I. Introduction

John H. Wood (1859-1903) was not an educated man nor did he have much in the way of material possessions. But he left a legacy to all of us who are interested in the past by writing the Honey Creek column in the weekly Eureka Messenger. The graphic word pictures written by one deprived both educationally and economically present historical and sociological viewpoints that are sometimes different from those written by persons with more advantages.

He was born in Syracuse, N.Y.; his mother was Mary Elizabeth Spencer of Knoxboro, N.Y.; his father died (of Civil War injuries?) when he and his younger brother Will were quite young. When he was nine years old, his mother remarried, moving to Coldwater, Mich., and sent the boys west to live with relatives. Because of mistreatment, John ran away and “hoofed” it into Greenwood county, Kansas. In 1879 he married Alma Stephens, age 15, daughter of a farmer for whom he worked.

Five of their children lived to adulthood (the youngest lives now in Longview, Wash.) and at last count there were over 100 descendants. In 1885 he purchased 220 acres south of Eureka and it is believed he built the house in which they lived. During the period of this writing, he had a farm of about 43 acres to support his family—no doubt hard times of the previous years forced the reduction.

His education may have consisted of a few years in New York and a few years in Kansas, ending with one or two six-month terms at the Honey Creek school. Apparently he was an avid reader of newspapers, periodicals, and the classics of that period, regretting very much his own lack of a formal education.

The items that follow are arranged chronologically under these headings: education; religion; marriage, family, and women; cultural and social items; sports and outdoor recreation; politics; patriotism; farming; business; government; drinking and gambling; journalism; and health and death. In addition to his Honey Creek column, Wood occasionally wrote letters to the editor of the Messenger. Portions of these letters and responses to them, relevant items by other correspondents, and related news reports are included with the following Honey Creek items.

II. Education

July 26, 1895.—The 25th of July, wet or dry, is the day to sow turnip seed. School meeting comes the same day this year, so we can just about do ’em both. We are right in line with Prof Slough for county uniformity of text books in our school. We have for several years been using the Independent series of readers for one grade and Barnes’ for another, and for the past 2 winters one little girl had a reader and a class all by herself. I doubt if there’s another school in the county that has as mixed a lot of books. It is like Joseph’s coat of many colors and denominations.

August 2.—We are going to get a chair for the teacher, a dictionary, put a roof on the schoolhouse, build a fence around the same, and if we can only get a forty dollar teacher for about thirty, we’ll all be happy. The question of county uniformity of text books was voted in the affirmative by a large majority.

September 20.—School has been put off a week as we all need our little men and women so bad. It’s too hot to go to school anyhow.

March 20, 1896.—Nearly all the papas and mammas went to school last Saturday and took their dinners with them. We spread out the school boards on each side of the room and thereon spread tablecloths—white as the driven snow without—while within were seventeen different kinds of cake, pickled pigs’ feet and hot coffee, jam, jelly, pies and other things too numerous to mention. After dinner we were treated to the most original selection of recitations it has ever been our pleasure to hear. A gunnysack full of oranges from the teacher to all, and hand-painted cards for the scholars completed the program. And that dinner, oh that dinner; will I never forget it? The coyness and bashfulness of John, the strange
reluctance of Jake about starting, and that terrible appetite of Jerry are all pleasing episodes of one of the most social times we ever had on dear old Honey Creek.

August 7.—Our school meeting was well attended. Every fellow brought a jug of water and we had a nice social time. No change was made in the board. Twelve mills were voted for school purposes. A six months term begins the 3d of September. Saturday the board hired Miss Miller at $33.34 per month. . . . Miss Nina Knudsen gets the same school she taught last winter. A seven months term at $40 per month.

August 14.—One of our Kansas girls, who has been studying at Emporia, applied and was successful in getting a certificate to teach in this county. She wrote to friends residing here on Honey Creek to meet her at Eureka right after school meeting day. They did not get her letter so she walked out, pulling off her shoes to wade the river. When she got to her friends there was no way of getting out among the various districts except by horseback riding, an exercise she was not accustomed to. Nothing daunted she accepted the situation, also the horse, and away she went. After seven miles of hard, awkward riding she got a school. Plucky girl; lucky Kansas.

March 19, 1897.—School closed last Friday and in the evening a large crowd of parents and friends of the school assembled to witness the closing exercises. Everyone, not excepting any, did well, and the way the dozen or so little tots gathered around the motherly little school teacher and rendered their several parts is testimony enough of her excellence as a monitor, friend or woman, and we heartily sympathize with the little tot who, when got home, mournfully exclaimed: "Our teacher got in a buggy with a strange young man and we will never see her any more."

April 22.—The California Fruit Grower reports that Prof. E. W. Hilgard said at a farmers' institute held in that state, "Out of five hundred university students last year, ninety-five of whom were farmers' sons, only five took the agricultural course and they were city boys." At Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, the agricultural course is the only one in which tuition is free and yet there are few boys willing to take it and among these hardly any farmers' sons. Why is it? Is it possible that our boys are so satiated with the poetry of farm life as embraced in the odoriferous pig sty and ammonia reeking stable that he cares nothing for its prose even when dished to him free of charge at our universities? Or perchance he has seen the pictures representing the farmers as others see him, which were in Judge, Life, Puck and other intellectual periodicals the past year. Or maybe he is willing to forego all the independence and grand freedom that awaits him as a farmer, and try and make something out of himself, be a servant, as it were, of some fat constituency at a pittance salary of three or four thousand dollars a year. However there is one illuminating ray piercing the situation that should not be overlooked. There are a few city boys willing to take the course and in their ambition to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and in their practical application of knowledge thus gained and in experiments with the relative value of Savoy beans, Jerusalem artichokes, poultry and other articles as compared with corn for pig feed, they will soon have a constitution equal to an Apache and an appetite that can devour seventeen kinds of cake at one sitting without disarranging in the least territory surrounding the umbilical button, and after contending with mother nature's eccentricities for 40 or 50 years and battling with curious insects and animals of all kinds he can retire to the property left him in the city by his pa with three or four hundred dollars in his pocket clear gain, and teach his grandchildren to have a pitting consideration for the poor little country jays when they make their semiannual trip to town to see the circus, the star-spangled banner and the cars go by.

September 2.—The Stilwell brothers are ripping off the shingles and fixing up the old school house. We are not very sentimental but hope that if they found my ball that I threw through a woodpecker hole some 20 or 30 years ago will return it to me. It's a rubber ball and all mine.

June 16, 1898.—Misses Mollie Kirkpatrick and Mary Wood are taking music lessons every week. These little girls are especial favorites of ours and we trust they will appreciate the efforts their parents are making to give them a musical education.

June 23.—Our school is notoriously popular among the teachers of this county, and espe-
cially the lady teachers. In nearly every case where we have employed a female teacher she immediately gets married and does well. Teachers are becoming cognizant of this fact and whether they want to get married or not, they all like to get our school.

JULY 28.—Whether it’s a dog fight, a hair pulling scrape or a pedagogic scramble for a school, the observant looker on is always in a better position to offer advice or valuable suggestions to the actual participants in the affray. With a knowledge of the sense of that proverb, “Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,” we submit a few remarks. One of the mistakes our teachers annually make is their habit of making applications for a school in several different districts at once. Now as a general thing school boards are selected more from the amount of taxes they pay than from any particular astuteness they may possess or any friendliness they may have for the cause of education. Accustomed to haggling and quibbling with hired men, many of them consider that what few mills they by law are compelled to pay for educational purposes is that much money thrown away. Consequently when they are visited by half a dozen, or such a matter, sweet visions of loveliness and refinement he naturally concludes that there are teachers to burn this year and we ought to get one “rake cheap.” The school master or school mistress abroad hunting situations is all very well for fiction or primitive Hoosierdom but O ye bright stars, the pride of our land, the uplifters of humanity, change your tactics, humble yourself no more before some uncouth, close-fisted, ill-smelling, undressed board; give your calling the dignity and respect it deserves; be sought after instead of racing over the county like a third ward politician. Fix a price among yourselves . . . and then stick to it and stop this split penny, 33 1/3 business. There are plenty of chances for all if you will only be patient and wait for a call. Our teachers are not paid enough and it is largely their own fault. Hoping that what we have said will set some bright

John H. Wood (1859-1903) was nine years old in 1868 when he came to Kansas to live with relatives. His education may have consisted of a few years in New York where he was born, and a few years in Kansas, ending with one or two six-month terms at the Honey Creek school. All illustrations used with this article except the map, the newspaper, and the L. S. Broddle family picture, were furnished by the editor, Helen Peterson-Wood.
mind to thinking and working for a more perfect organization of our educators, I subscribe myself a friend of all teachers and a veritable slugger of parsimonious school boards whenever occasion demands.

