

These pioneer children were taught to have a special pride in truth and character. They were perhaps a little cocky at times, so sure were they that their mother was the most beautiful, the best and loveliest woman in the world. They knew they were obedient, and they did not lie, they studied hard, worked hard and adored their mother—Their home was cheerful and clean. They knew the grandfather was a man of honor and told the very best historical stories. They loved each other and never knew envy nor coveted the possessions of others. They expected to meet a different world some future day with heads up and ability to do—There were no anxiety nor doubts about that future. Everything was part of mother's plan. They would not have exchanged places with the richest family in the world.

The grandfather was never considered a care and lived to receive the comforts denied him when a pioneer.

It is a mystery how the little mother accomplished so much—Her influence even now surrounds her family—She never punished her children nor raised her voice in anger. She had a way of reasoning things out and praying over them.

There were family prayers every night, the children taking turns in reading a chapter from the Bible, a hymn or two was sung and the grandfather led in a prayer that embraced the universe—If he were living today he would be praying for the safety of the Philippines and conversion of the Japanese.

Any stranger, stopping for the night always knelt too. The children often wondered if a stranger might not be Dutch Henry, who would be saved to a life of respectability by the prayers of grandfather.

After three years the county was organized and county officers elected. The mother had been engaged to teach the Marena school and went to Jetmore to take the first teacher's examination. She took the fourteen year old daughter with her to discover how

thorough had been her home study. They arose early and drove Cleopatra the fifteen miles to the county seat.

John R. Baird from Point of Rocks was superintendent. Poised and charming Matilda Best was his capable assistant. She later became Mrs. Walter Kenyon. She has always been a beloved character and good friend.

The girl was still a child with freckled nose and heavy red braids down her back. Old Hodgeman had given her health and strength but she was small and wore her skirts just covering the knees.

To her amazement and joy she was asked to teach the summer school in the Baird district—She boarded with the family and was mothered by Mrs. Baird. The school house was new and unfinished. Many were the bright mottoes the young teacher wrote with colored crayon upon the board walls—Birds flew in to make nests on the rafters and a field mouse' nest with four red mice fell from one corner to the floor.

The teacher and children watched with bated breath as the mouse mother carried them one by one in her mouth up to some hidden spot—One warm afternoon an inquisitive goat from a herd of sheep a mile or two east of school put his forefeet in the door and said "B-a-a" to them.

There were four nice children from the Baird home and four interesting Carnine boys, the latter rejoicing in the recent birth of "Lydia" a baby sister. Albert sat near the door with "Penny" the sheep dog to watch a bunch of cattle grazing north—There were three sweet children recently from the east who carried their shoes from home and in the last draw or ravine sat down and put them on then walked into school with shining shoes—They also walked home barefooted.

Then there was the tall girl of seventeen who could write different words at the same time with her right and left hand—Her dresses always had sleeves, belts and trimming of other material—There were three