

The eldest girl was a child, but she selected the boards without knots for the carpenter. The grandmother's fine black broadcloth cape, provided cloth to cover the casket smoothly, that was lined with one of the heartbroken little mother's fine linen sheets—The pillow was ruffled and trimmed with lace—The dear grandmother in her best black silk dress with the fine lace collar and cuffs was at rest.

The neighbors, all new settlers, came. Someone read a chapter from the Bible, a hymn was sung and someone prayed, then the brave woman who had come west to be near her daughter was buried near the little home on the grandfather's claim about a mile from her daughter's home.

The baby son of the younger brother died within a few weeks and was buried beside his grandmother. About fifteen years later the eldest daughter went back to bring the remains of both to Lawrence, where they lie beside the grandfather.

The death of her mother was another shock to the little mother who had no sister—At this time her father came to live with her.

People say "How can they do it? I could never live through such sorrow and trials." We can, however, endure whatever comes into our lives, if we must.

The younger brothers soon left—The young physician could not make a living, where no one was ever ill—They both succeeded elsewhere.

Our pioneers never pitied themselves—They realized their lot was much better than that of many—Pity would have been an insult. Throughout the ten years they lived in Hodgeman, they had unlimited confidence in their own ability to do whatever they had to do.

The little mother did not like nor use the word "boss". She taught her children that they must themselves accomplish results of importance. That they must develop executive ability.

The children grown, have tried to follow her teach-

ing as she had a gentle way, all her own, of making her precepts remembered.

These children were never lonely nor lacked amusement. Nothing sordid entered their lives—In each child was developed a fine sense of humor and considerable ingenuity.

The county not being organized, there were no schools but the little mother was their teacher. Fortunate for them was her training at Hillsdale College and her teaching experience.

The stone house that looked like a larger edition of a Sandzen picture had deep beautiful windows that served as desks—The mother's technique was similar to that of Robert Hutchins of the University of Chicago, as each child could go as fast as he were mentally able—When later they entered high school at Larned they were advanced beyond the ages of classmates and rather uneven as favored studies had received more time and there had been more literature, history, English, Astronomy and mathematics than required.

The children read classics and acted the parts for several days as they worked. They never forgot their friendly mimickry—They read with understanding and knew Barnes' History verbatim.

They found and named constellations of stars with their mother's help, then discovered and named new ones in honor of those they loved. One was "Aunt Harriet" who sent them magazines and hair ribbons. One was "Aunt Laura" for a dozen good and sufficient reasons. There are no beautiful skies to study like those of old Hodgeman, with the silver stars that are friendly and seem so near.

The home was orderly and pleasant. Their freedom encouraged independent thought and action.

The white stone buildings were a shining town in themselves. To these children, it was the dearest spot on earth.

When a little older they called it "Glen Haven,"