

"O, Pioneers! O, Pioneers!"



The Pioneer Family
by Lorado Taft

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

HE setting aside of one day in the year, the second Sunday in May, for special observance as Mother's Day has been a custom of comparatively recent development in this country but one whose sentiment has appealed strongly to all Americans. Similarly, the offering of tangible evidence of our debt of gratitude to one particular type of mother, who had so much to do with the building of our nation, the pioneer mother, has also come about only recently, but with a great abundance as though to make up for the former neglect by the very number of memorials to her.

An early American poet in paying tribute to "The Mothers of the West," once flung this challenge to his fellow-countrymen:

Their monument! where does it stand?
Their epitaph!—who reads?
No braver dames had Sparta,
No nobler matrons Rome,—
Yet who or lauds or honors them,
E'en in their own green home!
The Mothers of our Forest-Land!
They sleep in unknown graves:
And had they borne and nursed a band
Of ingrates, or of slaves,
They had not been more neglected:
But their graves shall yet be found,
And their monuments dot here and there
"The Dark and Bloody Ground."

Had this poet lived until now he would have found his answer in many places besides the "Dark and Bloody Ground" of Kentucky. He could be taken over the splendid national highway, known as the National Old Trails Road, and in twelve of the cities on that road—Bethesda, Md.; Washington, Pa.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Springfield, Ohio; Richmond, Ind.; Vandalia, Ill.; Lexington, Mo.; Council Grove, Kan.; Lamar, Colo.; Albuquerque, N. M.; Springerville, Ariz., and Upland, Calif.—he could be shown statues upon each of which is this inscription: "The Madonna of the Trail, N. S. D. A. R. Memorial to the Pioneer Mothers of the Covered Wagon Days."

Nor would this chain of memorials which link the Atlantic and the Pacific be the only monuments, erected to perpetuate the memory of the women who followed the star by destiny westward, which he could be shown. For recent years have seen an increasing number of individuals and patriotic organizations giving evidence of a determination to pay a tribute to the pioneer mothers of their communities or their states in some enduring form.

The earliest of these was the statue of "The Pilgrim Mother," the work of the distinguished American sculptor, Paul W. Bartlett, which was erected in Provincetown, Mass., in connection with the Pilgrim Tercentenary celebration in 1920. This same mother was also honored in the Pilgrim Memorial fountain at Plymouth, Mass., authorized by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1920 but not actually dedicated until 1925. Just as it was appropriate that the first memorial to a pioneer mother should be erected on the Atlantic coast, so it is appropriate that the latest one in 1928, should have been erected on the Pacific coast—in Vancouver, Wash.

In between, in both time and location, have been erected statues of the pioneer mother herself or statutory groups of a pioneer family in Worcester, Mass.; in Elmwood, Ill.; in Topeka, Kan.; in Kansas City, Mo.; near Ponca City, Okla.; in Wichita, Kan.; on the campus of the University of Oregon at Eugene; and there are under way projects for similar memorials in other cities and states.

In several cases there has been some dispute as to the appropriateness of the delineation of the pioneer mother by some of the sculptors commissioned to execute the memorials. Dis-

agreements have arisen over details of costume and as to whether or not the pioneer mother should be shown holding a rifle, an axe, or a scythe, as a symbol of the era in which she lived. This was especially true when 12 of the leading sculptors of the country submitted models for the statue of the pioneer woman which E. W. Marland, the Oklahoma oil millionaire, proposed to erect on the famous Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma, the last government land opened to homesteaders.

The 12 different models were exhibited in a number of the leading cities of the country so that the public would be given a chance, by popular vote in each city, to aid Mr. Marland in making his selection. When the exhibit was held in Denver, Colo., it brought from Lee Taylor Casey, an editorial writer on the Rocky Mountain News, the following eloquent tribute to the subject of these models:

The Pioneer American Woman! Not one woman; the composite of many women it must be. Not one of our historic heroines, but an ideal woman, but not idealized away from her environment, that would never do; and it must not be attempted for the sake of pleasing the purely fastidious.

Think of that Pioneer American Woman! Conjure her in the brain; but first of all consider what confronted her. Go back and learn of her antecedents and what the years must have hammered into her soul and done to strengthen her body. She had been prepared in a hard school; not hardened or coarsened, but tempered, to bend and not to break.