AUGUST 4, 1898.—Miss Grace Woodland is the lucky teacher that gets our school. I will also say we were lucky to get her as she was offered a far better and more paying position within a few minutes after signing the contract. Our board had under consideration several other applications all of which were favorably received but of course they couldn't hire them all.

MAY 4, 1899.—Ed Knudsen writes back from Utah that he has got a position teaching school at $2.50 per day, with prospects of a rise as soon as he gets acclimated.

AUGUST 3.—School meeting passed off very successfully. The levy was lowered considerably and a six months school. Miss Grace Woodland was employed as teacher at $38 per month. Congratulations all around.

SEPTEMBER 14.—School commences next Monday and the board is hustling around getting the school house moved back in position ready for business again. It was voted school meeting day to paint the school house and build a neat board fence around same. I'll bet a horse they don't get it done. There ought to be new out houses built. Those things down there would disgrace a Filipino, and I wish to gracious they had been blown clear out of the settlement.

SEPTEMBER 21.—School commenced with an attendance of 24, mostly little ones, who seemed to be very happy to get together once more. The board should erect swings, merry-go-rounds, gymnasium bars, etc., for their amusement at recess and noon-time. Other districts have such things and the exercise it encourages children to take and benefits derived amply repays the small expense incurred for such appliances. We are a rich district and should keep abreast of the times in adopting all improvements for the perfect development of our children.

APRIL 5, 1900.—We ought to have an organ at our school house. Can we not devise a way to either rent or purchase one? I believe we could get a chapel so we could pay for it by way of basket suppers, socials or something like that.

APRIL 26.—A committee of three was appointed to solicit money to purchase an organ for our school house. J. H. Kirkpatrick heads the list with a subscription of $5.00. Let us by all means have an organ; a short pull altogether and it's done.

JUNE 7.—We got so rattled in seeing the lady ascend last week that no mention was made of the substantial hitching posts our neighbors put up at the school house, and we also forgot to mention the thorough cleaning the good house wives gave to said house, but if the Circle will forgive us this time we'll never let such frivolities interfere with our duties again.

JUNE 21.—We had the pleasure of meeting a couple of Manhattan boys belonging to the military department. They report 1000 students and a good demand for all graduates from the dairy and agricultural departments. They also declared that G. M. Munger was the best regent they ever had as he went more into details and took more interest generally than other regents had done.

SEPTEMBER 27.—Miss Jennie Cato is taking lessons in typewriting and stenography. We are pleased to hear of Miss Jennie's proficiency, and hope she will be as expert in the art as she is in chucking ice down the back of one's neck.

OCTOBER 4.—There will be a basket supper at our school house, Friday evening, October 12th. Baskets containing supper enough for two or more will be sold at auction to the highest bidder, for cash in hand. Proceeds will be used to buy an organ for our school house. A short program, consisting of music, recitations, etc., will precede the sale. Everybody invited.

APRIL 11, 1901.—EDITOR MESSENGER: As a Kansas man I have the right to kick, knock at, or down any system, schism or ism that I don't like. Therefore we resolve that the present method or plan of selecting questions for the examination of pupils seeking diplomas from country schools detrimental to the educational interests of Kansas. . . . Here are a few carefully picked out. . . . What is meant by Free Trade? Imperialism? Protection? Expansion? . . . Write briefly on the following topics: Missouri Compromise, Dred-Scott Decision, Kansas-Nebraska Act. . . . Surely . . . to compel a pupil saturated with such interesting, live topics . . . to write "Briefly" on same is cruel. . . . Name four men who have become prominent in connection with the Span-
ish-American war and describe briefly the achievement of each. ... Our educators make a grave mistake in requiring pupils to answer questions that require a vast amount of newspaper reading to successfully answer. [The examination was taken by 177 Greenwood county pupils and only 67 were successful in obtaining diplomas.]

APRIL 18.—ENDORSES UNCLE JOHNNIE. The "Kansas Topics" editor of the Kansas City Journal endorses the kick of "Uncle Johnnie" in last week's MESSENGER as follows: In Kansas there is a law which provides for the issuance of certificates of graduation to all pupils of the common or grammar schools who pass the required examination. ... The complaint of the correspondent is that such requirements exact a range of information "in boys barely out of their knee pants and girls in short dresses who still love their dollies" such as might be expected in a congressman or a college professor, but which if had by a boy or girl would indicate a "dangerous precocity." And the objection is sound to the extent that it is not good for a child. Youths of 12 years have no business with questions which are semi-political in their nature, and which involve economic problems so puzzling to their fathers.

APRIL 25.—EDITOR MESSENGER: I am not at all surprised ... with criticism by "A Teacher." ... I infer sir that you went outside of the text books and dabbled a little in politics. Will you please inform an expectant public how you taught "Imperialism" and "Expansion?" ... Did you in burning language picture a long lean gentleman wearing chin whiskers and striped pants, shooting defenceless prisoners through the back of the head, with Miss Columbia and Anna Diggs shedding lithographed tears over the shooting match, or did you picture Uncle Sam leading the little brown devils to Miss Columbia's school? Did you hold up before your startled pupils eyes the Imperial spectacle, of an Imperial Head, wearing an Imperial Crown, surrounded by an Imperial guard, holding Imperial sway over ad astra per aspera and surrounding territory? If you did, sir, you make a donkey of yourself and your certificate as "A Teacher" should be revoked. You have no more right to teach politics in our public schools, than you have to teach Roman Ca-

Having completed his meager schooling at the Honey Creek school, John H. Wood, age 17 in 1876, visited his family in Coldwater, Mich., where this picture was taken. Apparently he was an avid reader of newspapers, periodicals, and the classics of the period, regretting very much his own lack of a formal education.

MAY 2.—UNCLE JOHN COMES BACK ANSWER TO "ANOTHER TEACHER." I also know what a "diploma" is and what a pupil is required to do to get one. The diplomas read like this: "This certifies that Susan Brown has completed with credit the course of study for the common schools of this county. The following subjects being included in the final examination: Reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, United States history, and Physiology, wherupon this common school diploma is awarded by the county superintendent and examining committee as a mark of approval for diligence, exemplary deportment and scholarship." Now there are eight studies not counting "diligence" nor "exemplary deportment," and yet you teachers want, and uphold, a system that calls for an intimate knowledge of present topics and tholicism or the different Creeds of Protestantism.
events yet to come. . . . When a teacher takes a country school she commences at 9 o’clock in the morning, takes 15 minutes each for recesses, one hour for noon and quits at 4 p.m., leaves five hours and a half each day to devote to the eight studies mentioned that the grammar or A grade has got to take in order to get their diplomas. Now mind you, besides all this, she has a B grade, a C grade, a little geography, a middle geography and a big geography besides a whole lot of little ideas just beginning to shoot. She builds the fire, gets the kindling in, and sweeps out. (You will pardon me for saying “she.” It is the only kind we ever will have out here and until I got into this picnic I never had any experience with any others.) She helps select pieces for speaking day and assists her pupils in exercises commemorative of great men and state anniversaries. Besides furnishing the program at basket suppers when a little raise is required for the preacher. I think when she does all this with the help of her pupils, they should not be required to have a knowledge of “such common current events,” for instance, “How many cougar lions did Teddy kill with his naked knife and determined expressions?” “What does Hobsoned mean; and who did it say?” “In spelling forcible and peaceable why is the “e” retained in the latter and not in the former?” Now this last question is one of Nelson’s “gems” written just exactly as it was printed and sent out. . . .

Diplomas are a good thing; they are an incentive to earnest effort and pass pupils to our high schools; right here I want to say I am proud of Eureka high school. As an interested and watchful patron, I believe I am pretty well acquainted with its work. The ladies and gentlemen that comprise its faculty are teachers of unquestioned ability and integrity. Here is where the “stuffed graduate” (if there is such a thing,) gets the stuffing knocked out. Every tub has to stand on its own bottom there. You’ll hear no kick from Uncle Johnnie when current topics are discussed there. That is the proper place for them. The graduate has advanced from a to b as it were and is ready mentally and physically to take . . . something stronger and I repeat again if it were not for
this conundrum catch question system promulgated by parties that never did teach school, and never will teach school and couldn't teach school if they tried, hundreds of Kansas boys and girls with glowing cheeks and ears wide open would listen eagerly for the rap of the high school bell.

MAY 16.—POSITIVELY UNCLE JOHN-NIE'S LAST APPEARANCE. Some day the men at the head of the schools will discover that more practical education and not frills and fads are what the people demand. There must be a return, at least part way to the old method of teaching the rudiments and teaching them thoroughly... After summing up and reviewing our opponent's position, I have come to the conclusion that the main difference between us is this: My opponents want the questions strong enough to hold his pupils in the little "red school house" until he can launch them forth as finished products of his skill and excellence. On the other hand I wish a little raw material left for the different colleges and seminaries of our land to work upon.

