DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1900.

NOTABLE UTAH WOMEN.

MUD PIES.

Mud ples.

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How long since you've made any? Do you remember? I do. My last mud ples were made in a litthe Illinois village just after a freshet

freshet was to me a wild memory of adventure, just to think of which could blazon a streak of scarlet across the grayest sky.

We went sailing in a bath tub, my small brother and L. A tin bath tub, coffin-shaped, and painted a dazzling green.

My brother stood in the broad end of the green the coffin with his little petticoats standing out stiff in the March wind, and steered.

took my station in the bow and Oh, the wild joy of that delirious mo-

The rushing waters eddled muddily under our green tin coffin, a meadow lark on a twig near by burst into a symphony of sung. The frogs which had arrived in droves with the freshet, miled to us like the voice of some

#ifen. Ah, here at last is life and joy and

freedom.

Just one brief moment of it. My brother's attention was distracted by a frantic shrick from the house. He lost his balance, the coffin carcened, turned on its side and sank. Unhappy hour.

We staid in the house for some time after that.

My brother escaped with a temporary punishment, not so I.

punishment, not so I. I paid for my brief hour of thrilling advanture with exceeding bitterness. "You are old enough to know botter," add those in authority. "Dragging a mere baby into such mischief. Aren't you ever going to grow up? This is the fast straw. From this moment out you will have to reform. No more wading, no more tree climbing. No more mud ples. When you play, play going calling or something else neat and respectable." or something cise neat and respectable. After that only in my dreams did I ever behold again a proud row of pies smilling at me from the top rail of a

friendly fonce corner. My mud ple days were over-for then. More's the pity.

Weren't they happy days! I left them behind me long ago, but this old world can never whirl so fast that I shall forget the sun baking down to feel of the fresh dirt in my hands, the smell of the growing things and the sense of being a part of the good old earth

found them again, mud pie days.

I looked long and earnestly, and now I looked long and earnestly, and now I have found them. So have you, if you are wise. Of course, our mud pies may not be eilke-yours and mine. Your may be of sand, mine may be of earth. Some are brown, some are black, some shrivel in the one. the sun. Some grow round and portly with the breath of the warmth upon them, but they are the same to each one of us. All our little fleeting, foolish, no-account, delicious pleasures-the pleasures that make life worth living. What are they?

The blg things of life? The elaborate affairs we plan out and work and save and scheme for?

No. The big dinner with the formal guests formally bidden, is well enough a while, just by way of contrast. But tell me-now, let's be honest for

awhile, work awhile and rest awhile, work awhile and rest awhile, like a poor, patient animal in a tread wheel It's only within the last twenty-live years that the American citizens have

the Illinois village just after a freshet had turned a harmless ditch into a rag-ing torrent which swept all the village beshives down the wild water. I had never seen any living water then, and for many years that spring freshet was to me a wild memory of go for a pleasant Sunday afternoon walk you turned your reluctant foot-

wark you formed your relating foot-steps toward the cemetery. The Americans take life too serious-ly. They do not know how to play. Look at the Fourth of July. The average American loves his country. He'll brag about it by the hour- 'en he's brag about it by the hour- "gn he's away from it, and he'll die at a minule's notice, if necessar the Fourth of July bores him to —he deesn't know what to do with He ought to run ever into rance Bastle day, or into Germany on a boll-day, or into italy on a fote day. He'd learn something very well worth know-be

The poorest, most ignorant peasant

born in Europe knows more about the art of enjoying himself than the biggest millionaire in America, Even noor duil old. England can

give America lessons in the art of holiday making. An Englishman, be he humble or of high degree, lays out his life with a distance allowance for play The with a distance allowance for play time. Elis play is very simple. A stroll in the coontry, a quiet pipe in a quiet grove, a row up the river, a game of cricket, but some play be must and will have, and he is called the saddest among the nations. Look at the elder-ly American we all know. Works all day, reads his paper and goes to bed. Works all day, reads his paper and goes to bed. Works all day, reads his paper

No mud ples for him

They are a waste of time. Oh, my, good Sir Sensible. If you only knew how foolish you were. What do you get out of life? What do you find in 11? What is it all for,

this eternal grind, grind, grind. The sun shines, the wind blows, the stars twinkle, the moon rises; come, come, leaving your everlasting plodding for a few minutes. Stop being a mole and be a man.

