

cent uneaten and consigned as scraps to the garbage pail. Much the same is true of her intelligence in choosing fabrics that are durable. Every household must have table and bed linen, clothing and carpets. The woman buys, that is, chooses, these things, and her intelligence determines the value of the purchase. Each one may pursue the subject closely in all its avenues and come back at last to assent to the proposition that the intelligence of the woman who spends it determines the value of the dollar which the man has earned.

With this truth, then, acknowledged, what are you doing to educate your daughter for her responsibility in maintaining a home that shall be a place and an opportunity for the right development of the physical and spiritual nature? A place where a dollar shall buy opportunities for culture as well as suitable food and shelter? A place where a dollar shall have its very greatest value secured? It is a mistake to think that all thought of money is sordid; rather, is it not true that right thinking about the use of money involves the best kind of sentiment?

The hope for securing an education for the daughter along the lines of home economics will find its earliest realization, I think, in the agricultural college. There is a wonderful likeness between the education suited for the farmer and that suited for the home-maker. It has taken a long time to formulate a course of study that combines in a rational way the theory and practice of agriculture. The men who have already mastered this problem are the ones who can master the newer ones. They can meet the prejudices that always assail a new departure. Those who said that the farmer can teach his son to plow are the first to say that the mother can teach her daughter to cook. Little help and great hindrance must be expected from those who entertain such poverty-stricken conceptions of farming as to believe that plowing is the entire business, or such poverty-stricken conceptions of home as to think that cooking constitutes its importance. These two difficult subjects, agriculture and home-making, can be most successfully taught by trained teachers. You send your son to school to be taught to read, not because you do not yourself know how to read, but because you

are carrying on an absorbing business and rightly think a trained teacher can give your boy the very best instruction. The mother who is keeping house and making a home is fully occupied and can not undertake the orderly teaching of home economics, and moreover, more's the pity, there are many, many mothers who are themselves untaught.

I believe that home economy can be taught along with the other studies in the schools if we had the right kind of teachers. Take for example, in physiology the student learns a great many things and among these things it learns that the skin is an organ of excretion. Now what does that determine in relation to the home? In the first place it determines that a bath once in a while is a good thing. It determines also that one should not wear at night any clothing worn during the day. It determines also that the bed room must be well ventilated. When we are asleep we can not change conditions. The system is relaxed and so the matter of sleep comes into consideration. What is sleep? Who can say what it is? We used to think it a physical exercise, because the body was tired. The heart and lungs work constantly and the lazy man sleeps longer than anybody else. So, therefore, we got new ideas about sleep. There are those who say sleep is a spiritual exercise. That we must retire from the wicked world for one-third of the time in order that the spirit may be renewed. The mind and the body is the first thing hurt when one does not sleep. So all this comes back to the one fact in physiology. Did the teacher in physiology follow it up? Certainly not, but following its application and use in home life we shall find it a very pertinent influence in the every day things. I think the fact determines a great deal more. I think it determines the kind of a house we are going to live in if this body, this skin, is an organ of excretion. We want to air our bed in the sunlight and are going to have a dainty home full of untainted air. One ought not to be discouraged when we think how 25 or 50 years ago that all education was classical and because so much now is scientific. We should not despair about having the every day things brought into instruction. The whole value of science is its application to affairs of every day life.

And why not bring it right into the home.

I also think with a great deal of pleasure of something I read of Kate Douglass Wiggin in which she speaks of the violin and says that the violin is made of wood—maple or other selected wood—so much from the sunny side of the tree and so much towards the heart of the tree. The wood that has heard the singing of the birds, the rustle of the leaves, the music of the insect and all the sweet things of nature. After selecting it it is put in water in a stream that gurgles and ripples around and then the man who has selected it puts the wood away to lay for more than a hundred years when another makes the violin, and with bits of ivory and metal fashions an instrument and calls it good. And yet so carefully fashioned this violin is nothing unless touched by a master hand. We make a home of the material things come into the house, and yet there is something more. The home is the place for physical development and also the place for spiritual development. Ruskin says: In the pathway of every good woman flowers spring up. They spring up behind her, not before her. You remember the words on the

inscription at the Columbian exposition: To the brave men who amid peril discovered this country. To the brave women who in solitude, amid strange things made home. Strange perils, strange dangers, heavy toil made their home. Now no home can be made without the deepest study, and if we would have things better, if we would have more homes that are a place and opportunity for the right development of the physical and spiritual nature, we should learn to fit our women well for such a great career as home-making.

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"Sing me the song of the bit and spur,
The song of the smiling plain,
Blow me the breeze from the mountain top,
and send me the western rain.

Mine be the light of the western stars
My breath of the fir pine
Where youth and joy and love come back
Like the taste of a rare old wine.

So here's to the song of the mountain stream,
To the shrill of the coyote's cry,
And may I wake in that western land
'Stead of Heaven when I die."

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