

up," beaus naturally appeared on the scene. One trait of father's which surprised strangers not a little, was his excellent memory for names, faces and incidents. When he met John Smith, say, for the first time, his inquiries were oftentimes so searching, so minute, as to every member of Smith's family, as well as his history and progenitors, that ever after, no matter if years elapsed, he could readily recall every one of the numerous Smiths and ask kindly after each one. This information was sometimes obtained from outside friends, but it was always obtained.

Especially was he particular about those who came to associate with his children. Young men were closely questioned and scrutinized. On one occasion, just as he was stepping into his carriage, he saw a strange young man about to enter the house gate. Instantly the flood of usual questions was poured out upon the embarrassed youth. Apparently not quite satisfied with the answers given, father asked, abruptly:

"Are you a Mormon?"

"Well," floundered the lad (whose parents had taken him away from Utah and the church when a child, but whose longing for the loved scenes of childhood had brought him back when a man), "slightly." Father burst into his quiet, mellow laugh, and often afterwards, in speaking of the young man, whose name was Scipio Kenner, would jocosely call him Skippio Sinner.

One night there happened to be about eight or ten couples, most of whom were already engaged lovers. Now, as walking in the street was out of the question, and as the parlor was the only resort, it was found to be a very unsatisfactory place for a lover who would, if he could, whisper sweet nothings, or even venture to steal an arm about his sweetheart. Put it to yourself: could you be unreservedly happy if every time you cast a loving look or offered a slight caress, there were eighteen pairs of disinterested eyes observing the performance minutely, eighteen voices to twit you in a gradual scale of ridicule? I never knew who made the proposition on that particular Sunday night, but certain it was that in the course of the evening the one large lamp on the centre-table was discreetly lowered a trifle, while around it in a close barricade stood a small army of books, shocked, no doubt, to find themselves so ignominiously stood upon end and compelled to stand witnesses to the love-scenes enacted in ten convenient corners and window recesses of the darkened room.

Very charming, no doubt! But some stray wind carried a whiff of what was going on in the parlor to the President's ear. Less than half an hour of the happy gloom had been enjoyed before the parlor door quietly opened, and on the threshold, lighted candle in hand, stood father. Without saying a word, he walked slowly and deliberately up to the first couple, holding his candle down in their very

faces, looked keenly at them, then to the next couple, repeating his former scrutiny, and so on, clear around the room. Not a word said he, but, pulling down the scandalized books and putting them gravely in their places, he turned on the full blaze of the lamp and walked quietly out of the room.

As a physiological fact, of the fifty-six children born to Brigham Young, not one was halt, lame, or blind, all being perfect in body and of sound mind and intellect; no defects of mind or body save those general ones shared by humanity. The boys are a sound, healthy, industrious, and intelligent group of men, noted everywhere for their integrity and for the excellent care and attention bestowed upon their families. In short, the name Young is a synonyme of a good, kind, faithful husband. Among them are merchants, lawyers, a railroad king, a banker, an architect, a civil engineer, and a manufacturer. One of them is a colonel in the United States army, while several have graduated from the Annapolis naval school and from the Ann Arbor law school.

The girls are finely developed physically, quick and bright in intellect, high-spirited, and often talented, especially in a musical way. A few of them were beautiful girls, and are still handsome women. All are nice girls, kind in disposition, generous and social in their natures. In short, outside of one or two of either sex, they are a family that any man might well be proud to call his own. This is given by way of argument, not boasting.

In describing the family of Brigham Young, I have in the main described the large polygamous families of Heber C. Kimball, Daniel H. Wells, Orson Pratt, and others, who are or have been our leading men, with the various differences of character and mind naturally inherited by the various children.

The women, or "wives," as they were affectionately termed, of these various families, undoubtedly saw heartaches and sad hours. Do they not suffer, let me ask, in monogamy? Our mothers were the pioneers in this new order of things, and they had no experiences of elders to guide them, no friendly voice to say, "Here did I stumble; take heed lest ye too fall." Yet they were sustained by the knowledge that their sorrows were such as broadened and deepened the channels of their beings, and their tears watered into existence the lovely flowers of unselfishness and charity.

In saying this I would not imply that the "wives" were at all the meek, humble slaves one might infer. Anyone who thinks so is at liberty, even at this day, to examine the curves of Aunt T—'s mouth, observe the glitter of Aunt E—'s eyes, listen to the two-edged sharpness of Aunt H—'s tongue, to mark the proud poise of Aunt A—'s head, the firm lines of my mother's, Aunt Z—'s, L—'s and H. B—'s faces. Nay, many were the thrusts given, sometimes maliciously, anon recklessly, often

thoughtlessly, while misunderstandings were of frequent occurrence. But the one retreat of silence and prayer, the general rule of "forget and forgive," added to the wise conduct of the husband, who sympathized with none or with all alike, made it possible for the brave hearts to overcome their own weakness and selfishness.

The polygamous women of Utah know the value of the experience they have gained, and, to a woman, would refuse to exchange places with any other, be she queen upon her throne or supposed sole queen of her husband's heart.

One of my well-loved friends had a happy, contented family in which were three wives and many children—this in the "good old days of yore,"—and he laid "justice to the line and righteousness to the plumbet" in the management of his domestic affairs. So equally and well were his attentions and time divided that few except intimate friends knew which was first and which was last wife. I have traveled with him and his first wife, and have noted with pleasure his constant attention to all her wishes and wants; refined, reserved, yet courteous to all, he was to his wife tenderness itself. Nothing could exceed the sweet gentleness with which this father of twenty babies watched and guarded every separate "bit" of humanity that came near him. I have been with this man, too, when he first enjoyed the companionship of a young, beautiful bride. Not a whit more devoted or tender was he to her than he had been and was to the cherished wife of several years; indeed, that would have been impossible, for he was to each and every one all that a true, affectionate husband could be. This same friend has many bright, beautiful children. On one occasion a stranger casually asked a little girl playing in the door-yard:

"Where does your father's first wife live?"

"I don't know," truthfully answered the child. She had never heard a word said about first or last wife in her whole life.

Some people who are violently opposed to polygamy are fond of relating stories about the cruelty men are guilty of to their wives. An incident I recall in this man's family will serve to show the "black-crow" foundation upon which most of these stories are built. He and his three wives are all great romps. A candy-pulling could never take place without liberal quantities of the soft stuff going down someone's neck, while everybody's hair hung in great coils of candied sweetness before the fracas was over. Practical jokes were of frequent occurrence, and one drop of water was the signal for painfulls to follow. On one occasion a dipperful of water began the romp, and at last all three wives united in one grand assault "to get even" with their "liege lord"—he was a man of large stature, with sinews of steel—whereupon he clasped his strong arms around all three, and by sheer force of muscle, dragged the whole struggling, laughing group to the pump outside the