

Family Record

William Walter Harper was
borned Jan. 3rd. 1895. Baptised 2 Aug 1900
Alma Ishma Aycock was borned
Feb. 8 1898.

William Walter Harper and Alma
Ishma Aycock were married Mar.
24th. 1921, by Elder H. B. Aycock.
Neva Almira Harper was borned
Mar. 13th. 1922.

Neva Almira Harper was blessed ~~by~~
Oct. 29 1922 by Elder H. B. Aycock

Lavina Greta Harper was born Oct.
18, 1924, was blessed Nov. 22, 1924 by
Elder Darrell Proctor Bapt. Oct 20 1932 by Elder ^{Carr}

Wilma Harper was borned June
9th 1926 and was blessed
1927 by Elder Alma Josephson.

Vivian Evelyn Harper was born
Nov. 26, 1928. Was blessed Jan. 21
1929 by Elder Lew A. Ball, assisted by
Elder Eugene Merrill.

Lettie Marie Harper was born Aug.
26, 1932, Was blessed Oct. 19, 1932 by
Elder Lewis R. Humphries.

William Walter Harper Jr was
born May, 18, 1936; was blessed
June, 28, 1936 by Elder Ray W.
Swain. Died Dec. 17, 1947.

24, Nov.

The Lord answered his prayer
for the next morning just as
the sun rose about the waves a ship
came along enroute for Italy and
picked him up.

as soon as he reached the
deck he dropped to his knees and
thanked the Lord for saving his
life.

The Autobiography of a Penny.

I was lying in the earth asleep with my companions when I heard something say, "pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat" and all at once I was pulled up from my long resting place and started on my long and wearisome journey which I learned about afterwards.

First I was carried from the mine up on an elevator to a real light place. I was amazed. I heard one of my companions say, "this is the big world now for some real fun!" But fun indeed it was. We were next dumped into an ugly looking truck and taken to the cars. There we were changed from the truck to the car and carried to the mint.

at the mint we were beat and
pounded until I until I thought I
would die. I heard one man say,
"this is very fine copper, I only wish
we had several tons like it."

After we were beaten for a while
we were carried into another room
where we were melted and poured
into molds. There I was seperated
from my old companions. I was
very much grieved because of this
for they were very dear to me, but
I was consoled when I began to look
at myself. My! how surprised and
proud I was. I was all shiny. One
man said I look like gold. I didnt
know what that was but the tone
in which he said it made me feel
very much flattered.

From the mint I was carried

along with a lot other pennies to a bank where I was put in a dark drawer. I thought that was the last of me, I began to worry and cry. I decided that this was the way I was to be punished for being so vain.

I had lain in the drawer for several days when a kind looking man came in and ask for some change. He said, "give me some pennies nickles and dimes; some shiny ones if you have them." So the banker opened the drawer, that I was in and I was given to the man. "Now," I said, "begins my real good in the world," nor was I fooled for that very night the man was sitting by the fireside with his family when one of his little boys said, "father give me a penny." The father

reached in his pocket and got me
and gave me to the boy; he
danced for joy and said, "Oh
father! I will buy me some nuts
with my new penny!" So the next
morning he went to the corner
store and exchanged me for the nuts
and I never saw him any more. But don't
think this is the end of my good in this
world for I was never still at the store
I was given to a old colored woman

and the same day she gave me to a
woman she called Miss Jenny.

After that day I was going all the
time; first in the alley in the
hand of some dirty wickin and
maybe the next day I would be in the
great bank or the Post office.

I began to take notice of my
appearance and grieve for I was by

this time very much worn and cankered, but when I began to think of all the good I had done I began to take heart. No doubt I had paid several hundred dollars of debts for poor women and children.

After several years of this life I fell into the hand of a miser and was put into a sack with other pennies, dimes, nickles, and even gold coins.

Here I have lived for eight years without doing any good.

Sometimes I grieve because of my unfortunate lot, but what I learned the other day caused me to resolve to stop worrying. The miser came into the room in which I was and said angrily, "Old Jones will not get any of my money to pay that

old mortgage; he could have done better.