One thing to be remembered in making the final selection: She had a Spirit Sense. She must have had in her the soul of a martyr. The Pioneer American Woman did not come solely for her gain. Always she was buoyed in her heart by the thought that she was in the service of a Higher Power, working in the Lord's vineyard—a bleak enough one as it turned out to be. She had the homesteading instinct and this need not be overlooked; desire for a home of her own and freedom. She was looking ahead, generations ahead, as what pioneer woman in her innermost soul does not, to sustain her? She must have had that far vision ingrained within her which is not given to the male; she envisaged herself in the future of the race that was to spring from her. The Pioneer Woman was not a motherless woman.

The Pioneer Woman of the West was the Daughter of the Pioneer Woman in America, dowered with the latter's courage, fortitude and resourcefulness. She was born to endure hardships; she was not afraid of the wide waste spaces and her intuition was to better those that came after as much as herself. She, too, had a perspective, a maternal perspective. If you please.

The models produced by the sculptors are varied and should give pleasure among them to a great number. Hardly needful to state, they are works of art beyond question from the salient and artistic points of view because the artists chosen are already famous. One model is delightful to look at in the photograph, but it is not a model of the Pioneer American Woman most Americans will have in their mind's eyes. A Puritan? An idealized

one, maybe. One or two of the figures may not appeal because of their classicism, for the model to be chosen must be of itself American, not Greek or Italian. A noble-looking mother is to be found among the dozen. Several are armed.

The pioneer man has been sung of in plenty, too often the woman pioneer is forgotten; the heroics belong to the male, but his mate gave in pride and faith so that her sons and his might know what is the meaning of a man's life and a woman's spirit adventure.

"We take up the task eternal
And the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers, O pioneers!"

In the light of this writer's words: "She had a Spirit Sense . . . Always she was buoyed in her heart by the thought that she was in the service of a Higher Power, working in the Lord's vineyard—a bleak enough one as it turned out to be." It is interesting to note that the final selection for the Marland memorial was not that of a woman holding a rifle, an axe or a scythe. Instead it was a woman carrying under her arm a Bible!

As Mr. Casey says, one of the models, that of the Puritan woman ("The Pilgrim Mother Waves Farewell" shown above), is not the pioneer woman most Americans will have in their mind's eyes. But even though this woman, because of her garb, may not well represent the pioneer woman of other sections of the country and of other periods, the fact remains that the Pilgrim woman and the Puritan woman of Massachusetts were the first pioneer mothers and to them a special meed of honor is due.

A fitting tribute to them was paid at the dedication of the Pilgrim Memorial Fountain in Plymouth, Mass., in 1925 by Mrs. George Maynard Minor, honorary president general of the D. A. R. when she said:

On their monument we say: "They brought up their families in sturdy virtue and a living faith in God without which nations perish." After daring the perils of the unknown ocean and the still more unknown land, after sharing with the men all the hardships and privations and sufferings of a voyage of weeks in a cockle-shell of a boat, and landing on a desolate and savage coast in the dead of winter, inhabited only by wild men and wild beasts, after experiences that might well overcome the hardest and most gallant nature, they settled down to the making of homes, with a faith in the daily presence and guidance of God which sustained them in every hour of need.

Through hunger and starvation, through sickness and death which exacted the toll of half their number, they toiled on and endured, looking only toward the goal of their high calling in Christ Jesus.

We hear far more about the Pilgrim Fathers than we do about the Pilgrim Mothers. While in no way wishing to detract from the rightful glory of the Fathers, nevertheless, it is time that the world realized the part that these women played in civilization. It is time that history took note of them. Rarely, if ever, are they mentioned by name, except in the genealogies, or by specialists in Pilgrim history. Their names, with few exceptions, are not household words in our tongues, like those of Miles Standish, or William Bradford and the rest. They figure only in the passenger list of the Mayflower and only as "Mary" or "Katherine," etc., wife of So and So. The family names of but few are given. The names of some are literally unknown, not even the baptismal name being recorded. These latter figure solely as the wives of the Fathers, without further identification.

We may read the tragic list for ourselves. The wife of John Tilly—who was she? By what name was she called in those terrific years of sorrow and suffering? The midwife of the Carvers—who was she? What faithfulness and courage must have been hers to follow her master and mistress into such an adventure. Yet her name is lost and her identity sunk in oblivion.

We have inscribed on our fountain all the names that are known; we have cut them into deathless stone, that all coming generations may read and remember. And we have so indicated the nameless that they may share in the immortality of the rest. Unknown soldiers of a future nation, we salute you!
(© by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lifelong Warfare on Insect Pests

Award of the Copper gold medal "for distinguished service to agriculture," carrying an honorarium of \$5,000, has been made to Dr. L. O. Howard, a government bug expert who, on a small official salary, has waged a lifelong battle against insect pests.