AUGUST 7, 1902.—Hurrah, we're going to have a new school house. They have made the levy and have called a special meeting next Monday to decide what they will do with the old building and where they will place the new one. We want to get it nearer water if we can. The 20 mill levy will pay for it in two years and give us a building wider, longer and up to date in every respect. Hurrah for Honey Creek.

AUGUST 14.—Our special school meeting last Monday called out a large crowd. The proposition was defeated but a motion to repair, plaster and thoroughly renovate the whole building costing somewhere in the suburbs of $200 was carried.

AUGUST 21.—There are some people in our district who feel like moist hens are supposed to feel and its all on account of our special school meeting. The board have commenced repairs and a committee of the kickers forbid them to continue. The work is going on however and the general sentiment is that the board is doing exactly what it was authorized to do.

SEPTEMBER 4.—The plasters...are at work on our school house. She's solid, big and warm and nice. I wouldn't trade it and pay the difference for any hall of learning in the land... There is one thing our school house has got that you rarely see our Kansas school houses have and that is a porch extending the whole width of the building. We welcome the innovation and rejoice in the aesthetic taste of the architects.

SEPTEMBER 11.—I think our school will have to be post-poned a week on account of painting wainscoating.

SEPTEMBER 18.—Pete Brinker is painting the school house. Its going to be white with willow green trimmings.

NOVEMBER 13.—Our school has an enrollment of 36 now. The county superintendent visited the school Monday... A few of the patrons visited the school Friday which was speaking day. Our chap got off the following: "Little Billy with his long tail coat, makes me think of a Billy goat." He was promptly encored and made to speak another one.

III. RELIGION

NOVEMBER 8, 1895.—A number of our people went to Climax last Sunday to witness some baptisms at that place. It is a wonder that some of the people there don't die taking so much water this time of the year. We can't even wash our feet without catching such a cold that we can't talk straight for a month.

FEBRUARY 14, 1896.—Rev. IrI Hicks isn't scaring anybody with his weather predictions this year. Whether it is because he is not as pious as usual, or the planets refuse to juxta-pose, anyhow we've lost all faith in him as well as the rainmaker and will go it blind unless there is a circle around the moon or rheumatic twinge in our joints; it will storm some kind then sure.

FEBRUARY 21.—A great many of us poor mortals can't enjoy this fine weather for worrying about how we'll catch it after awhile. That is the way it will be when we get to heaven; we won't enjoy it because we'll know we deserve hell.

MAY 8.—Now that the cattle are all turned out to grass, we hope there will be a more regular attendance at Sunday school and church. The cattlemen should do something to atone for the irreverent remarks they have made in the past month in regard to the atmosphere, caterpillars and other critters...

We have a birthday box down at our church. Each one puts in a penny for every year he is old... The proceeds to go on foreign
Mary Wood, Uncle Johnnie's older daughter, was a member of the Eureka High School graduating class of 1904. Uncle Johnnie differed with some about what the grade schools should teach, but he was unequivocally proud of Eureka High School. "The ladies and gentlemen that comprise its faculty are teachers of unquestioned ability and integrity. Here is where the 'stuffed [grade school] graduate' . . . gets the stuffing knocked out. Every tub has to stand on its own bottom there." Left to right, front row: , Edna Fuller, Shell Swenney, , Dora McNutt; back row: Mary Wood, Zulah Stringham, , Alice Boone. (The other three were Bessie Morton, Edna Flummer, and Ethel Huston.) Mary Wood gave one of the orations for the class commencement program at the Christian church, May 25, 1904.

Fifteenth Annual Commencement
OF THE
Eureka High School
Wednesday Evening, May 25th, 1904.
Christian Church.

PROGRAM
March..................From Le Prophet...............Meyerbeer
Miss Elizabeth Ackerman.
Invocation..................Rev. G. F. Bradford
Solo and Chorus........"Listen to the Old Church Bell,"....Fairfield
Girls' Glee Club.
Oration.................."The Strategic Element in Opportunity,"
Bessie Morton.
Oration.................."The Judgment of the World,"
Mary Wood.
Oration.................."The Living Dead,"
Zulah Stringham.
Vocal Galop............"The Revel of the Leaves,"...........Voezie
missions. Special collections are taken up on Easter, Children's day, etc.—all missionary money. It may be all right, but we are not as enthusiastic over the heathen of foreign lands as we were when a little boy. I was reading the other day of a lady missionary who writes from Japan, of the delightful bicycle rides she is having and that her husband, who is another missionary, contemplates hiring a man to run before her, as is the custom in that country to clear the way, so she can have clear sailing. Now these missionaries are supported by just such collections taken up as I have spoken of, and it strikes me they are having a soft snap as compared with their brethren in this Christian land of ours, who labor for months to clear a church debt while their own salary remains unpaid and their own loved ones have to wear last year's hats, while large weekly collections are taken up for some almond-eyed, pig-tailed Hottentot who stands in open-mouth wonder gazing at the graceful evolutions of some female bike rider, who as disbursar of funds received from Sunday schools is surrounded by all the comforts and appliances of wealth. Give the heathen over to the salvationists who with their banners, war cries and tambourines can accomplish more in a week than a bloomer clad cycle rider can in a year. Let our collections go for our own preachers, at least until their salaries are paid.

July 3.—Rev. Nichols preached an interesting sermon last Sunday on that unruly member, the tongue. He cited numerous instances in biblical history in which all the great men of that day had lied at one or more periods of their lives. In view of these facts I rejoice to know there is one American who helped to make Independence day a glorious reality that never told a lie in his life. We refer, of course, to what Johnnie Bull would call Mr. Washington. We also have a fellow out here that never told a lie in his life. We might also mention another humble worshiper of truth but modesty and space interferes.

July 24.—Some of the republicans say they will bolt the ticket on account of the reformatory business which they declare is being run in conjunction with the G.O.P. in this country. It does seem that a man to be successful in political aspirations has got to be an all around tough in the earlier part of this career, while the man that went to Sunday school, shunned the sparkling cup, never horse raced nor anything like that, is left like the small boy who goes snipe hunting, “holding the sack.” Remember what a picnic the Prodigal had both abroad and after he got home; the ring and fatted calf were his, while his brother, who had staid at home and behaved himself, was left chewing the rag. Our sympathies go out to him and all similar cases.

April 9, 1897.—Our school house was filled with Sunday school people last Sunday. Our superintendent reports a balance in the treasury of over five dollars, so if our school is a failure it won’t be from lack of funds.

April 16.—Two weeks ago Sunday Tom Broddle and Jeff Magner started for Sunday school and got as far as the big hill when they saw the school go home. Last Sunday they got there to witness closing exercises. If the boys keep on improving they will hear the lesson read after while.

May 6.—A small collection was taken up at our Sunday school for the benefit of India famine sufferers. I wish they had what Kansas wasted in the past year.

June 3.—We attended church at Climax and like the new preacher, Mr. Budd, very much. He is an old-fashioned man and likes old-fashioned tunes and so do we. These new jiggity tunes have not the music in ‘em that hymns from the old gospel books have and when the young folks get older they will say so too.

June 24.—A certain preacher of our town recently took a man into the church and baptized the candidate while sitting in his buggy by repeating the formula while his convert went into and under the water all by his lonesome. Now it seems to us that this is another step to the front, another cracking of a theological nut that will eventually bring us together under one banner. For every irreverent person will agree with us when we say that the discussion of certain modes, and differences resulting from inevitable disagreements resultant therefrom, has driven more people to fishing holes and other bad places than anything else, and our friends will also side with us when we say that a very natural antipathy to getting one’s pants wet is probably the reason such differences and bitterness exist between what otherwise would be a most excellent class of people. Now, if our shepherds throughout
the land will follow the precedent set by this Eureka brother we know that there will be no more trouble on this baptismal question and what an edifying spectacle it would be. Imagine forty or fifty converts gathered at a river, the shepherd of the flock on a raised platform above their heads, his arms outstretched "Pecksniff" fashion and everybody going under in rhythmical unison to some such formula as "Simon says heads down," etc.

JULY 15.—Miss Nora Bailey gave an ice cream and cake social to her Sunday school class last Saturday night. The young folks enjoyed it very much and I would not mind belonging to her class myself.

SEPTEMBER 30.—Farmington and Honey Creek met together last Saturday in the capacity of a Sunday school picnic. Speeches, declamations, singing, swinging, eating and drinking were all features of the program. Everybody seemed to enjoy it. Your correspondent "et" so much that he got sleepy and has not got thoroughly awake yet. . . . Our Sunday school has closed for the season. Our superintendent and the young ladies who assisted in starting the school deserve the thanks of this community for their patience and un- tiring efforts to make it a success.

