

17. Woman's Sphere.

By One of the Sex.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Some mothers are asking for particular information about the stories I suggested as the amusement and instruction of childish minds. A good way to begin is to tell first the story of Adam and Eve, and so on down to the reign of King Zedekiah; then take up the Book of Mormon and go on with that down to the Book of Nephi. Take up the Testament next and the stories of the life of the Savior; then after His crucifixion come back to this continent and finish the Book of Mormon. From there come down to the Prophet Joseph and in easy stories tell the history of the Church. I know a little boy, quite a little fellow, who has heard many stories, but his favorite one is of the experience of the youthful Prophet Joseph and his first vision. The child has seen President Joseph F. Smith, and in some vague but firm way he has fastened the story to the living Prophet, and so he persistently asks and believes the whole story to be "the story of the Prophet Joseph F."

We will take up these stories and see what can be made of them. If you are talking to many children, watch each pair of eyes; see the effect of your talk, and learn how to best proceed. Never let the attention of your listener wander for a moment. Do not accomplish by force, else you are undoing all your good work; but the key note for your labors is to excite interest, interest the child, interest yourself.

Let us begin with the story of

ADAM AND EVE:

Once upon a time—now isn't that a delightful beginning, dear children, for you know all the very nicest stories begin "once upon a time?" Well, then, once upon a time; and do you know it was really and truly the first time on this great, big earth. There didn't anybody live here on this earth, and shall I tell you why? Well, our dear Heavenly Father and our dear Heavenly Mother had a large and beautiful family of spirits away up there in Heaven, and they wanted a place where those spirits could go and get bodies—just like your bodies and mine. You know, dears, these bodies would die if our spirits were out of them. See my arm move; look at mamma wink her eyes, and hear mamma's voice; that's the spirit in me that makes me do that. Well, now, our Heavenly Parents thought they'd come down from heaven and make a big, beautiful earth as a home for their spirit children.

(The story of the creation can be told, if the children are old enough to understand and appreciate it, that is, if they will be interested in it.)

So they came down, and found a lot of materials in space and fashioned this earth. And there were, oh! such beautiful flowers and trees and singing birds and great big beasts! can't you tell me some names of them? Yes, there were roses and lillies, and apple trees and orange trees; and sparrows and nightingales and meadow-larks, and horses and dogs and lions. All those

were here, and there wasn't a man or a woman anywhere on the earth. And so our Father wanted a lovely garden in a place called Eden and then He brought a man and a woman down and put them here in this beautiful garden.

(To be continued.)

The Education of Our Young People.

There is a wide and constantly growing interest manifested by our communities in the school and the educational training of our youth. This must be pleasing to God, to the angels and to the prophets dead and living who have taught and always teach the truth that everything learned here is that much capital with which to begin the life eternal. But some errors of judgment which characterize our actions in this regard can well receive some thought and attention. There are parents who attempt to settle the destiny of their children. They want Thomas to be a doctor, when nature designed him to be a good carpenter and joiner, and while the carpentering might have been done by Thomas in a good and workmanlike manner, the doctoring will certainly be a botch. It is the same with a girl. Many a mother scrip and saves to give her daughter the lessons in music which she fondly hopes will make the girl a first-class musician, when the girl has no talent at all for the divine art. To be sure, there is such a thing as implanting traits and gifts more or less strongly upon succeeding generations by centuries of cultivation, but is it worth the while? The lily is no less beautiful because it is utterly unlike the rose, and the song of the nightingale could never be learnt by the parrot, no matter how assiduously he might be trained. As sensible parents, it behoves us to study the dispositions of our children closely and seek to develop the natural talents and gifts implanted in the nature by the Divine Parents before the individual had ever an existence upon earth, not forgetting to instill love and reverence for all the arts and sciences as a whole. If we have got a musician or a writer, don't try to compel him to become a sadler or a housemaid; let the talents we have brought with us from eternity have a chance to blossom out and bear fruit for our eternal glory.

A New Club of Women.

Thirty ladies of Salt Lake City have been invited to join a literary club, and are already organized and in full running order. The name of this club is the appropriate one of the "Gleaners", and they are busily thrusting their scythes into the field of knowledge and history. A subject interesting and timely is written upon by one member of the club, and afterwards the whole club takes up this same topic for discussion and adds such bits of information as may have been gleaned through the week. After the chosen subject, a spirited and free discussion is held upon the current topics of the day. No recreation could be more delightful to those who have the privilege of attending. When such names as Mrs. Zina D. Young, Mrs. E. B. Wells, Mrs. M. I. Horne, Mrs. F. S. Taylor, Mrs. Mattie Paul Hughes, Mrs. Lillie Freeze, Mrs. M. Y. Dougall, Mrs. P. Y. Beatie, and other of the best known names in Utah are mentioned as members of the club, something of the wide scope and deep purposes of the organization can be surmised. It is

whispered among some, however, that the exclusiveness of the club has the least tiny flavor of selfishness about it, for thirty is the limit of members, and that has been reached. A number of good souls are wishing they had been chosen as part of the privileged few. Great benefit might be felt in all our settlements if such a movement could in some way be inaugurated as a part of or an adjunct to the Relief Society. Very far-reaching would be the good effects of a movement in this direction. Let us have a weekly literary meeting of the members of the Relief Society.

Woman's Club of Provo

In addition to the literary societies and clubs in Provo City, there exists a club which has no special feature of woman's interest to further, but deals with the whole subject of woman's development. Lectures on anatomy, physiology, and hygiene alternate with papers on club life, suffrage, household topics, dress, and the care of children. The club have fine rooms, prettily furnished, in Union Block, and here they meet twice a week—on Tuesdays to discuss and hear papers and lectures, and on Fridays to avail themselves of the efficient teachings of the young Harvard disciple of physical culture, Miss M. M. Babcock. The ladies are very enthusiastic in their work, and much good is being done.

As a very old fashioned person, I have sometimes wondered if all these good things and topics could not in some way be incorporated and made a part of our Relief Society and Young Ladies' Associations. Why not?

Mrs. Blaine's Clever Pen.

To be one of Mrs. Blaine's correspondents is the desire of all who know her, writes Frank Woodberry in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*. Her letters are remarkable for their beauty of expression, cleverness and originality. Not the least of her accomplishments with the pen is her rare facility of expression through the medium of telegraph blanks. Her despatches of condolence or congratulations are unusual examples of brevity and meaning.

An Evening Musiente

In giving a successful evening musicale there are almost as many things to be avoided as there are to be accomplished, and it would seem almost that it might be wise to voice the suggestions which it is purposed to give here in the negative form, writes Mrs. Hamilton Mott in an exhaustive paper telling how to conduct one of these popular affairs, in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*. There are, in any case, a few important, if general, "don'ts" that may well preface the more detailed suggestions which will be found below, and these are addressed to those contemplating the holding of a musical evening, either large or small.

Don't invite people if you cannot make them comfortable; remember that their homes are places of rest and ease, and that unless you can give to them entertainment and comfort they will grudge the hours spent away from their own vines and fig trees.

Don't include mediocre talent among your performers on such an occasion, avoid your best friend, if he or she thinks, without proper foundation for the belief, that musical ability is his or hers.