"He has made a great contribution to the present and future happiness of the American people," says the Woman's Home Companion in its announcement of the award. "He has for years been fighting the greatest of all wars—the war against insects. Insects, as he has shown, steal two billion dollars a year from us. They nullify the labor of a million men.

"They reached their development millions of years ago. We are the newcomers on earth and our foothold is not yet sure. Doctor Howard believes that it is still possible that in some distant future the last living thing on the expiring earth may be a bug feeding on the last bit of plant life. Thus far, indeed, the insects have held their own against us. But we cannot doubt that mankind will eventually win."

Takes Seventeen Years for Locust to Mature

The 17-year locusts, as the insect known to science as the cicada is called, appears in the North more often than every 17 years, but this is due to the fact that there are several cycles of them in existence. The cicadas actually require 17 years to mature from the egg stage to the final stage of the full-grown insect. In the South the period is about four years shorter.

The adults lay the eggs in slits in the bark of twigs of trees. When the eggs hatch, the young is a nymph with legs, but no wings. They drop from the tree to the ground and, burrowing beneath the soil, reach the roots, where they find their sustenance during the years they are progressing toward maturity.

When the 17 years have been accomplished they work to the surface, and their shell coating splits, permitting the full-grown insect to emerge.

Sign of Spring

Son—Father, what is a garden plot?
Pa—The bugs and worms planning to eat up your stuff.
By wisdom wealth is won; but riches purchased wisdom yet for none.—Bayard Taylor.

And Then in a Whisper

Jimmy—Pa, does money talk for you?
Pa—Yes, son, but only in broken English.—Grit.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine particles of good skin peel off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, etc. are freed from complexion. Skin is clean soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax takes out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles use one ounce powdered face cream. To remove wrinkles use one ounce powdered face cream. To remove wrinkles use one ounce powdered face cream.

If a man ought to be locked up, good advice is wasted.

Do You Feel Like a RAG?

Do you get up in the morning with a tired feeling and drag yourself through the day? Nervous—jumpy—irritable? It is the warning sign of constipation. Neglect may bring serious ailments. Take 2 or more of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. They are a gentle, mild, and absolutely safe laxative. Made of nature's pure herbs and roots. Use them tonight and bring back your pep—at all druggists.

Dr. Morse's INDIAN ROOT PILLS
Mild & Gentle Laxative

A train of thought is the real thing in rapid transit.

Beautiful Skin

—soft, smooth, clear, "pink and white"—the matchless complexion of youth. Sulphur purifies, clears and refreshes the skin. For beautifying the face and arms use

Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Contains 54% Pure Sulphur. At Druggists.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

Unofficial Examination
"Doctor, what happens when a fellow sprains his ankle?"
"He generally limps for a while."

Where Does She Get Her "Pep?"



SHE doesn't look twenty. Nor feel that old. The woman who stimulates her organs can have energy that women half her age will envy!

At middle-age your vital organs begin to slow down. You may not be sick, simply sluggish. But why endure a condition of half-health when there's a stimulant that will stir a stagnant system to new life and energy in a week's time?

This remarkable stimulant is perfectly harmless. It is, in fact, a family doctor's prescription. So, if you're tired of trying every patent medicine that comes along, tell the druggist you want a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin. Take a bit of this delicious syrup every day or so, until you know by the

way you feel that your lazy liver is again active, and your bowels are poison-free.

Men, women, and children who are run-down, who tire easily, get bilious spells or have frequent headaches, are soon straightened out when they get this prescription preparation of pure pepsin, active senna, and fresh laxative herbs. (Syrup pepsin is all the help the bowels need, and you do not form the very bad habit of always taking cathartics.)

Keep a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin in the house, and take a stimulating spoonful every now and then. It is all that a great many people ever take to keep strong and vigorous, and absolutely free from constipation.

Uncle Eben

"De weather," said Uncle Eben, "is a good friend dat gits unpleasant sometimes, but leaves you de comfort of knowin' he's sure to change his mind."—Washington Star.

More "We" Stuff

A flea and an elephant walked side by side over a little bridge. Said the flea to the elephant, after they had crossed it, "We sure did shake that thing!"—The Furrow.

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There is something vibrant and magnetic about the truly healthy man or woman, who is satisfied and contented with life. That "something" attracts people. Wins confidence. Arouses and holds affection.

This vitality and enthusiasm of youth are priceless. Guard them with Fellow's Syrup, the fine old tonic which doctors recommend. It restores and strengthens. Improves appetite. You sleep better and feel better. Your vigor and endurance return. For just one week, try genuine Fellow's Syrup, which you can get at your druggist's. The results will amaze and delight you.

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