AUGUST 4, 1898.—For last Sunday’s lesson we had Naboth’s Vineyard. In the Bible class the question came up, which was the most responsible for Naboth’s death, Ahab or that old Hellion Jezebel his wife. The outcome of the discussion was that the Bible class should report next Sunday instances found in the Bible where wives got their husbands in trouble. Some of the women are sniffing over the matter but the superintendent promised to give them the next chance. I anticipate quite a picnic.

APRIL 20, 1899.—The granger’s idea of good weather is sunshiny workable days and gentle warm rains Saturday night and Sundays. Under such conditions he would soon get so stiff-necked and strong in the knees that his Creator could not abide him.

MAY 25.—Memorial day will soon be here. Death has reaped a bounteous harvest the past year. While we should take as philosophical view of such things as possible “for all that is born must die” we should also realize that no amount of philosophy, creed or doctrine will
assuage the bitter pangs caused by separation from loved ones. We have one day each year dedicated to the remembrance of those gone before. While it is proper enough to put on sack cloth and ashes of mourning, still I think that the emblems of “hope, beauty and joy” should enter more largely into the exercises of that day than any other day in the year. What is life without hope; hope is joy in itself. Let us then make this day one that shall be looked forward to with pleasure by old and young, a day of songs and flowers and loving remembrances of friends and relatives whom no thunders from Mount Sinai or denunciations from plush covered pulpits can prevent us from hoping to meet again.

JULY 6.—Rev. Johns will preach at the Honey Creek school house next Sunday July 9th at 10:30 a.m. Everybody come and let us all lift up our hearts and voices in song and thanksgiving for the wonderful blessings and unexampled prosperity that is everywhere apparent in our fair land.

MARCH 29, 1900.—Sunday school was organized out here last Sunday. C. M. Kirkpatrick is superintendent, Anna Knudsen secretary and treasurer. Other officers or teachers will be chosen next Sunday. Arrangements have also been made whereby we can have preaching every two weeks, so I see no reason why we should not have plenty of rain next summer.

APRIL 5.—All fool’s day passed this year without any observance whatever. The children were so interested in Sunday school they forgot to fool one another.

AUGUST 16.—Bro. Forsythe preached to a large and interested congregation last Sunday. Four persons made public their determination to lead better lives. They will be baptized at the Jones and Hull ford next Sunday immediately after preaching which will be at three o’clock P.M. by Rev. Forsythe.

AUGUST 23.—Standing room for men only was the order of the day at preaching last Sunday. After services almost the entire congregation wended their way to the river where the beautiful ceremony of baptism was administered to Linus Lyons and wife, Mrs. Tharp, and Charley Hartley’s daughter.

AUGUST 30.—Rev. Gramley talked one hour and 40 minutes last Sunday, or just 60 minutes too long. His sermon was an indirect attack on other organizations who don’t believe in agony seats, 6 months probation, high priests and other encumbrances unnecessary to a soul’s salvation. The greatest help Satan has in his work of destruction is the different creeds who are ever ready to cast stones and slurs at one another. A preacher that has not got enough charity and love of Christ in his soul to welcome all believers and workers in the gospel of Christ should be debarred from preaching as he does more harm than good. “They cried for bread and ye gave them stones.”

APRIL 25, 1901.—I may be out of order but I feel that I would like to publicly express my thanks to the neighbors and friends for the many well wishes and manifestations of kindness I received during my recent illness and convalescence. It is indeed pleasant and almost worth the suffering endured to feel the hearty clasp of the hand and earnest heartfelt hope for speedy recovery. I am a tough old case but I am not mindful of the goodness of my creator, who I firmly believe, in conjunction with skillful physicians, saw fit to prolong my unprofitable life another season and so as a firm believer in a supreme being I thank him too. I have learned several lessons during my sickness that I do not think I will forget. Whether I will profit by these lessons remains to be seen. Again, dear neighbors and friends, I thank you. This old world looks mighty beautiful to me and I am so happy that I could almost start a revival.

MAY 16.—I am glad that the first meeting of the Sunday school association was a success. The importance of having a thorough organization for Sunday school work, especially in the country, cannot be exaggerated. There are districts in this county where from one years end to the other live children who never see the inside of a Sunday school. There is nothing you can bring to bear upon a neighborhood that brings results equal to a good Sunday school, and when I say good I do not mean this extremely pious, sniveling kind that a certain class of people whose sole object in Sunday school work seems to be to get children to join their particular church. I will illustrate my meaning. The writer was once a visitor at a Sunday school in the western part of the state; the superintendent was a lady and she opened the school with song. I heard afterwards that although she was a refined and accomplished woman she was not a professor and belonged
to no church. My informant also stated that she sometimes opened the school by having them to recite the Lord's prayer in concert, but most generally by song. Well, after the singing of the above mentioned song, which I remember was "Precious Jewels," a long, lank, cadaverous, satanic looking individual arose and in very severe terms proceeded to lecture this little woman in particular and the school collectively for presuming to open a service dedicated to the Lord, without prayer and wound up in a half hour or so by urging us to flee from the wrath to come. He took charge of the Bible class and gave us the same kind of a talk. After Sunday school he took charge of the meeting, for he proved to be a preacher, and for over an hour he contrasted his immaculate holiness with our degenerate blackness. Now this is not the way to end a Sunday school whether the opening was correct or not. This little woman had an earnest desire to help or better the condition of the little children in her neighborhood and had the ability to organize and lead, and also had conscientious scruples about praying in public, not having had any experience, nor yet made any profession. And yet I believe she was doing more good for that neighborhood than was the preacher who rebuked her so scathingly.

The writer believes where possible in having true Christian men and women at the head of Sunday school work but I believe it is possible to have good schools even though conducted by non-professors, but I also believe more schools are injured by long winded individuals, who are in the habit of dropping in either just before or after Sunday School with sermons long and nonunderstandable to a large portion of their audience. It is torture to the children, many who have been going barefooted all the week and used to loose and comfortable garments, to sit there in their new shoes and starched, airless clothing. A Sunday school should be a brisk, bright and happy affair; democratic in its management and independent of all creeds. Every penny contributed by its patrons should be used exclusively for the benefit of the school. A plentiful supply of good papers, cards etc., should be given out to the children and you will awaken an interest and love for Sunday schools and its teachings that lasts as long as life itself and lead to blessings we wot not or nor will be revealed until the end of time.

August 21, 1902.—Our ice cream supper for the benefit of the preacher was a success socially and financially. About $15 was taken in and every one seemed in good spirits and had a good time.

August 28.—I guess that we are not going to be permitted to hold Sunday school or other religious meetings in our school house anymore. Somebody has discovered a law which says; if any person in the district objects to such meetings they can be stopped. If such is the case it is a miserable old law. There are lots of places in Kansas where the school house is the only place meetings or Sunday Schools can be held, and worlds of good has often been the result of such meetings. I hope these obstructers will reconsider their decision and please allow us to have Sunday School anyhow. We may have differences and heart burnings, jealousies and pure cussedness, but for heaven's sake let us not visit our meanness on our neighbor's children by knocking out the only oasis some of them have in this pilgrimage of inconsistencies.

March 5, 1903.—There is talk of getting up a basket supper in the near future, proceeds to go for Sunday school work at this place. It would be a good idea and I believe everybody would help. A regular Sunday school is far more benefit to this neighborhood than irregular preaching. There is one thing sure, we can't support both. We are always behind on the preacher's salary and this point should be dropped from the circuit.

IV. MARRIAGE, FAMILY, AND WOMEN

August 16, 1895.—Some of our young folks are giggling because one of our fair daughters received a greyhound pup from her noblest and best. Lots more sensible than giving her gum and such truck, I think; besides perhaps he's afraid of the jack rabbits on her father's ranch and wants 'em "Skeert" off.

January 31, 1896.—The Honey Creek women are going to raise chickens regardless of gardens this year, several of them having hens setting already. One lady informed the writer that she was going to raise 2,500 if the Kaffir corn held out and she thought it would. Old Honey is a county beater when it comes to poultry and eggs.
FEBRUARY 28.—One of our prominent stockmen has made a bargain with his wife to the effect that she is to raise a thousand chickens while he raises one hundred pigs. Any woman that will allow a man to get the best of a bargain like that should never be allowed to dabble in politics. . . . J. A. Wrench, or "Eck" as he was affectionately called around here, is married. Eck was a schoolmate of the writer and is a nice looking young man when he keeps his whiskers shaved off. He's a Honey Creek boy and as such we wish him much joy.

MARCH 20.—Grandma Lampe has entered a vigorous competition with Mrs. Cline in raising chickens. Honors are about even so far as each lady has a hundred of the darling little garden destroyers.

APRIL 3.—I don't want the society to have many more meetings this spring, 'cause we need our folks home here to make garden and pull weeds for the hogs. Besides the canned fruit is about gone and I'll be durned if I stay to home alone again, bid or no bid.

