required to change the design of the 25-cent piece, because of a law forbidding any alteration of a coin until it had been in use for twenty-five years. It is worth remarking, incidentally, that in this instance a portrait of Washington will appear for the first time on a regular issue of Uncle Sam's coinage.

According to custom, the original design for any American coin is executed on a plaque of wax eight inches in diameter. This is reproduced in plaster, which, to preserve it from injury, is thinly electroplated. From the plaque thus prepared are made sample coins, of ordinary size, by a reducing machine which operates on the principal of a "pantograph." The latter process is purely mechanical.

Testing Carpet for Wear

THE two wheels in the accompanying picture represents a pair of shuffling, scuffing feet. They are wearing out a piece of carpet placed beneath them. The wheel rims are covered with shoe leather.

Experiments with this apparatus are being made at the United States Bureau of Standards, in Washington, to test the wearing qualities of various makes and grades of carpet.

A circular piece of the carpet to be tested is tacked on a turntable, which is brought to bear against the

serves as a brake, to cause slipping of both wheels on the carpet as it rotates.

The aim is to imitate by mechanical means the effects of wear by human feet upon the carpet, including the bending, slipping, twisting and compression of the "pile" when the carpet is walked on.

As fast as the fiber is worn off the carpet, it is removed by a vacuum cleaner, the nose of which is held in fixed position an inch above the rotating turntable.

The wear on the carpet is produced

in Kegs and Bags for Shipment from the Mint. Upper Left: Stamping Out the Shining Blank Disks from Strips of Silver at the Philadelphia Mint.

Excepting only the one-cent piece, the coin most widely circulated in the United States is the nickel five-cent piece. On its obverse side is the face of an Indian in profile. If one were to write to the Treasury Department and ask, he would probably be told that the face was "merely a composite intended to represent a typical American aborigine."

The fact, however, is quite otherwise. The original of the portrait is a Blackfoot Indian, from Montana, named Two-Gun White Calf, who posed for the designer of the coin, James E. Fraser, of New York, in 1913.

A well-known sculptor, Mr. Fraser designed the bronze statue of Alexander Hamilton which now stands on a high pedestal south of the United States Treasury building in Washington. As for Two-Gun White Calf, he is still very much alive and comes to Washington at occasional intervals. A very enterprising Indian, he is chiefly interested in advertising, for the benefit of tourists, the wonders of the Glacier National Park.

The United States National Museum recently made a life-size figure of

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The introduction of air travel, both passenger and commercial, has brought with it, this authority points out, an entirely new series of sanitary problems.

"The rules which govern seaports satisfactorily," he says, "can no longer protect a country from epidemic disease when a journey that used to take four or five weeks can be made in a few days. Insects that would soon have died on a ship can be brought living by airplane, and passengers incubating almost any disease can be landed.

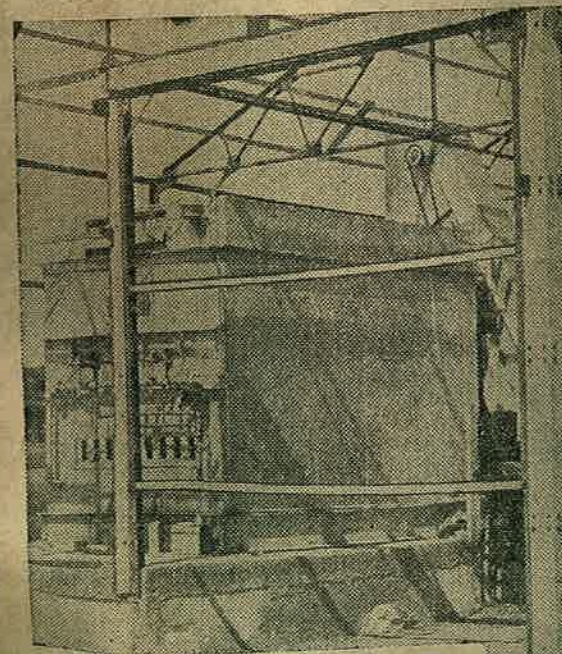
be melted while the new 25-cent pockets mark the America's f

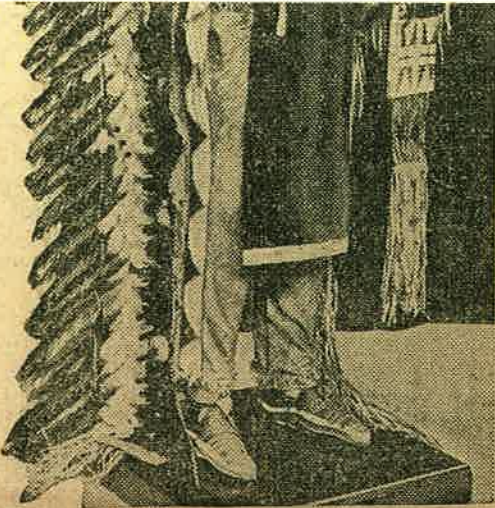
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"The Office Publique is lem, and h visional al most comp any countr the United rules of Ja

How Hay Is Now





Shipment from the Mint. Upper Left: Stamping Out the Shining Blank Disks from Strips of Silver at the Philadelphia Mint.

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"Dr. Oscar Holden, the medical officer of health for Croyden, discusses these difficulties in a recent article, and suggests that the best way of meeting them is to insist on reliable medical certificates of physical fitness at the port of embarkation, and on the recognition of certain special aerodromes in each country as 'customs aerodromes,' having attached to them a medical officer and bacteriological and isolation facilities.

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"The Office International d'Hygiene Publique is considering the whole problem, and has already drawn up a provisional air convention. Perhaps the most complete regulations enforced in any country at the present moment are the United States immigration laws and rules of January 1, 1930."

because it has been known for many years that cattle attain such healthy growth after being fed fish meal, naturally the question arises: Why is it not possible for human beings to benefit by adding fish flour to their diet? This has not been answered yet, as the enterprise still is in the experimental stage, but beneficial results are anticipated.