The average woman-what does she get out of life? A little excitement, ome happiness, much work and a great of worry! What for?

Why not let things go once in a while

and get a little fun out of things? Once I stood under a cherry tree with a friend of mine. "Twas a beautiful cherry tree, aglow

with lusclous fruit. We picked the cherries and ate them. They were fresh and tart and sweet withal. They were smooth and juicy and every bite brought the taste of primal Eden to the

"Dear me," said my friend uneasily "here come the Smiths; they'll think we're dreadful, wasting all the cherries

"Wasting them?" said I. "Yes." said my friend. "They think I ought to boll them." There are many thousands of these

boiling people in the world. The fresh spontaneous, natural joy of the moment means nothing but wasteful folly to them.

They never eat their cherries fresh from the tree. They boil them and put them into jars and feel economical and managing and self-satisfied.

They throw away our life as a miser treasures his gold. the best part of life. Waste and throw it away trying to save. Let's keep time to be happy. The woman you really like isn't in



Mrs. Thomas G. Webber, the subject of this sketch, is prominently identified with the Woman's club movement, which has grown to such notable proportions throughout the State, and is at present one of the directors of the Ladies' Literary club, the most eminent amongst the many women's clubs in Utah. Mrs. Webber also served on the board whose efforts resulted in the building of the present club house, and has been an active and efficient member of the club for a number of years.

Her efforts have not been confined to literary lines, but have been associated with various philanthropies of both public and private nature, having been for some time devoted to work connected with the Orphan's Home, and in other ways directed towards aiding in charitable enterprises.

Mrs. Webber left recently for Europe, and will represent the Utah Federation of Women's clubs at the Paris Exposition during her stay at the French capital,

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tages of civilization were carried to the islands of the South Pacific by missionaries of the Londen Missionary society. The missionaries sailed from society. The missionaries sailed from England eastward to the islands, When they crossed the 180th meridian, they they crossed the 180th meridian, they neglected to make the necessary change in their time; and consequently, insti-tuted on these islands the days of the we k as they are in the Eastern Hem-isphere. Hence Sunday on these islands corresponded to Saturday in other places in the Western Hemisphere. In many of the groups of islands where this error was made, it was rectified soon after it was discovered. In this group the error continued to obtain, it group the error continued to obtain. It was not until the last session of the Cook Islands parliament, in August, 1899, that a law was enacted which provided for the harmonizing of the days of the week with those of other countries.

Such a law was opposed to the desires and the religious principles of the Sev-enth Day Adventists. They at once began to oppose the measure. They distributed tracts among the natives, advocating the observance of the seventh-day Sabbath, and urged the people to repress the law. The activity of to repress the law. The activity of the Adventists, together with the whims and superstitions of the natives soon created much opposition. Very the natives favored the change, Very few of

The law went into effect on Decem-ber 25th, 1899. Christmas day was made forty-eight hours long. The fol-lowing Saturday, which to the opposing faction was still Sunday, the natives held their meetings and worshiped as usual A mative nestor conducted the usual. A native pastor conducted the services. The next day was the first Sunday under the new law. Church services were held, but they were attended by the queen and a few of her associates in civil affairs, only. The great majority of the people refused to acknowledge the day as the Sabbath. They feared to do any labor or otherwise break the Sabbath law,but they would not attend services on that day. The next week the church was closed on Saturday, by order of the queen; but the natives, still deter-mined to observe their own Sabbath. held meetings in the district assembly-rooms. After two or three weeks, the queen called a meeting of the people and forbade them to hold meetings in the districts, or to attend any meetings in the old Sabbath. She threatened to punish them if they continued to ob-serve Saturday as a day of rest,