MAY 1.—When a young man first starts going with the girls there seems to be a disposition on the part of some people to criticise his collar, necktie, gloves or slippers. People forget they were once young and perhaps as green and gawky as the young fellow they criticise. Better give them a smile of encouragement, thereby sending them farther along the paths of refinement and higher citizenship.

JULY 3.—My, what a lot of people are getting married nowadays. I suppose they think nothing risks nothing made.

AUGUST 21.—For the benefit of the MES-SENGER boys we will say that a very near and dear friend of ours says that if the new woman rides the bicycle she will have muscles anyhow, whether they are on her arms or not.

OCTOBER 30.—Quilting bees have been waxing fast and furious and the season will soon close. The rain spoiled one meeting that was to have been held last Friday, but the women say they will try it again.

DECEMBER 18.—Sam Brothers has his child back again. It seems to be first one and then the "tother" and it will take a Solomon to decide which ought to have the daughter.

JANUARY 8, 1897.—Mrs. Belle Kirkpatrick ran a knife under her finger nail last week. There is no woman can whittle without danger to herself for they always cut the wrong way. Miss Grace Snider and Mr. James Cross were made one Wednesday of last week. They are expected by a large circle of acquaintances who wish them good luck . . . . A little son, born New Year's eve to Marsh Moore and wife,
is the most important item we've caught this week. Let us all see if we can't do better in the baby line this year than we did last. The more babies the more pops.

JANUARY 29.—Our “best girl” was very much disgusted over an item which appeared in last week's MESSENGER Kansas state news columns, which represents a man in Atchison county “paying his rent with receipts from butter and eggs, and has all his crop, including 6,000 bushels of corn, left as profit.” She says the woman in the case has not received proper credit, and believes it’s all a lie, anyhow. . . . I see that “Pansy” is like the balance of her sex, she’s bound to have the last word.

MARCH 19.—Dr. Dillon left a great big boy at John H. Wood’s house Friday, March 12th. Everybody go and see him. He is a dandy. . . . Charley Hill has hired out to Jerry Nichols for the season. His wife and child returned to Allen county. Gosh, I’d go crazy separated from my folks like that.

APRIL 2.—With a lot of empty cans down cellar and garden sass yet a long ways off the melancholy fact stares us in the face that we’ve got lots to do and not much to eat.

MAY 6.—The Honey Creek society meets at Mrs. Cline’s this afternoon. Green gooseberry pie will probably be one of the features and the aggravating part of it is that I won’t get a piece.

MAY 13.—One of our young lady acquaintances was heard to remark the other day that if marriage was going to make her look as scrappy and ornery as some of the girls that had recently entered the matrimonial state she never would marry in the world. Oh, well, I remember when I first got married I was so poor and scrappy the boys called me “gander-shanks” but I soon plumped up and got quite hearty. And our young friend must also remember that some people would look like the very old scratch in most any kind of a state. . . . Mary Wood [11 years] baked her first batch of bread the other day while her parents had gone to town. The little lady did very nicely.

I don’t want anyone to think it’s a matter of personal experience at all but you can put it down as a sort of Ed. Howe philosophy that the man that goes to town and squanders a dollar or so on some fool game feels more conscience stricken when he again meets his loving hardworking companion, than if he had been guilty of kissing some one he hadn’t ought to. . . . Mr. Lewis, of our city, has a dandelion patch in his yard. If the kind old gentleman would only let us pull off our shoes and stockings some day when the wind ain’t blowing and let us sit down in the patch and make some dandelion chains, ringlets and curlkews, and if there was a sweet little girl with a pink sunbonnet sitting beside us holding a buttercup under our chin, I know we would feel thirty years younger in about four minutes.

MAY 20.—If my friends notice any unusual flippancy or frivolity about me when they meet me away from my hearthstone it is because I dare not display any of it around home for my folks are cleaning house. . . . I believe a woman makes sarcastic remarks and says mean things to her good man house cleaning time on purpose to get him mad so he will beat the carpet real hard. . . . A wise man said some time ago that the proper way to clean house was to take one room at a time and then rest. Well, I thought of this and when we got one room cleaned up I proposed to rest a week or so before we tackled another one. My borrowed wisdom was met with a frigidity that would have ruined a big strawberry patch and so I sadly spit out some lime and a few feathers and commenced lifting things around again.

JUNE 3.—“What a mystery to man is man”—also women.

JUNE 24.—How we pity the single man; he has no children or women folks to snarl at when he gets too hot, and as a matter of course gets sun struck.

JULY 8.—Our little girl came in last Sunday and said: “Oh pa, there goes Grace and Jim Snider.” Beside not being polite the little woman got the name wrong, but, my freedom loving brother, that is the way names will be changed when the “new woman” gets her innings. . . . When we see the women folks on a hot day in a hot room over a hot stove putting hot fruit in hot cans how thankful we are to be a “lord of creation” and exempt from such hot work. However, the hot thought strikes us that some time we will strike a hot place for everybody knows all angels are females. . . .

Our fat fruit man out here gets lots of sympathy from us these hot days. He is up to his teeth in blackberries and gets scolded for
bringing them and is scolded if he don't. The fly bitten cow puts her hard feet on him at milking time, and the red-headed chigger eats on him at all hours. He's neither a "Rooshun" nor a "Prooshun" but would no doubt take a drop to drown his sorrows if he had the chance. . . . Sam Brothers stepped up to us last Friday with a business looking woman on his arm and said he just got married. We promptly sold the happy couple a peck of wormy peaches and sent them on their way rejoicing.

The girls all say that Fannie Broddle is going to get married because she is canning blackberries strictly for herself. Hurrah for you, Fannie; that's lots more sensible than fooling your time away on some kind of crochet or crazy work.

July 22.—There will be a wedding on the creek this week, they say, but on account of the "slip twixt cup and lip," we will not give particulars. . . . When a boy reaches the first few years of his teens he's the most miserable creature on earth. His clothes are too small, his feet too large, and he does not know what to do with his hands. Jeered at by his father, helpless and powerless before the laughing banter of his mischievous, graceful girl friends, there he stands a great, green, bashful simpleton. Then it is that the wonderful mother love flies to his rescue, surrounds, protects and saves him and a bond of sympathy and affection is created between the two, a "holy of holies" that lasts through time, and is the first and initial step to a glorious eternity. God help the lad who has not such a mother.

July 29.—The wedding that was to come off is postponed until Wednesday or Thursday of this week. The girls had a quilt in and wanted to get it out before indulging in any such foolishness as getting married. It is too hot anyhow.

August 5.—The baby has a tooth. . . . Miss Fannie Broddle and Tom Mills were married last week. We have known for some time that this event would occur.

September 23.—The good wives have quit canning fruit and are meditating on sour kraut, chow chow and tomato catsup.

May 26, 1898.—You can't make me believe that the woman folks never have any fun. For instance, how they do enjoy getting Hubby to take a dose of every new-fangled medicine they get hold of and then watch his countenance get a Japanese twist on itself as he strangles, gasps, chokes. With what calm superiority she takes the next dose. How her face shines with pleasure when the healthy old cuss compliments her on her grit and endurance.
fact the true heroines of most wars are those women who stay at home and plant potatoes and hoe corn, knit socks and chop the wood while their men are at the front doing hospital work, perchance, just outside the danger line. However, the best way to stop this sickening gush is to take the gusher and let her gush. At sight of the enemy I'll bet she'll hush and for the brush will straight way rush.

**JULY 28.**—Recent purchases by our bachelor friend Hans Hansen indicates some coming woman in the near future. It is all right Hans; a good wife is all you need to make life one short happy dream.

**AUGUST 18.**—The Honey Creek circle are all going down to see Mrs. Nichols Wednesday of this week. As they haven’t given me an invitation or even hinted that my presence was desired, I’ll just bet a quarter they intend to go in swimming.

**SEPTEMBER 8.**—Mrs. Alma Wood starts for Nebraska today to visit a sister and mother.

**SEPTEMBER 22.**—The leaves are falling, wood pile is bare, cobs are wet, hogs keep getting out, and I’m as melancholy as a gander among a flock of blackbirds. If some school girl wants to run this department, I’d gladly relinquish my job. For our sweetheart’s gone and taken all the poetry from our life and it’s one dreary round of prose. Nero surely cannot expect any poems under these circumstances.

**SEPTEMBER 29.**—The little orphan boy that George Hall took is with Joel Jones now and going to school. He compares very favorably with the rest of the kids out here.

**OCTOBER 6.**—All the women that have been off on the cars have come back and we have heard no regrets. A couple of Eureka ladies were out on the creek one day last week and returning home by way of the big hill their harness broke just as they reached the top. They unhitched their horse and each taking hold of a shaft were slowly navigating the buggy downhill when we arrived on the scene and never was man more heartily welcomed. Intimating that language with somebody [used] to it would be excused, they turned the subject over to us and although we had troubles of our own we readily parted with a suspender buckle, a wire nail and a piece of old rope, fixed up the wreck and sent them on their way rejoicing, solemnly promising not to tell; but items are scarce, hence our perfidy.