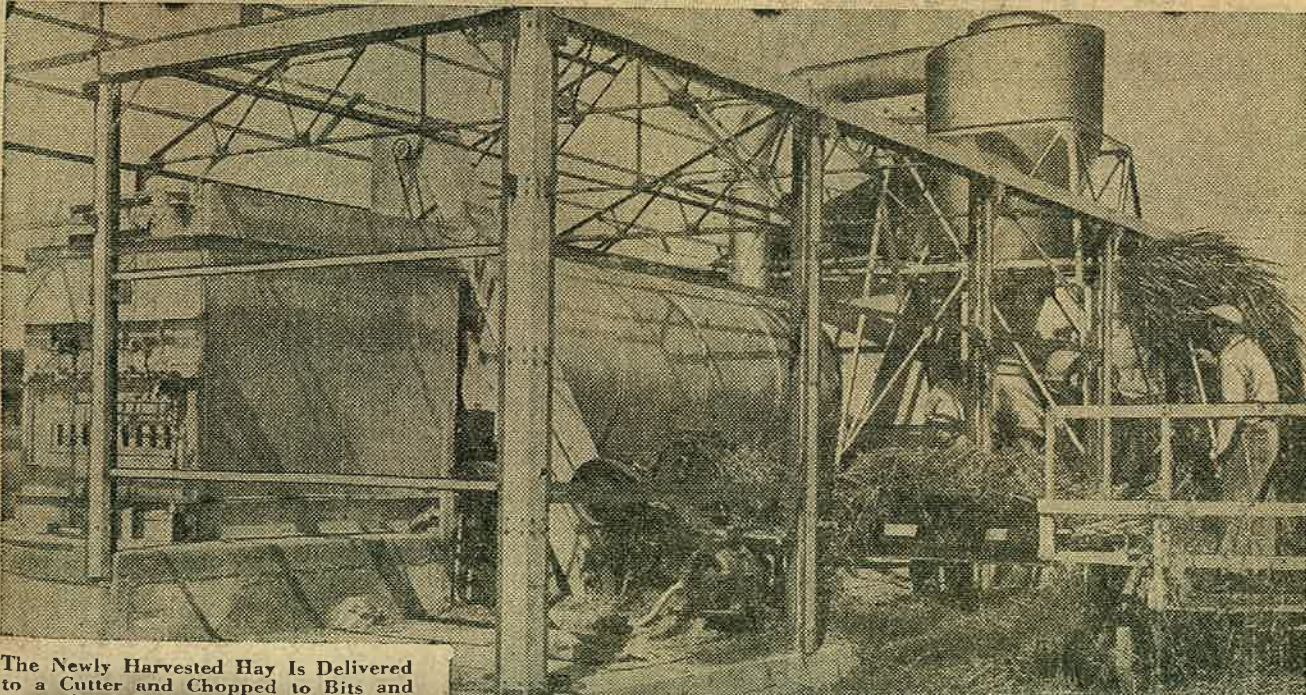
Beehive Statues

ON a nobleman's estate in Silesia there is a collection of some of the most curious statues in the world. The statues are carved in linden wood and are slightly more than life size. They comprise a considerable number of figures, which include the twelve Apostles, a few saints, peasant women and even a figure representing the former lord of the manor, who is seen with his arm linked through that of a soldier comrade.

All of the statues are hollow and each one of them is a beehive, openings in the backs of the figures providing for the entrance and exits of the honey-gathering insects.

The records of the manor show that the first of the wooden statues was put in place in the year 1600.

How Hay Is Now Made Without Sunshine



The Newly Harvested Hay Is Delivered to a Cutter and Chopped to Bits and

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The fact, however, is quite otherwise. The original of the portrait is a Blackfoot Indian, from Montana, named Two-Gun White Calf, who posed for the designer of the coin, James E. Fraser, of New York, in 1913.

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Dr. Pabst compares the spread of this disease to the increase in skin ailments that followed directly after the World War. It differs, however, in that the skin ailments of the war era were of a parasitic nature, while the present are not.

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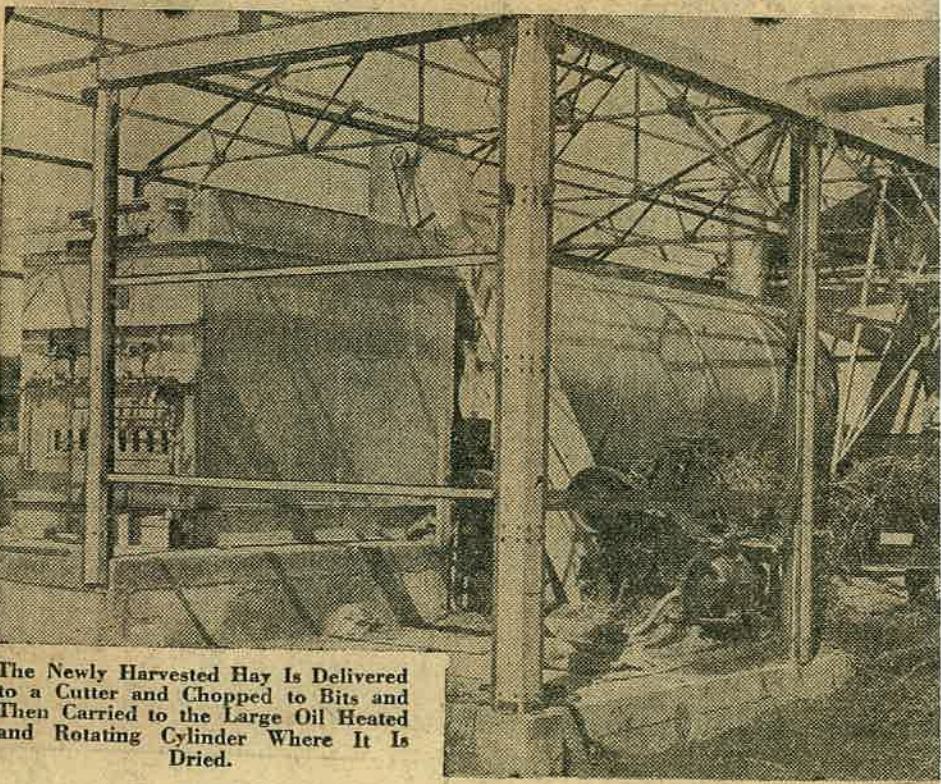
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How Hay Is Now Made With



The Newly Harvested Hay Is Delivered to a Cutter and Chopped to Bits and Then Carried to the Large Oil Heated and Rotating Cylinder Where It Is Dried.