The natives were soon made to realize that the queen and government were in earnest. The native pastor, Putaura, was deprived of his office. This, however, did not cause him to cease preach-ing to the people. He was then fined five pounds, and the six deacons, who followed him, were fined four pounds each. Several of the members of the church were fined ten shillings each for violating the law by fishing in the sea

n Sunday. For several weeks, the people continued to observe their old Sabbath. They could hold no meetings, but they ob-

hear us preach. But the news soon reached the Protestant missionary. He sent for one of our tracts, and, short-ly afterwards, the people were forbid-den, by the queen, to attend our meet-ings. There were many other causes, however, that holped to draw forth this restraint, as will appear from what follows.

his church. Many of them desired to investigate the faiths of other sectaand to join themselves to some other church. This desire was suppressed by the order of the queen. She forbade her subjects to join any other church. The sector of the queen is the forbade of the order of the queen. She forbade her subjects to join any other church ives were forced to submit. First a few women attended the meetings on by other women, and then the may her any subjects they have returned unit by degrees, they have returned unit is former size. Many, however, be den the services through fear rather than through devolutional dotties. Be deal for services is ut now it is done by the village policeman. by the village policeman.

We hardly need to mention the effect We hardly need to mention the effect the queen's injunctions have had upon our labors. We are not forbidden to hold meetings; but the people are for-bidden to attend them, which amounts to the same thins. The freedom of holding meetings, and of advancing our doctrines, is of little value when the people are afraid to be seen investigat, ing the creeds of other denominations. From a human point of view, the con-ditions at Rarotonga are hardly favor-able for the spreading of the Gospet The government is almost an absolute some are afraid to the queen is law. monarchy. The will of the queen is iaw. She may punish many real or imagined offenses of the natives without even a trial, and they are permitted to offer no defense. The nuclent found system of land tenure obtains. All the land he-longs to Queen Makea, or to one of the three on four minor artic. The land longs to Queen Makes, or to one of the three or four minor arikis. The land is apportioned to the people by the queen; but, for the least untow, rd conduc, they may forfeit all their rights and be severely punished. The people are, therefore, free in neither speech ner so-tion. Though they believe a doctrine, they dare not declare it lest they should offend the queen.

Affend the queen. Yet we are hopeful, The Cook Islands will some time yield a rich harvest, though the outlook is unfavorable at present. The Islands may soon be an-nexed either to New Zealand, or to the mother country as a distinct colory. There will then be greater tellgious and political liberty. The people rec-ognize the truth of "Mormon" doctrine, and by continued effort on the part of and by continued effort on the part of the Elders, may be made to see the nec-essity of obeying it. To us the natives easily of obeying it. To us the natives are friendly, kind and hospitable. Only once have we been inhospitably rs-celved. We have enjoyed our labors thus far, and praise God for the priv-lege of bearing our testimony to the would

A new Elder has just arrived from Tahiti. One of us will soon go to a neighboring island to commence labor heighboring Island to commence labor there, and we hope there may soon he a demand for more Elders in this field. May the blessings of God be upon the Church, at home and abrond, Your fellow laborers, OSEORNE J. P. WIDTSOE, MERVIN W. DAVIS, BENIL A JOINSON

BENJ. A. JOHNSON. Rarotonga, Feb. 27, 1900.





to bed. Works all day, reads his paper and goes to bed. Works all day, reads his paper and goes to bed. He might as well live in a coal mine for all he knows of the bright, beautiful world he lives in

Do you really enjoy that sort of thing? What's the best dinner you ever ate in your life?

I'll tell you mine. I ate it in the mountains. My table was a rock, my plate was made of wood, and there was a slice of bacon and a rather smoky bolled potato for dinner, and the sauce was appetite, and fresh air and a light heart and the delicious joy of the unexpected.