**APRIL 13, 1899.**—The little orphan boy from New York who stays with Joel Jones never saw little chickens until the other day and just naturally went wild over them. His friends think they will have to build a cage around him when the little ducks hatch out.

**APRIL 20.**—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kirkpatrick; one pair of twins Monday night of this week. They weigh eighteen pounds net and are a boy and girl. The whole family seems pleased, but Johnnie is rather dubious yet and would prefer such prosperity in more homeopathic doses.

**APRIL 27.**—Everybody has gone wild over the twins out here and is trying to get names for them. Pete and Repeat, Max and Climax, and scores of other names have been suggested by the women folks, and nothing has been done yet and it’s getting embarrassing. You see, twins are different from just an ordinary single baby that one can call tootsie woostie or any old sweet thing that happens along but to call these little fellows the girl or the boy is perfectly ridiculous, and the women folks ought to be ashamed of themselves that they can’t pick on something suitable and proper, for we are all proud of these twins and want them to have everything that’s nice.

**MAY 4.**—John Wrench attended the lecture last Monday night. He must be going to get married shortly, at least that’s what mother Goose or Grundy, or whatever you call her, says, just because he’s bought him a new bed. Well, John is a good steady man and would make some woman a good husband.

**JUNE 22.**—The twins have been named. [Nellie and Raymond are in the school picture, p. 118.]

**JUNE 29.**—J. H. Kirkpatrick purchased a double seated baby carriage for his twins. Their little black heads nestling against variegated plush is the prettiest sight to be seen out here just now.

**JULY 13.**—Miss Mollie Kirkpatrick laid her parasol down at Joe Smith’s on the 4th and it disappeared. She lost one under similar circumstances last July. Never mind, Mollie, you hear what I say, there’ll come a time some day when you’ll have somebody to hold such things so they won’t get away.

**AUGUST 3.**—One of the managers of those little boys that were shipped out here a few years ago was through here to see how they
were getting along. He seemed to be well pleased with the way Gus Davis, who stays with Joel Jones, was being treated. He took the boy’s picture in several different agricultural attitudes, besides presenting him with a knife. Joel is a good hand with boys, and the kids all like him.

AUGUST 10.—My best girl and I were visiting the twins’ relatives last Sunday. The twins were real good and so was the chicken, though our hostess intimated we didn’t deserve any. . . . Two of our most promising young men earned a penny a piece washing dishes for a young lady friend. In days of old there would be a hole bored in these pennies and they would be worn next to the heart, but in this case these pennies will be invested in gum and the giver will most likely chew it.

SEPTEMBER 21.—Mrs. Holmes was out assisting her daughter to make apple butter. There are two occasions in a married woman’s life when they have just got to have Ma. One is when a baby is born and the other is when she gets ready to make apple butter.

OCTOBER 5.—The Honey Creek Twins were visiting friends over in the Union neighborhood one day last week. . . . Our better half thinks an oil painting aint much of a reward or present to the Kansas mother of thirteen children; a rocking chair, washing machine or better still, a few bottles of some good nerve restoring panacea, would have been much more appropriate.

OCTOBER 19.—The twins were six months old last Tuesday and averaged about 21 pounds apiece.

NOVEMBER 2.—The 25th anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Cline’s married life was passed last week. What’s become of the Honey Creek Cicle? Is our vice president and secretary pro tem. too busy buying rocking chairs, heating stoves, Shaker flannel, etc. to let such anniversaries pass without baking a cake or something? Look a here girls, we’re going to pay off our mortgage one of these days and if the G. [T] Y. D. A. A. S. Em party don’t do the proper thing Begosh I’m going to resign. One of our friends invited us over to see them (parenthetically remarking they was up to their eyes in dirt.) We politely replied that we was not used to quite so much dirt as that and would wait until they got it down to a knee-deep propor-

Alma Stephens married John H. Wood in 1879 when she was 15 and he, 20. This photograph was taken about 1895, when the earliest Honey Creek items in this article were written for the Eureka Messenger.

ution before making our visit. Now she is mad. Just like a woman.

NOVEMBER 30.—The twins were up to see us one afternoon recently. They looked healthy, wealthy and wise.

FEBRUARY 15, 1900.—F. H. Reed was out here Monday buying fat hens and young roosters, paying five cents per pound. Our better half let a couple of dozen go, to our great surprise.

MARCH 22.—George Lee, of Otter Creek, has adopted a pair of 4-year-old twin babies, Mr. Rogers’ children. It is comical to see how proud he is of them, and they say his wife is worse than he is. I wish every motherless child could have as good a home and bringing up as Mr. and Mrs. Lee will give these children. May the good Lord prosper them. . . . The little boy twin of Mr. Kirkpatrick’s is quite sick at present writing. The mother is also nearly bed-fast. We have about concluded that its no joke to have twins, as we observe and have also been informed that twins are rarely asleep or quiet both at the same time.

(129)
APRIL 5.—Mrs. Kirkpatrick sold 50 ducks at six cents per pound after the feathers were picked off. She has got a large feather bed for each member of the family including the twins.

MAY 10.—Mrs. Annie Jones is in great demand this spring helping cleaning house, papering etc. Annie is an expert hand at wall papering and employing her beats being bossed and sassed around by a female that weighs only a little over one hundred pounds. I'm here to tell you.

MAY 31.—Everybody said the woman would not go up, but she did nevertheless. The parachute failing to work disappointed some, but generally speaking we think the ascension was a success.

JULY 19.—Mrs. Alma Wood and two of her children are visiting relatives in Oklahoma. She writes that threshing machines are running in every direction, and wheat is the finest kind of a crop.

JULY 26.—This is no dream, as the fellow remarked when he embraced his wife, after she'd been gone several weeks.

AUGUST 9.—Cus Davis, the little orphan boy staying at Joel Jones', was presented with a watch by the manager of the institution he came from. He will trade it for a revolver when he gets tired of it.

AUGUST 23.—Women folks report the kitchen a hot place these days. Peaches, grapes, tomatoes, and hired hands to cook for, all coming on at once is enough to make a mormon out of most any woman. She sure has a hot old time and is not appreciated as she should be.

SEPTEMBER 20.—Elmer Wood and sister, and Birney Kirkpatrick are going to High school.

APRIL 25, 1901.—Desmond Broddle, Downs and Wood visited the twins Wednesday of last week, the occasion being their second anniversary. One of our neighbor women makes 40 pounds of butter a week. She churns every day with what I used to think, a boy killing dash churn. Great Scott sister go and get you a swing churn.

MAY 16.—Mrs. Andrews and one of her daughters have got "what you call it." We will all be in fashion after a while.

JULY 31, 1902.—Last Monday M. L. Lyons was down to Climax with a couple of his children Mamie and the baby who was about three years old. Mr. Lyons entered a store to make some purchases leaving the children alone in his spring wagon. A steam thrasher came up the street and frightened the horses and they started for home. Mamie jumped out leaving the baby alone in his perilous ride. William Broddle the section boss between Climax and Severy happened to be at the depot. He grasped the situation, also the handles of his hand car and started to head the team off. His idea was to reach the crossing before the horses did. He succeeded and stopped the run-aways discovering it was his own little nephew he had rescued from death or serious injury. The little one did not seem to be frightened very much, remarking to his mother "That if Uncle Will had not caught the horses, papa and sister would have had to walk home["]."

AUGUST 14.—J. H. Wood promised his wife a pig every time he failed to be home by sun down, the contract to expire August 20th. Durndest fool bargain a man ever made. He's already looking around for another sow that's going to come in. . . . The two little boys belonging to Ti Lamb, a tenant on H. S. Jones' place, last Monday some time left home. Their ages are between 9 and 12. They were small for their age. Any information leading to their whereabouts will be greatly received by the parents.

AUGUST 21.—Mrs. Ti Lamb had quite an experience with a chicken thief last week. A red headed oney looking individual driving a black plug with a star in his face was her victim. He had already shot a couple of chickens and was laying for more when she espied him. She did not have anything but an old gun that wouldn't stand cocked but she let drive and drapped Mr. chicken thief. He crawled off on his hands and knees and his body has not as yet been found.

DECEMBER 11.—"My mama told me if I'd be good she'd buy me a rubber dolly," "Don't you tell her, I've got a feller etc.," is the latest girlfol de rol.

FEBRUARY 5, 1903.—John Wrench is building a new house and I presume he will get married in the spring. . . . Mr. Stewart, of near Farmington, has rented Joel James place for the coming year. We extend him the right hand in neighborhood greeting and have already shook hands with his wife that is to be.

FEBRUARY 19.—It snowed, it blowed cold stormy weather. Just as I expected so they all
say. It's so sudden as the girls say. If it don't get nice we may get ice. Our better half has got the mumps.