AN old maxim admonishes everyone to "make hay while the sun shines." The modern farmer, however, can now disregard such ad-

ing Carpet for Wear

in the accompanying represents a pair of lifting feet. They piece of carpet . The wheel rims of leather.

this apparatus are United States Bureau in Washington, to talities of various carpet.

of the carpet to on a turntable, bear against the One of the wheels and it in turn The other wheel

serves as a brake, to cause slipping of both wheels on the carpet as it rotates.

The aim is to imitate by mechanical means the effects of wear by human feet upon the carpet, including the bending, slipping, twisting and compression of the "pile" when the carpet is walked on.

As fast as the fiber is worn off the carpet, it is removed by a vacuum cleaner, the nose of which is held in fixed position an inch above the rotating turntable.

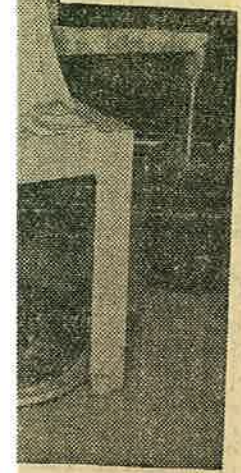
The wear on the carpet is produced by a downward pressure, a horizontal stress and a slight twisting motion. The rate of wear is determined by measuring changes in the thickness of the "pile" with a specially-designed gauge as the test proceeds.



Exercising With

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the skin ailments of the war era were
of a parasitic nature, while the present
are not.

"A proper nerve supply is as essen-
tial for a normal skin as a good blood
supply," Dr. Pabst says. "Worry, fear,
and brooding cause changes in the
nervous system, and, as a result, there
may be burning, stinging, and painful
sensations in the skin, although the
surface of the skin appears perfectly
normal.

"This condition, which is most prev-
alent today, is called dermatalgia (neu-
ralgia of the skin). Nervous disturb-
ances may also induce the disorder
known as pruritus, and, in some ex-
treme cases, may cause neuro-
dermatitis.

"Pruritus is a disorder in which there
is intense itching of the skin without
any structural changes in the skin it-
self. Neurodermatitis (inflammation
of the skin) is indicated when the skin
becomes reddened and scaly, and in ad-
dition, there is marked itching."

Dr. Pabst explains that the present
skin ailments are not contagious.

Newspaper Feature Service, 1931.

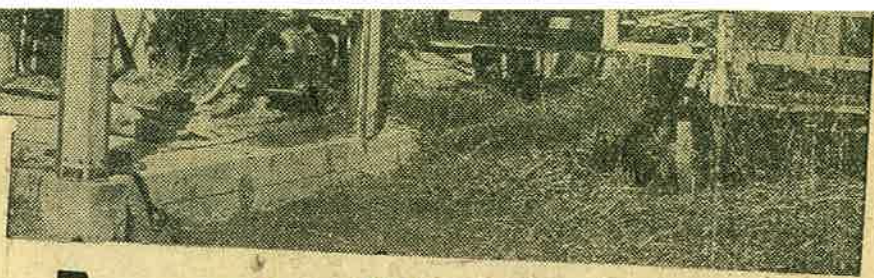
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An old maxim admonishes every-
one to "make hay while the sun
shines." The modern farmer,
however, can now disregard such ad-
vice for inventive genius has made it
possible for him to "make hay while
the sun does NOT shine." Hay is now
made by artificial means.

The freshly cut hay is first delivered
to a cutter driven by a 20-horsepower
motor, which chops it into small pieces.
From the cutter is it fed to a rotating
cylinder seven feet in diameter and
twenty feet long. At one end of this
drum is an oil furnace, and the hay and
hot air are drawn through the drum
(which acts as a dryer) by an exhaust
fan.

The dried hay is then delivered to a
collector, from which it is fed to a
blower and blown directly into the
mow in the barn. The drum and the
blower are driven by electric motors.

Hay thus prepared is said to be
higher in fat values and lower in fiber
content than sun-dried hay. It may
be stored indefinitely without heating
or fermenting and it retains its green
color.



Exercising Without Effort

TIRED business men, overworked
executives, hurried socialites
and others may, in the future,
choose to take their exercise electric-
ally and without effort with a recently
perfected apparatus. It may bring a
step nearer the synthetic living that
has been predicted by many.

It is claimed that by using this de-
vice one may have benefits of golf
without an effort; exercise without
leaving your ram chair; keep physically
fit despite broken bones, and maintain
muscle tone even when encased in a
plaster cast.

Prominent medical authorities have
stated that an hour and a half of
"exercise" with this apparatus is the
physical equivalent of 36 holes of
golf. It has been used with great
success in the treatment of stiff neck,
lumbago, and charley-horse.

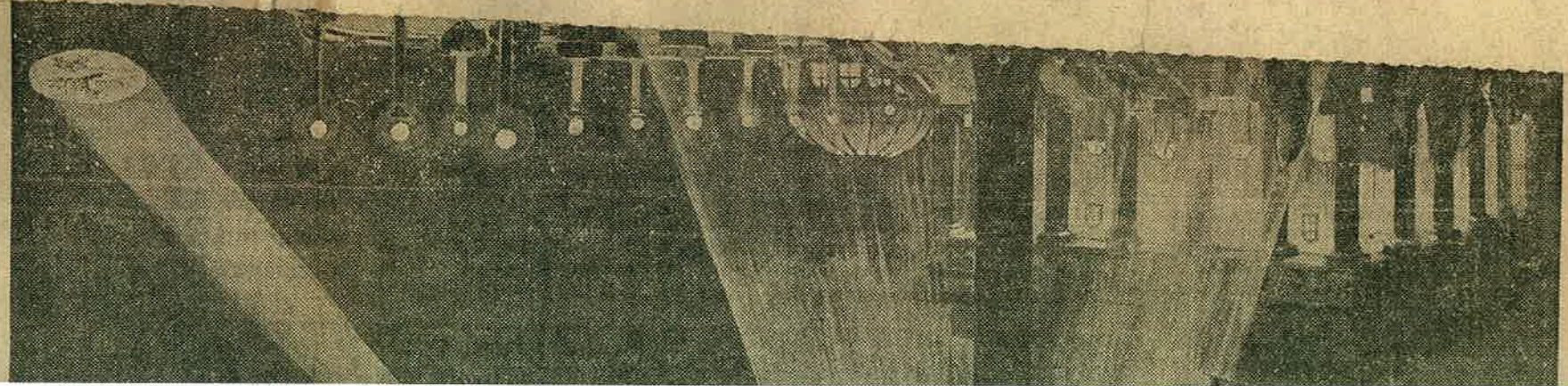
This exercising apparatus, according
to the Scientific American, makes all
these things possible by causing a

