

children older and one the same age as the teacher but that was a deep secret.

Years have passed but the girl remembers each school she taught and the children with affection. All ready the Christmas messages are coming in from the beloved Eudora school. They never forget.

That fall she went to Larned to high school but was uneven being ahead in many subjects, particularly the studies she had liked best.

With one of the best of teachers, Jonas M. Ross, and the advice of Mrs. Emma Bedell, the able Superintendent of Schools of Pawnee County, she was able to finish in two years, besides teaching summer schools.

The summer she was sixteen she taught in the Waters district near her first school, again in a new unfinished building. There the children modeled clay from a draw near the school house. The Knoeffers and Waters children were unusually artistic. There being no well, Robert Carnine, who rode his burro four miles to school, carried a jug of water for the teacher.

The winter she was sixteen she taught at Fairview, Pawnee County with forty pupils. She had spelling school each Monday night and a "Literary" Society on Wednesday night—It was a pleasant school, with a capable board but they believed in keeping the teacher busy.

The next three semesters were taught at Independence eleven miles north of Larned. The teacher boarded with the family of John David. They were just about the world's best people. Mrs. David, a former teacher mothered and advised the young teacher who still loves her memory and the cunning little curly headed Minerva whose mischief was only exceeded by her brightness—One Sunday with guests for dinner, she hid all her mother's silver under the teacher's bed—Finally she confessed and the chicken dinner was a success. The eight Griffiths, two Scotts, Effie Arnold who rode four miles on "Barnum"; the Whitner boys, Charlie Collins and dear Minnie Dugan are with others, always pleasant memories.

The year the little mother taught in Jetmore the girl was offered a position on a new newspaper in Jetmore. She was to write copy, correct proof and help mail beside writing insurance and making out loans which were side issues in the newspaper office.

At holiday time, the mother had two weeks vacation at home but the girl had to go back to the office—She was in Jetmore when a severe storm broke. C. E. Roughton, facing the cutting north wind and snow came to the newspaper office to say, "Mrs. Roughton said I was to bring you to the hotel until this storm is over—Your mother is not here and you can't go to that cold house. You are safer with us."

She was snowed in for four days at the hotel with those good friends. School remained closed for a month as the coal at school had to be distributed among the families—The train from Larned did not get through for some time and the coal it brought had to be apportioned. Throughout the years the girl has affectionately remembered the Roughton's thoughtful care during that blizzard.

Another never-to-be-forgotten memory is that of five years ago when the eldest daughter was settling the estate of an old friend in Garden City and Mrs. Kenyon and her daughter, Elfrieda, with other Jetmore friends drove sixty miles to visit with her and recall old days—

During the ten years spent on the ranch, the home buildings were improved, and a large new stone barn built—Three in the family were teaching and the pioneer days were passing.

The little mother left Hodgeman to educate her children—two from the academic department of the Kansas Wesleyan at Salina; three were educated at the University of Kansas, one of whom, the second daughter received her Ph. D. from the University of Chicago. The grandfather lived to be 88 and the little mother—85. The eldest son who began to assume responsibility, at an early age owns the oldest and one of the best papers in Kansas.