March 5.—Born on the 20th of February to Mr. and Mrs. Linus Lyons a baby girl, Dr. Manning officiating. This makes six girls our worthy friends are blessed with and I doubt if there is a Creek or township in the county can show a half dozen as nice and well behaved ones. With no reflections on their father, they take after their mother.

March 12.—Mollie Kirkpatrick and Mary Wood were also home last week being exempt from examination on account of class grades. There was no skating, no parties and as far as I could see no “fellers” so the girls didn’t enjoy their vacation very much.

V. CULTURAL AND SOCIAL ITEMS

August 16, 1895.—The sunflowers are in bloom. They add much to the attractiveness of our country lanes, from Oscar Wilde’s point of view.

September 13.—A whole raft of our young bloods went to Kansas City. They’ll get all the money us country people have got if they don’t raise the rates.

November 15.—A show of some kind is billed for our school house Wednesday night. But we haven't recovered from the circus dissipation yet so I am afraid we can’t go.

December 27.—We have a man out here in the country that can beat any man in town playing checkers. By the way why can we not have a checker club or two in this county? It’s a delightful game and anyone that supposes it suitable for children, know but very little about it.

January 31, 1896.—The monotony of creek life was relieved somewhat by a dance at Mr. Cline’s. All report a good time. The two Misses Cline were the happy recipients of an elegant organ, a present from their parents, and are taking music lessons on the same. I hope when they learn how, they will play when requested to do so and not refuse as many young ladies do.

February 14.—A dance at John Snider’s Friday night gave some of our young people a chance to take their feet out of the mud and shake them on the floor. Monday, the 3d of February, was Grandma Clutter’s birthday. She was seventy-six years old that day and a lot of us Honey Creekites said we would surprise her. The women each baked a fine cake or chicken and from nine to eleven the crowd began to gather. Those present were Grandma Jones, Uncle Fred Lyons, [21 named], John H. Wood, sixteen children and me. It was a fine crowd; we had a fine dinner, a fine time, a fine day and all in honor of a fine old lady who we hope will have many happy returns of the day and its blessings.

February 28.—There is to be a masquerade ball at John Snider’s Friday night. Some of our girls are in a quiver of excitement as they hear parties from town will be there in bloomers. Go ahead, girls, don’t be afraid. It’s not so much in the garments as it is in the maid. The man with the hatchet was the only person worth mentioning at our school house last Friday and we want to tell the boys the reason we did not come down and sing our songlet. It was because ma made us take the rake and rake off the garden. Mrs. Tom Dunlap gave a quilting bee in honor of her eldest daughter’s birthday. Grandma Lanpe also gave a quilting
last week and some of the neighbors surprised me and came in and helped us with our quilt and last Tuesday the women folks gathered at Jerry Nichols' and sewed carpet rags. I earnestly advise the new man to learn the use of the thimble and needle for the old man certainly loses many a good dinner by not knowing how to sew.

APRIL 3.—The Honey Creek take-your-dinner-along-and-surprise-'em society met at Mrs. Katie Gibson's last week. They didn't do anything but eat and sew on a quilt.

APRIL 10.—Easter Sunday was a great day for eggs and some large nests were found where the little scamps had hid them. Somehow the other hiding eggs don't seem so funny as it used to, but we like eggs just the same.

JUNE 12.—We have a mocking bird that sings on top of the chimney to our house at the midnight hour and I love to hear him.

JUNE 19.—"Turn backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight," make me a boy again for next Thursday night. Sam Robinson celebrates his 16th birthday, and all his young friends are invited. The Honey Creek T.Y.D.A.A.S.E. society will meet at Grandma Kirkpatrick's next Friday, her birthday.

JUNE 26.—I had the pleasure of attending the open air concert last Saturday night given by the Eureka band, and heard some of the finest music I ever heard in my life.

JULY 17.—A double quartet of young ladies and gentlemen serenaded your correspondent last Friday night. They sang the bird off the chimney top, the hired man out of bed, and even the dog, that had been off somewhere on a bum, came back home. The song fully pictured the trials of a picnic party that found flies in the butter and bugs in the pie. They sang "John Brown" with variations and improvised with the facility of an Italian. . . Misses Eliza and Fannie Broddle have purchased an organ and are taking lessons on the same.

AUGUST 7.—Mrs. Laura Powers will give the members of Sunday school class an ice cream social Thursday evening.

SEPTEMBER 4.—The last picnic of the Honey Creek folks was held at Grandpa Lampe's on his 76th birthday. Forty-two grown people and 24 children were there. It was a complete surprise on the old gentleman as he was cutting corn and did not know anything about it until called for dinner which consisted of pies, cakes, chicken, beef, bread and pickles, jellies,
jams, sauce and liquid refreshments. We also took a straw vote and although the colonel lectured manfully for the Ohio fellow Bryan won. We had a nice time and all hope we will be as stout as this fine old man "who can cut more corn now than many a younger man" when we reach our 76th milestone.

OCTOBER 30.—The Honey Creek club, assisted by their worser halves, held a husking bee at Linos Lyon's. Eighteen teams were in the field and about 25 men commenced hitting the bump-board, and when night came everything was full of corn that would hold it. The women quilted and got dinner, and take it all together it was the best meeting we have had yet.

MARCH 5, 1897.—The young people enjoyed a pop-corn social at Mr. Knudsen's one night last week.

MARCH 19.—The young folks had a very pleasant time at Mr. Millhorn's not long ago. The evening was devoted to music. The young ones have found some flowers, the first sweet promises of the beautiful yet to come.

MARCH 26.—We trust that the young people will all heartily respond to the call for a social endeavor meeting that appeared in the MESSANGER last week. With the material we have in the neighborhood it would certainly not take much of an endeavor for me to be sociable were I a young man or a young woman. We predict success in anything the young ladies of this vicinity undertake. So everybody come that is young or has a young heart, and start something that will be a benefit and give the young people some place to go.

JUNE 3.—Your correspondent attended lodge last Friday night and also got around the corner in time to see the serpentine dance. Great Cleopatra, ain't it awful! Marsh Moore brought an organ home last Saturday evening. Marsh not only likes children, but also believes in making home pleasant for them. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt also have an instrument at their house.

JUNE 10.—Several years ago Mollie Kirkpatrick commenced washing dishes at a penny a wash, for the purpose of getting an organ. Well, last week her parents bought one and a fine instrument it is, too. I have not asked Mollie but I expect she owes some on it yet. But it's no matter her credit is good. She's a willing little soul and opportunities for washing dishes are good yet for several years to come.

JULY 15.—There was more scratching done the night after the celebration than had been done for two weeks previous. The chiggers were simply atrocious and all the women say that a blackberry patch is a veritable oasis as compared to a blue grass sod or river sprinkled streets.

SEPTEMBER 2.—There was a dance at Mr. Warner's Saturday night. Some of the girls promised to swing us on the corner if we'd go but thunder, I haven't hardly time to go to bed these fruit perishing days.

JUNE 23, 1898.—A few of us were to have an ice cream social Saturday evening but the rain came and we all went to bed except a couple of volunteers who sat up with the ice. The next day, however, we tried it again, and I came pretty near being sick trying to keep up with Jake, who had anaconda propensities.

OCTOBER 6.—A dance at John Andrews this week. Some called it a howling success. I heard somebody howl when they went by going home anyway.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1899.—I'm going to the circus, ha ha ha, I'm going to the circus and I'm going to take ma.

MARCH 29, 1900.—The children have found some Easter lilies and now hunt high and low all the spare time they get. The love for flowers seems born in all children and they are first to gather the little beauties in.

APRIL 5.—Some of the young folks gathered at Mr. Knudsen's pleasant home Sunday evening for musical recitations. Singing accompanied with the organ and guitar were enjoyed by all.

SEPTEMBER 13.—The ice cream social advertised for last Thursday evening fell through with us so could get no ice. We had one Monday night, though, that was a success socially and financially. $15 above expenses was the result, besides the fun which can't be estimated by dollar marks. We played "Ring around the Rosy," "Ruth and Jacob," "Drop the Handkerchief," and ate all the cream, cake and peanuts in sight.

JULY 31, 1902.—Mrs. Andrews birthday July 28th, was remembered by her friends, neighbors and relatives in an appropriate and satisfactory manner. The unfortunate lady was
caught in the wash tub to the great delight of all present, as one woman remarked, "That's just the way she likes to catch us." Mrs. Andrews is the president of the "T.Y.D.A.A.S. Em association" and the society was well represented.

September 4.—Say just between us I believe the nicest event of the season comes off Saturday and Monday evenings. We refer to the cantata. Let's all go.