graduated contraction of muscles. It
has won the approval of the medical
fraternity and is being used by hospi-
tals to prevent strength from ebbing
as a result of the inactivity of a pa-
tient who is recovering from illness or
injury.

Arms or legs, held motionless in
plaster casts while recovering from in-
jury or operation, need no longer
emerge weak and powerless from lack
of exercise.

This mechanical exerciser, it is
pointed out, overcomes one of the chief
reasons why so many persons fail reg-
ularly to carry out program of pre-
scribed exercises. Their intentions are
strong, but their wills are weak, so
they find it very easy to neglect their
exercises. Since this machine, however,
has removed practically all of the ef-
fort connected with exercise, but with
no loss, apparently of any benefit it
is now about as easy for one to exer-
cise his muscles as to neglect his wel-
fare in this respect.

HE RESTS
NEARBY
The Summit
of Eagle Rock,
Arrow Indicating
Edison's Grave. If His
Family Permit It, His B
Will Eventually Be Mo
and Enshrined in the
Memorial.
who was much inter-
est in the absorbing
communication betwe
quick and the dead.
"Do you consider
sible," Mr. Mitchell



WELLS'

NEW DESCRIPTIVE CHART

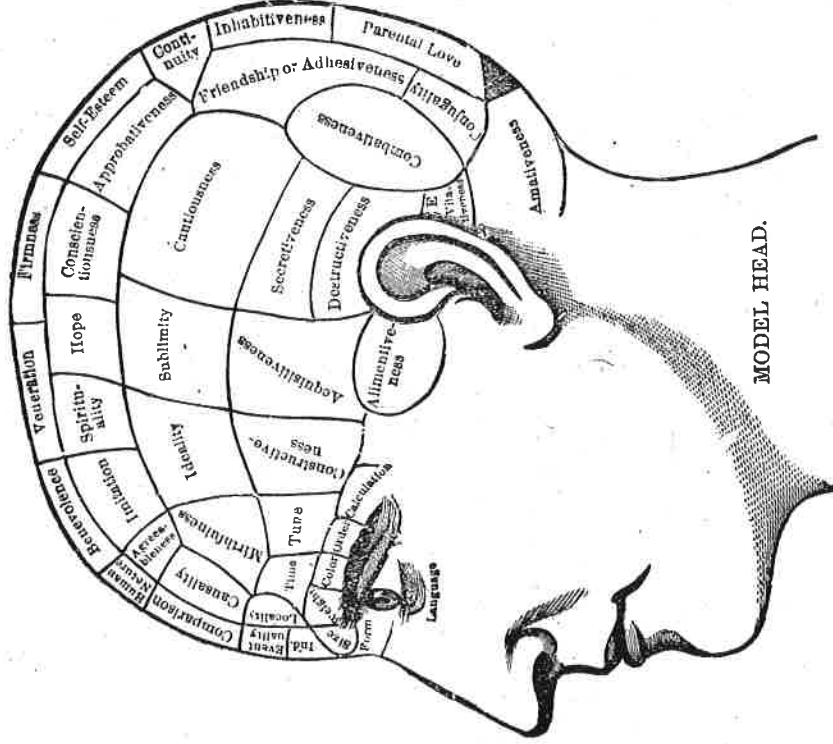
FOR THE USE OF EXAMINERS,

GIVING A

DELINEATION OF THE CHARACTER

OF
Charles W. Wells
 GIVEN BY *John J. Pope*
 DATE *Oct 22*

- NUMBERING AND DEFINITION OF THE ORGANS.**
1. Amativeness, Love between the sexes.
 2. Conjugality, Matrimony—love of one.
 3. Parental Love, Regard for offspring, pets, etc.
 4. Friendship, Adhesiveness—sociability.
 5. Continuity, Love of life.
 6. Combativeness, Love of life.
 7. Combativeness, Resistance—defense.
 8. Acquisitiveness, Resource—force.
 9. Acquisitiveness, Appetite—hunger.
 10. Acquisitiveness, Accumulation.
 11. Secretiveness, Policy—management.
 12. Cautionness, Prudence—provision.
 13. Self-Esteem, Ambition—display.
 14. Firmness, Decision—perseverance.
 15. Conscientiousness, Justice, equity.
 16. Hope, Expectation—enterprise.
 17. Spirituality, Humility—faith—creed—religion.
 18. Veneration, Devotion—respect.
 19. Benevolence, Kindness—goodness.
 20. Constructiveness, Mechanical Ingenuity.
 21. Ideality, Refinement—taste—purity.
 22. Sublimity, Love of grandeur—infinitude.
 23. Imitation, Copying—patterning.
 24. Mirthfulness, Jocoseness—wit—fun.
 25. Individuality, Observation—desire to see.
 26. Form, Recollection of shape.
 27. Size, Measuring by all eye.
 28. Weight, Judgment of heaviness.
 29. Order, Method—system—arrangement.
 30. Calculation, Mental arithmetic.
 31. Locality, Recollection of places.
 32. Eventuality, Memory of facts.
 33. Time, Cognizance of duration.
 34. Tune, Sense of harmony and melody.
 35. Language, Expression of ideas.
 36. Causality, Applying causes to effect.
 37. Comparison, Inductive reasoning—illustration.
 38. Human Nature, Perception of motives.
 39. **A**grecableness, Pleasantness—charity.



MODEL HEAD.