What's the folliest evening you've spent this year? Was it the evening when you went in obedience to a formal invitation? Was it the time you were Invitation? Was it the time you were all your best clothes and put on your best smile? Was it the evening when there was music and flowers and smart frocks? Or was it some little vagrant hour or so snatched from the cares of the day and spent with a friend or two you love and who love you? People who know how to live count mon the simple because of live as the

The letter from a friend, the one you thought had forgotten you. The nice thought had forgetten you. The nice things a me one says to you unexpected-by, a friendly glance you meet from the eye of a comparative stranger. How these small things warm the cold

How these small things warm the cold heart of the day for any of us. The big things of life-how little they unount is, after all. The big troubles, anyone can meet and face them. The little troubles, the small make-shifts, the trivial annoyances: they are the little foxes that geaw the vings of peace. It is so with little pleasures. Count up-on anything too much and it will es-cape you every time. What a bore that outling party you formed with so much cape you every time. What a bore that outing party you formed with so much pains turns out to be. How stupid the average yachting trip can be. Only the misguided few who have been lured into one can even imagine.

Weren't you giad to get home from the last pleasure exertion you took at such an expense of time and money, but the little plonic, the jolly sail of an hour or so, the flying trip thought of at the last minute, what fun they were. What a new store of enthusiant and toy of new store of enthusiasm and joy of living you brought back with you then. Give me the mud pies of life, the little, mean-nothing pleasures, and you may have all the elaborate fete days you want.

au want. I'll none of them. That's one great fault of the Ameri-tan as a type, We don't make mud an as a type, We don't make mud can as a type. We don't make mud ples enough. We're better than we



Once I knew a poor minister's daugh-ter; someone gave her a \$5 gold piece for Christmas. She needed gioves and she needed shoes, and she needed a new set of school books. Do you know what she did? She bought a bracelet, and she neid her whole \$5 for it too. the set with you perhaps. She lives a tong way from your house. You don't visit her often. Take an afternoon off and go and see her. She'll make the world bright for a few hours anyway. The man you find congenial. He may not be just what you would like. Never mind, You like him and that's enough and she paid her whole \$5 for it, too. Foolish? Sensible, I call her. That \$5 bracelet was worth \$25 worth of useful things to her poor starved craving for See him when you can. You'll be all see him when you can. foun be an the better for it. Have you a fad for queer, old-fash-ioned sorts of candy? Buy some of it. Are you fond of reading fool stories about impossible adventures. Read

It isn't the money you spend that matters, nor the time you spend, nor the strength nor energy.

the strength nor energy. It's the thing you buy with it that counts. That's why men keep young so much longer than women. They always keep something to play with A gun, a fishing rod, a dog, a horse, a wheel, a camera, a newspaper, a yacht, a row boat, a garden, a fad of some sort. Bless the fads, What'll we do without them? What a frightful bore life would be if there weren't any fads.

Never call a man foolish who buys hat he wants with his money. He's wise. What's money for?

Howard Gould gave up five million dollars to marry the woman of his choice a year or so ago. People wrote letters to the newspapers holding Mr. Gould up to the sourn of the righteous for his wasteful prodigality. Ministers preached sermons on the reckless wilfulness of modern youth.

"Five million dollars for a wife," said the world, "How absurd."

How wise, I think, In my opinion Howard Gould got

his money's worth if he bought one week of real happines; with his five mil. lion dollars. He had five million more to keep him from starving. What on earth could he do with the

money he lost by marrying the woman he loved?

Save it for some other man to squan-der? Invest it and draw a few more thousand a minute to gloat over? When you get, what you want with your money, you've made a mighty good investment.

It is the same with time, with energy, with any of the funds nature gives us to draw from. And what a man wants and what a natural woman ought to want are the simple, natural pleasures

A good thirst is worth all the champagne in the world. Let's keep the mud pie days,

A GIFT FOR

LADY PAUNCEFOTE.