So here I stay in the sack year by year ever hoping I will some day be rescued and may have the privilege of doing some good in this world.

Feb. 6.

How I Earned my First Dollar.

One summer when I was a small girl mother told me she would give me a dollar if I would weed and tend the beet and cabbage rows that season.

I was delighted at the plan. I was only thinking of what I could buy with the dollar. I began to plan the first day over my weeding. I would buy a long cherished doll set

and a rocking chair just my size. I didn't doubt but what I could buy mother a birthday present with the money I had left.

Before the first week was gone I had lost all hopes of my toys. The sun shone down upon me almost scorching my brains; the grass grew in abundance and the cabbage worms thrived so well I had to go every day about noon and search every cabbage leaf; the sweat dropping from my face like rain, my back would almost break. I began to think my lot was harder than any one else, but I would not give up but worked away everyday. I often thought if mother only would give me part of the money now I could work better but she never mentioned it.

I began to think she had forgotten it. One day I ask her about it, she only smiled and said, "I don't generally pay for work until after it is done."

So the summer passed and I worked at my wedding every day. One day in late September, mother gave me a new silver dollar and told me I had worked so well that summer she was going to buy me a new doll and a doll tea set. My! how surprised and delighted I was. I could the understand the good in sticking to a job.

Feb. 7.

Portia.

Portia was a graceful girl with a pleasing countenance. She was of a kind disposition and being wealthy she did much towards helping the poor and unfortunate of her country. She played an important part in saving the life of her husband's dearest friend. She proved to be a kind and loving wife.

Feb. 11.

A Daring Act.

Two boys stole a horse - started to Washington - food gave out - horse became lame - were arrested - Their mother's grief - Boys' resolution.

Feb. 12.

Adventures of an Umbrella.

I Introduction — Description

1. How and where made.
2. Trip to merchant.

II Sale to Mr. Winthrop of Fifth Ave. N. Y.

1. Many new adventures.
2. Mr. Winthrop's kindness

III Exchange at a party.

1. a new life.

IV Theft from the new possessor.

1. a life of peril
2. Badly abused.

V Final rest in an ash barrel

An Auction Sale.

I Introduction - Time - place

1. Large crowd
2. Music

II General description

1. Spacious fields
2. Beautiful home.

III The dinner.

IV Results of sale

1. good prices
2. new discovery
3. Astonished people.

V Conclusion.

Aurora.

I General Description

1. Patheon
2. Horses
3. Figures over horses
4. Characters around Patheon

II Scene in front.

1. Purple curtains
2. Sky and plains beyond.

III Conclusion.

On a low chariot holding the reins with his left hand and grasping the chariot with the other sits Patheon with a troubled countenance. His cloak is hanging loosely around his shoulders while his whole figure seems to be in an uncomfortable position.

Harnessed to the chariot is four white horses rearing and snorting impatient to be on their journey.

Over the horses is a little angel holding aloft in its hands a long trumpet shape horn with fire in it. In front of the horses is Aurora drawing back the purple curtains of dawn. She has a wreath of flowers in each hand and looking ~~looking~~ back at Patheon with a look of doubt on her face. Her robe is of pure white.

On the right of the Chariot is several figures holding to each others hands and gazing at the scene before them with a horrified look on their faces. One that is in front of the others is pointing out across the landscape

and conversing with Pathon giving him instructions about his journey.

In front of the chariot can be seen the purple curtains of dawn just beginning to unfold, revealing part of the landscape and hazy sky beyond.

Thus we see them as Pathon is ready to start on his long and perilous journey while all seem to be anxious for his success.

Feb. 19.

A Sunrise.

It was half past four of a summer morning, and the sun was just peeping up in the eastern horizon. The golden rays shot out in every direction making the clear blue sky look like gold.

Feb. 21.

The Story of Cotton.