I look upon Phrenology as the Guide to Philosophy and the handmaid of Christianity. Whoever disseminates true Phrenology is a public benefactor.

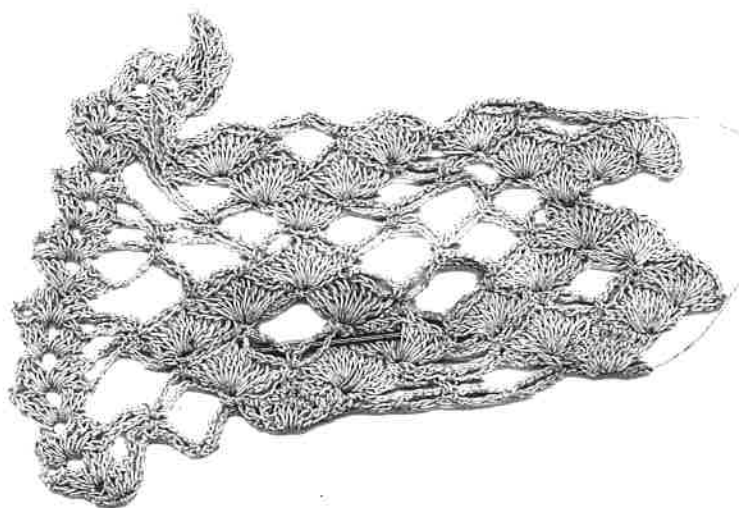
Horace Mann

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man. Pope.

NEW YORK:

FOWLER & WELLS CO., PUBLISHERS,
 27 E. 21ST ST., NEW YORK.

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 Revision and Copyright by FOWLER & WELLS Co., 1883.



1 lb. soap
2 qt water

3 lb Sal Soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz Borax
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz Bicarbonate of
Soda
Boil 2 hours if will
make 5 lbs.

To Be Honored for Devotion to National Mercy Organi- tion



Presidents of the L. D. S. church National Woman's Relief society, since its organization in 1842, whose lives will be sketched at anniversary services Sunday night and at Relief society meetings Tuesday: Upper, left to right: Emma Hale Smith, president from 1842

to 1844; Eliza R. Snow, 1866 to 1887; Zina D. H. Young, 1887 to 1901; Bathsheba W. Smith, 1901 to 1910. Lower: Emmeline B. Wells, 1910 to 1921; Clarissa S. Williams, 1921 to 1928, and Louise Y. Robison, 1928 to the present.

Horoscope

By MARY BLAKE

"PISCES"

If March 15 is your birthday, the best hours for you on this date are from 9 to 11 a. m., from 1 to 3 p. m. and from 8 to 10 p. m. The danger periods are from 7 to 9 a. m., from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. and from 6 to 8 p. m.

From the most unexpected sources some very interesting information is likely to be received this day. News events of a decidedly startling nature may provide the day's chief topic of conversation. People who delight in punning might do well this day to remember that punsters are more often regarded, by their victims, as an affliction rather than a source of amusement. If you wish to keep from causing irritation, avoid keeping anyone waiting. You will find that you are fully capable of meeting any emergency that might arise this day, if you refrain from becoming excited. A cool head can keep you out of many difficulties. If some plan is submitted to you for consideration does not seem feasible it might be good judgment to unhesitatingly say so. Married and engaged couples, as well as those engaged in courtship, will show excellent judgment, if they refrain from expressing themselves in a too forcible manner.



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L. D. S. Church Plans Tribute To Relief Society Leaders

Special Services Announced for Sunday and Tuesday; Will Review Lives

The lives of all seven women who have presided over the National Woman's Relief society since its organization, March 17, 1842 at Nauvoo, Illinois, will be reviewed at special programs in many L. D. S. church Sunday evening sacrament meetings and in special Relief society meetings Tuesday, the ninety-fourth anniversary date. The organization, one of the oldest, exclusively women's groups in America, now has its largest membership in history, more than 73,000 women in all parts of the world, according to Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, general secretary.

Sunday Program

Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, president of the Relief society, will speak Monday at 6:30 p. m. in the Granite tabernacle, while Zarker, her second speaker at the same ward chapel.

Honor Student Gets Job as Rat Catcher

LONDON (AP)—Of nine London

Horoscope

By MARY BLAKE

"FISCS"

If March 15 is your birthday, the best hours for you on this date are from 9 to 11 a. m., from 1 to 3 p. m. and from 8 to 10 p. m. The danger periods are from 7 to 9 a. m., from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. and from 6 to 8 p. m.

From the most unexpected sources some very interesting information is likely to be received this day. News events of a decidedly startling nature may provide the day's chief topic of conversation. People who delight in punning might do well this day to remember that punsters are more often regarded, by their victims, as an affliction rather than a source of amusement. If you wish to keep from causing irritation, avoid keeping anyone waiting. You will find that you are fully capable of meeting any emergency that might arise this day, if you refrain from becoming excited. A cool head can keep you out of many difficulties. If some plan is submitted to you for consideration does not seem feasible it might be good judgment to unhesitatingly say so. Married and engaged couples, as well as those engaged in courtship, will show excellent judgment, if they refrain from expressing themselves in a too forcible manner.

If a woman and her husband...

First Prize, \$5.

Cure for Nervousness.

Steep a tablespoonful of celery seed in a pint of boiling water on the back of range for two hours and strain through a piece of muslin. Half a cupful twice a day is the usual dose, though any quantity may be taken with safety.

This remedy has proved most effective in cases of nervous prostration and severe nervousness after scarlet fever, that I have had under my supervision.

The celery seed may be purchased for a trifle at the grocers.—MRS. JNO. POWLER, 972 26th street, Ogden, Utah.

Four \$1 Prizes.

Black Angel Cake.

One egg, one-half cup sweet milk, one-half cup sugar, one-third cake of chocolate. Cook till thick and let cool while making the following: One cup sugar, one-half cup butter (creamed), two eggs beaten separately, one-half cup sweet milk, two cups flour, one-half teaspoon soda in the milk, one-half teaspoon vanilla. Mix all together and beat well. Bake in two pans and use white icing. This cake is delicious.—MRS. BILLY BRUNDAGE, Mesa, Ariz.

To Clean Silverware.