A subscription is being taken up by one hundred so-

ciety women of Washington

to purchase a tribute of affection for Lady Pauncefote,

who, it is expected, will leave

Washington this spring. It

will take the form of a dia-

mond sun burst, to cost \$2,-500, and will be presented

soon.

used to be. The old-fashioned American's one idea or life was work awhile and rest ure every friend, every real affection,

If you do. Come, the sun is shining, the wind calls to us from the mountains, the world is full of good friends and good times. Shut all the littleworries in where they belong. Come, come, let's go and f you do. they belong. Come, come, let's go and make mud ples.-Winifred Black in Denver Post.

FRANKFORT MOORE'S SEVENTEEN REFUSALS.

them though every critic in the country

stands aghast. The little pleasures, the little follies. the little lightening of the load, clutch at them. Do not let them escape you.

Half of life and its best half is gone

Mr. Frankfort Moore has no sympathy with the young novelist who is discouraged because his second or third book does not bring him fame and fortune. "I published thirty-one books," he says, " before the literary public

knew anything about me." Mr. Moore was a journalist in Belfast, and a hard-working one at that, but he managed to find leisure time to produce in twelve years thirty-one books for boys, rattling tales of adventure of

all kinds by land and sea. Mr. Moore was never discouraged, for he thought he should know quite well when his time came. He finished writing I Forbid the Banns, and, as he was leaving home for his office one evening, said quietly to his wife that, now the story was completed, he should resign his position that night and they would move to London.

"Is it as good as all that?" asked Mrs. Moore. "I think so," replied her husband; "you might read it." Shortly after they

went to London. In a few months the novel had been rejected by seventeen London publish-ing firms. Finally some one was found to try it, and in the first six months Mr. Moore's royaitles amounted to £1,000.— Saturday Evening Evening Post.

THE ARMY OF THE SEA.

Par out, far out, close riding crest on The long, white legions glisten in the

Endless and armed for instant strife

they run secretary of the treasury for the fis-Far out, far out, where seethes the wild

What fearful glories have those formen What deeds of blood have they in an-

And shricked upon the night-wind unsuppressed! And down, far down, (why crawls the

conger so") Are staring eyes and shrunken lips that

SHV Poor, pitcous protest to the whiriwind

That, striking them, roared on for further prey. O fleets and powers, what war-won songs have ye More dread than sing this Army of the Sea? -"New Lippincott."

FROM THE COOK ISLANDS.

To the Editor:

The Society Islands mission was re- Maori language, which we found to be cently made to comprise the Cook Isi. much like the Tahitian. In a few ands. In the after-part of the year | weeks, we were able to labor quite free-1898, two Elders were appointed to in- ly amongst the people, and in the early troduce the Gospel into this group. It part of August, we made a tour of the was not until the 19th of May, 1899.how- Island. We visited its five native vilever, that we who were thus appointed lages, conversed with the people, and preached to them as best we could in departed from Tahiti, on the steamer Ovalau. We were four days at sea, received at every village. The natives and arrived at Rarotonga in the evening of the 23rd of May. On the following morning, we retired to a secluded spot in the wild-wood, where we dedtcated the island for the preaching of the Gospel, and humbly besought our Heavenly Father to assist us in our labors. The natives of the Cook Islands are Protestant in belief. A few years ago,

when the Protestant missionaries ruled with almost absolute power, no other missionaries were permitted to land in October, we prepared a tract on the upon the islands. Now, the islands are under the protection of Great Britain. In compliance with the request of Pres. Ident Chamberlin, we forwarded to The power of the missionary has greatly diminished. On our landing on the island, there were many who kindly assisted us. We were comfortably settled, in a short time, and in answer to our prayers, and in fulfiliment of the tonga, and immediately distributed blessings promised us, we found the amongst the natives. The doctrines blessings promised us, we found the our work upon the Island was, for Sundays, and many natives came to way prepared for us.

JOUETT MEEKIN.



Everything points to a remarkable revival of baseball, and the greatest interest is being evinced in the national game. One of the best pitchers of the National League is Jouett Meekin, whose picture is here shown. He comes from New Albany, Indiana, and will this year twirl the sphere for the New York nine. He has played with this team for years, but for the latter part of last season he was lent to the Boston club.