(Outline)

I. Early history of cotton

1. First cotton country.
2. Increase in growth.
3. Why.

II. Cotton in America

1. How it got to America
2. Difference in the staple.
3. Difficulty in separating seed from lint.

III. New inventions caused staple to increase.

1. Cotton mills
2. The Cotton gins
3. Use of seed.

IV. Cotton of today

1. Latest inventions
2. Low prices
3. Why.

IV Growth and Cultivation

1. Difference in growth of difference countries
2. Cultivation

When we see cotton growing on our farms we do not stop to think where it came from or who we are indebted to for this valuable staple.

Over five hundred years before Christ we have record of a people of India raising this "wool" as they called it then and weaving it into cloth by means of a crude loom of their own making. They traded this cloth with the other Asiatic countries.

In a short while the people began to explore the country of India to see this strange plant and how it

grew. There they found it growing on what they called trees, almost bent to the ground with bolls. After it was picked the seed were easily beaten out of the lint.

The people found it to be so easily grown they took seed to their country and began to cultivate it. In a short while the people of Europe began to raise it, but were not very successful. The people had found that cotton was easier and cheaper to make into cloth than flax and wool. While it was something new to the European countries, there was a great demand for the cloth.

When Columbus discovered America West Indies he found cotton growing wild. This was of the long staple variety like was raised in India.

When the English began to plant colonies in America they were urged by the people of England to raise cotton in order to help out the European countries; but a new trouble was presented to them. The cotton which they grew was not like that of Asia or the West Indies; the lint stuck fast to the seed and was of a coarse variety. As the seed had to be picked out by hand, the cotton industry in America for some time did not progress very rapidly.

In 1769 Richard Arkwright invented a spinning machine which was far superior to the old loom and spinning wheel our grandmothers used. New improvements were added to this. A weaver named Compton produced

a combination which was added to Arkwright's. This machine was called the "mule". It was run by hand, but in a few years a new invention was made whereby the new machine was run by water power.

In the meantime a greater invention was being introduced. Eli Whitney, a young graduate of Yale College went to Georgia in search of a position as a teacher. There he noticed the difficulty in which the people had in separating the lint from the seed. As Arkwright's invention had made a great demand for cotton, the people were anxious for a machine to separate the seed from the lint.

Whitney began to study how to invent this machine and in 1793 he presented to the people the first cotton gin of America. This was a great help to the cotton grower. Fifty pounds of cotton could be separated in a day, while a shoe full was a bed time job for one person when picked by hand.

In a short time after Whitney's invention other inventors began to imitate him but Whitney still has the honor. New improvements was added and after several years a gin was put up something similar to our gins of today only they were run by mule power. With the introduction of slavery and the great improvement to the gin and cotton mills the cotton industry

was beginning to flourish.

The seed was not used to a great advantage. They were used on the land as fertilizer for the next crop of cotton.

With the introduction of the steam engine the gin was of more benefit; the mills were run by steam instead of water. The south in the last half century has devoted the most of its time in raising cotton and importing it to other countries.

New inventions have been made where by nearly all of the work can be done by machinery. The seed have been used to a better advantage. After they are gined they are carried to the oil mill and run through a machine which takes off the hard outside coat; this is called the hull. Then the remainder is

pressed and oil is extracted from it, which is very valuable. It takes the place of lard in many homes. The pulp is then made into meal and is used as fertilizer and to feed cattle.

In the fall of 1915 cotton dropped to an alarming low price. As the south had planted so much cotton and paid high prices for their fertilizer they were left in a very bad condition.

War was raging in Europe and the south was unable to ship any across the ocean; for some time the cotton had to be stored and money borrowed on it.

The next year the acreage decreased a little but after they began to ship cotton the price went up a little but prices on other things

began to soar. Today a yard of cotton cloth cost three times as much as a pound of lint cotton.

The United States entered the war in 1917; the men were drafted from off the farms and in some places the farms were left entirely to the women.

The price of cotton is still low but prospects look brighter at the present time.