To clean silverware easily, place pieces in an aluminum vessel, cover with soft water, boil half an hour and dip with a clean cloth. The result is marvelous for the silver will be as bright and shining as when new.—MRS. J. H. BASKLER, Boulder, Mont.

Easy Way to Save Money.

Drop in a small bank each week, as many pennies as the number of the week in the year, the first week of the year, 1 cent, second week, 2 cents, etc., and at the end of the year you will be surprised to find about \$13.75 in the bank. It is not yet too late to

All Around House

To Mend China.

Do not throw away those pieces of china that you prize so highly but mend them with the following: Take a very thick solution of gum arabic and water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a good paste. Apply it with a brush to the broken edges and stick them together. In three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of this cement makes it doubly valuable.—MRS. L. MERKLIN, 333 Madison St., Walla Walla, Wash.

Household Convenience.

There are and have been many invaluable and useful hints and recipes published in "The American Weekly." I have demonstrated their real worth and, desiring to preserve them, I have put them out each week, classified them and pasted them in a scrap book, properly indexed, so that I can turn to any subject or recipe I may desire at any time. This has been a great help and convenience to me in my housework, and I tender this suggestion to my sister readers, hoping it will be received in the same kindly spirit it has been

given.—MRS. E. H. LUND, 1066 Emerson avenue, Salt Lake, Utah.
Cleaning Paste.

For cleaning white or light colored hats and slippers, furs and feathers, a thin paste of gasoline and corn starch, or flour, applied with a stiff brush, is excellent. The gasoline evaporates quickly, leaving no odor, and the flour or corn starch may be brushed out immediately. When articles are very dirty it is often necessary to repeat the process.—MISS CATHERINE OWENS, 202 G street, Salt Lake, Utah.

Turpentine.

A flannel dipped in hot water and sprinkled with turpentine will often relieve lumbago or rheumatism. A few drops in the cupboards will keep moths away. A few drops in the starch will keep the iron from sticking. Patent leather bags and boots will look like new if rubbed with a rag moistened with turpentine. A little added to the wash when boiling will make the clothes beautifully white. Turpentine mixed with beeswax makes a good floor polish.—MRS. MARY ROBINSON, R. F. D. No. 3, Sanger, Cal.

To Mend Screens.

"A dollar saved is a dollar earned," therefore when you find many broken

places in your screens, do not throw them away, but try my plan. Cut patches from an old screen, having each a little larger than the break it is intended to cover, and "sew" them on with a fine wire pulled from the edge of the screen. They will be good for another year, and the patches, if neatly placed, can hardly be discerned.—MRS. BERNARD W. IMWALLE, Gonzales, Cal.

To Get Rid of Ants.

To get rid of ants put some cloves or salt on the shelves or wherever the ants are likely to bother.—GENEVIEVE McNEELY, Redding, Cal.

To Keep Out Moths.

When cleaning house a good preventive for moths is to sprinkle tobacco under the carpets before relaying.—MRS. C. F. DAMSCHRODER, Elmora, Ohio.

Spotless Table Cloths.

The mother of little children knows how hard it is to keep the table cloths white and spotless. I make doilies of white oilcloth, notching the edges, and these I put at the children's places. I can make three of these doilies out of one and one-half yards of oilcloth, and they save so much laundering.—ANN-ETTA BROYLES, French Corral,

Cakes

Eggless Fruit Cake.

One cup sugar, one cup sour milk, five tablespoonfuls melted butter, two cups flour, one cup raisins, one cup currants, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful soda. If you wish to add to its daintiness, add a boiled icing made as follows: Boil two cups sugar with three-fourth cup of water until it will harden when dropped in cold water. Beat whites of two eggs until stiff, pour syrup over eggs, beating until smooth. This will keep it moist for days.—MRS. MAYME FERGUSON, Roseburg, Ore.

Economical Sponge Cake.

Six eggs, one-third teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1 scant cup flour, 1 scant cup sugar, salt and flavoring; separate yolks from whites, beat yolks until very light then beat the whites until rather stiff, add salt and beat thoroughly, add cream of tartar, fold sugar in lightly, then add beaten yolks, fold flour very lightly and lastly add flavoring. Bake in slow oven for fifty minutes.—MRS. C. B. DODD, 333 West Twenty-third street, Los Angeles, Cal.

SONGS REQUESTED

The following songs and recitations have been requested by our readers and should be published in turn as sent in: "Waltz for the Wife," "The Chime of Empty Hands," "Father's Excuse," "The Emerald River," and "When the Sunset Turns the Ocean Blue to Gold."

Notice.—We must again request our readers, when sending words of songs for publication, to make the statement that they are copyrighted, if they are known to be, and by what publishers.

Don't Drink To-night

I left my mother at the door,
My sister by the side;
Their clasping hands and loving looks
Forbidden their doubts to bid;
I went to meet with courtesan's gay,
When the moon brought out her light,
And my loving mother whispered me:
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night!"

(Repeat last two lines of each stanza for refrain)

Many years have rolled away since then,
And jolly curls are gray;
But, oh, those words are with me yet,
They will not pass away.
Again I see my mother's face
Shine with a radiant light,
And hear her words ring in my ears:
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night!"
That mother now is resting there
In the graveyard on the hill,
But her kind words come back to me
And haunt my memory still.
I've often passed the brimming cup—
Oh, then my heart was right—
Because I heard the warning words:
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night!"
I've journeyed down the road of life,
And soon my race is run;
A mother's warning, listened to,
An immortal soul is won.
O mothers! with your blessed smiles,
Look on your boys so bright,
And say, as you alone can say:
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night!"

Those words will prove a warning, when,
In the thorny path of life,
Your boy is in the tempter's wiles,
And weary with the strife,
Your words will stop the morning cup,
And revelry at night,
By whispering back a mother's voice:
"Don't drink, my boy, to-night!"