September 11.—How deau like the circus. . . . The Cantata was alright. I think more of the seconds, minutes days etc. than ever. . . . Through the courtesy of our chief I was enabled to attend the singing symphony given by our friends from Chicago. There were about 25 there and I was the only uncultured person present, for the rest all clapped their hands in ecstasy over Hungarian rhapsodies and Scandinavian melodies. Gl it was high. Left a fellow with an unsatisfied feeling as if it were a longing for something better, so I went over to Ted's Place and got it.

November 27.—Me and my girl ate dinner with the library people last Saturday. They made a success of it as they always do. They are mighty nice folks anyhow and are doing a noble work for humanity.

February 5, 1903.—Tuesday February 3rd, was Grandma Clutter's 83rd birthday and the usual annual gathering of neighbors and relatives took place. Though the day was stormy a goodly number was present. . . . The dinner . . . surpassed all previous efforts. . . . Honey Creek can get up good dinners in a droughty year, and in a season like this. Its beyond description especially at Grandma Clutter's birthdays, the day of all days with this good old lady who is the mother of nine children only two of which are living the oldest and youngest. Grandma Jones, who is always present at the birthday of her friend is about 5 months younger and its a pleasing sight to see them march into dinner together arm in arm joking and laughing with one and all. May they meet the trials of the future as bravely as those of the past, and when the tender wrinkled hands are folded for the last time and the sleep comes that knows no awakening on this earth, I am sure none of us will regret the attempts we make from time to time to bring a little extra happiness in their lives. Long life to these annual gatherings and the recipients of the blessings thereof.

VI. Sports and Outdoor Recreation

September 6, 1896.—The Honey Creek boys are organizing a base ball club. If they ever get expert enough to play anything, we'll show the MESSENGER reporter how to report a base ball game.

December 27.—Jim Nelson had a shooting match for a fat cow last Monday. Those who got the beef were. . . . and John Wood. The rest of the crowd got beefed.

January 3, 1896.—Some of our young folks are having lots of fun these moonlight nights skating on the ponds. The ice is pretty thin and some fine night somebody will get a ducking.

February 14.—Mr. Longfellow was over with his hounds and so us boys got up a wolf chase. If we had 18 or 20 more dogs we might have caught the wolf. As it was we scared 'em awful bad.

February 28.—The wild geese are going north every day and ducks on the ponds are quite plentiful. . . . John Andrews disabled five big mallards at one discharge of his gun last Saturday. Not having a good retriever, two got away.

May 1.—J. C. Knudsen and his stout boys have been working on their dams the past week and have now got it as impregnable as a Chinese wall. Jake talks of stocking his ponds with German carp. Uncle Jacob Yates went fishing last Sunday. He reported very poor success. One should go to Sunday school in the forenoon and fish in the afternoon if he expects much fish on that day.

May 15.—Uncle Jacob Yates tried his luck again fishing last week. It wasn't Sunday this time and he caught a nice mess of sunfish. Also, an ugly looking soft shelled turtle which he presented to your correspondent. Our folks either did not know how to cook it or my taste has changed, anyhow I did not like it very well. Perhaps it was because I had to clean the dinged thing.

June 26.—Your correspondent ate dinner and supper with a jolly crowd last Friday. It was the 68th birthday of Grandma Kirkpatrick, who, with the assistance of her son John, beat me and Grandma Jones playing croquet.

September 4.—Luke Brodell was riding a
bicycle last Sunday and I fear that ponies will soon be at a discount on this creek.

DECEMBER 4.—The ponds are frozen over and the young ones are having lots of fun bumping their heads and other portions of their bodies.

DECEMBER 25.—Skunks, opossums and other varmints are having a weary time on this creek. About six professional and several amateur trappers are after their hides.

MARCH 26, 1897.—One of John Andrews’ hounds caught a couple of jack rabbits the other day and while chasing another ran against a barb wire, breaking his neck. This is the second good dog John has lost recently, another hound having his throat cut while engaged in a fight with other dogs. We consider John’s hounds a great benefit to this community, as the jack rabbits would soon become intolerable were it not for these fleet-footed, slim-tail friends of the fruit man. We trust Mr. Andrews will soon be able to replace his hounds.

APRIL 2.—We were highly entertained last Saturday... watching some small boys playing marbles. A good marble player is born not made. There was one little fellow, his companions called him “Stub,” who was one of the most proficient “plumpers” from “taw” the writer ever saw. He cleaned out everything that tackled him and had about 800 “Pewees,” “Combies,” “Alleys” and “Crockies” to show as trophies of his skill. He had a partner whose name was “Cotton,” who chewed tobacco which seemed to disgust “Stub” very much. Every boy in the crowd had a nickname. One boy who was called “Sox,” threatened to whip all who called him so but we left before he commenced the job.

APRIL 9.—William Booth and wife were pleasant profitable callers at ye correspondent’s place one day last week. They also presented us with a fine mess of dressed catfish which chirked us up right smart.

MAY 6.—Cromwell Knudsen killed sixty rabbits in as many minutes the next day after the rain. His gun got so hot it exploded a cartridge before Crom touched the trigger.

JUNE 17.—Uncle Jacob Yates has had an interesting experience trapping pocket gophers on Mr. Tucker’s alfalfa ground. This particular species is the greatest enemy to alfalfa growers so far known and is very cunning but Mr. Yates has caught 60 of them so far. He gets 25 cents apiece and earns every penny of it.

AUGUST 12.—Uncle George Jones passed through here last week on a visit to his son north of town. He promised to stop when he came back and pitch horse shoes and play croquet.

MAY 19, 1898.—Link Dunlap shot his 22 rifle 23 times at rabbits the other day and killed 25 of them.

JULY 14.—Birney Kirkpatrick has got a bicycle and our donkey has lapsed into innocuous disquietude as he watches the small boys turn wild and weird gyrations through and over the new engine of destruction.

JULY 28.—The two Cato girls have a new side saddle apiece and can indulge in that most glorious exercise, horse back riding. Miss Jennie has a bicycle bell attached to her saddle and when you hear it ring you want to get out of the way, for she’d just as soon run over you as not.

AUGUST 25.—Croquet playing is the rage out here and some are getting expert.

JUNE 1, 1899.—A couple of Honey Creek lassies caught some fish that weighed six pounds out of one of Henry Jones’ ponds. That’s what they tell anyhow, but being as they were chased out of the pasture by a lot of red steers, we think it was one pound of fish and five pounds of excitement.

JULY 20.—The coyotes have tired of jack rabbits and have been eating young calves. J. Cochrane, O. C. Knudson and Kirkpatrick Bros. each losing one. We will have a hunt one of these days and run 'em up Spring Creek.

AUGUST 17.—W. A. Batten had a calf killed by wolves. Uncle Billy, who is nearly seventy years old, laid for Mr. Wolf and got him at first shot... The base ball teams that meet at Climax are piling up scores in rather an unscientific manner but they are having as much fun as can be gotten out of the stick. Ball playing has degenerated greatly in our opinion since we were boys. In our time we played what was called town ball and a pitcher that couldn’t pitch the ball so we could hit it was ruled right out. We used rubber balls mostly and when it was hit, you bet she went. I remember distinctly running a quarter of a mile once to get under a remarkable high fly and the cheers that greeted our feat still glows our
being with satisfaction whenever we recall the circumstances.

**October 19.**—The geese, like our republican friends, have commenced going south.

**November 30.**—We saw the last half of the football game between Woodson and Greenwood county last Saturday. It's the first time I was ever on a gridiron consequently have no kick coming, not even a roast. We are sorry our boys did not beat, and would tell them how if we knew how to do the thing complete. We did not see anything brutal in the game. It seems to bring every muscle in play while a fellow is on his feet, and when he's down he gets a thorough massage treatment by the other players, which no doubt make him feel a good deal better when he gets up.

**April 5, 1900.**—Cato Martin and little brother caught a skunk in a stone wall. They carried the animal alive to where their uncle was plowing, who killed it for them, but not before it had succeeded in biting the oldest boy on one finger. The boys are 10 and 7 years respectively and were eagerly looking for another skunk when we last saw them. But gosh!

just think of carrying one alive. I hope they get a good price for its hide.

**May 10.**—Ben Jones says they caught a wolf that had been fresh scalped, she had been nursing pups and somebody had killed and scalped the pups while the mother had evidently been scalped and turned loose. A cruel wolfish trick I think.

**August 7, 1902.**—The way the Umpire was treated last Monday after the ball game is a disgrace to Eureka. A lot of small boys followed him from the ball ground up through Main street hooting and abusing him to everything, an unlimited and versatile vocabulary could suggest. That he was a poor Umpire every one concedes and he should have been given the benefit of the doubt that he did the best he could but it was no excuse for the abuse he received and it was a poor exhibition of courtesy to the visitors who in a manner were included in the insults offered. The manager, marshal or anyone else that had any influence sadly neglected their duty when they failed to squelch the little demons last Monday. Please do not let it occur again.

[To be continued in the Autumn, 1980, issue.]