Cotton of the tropical climates are of the long staple variety and the Sea island of Egypt. The upland or short staple is raised in southern United States. In Peru a red or brown cotton is raised when allowed to grow bears cotton for ten years and grows to be a large tree.

To grow cotton the ground

should be well prepared. First:
early in the spring disk it well
both ways. Deep breaking is very
important. Run the rows four feet
apart; drill the fertilizer in the
rows; potash, acid, and cotton seed
meal is a good cotton fertilizer;
from eight hundred to a thousand
pounds to an acre is enough for
improved land. Throw two furrows
over the fertilizer and plant the
seed on the ridge with a cotton
planter. A bushel of seed per acre
is enough. The time for planting
varies from March to May.

In a short while after planting
the plant comes up with two leaves
and has to be chopped out to a stand;
about a foot apart with a stalk
in each hill. Then the plowing

begins. Cotton needs to be plowed every week and the grass and weeds kept out until the bolls begin to come. The cotton is ready for picking by the last of August or the first of September. Then comes the ginning and marketing.

Hood,

(Last week February.)

The man In the Iron mask.

He had the appearance of a hard cold, unfeeling man to the public. While in his office he always wore a scowl on his face. Every one was afraid of him. But in his home he was entirely different. When among his children he was a kind and loving father.

Our Debt To the Pilgrim Fathers.

What do we owe to the Pilgrim Fathers? The answer could be; every thing that belongs to America. They planted the first permanent colony in America and brought about the religious freedom of which we all enjoy today.

mar. 11.

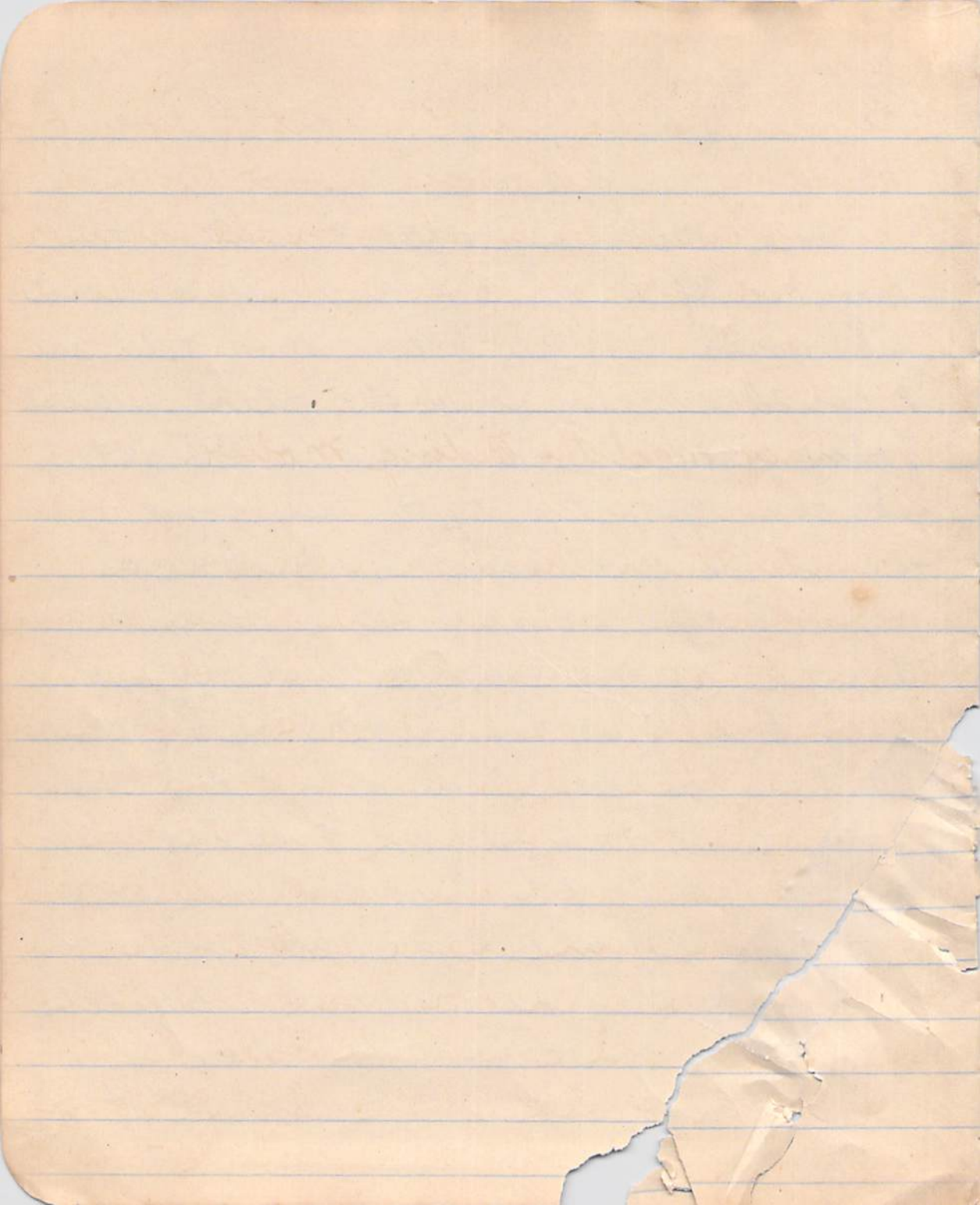
John Silver.