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep"

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."
Was my childhood's early prayer,
Taught by my mother's love and care,
Many years since they have fled;
Mother slumbers with the dead;
Yet, methinks I see her now,
With love-lit eye and holy brow,
As kneeling by her side to pray,
She gently taught me how to say:
"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."
O, could the faith of childhood days,
O, could its little hymns of praise,
O, could its simple joyous trust,
Be recreated from the dust,
That lies around a wasted life,
The fruit of many a bitter strife!
Oh! then at night in prayer I'd bend,
And call my God, my Father, Friend,
And pray with childlike faith once more
"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Bailliff's Daughter of Islington

There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son;
He loved the bailliff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington,
But she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her so;
No, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show,
But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind,
And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see,
Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me,
Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to meet and woo—
All but the bailliff's daughter dear,
She secretly stole away,
And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by,
She started up with color so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein—
"O, penny, one penny, that art," she said,
"Wilt cause me of much pain?"

"Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born?"
"At Islington, kind sir," she said,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"If, prithee, sweetheart, tell to me,
Oh, tell me whether you know
The bailliff's daughter of Islington?"
"She is dead, sir, long ago,"
"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My maddle and bridle also,
For I will go to some far country,
Where no man will me know."

"Oh, stay, oh, stay, then goodly youth!
She standeth by thy side;
She is here, alive,—she is not dead—
Aunt ready to be thy bride."
"Oh, farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Thou thousand times therefore,
For I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should ne'er see more!"

"Father Has Turned the Dear Picture, Again!"

A hasty came home who for years had been gone,
Her pride had been conquered, a mother's love won,
In Islington, where she had married the choice of her heart,
And the very picture and her kindred apart;
Her pleasure was turned to grief,
But merrily will live, and love, and die,
Forgiven the hatred, the pride and disdain at last,
Her father has turned the dear picture again.

CHORUS

Her name is still blameless, her heart true and tender,
Her soul is still pure after long years of pain;
Her dear mother murmurs, "I pray'd Heaven to send
her."

And father has turned her dear picture again,
The love of her youth has been long laid away,
He died in her arms like an infant one day,
Once more to the shelter and peace of the "fold,"
She came back the same blue-eyed inmate of old,
The tokens of youth that she loved long ago,
They all hers again, for her goodness they know,
That no shame comes after the darkness and rain,
Her father has turned the dear picture again.

is getting a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meddlin's out that I
ain't at all that kind of a critter."

The Little Bronze Button

(Air, "Old Onion Bucket")

How dear to the heart of each grime-headed soldier,
Are the thoughts of the days when we sulli' wore the
dico.

While memory recalls every trial and danger,
And scenes of the past are brought back to his view.

Though long since discarded our arms and equip-
ments.

There's one thing a veteran most surely will note:

The first thing he sees on the form of a comrade
Is the little bronze button he wears on his coat.

CHORUS

The little brown button,
The sacred bronze button,
The Grand Army button
He wears on his coat.

"How much did it cost?" said a man to a soldier,

"That little bit button you wear on your coat?"

"Ten cents in good money," he answered the stranger,

"And four years of marching and fighting to boot."

The wealth of the world cannot purchase this emblem,

Except that the buyer once wore the brave blue;

And it shows to mankind the full marks of a hero,
A man who to honor and country was true.

CHORUS

Then let us be proud of the little bronze button,

And wear it with spirit both loyal and bold;

Fraternally welcome each one who supports it,

With love in our hearts for the comrades of old.

Each day musters out whole battalions of warriors,

But millions to come will remember with honor
The men who'd the right that bronze button to wear.

CHORUS

There's a Light in the Window for Thee

There's a light in the window for thee, brother,

A dear one has moved to the mansion above,

There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS

A mansion in heaven we see, and a light in the window

for thee,

A mansion in heaven we see, and a light in the window

for thee.

scdy what we want? It is not always that we remem-
ber that "water knows best."

One of the sisters asked how to remove

iodine stains. Wet them with strong am-

monia-water, and wash as usual. The juice

of pineapple cuts the false membrane in the

throat, in diphtheria, and has been known

to save life in several instances. To pre-

vent marring a polished floor, cut pieces

from an old felt hat to fit the bottom of

chair- and table-legs, and glue on. These

are invisible, noiseless and preferable to

rubber tips, and can be cut to fit any shape

Meadville, Pa.

G. S.

Can't tell the pain of my sad woo.
Could I but call her back again,
And kneel once more down by her side,
I love her better than before,
I'm lonely since my mother died.

CHORUS

O you who have a mother dear,
Let not a word or act give pain;
But cherish, love her with your life,
Till on her eyes she can see you again.
Till on her eyes she can see you again,
Across death's dark and bloodied lid,
In path, with me, you need not say:
I'm lonely since my mother died.

CHORUS

Let's Play

Oh, the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they do say;
If they can't have the things that they wish for,
They take others and cry, "Let's play."

"Let's play we are on a big, sailing boat,
And fish, for a year and a day;
We'll sail round the world and come home,
To the wonderful land of 'Let's play.'"

CHORUS

"Let's play" all the things that we long for are ours;

"Let's play" the sun shines when the heavy cloud low-
ers;

"Let's play" that our pleasures remain ever new;

"Let's play" that our loves are never untrue;

"Let's play" that our troubles are only frail bubbles,
"Let's play" as the wise little children do.

Oh, the blessed and wise little children!

What sensible things they do say;

And so might we be as happy as they,
If we would be happy their way.

"Let's play," no matter how empty the purse,
We've always a penny to spare;

And never mind, but try to make,
That we have any trouble or care.

CHORUS

What count the pleasures we had or not had,

When we have lived up to our duty;

Sleeps borrow children's words, which word—
"Let's play" that our troubles are never untrue;

"Let's play" that fortune is never unkind,
That never a friend turns away;

And much of our loss, and many a cross,
Will grow dim in the land of "Let's play."

CHORUS

Tested Recipes for the Household

Canned Beans.—Take eight quarts of green beans,

proceed as for soaking, salt to taste and boil until

tender; drain off the water, and put into another ket-

tle four cups each of sugar, vinegar, water, and a small

handful each of cloves and allspice. When the sugar

is well dissolved pour the scalding liquid over the

beans cook all together for ten minutes, put into cans

and seal. This is a "new way," but the beans are de-

licious.

Popcorn Padding.—Three pints each of sweet milk

and popcorn, every kernel popped white and not a bit

scoreched, two beaten eggs, one-half teaspoonful of

salt, mix all together and bake one-half hour. Serve

with sweetened cream or milk. Nebraska-Sundowner.