One morning after I had eaten my breakfast the Squire gave me a note addressed to John Silver and told me I could easily find the place where John Silver was. I set off delighted at the opportunity to see some of the ships and seamen. But as I neared the place I was almost afraid of the rough looking seamen and hung at the door. As I was waiting a man came out of a side door and at a glance I knew it was John. His left leg was cut off by the hip and under the shoulder he carried a crutch, about upon it like a cane. He was very tall and strong, with a plain face. He



John Silver.

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seemed to be in the best of spirit, whistling as he moved about with a merry word or a slap on the shoulder for the more favored of his guests.

Mar. 5.

Lady Macbeth's Puling Motive.

Lady Macbeth was a bad and ambitious woman. She would do any thing that would make her lot in life easier. She was bent on carrying her points. Once when her husband was plotting to kill the king and as the time drew near his conscience began to trouble him; Lady Macbeth began to reproach him for his weakness. She said she could readily kill her own child if she had sworn to do so. She had a slick tongue

and could act a lady, when in her heart she was plotting some deadly act.

Mar. 6.

She was a feeble old lady with a kind heart. But as she kept herself shut away from the rest of the world, the people called her selfish and hard hearted. She always wore a scowl on her face and appeared to the outside world as being superior to them.

Mar. 12.

(Contrast)

The laughter of little children is pleasing to the ear. But there is some people among us that does not like to have children around them. They do not like to hear their prattle or their merry songs, yet a little child is the most innocent creature on the earth.

Mar. 14.

A Barnyard scene.

(Introduction)

There was fowls of all kind in Mr. Jones' barnyard. Some of them thought themselves better than the others and sometimes they did not agree very well.

(Prologue). One fine morning in spring

the ducks had started down to the pond to take a bath in the cool water. Mrs. Goose had just "come off" the day before with a fine flock of goslings and was anxious to teach them how to swim. As they started off they met Mrs. Duck. "Good morning Mrs. Goose where are you going this fine morning?" said Mrs. Duck. "I am going down to my pond to teach my children to swim," answered Mrs. Goose proudly. "No you are not, that is my pond," said Mrs. Duck angrily. By this time they were getting very much excited and angry. They kept quarreling so loudly the little ducks and goslings began to cry. Soon the old mother goose and duck began to fight. The little ones were very frightened and ran in every direction.

(Result) They fought until Mary hearing the cries of the little ones came to see what the trouble was parted them. They parted talking very loudly. By the time they gathered their little flocks together it was nearly noon and the sun was shining very warm. Mrs. Goose went back to her nest while Mrs. Duck went under the lilac bush on the opposite side of the barnyard.