German Potato Dumplings.—Peel and grate large-

sized potatoes, put into a salt-bag and squeeze all the



The following songs and recitations have been requested by our readers, and shall be published in turn as sent in: "Don't Stay After Ten," "Arkansas Trav- eler," "Jumbo, Jumbo, Yoo," "Be Kind to Thy Mother," "Do They Kiss No at Home?," "I am Mon- arch of All I Survey," "Edwin and Mary," "My Heart is with Edin," "The Little Girl of Mine," and "Fallen Lord."

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John Junkin's Sermon

The minister said last night, says he,
 "Don't be afraid of givin';
 If our hearts are made
 Of joy, what's the use o' bein' shy?
 And think'st what I says to my wife, says I,
 There's Brown, the mis'tribble stoner,
 He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
 A cent toward buyin' a dinner."
 I tell you our minister's primo, he is,
 But I couldn't quite determine
 When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
 'Twas just who was hit by his sermon,
 Or 'twas who was told that he no mistake
 Of words he talks of himself and Brown,
 For Peter and John, they set and scowled
 At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
 "There's various kinds o' cheatin',
 And religion's as good for every day
 As it is to bring to meetin'.
 I don't think much of a man that gives
 And spends his time the followin' week
 In cheatin' and overreachin'.

I guess that dose was bitter enough
 For a man like Jones to swallow;
 But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
 Not once, after that, to boller."
 "H'rrah," says I, "for the minister—"
 Of course I said it quick—
 "G'v' us some more of this open talk,
 It's very refreshin' diet."

The minister lit 'em every time;
 And when he spoke of fashion
 And n-egatin' out in bows and things,
 As woman's ralin' passion,
 And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
 I couldn't help a-winkin'
 And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
 And I guess it set her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, "That sermon's pat,
 But I'll need to be a-takin'
 And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks
 Won't take the application.
 Now if he had said a word about
 My personal mode o' sinnin',
 I'd have gone to work to right myself,
 And not set here n-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
 And now I've come to the folks
 Who've lost the shavin'ly hair, their friends
 "G'chance," says he, "and find your faults,
 Instead of huntin' your brother's;
 Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
 You've tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged and Brown he winked,
 And there was lots o' smilin',
 And lots o' lookin' at our pow—
 "I got my blood a-bubblin'
 Says I to myself, "The minister
 'I'll tell him when meetin's out that I
 Ain't at all that kind of a critter."

The Little Bronze Button

(Air, "Old Outon Bucket")
 How deep to the heart of each grime-headed soldier
 Are the thoughts of the days when we still wore the
 blue,
 While memory recalls every trial and danger,
 And scenes of the past are brought back to his view,
 Though long since discarded our arms and equip-
 ments,
 There's one thing a veteran most surely will note:
 The first thing he sees on the form of a comrade
 Is the little bronze button he wears on his coat.

CHORUS

The little brown button,
 The sacred bronze button,
 The Grand Army button
 He wears on his coat.

"How much did it cost?" said a man to a soldier,
 "That little flat button you wear on your coat?"
 "Ten cents in good money," he answered the stranger,
 "And four years of marchin' and fightin' to boot."
 The wealth of the world cannot purchase this emblem,
 Except that the buyer once wore the brave blue;
 And it shows to mankind the full marks of a hero.

There's a crown and a robe, and a palm, brother,
 When from toil and from care you are free;
 The Saviour has come to prepare you a home,
 With a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS

O, watch and be faithful, and pray, brother,
 All your journey o'er life's troubled sea;
 Through afflictions assail you, and storms beat sovero,
 There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS

Thou art, perseveringly on, brother,
 Till from conflict and suffering free;
 Bright angels now beckon you over the stream;
 There's a light in the window for thee.

CHORUS

Stay on the Farm

Come, boys, I have something to tell you;
 Come here, I will whisper it low.
 You're thinking of leaving the homestead—
 You'd be in a hurry to go.
 But think of my adored ones,
 When once in the vortex of fashion,
 How soon our destruction beghin!

CHORUS

Stay on the farm,
 Stay on the farm,
 Though profits come in rather slow;
 Stay on the farm,
 Stay on the farm,
 Don't be in a hurry to go.

You talk of the mines of Nevada,
 They're wealthy in treasure, no doubt;
 But, ah! there is gold in this farm, boys,
 It only you'll shovel it out.
 The gold mine is the life of a husband,
 Surrounded by children and a cow,
 And wealth is not made in a day, boys;
 Don't be in a hurry to go.

CHORUS

This farm is the best and the safest,
 And grain it grows to you;
 You're thinkin' of goin' to mountain,
 And minin' of all you survey.
 Then stay on the farm, a while longer,
 Though profits come in rather slow;
 Remember, you've nothing to risk, boys,
 Don't be in a hurry to go.

CHORUS

I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died

I'm lonely since my mother died,
 Tho' friends are near and
 I cannot check the rising sigh,
 Or stay the silent, heart-felt tear.
 Of earthy friends she was the best,
 My errand, youthful steps to guide,
 Oh, do not smile because I weep,
 I'm lonely since my mother died.

CHORUS

I'm lonely since my mother died,
 Though friends and kindred gather near,
 I cannot check the rising sigh,
 Nor stay the silent, heart-felt tear.

You may not deem it brave or strong
 To let these tears so often flow,
 But those who've lost a mother's love
 Can't see the wisdom of my sob.
 Come, I have thought of my sad fate,
 And kneel once more down by her side,
 I'd have her better than before,
 I'm lonely since my mother died.

CHORUS

O you who have a mother dear,
 Let not a word or act give pain;
 But cherish, love her with your life,
 You ne'er can have her like again.
 Then when she's called from you away,
 Across death's dark and troubled tide,
 In path, with me, you need not say:
 I'm lonely since my mother died.

CHORUS

Let's Play

Oh, the blessed and wise little children,
 What sensible things they do say!
 If they can't have a tin horn, they wish for,
 "Let's play we are on a big sailing boat."
 And then, for a year and a day,
 We'll sail and sail, and never a sail,
 To the wonderful land of "Let's play."

CHORUS