Mar. 17.

A Day in Yellowstone Park.

(Introduction) A day in the Yellowstone Park is one long to be remembered. One sees so many things of interest to him.

(My exploration) I well remember the morning we started on our exploring.

It was ^a warm and clear summer morning. We entered the park on the south side among the numerous trees; animals were wandering about at will grazing on the tender grass. We wandered among these trees until noon. Very tired and hungry we found a cool shady place where we ate our lunch and rested. We then started off to see the geysers which proved to be the most interesting object of all.

(Conclusion) Although I did not see near all the things of interest I learned much that has proved of much benefit to me.

Mar. 18.

1- Novels as a class are injurious to many young people; they destroy the taste for more solid reading; they cultivate the emotions to an undue extent, and convey false impressions of life.

2- The Wind Cave is really a series of chambers; it rivals the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; the entrance is at a point about twelve miles south-east of the town of Custer in South Dakota.

3- Fishing from a kite has two advantages; the fisherman may stand on shore while his bait is dropped far out at sea, therefore the timid fish are not frightened by the shadow of the pole and line.

4- Wedgwood teacets found their way to America as early as 1750,

and was called "Queen's ware" in honor of Queen Charlotte.

5 - Some valuable works of ancient art has recently been discovered at the bottom of the sea near the island of Cythera; they are statues of exquisite beauty; they belong to the best period of Greek sculpture.

The Dog and His Shadow.

A dog crossing a rivulet, with a piece of meat in his mouth, saw his shadow represented in the clear mirror of the stream, believing it to be another dog also carrying a piece of meat, he could not forbear catching at this supposed piece of meat. He did not gain anything by his greedy design, but dropped

the piece of meat in his mouth; it sank to the bottom and was lost. We daily see men venture their property in wild and shadowy speculation; thus we exemplify the moral of this fable, "covet all, lose all."

2. He endeavored to calm the apprehensions of his mother, and to assure her that there was no truth in all the rumors she had heard. She looked at him dubiously and shook her head. But finding his determination was not to be shaken, she brought him a little thick Dutch Bible, with brass clasps, to take with him as a sword wherewith to fight the powers of darkness. Lest that might be sufficient, the housekeeper gave him the Heidelberg Catechism, by way of dagger.

Mar. 19.

- 1- With great courage the General led the attack.
 - 2- Being very tired from my long journey I went to bed early.
 - 3- Having learned to recite well she entered the contest.
- Mar.

A Rabbit Party.

One fine June morning I was wandering through the woods, enjoying the tawdry colors of the bushes and trees. All at once I heard a strange sound. I looked all around but could not locate where it was. I moved on a little farther and what do you suppose I saw? Just on the other side of a clump of bushes a family of rabbits were playing. They were having some athletic sport; bulldozing

each other in a lively fashion.

Some of the little fellows were going helter-skelter around and around. As they ran one began to kick and tease the others. At first they seemed to take it all as a joke but they soon grew tired of it. He had just started to kick a little fellow when a larger rabbit came up and boxed him beside the head and shook him as much as to say you little ignominus crank haven't you any more gumptions than to impose on my children?

I was attracted by a little fellow sitting on a stump watching the others play. He looked cute sitting up there as straight and dignified as a boy with a high celluloid collar on. One of his comrades came up to have a tete a tete but

each other in a line of
some of the other

Yellow-croaker

they run one day
the other

take it out
part of it

is back
with

the
at

and
to

with
other

we

he did not seem to be in a talkist mood. He walked off leaving him alone no doubt if he could have talked he would have called him an idiot or something worse.

The little rabbits had resumed their sport of boxing. one would run off a distance while another would make a sign to him some thing like a telephone message I thought. Then he would jump up and dance about almost saying hallelujah I'm so glad.

They seemed to be enjoying this swell play so well I hadn't the heart to break it up so I moved away slowly but one of them saw me and they ran away shouting their goodbyes to each other.

I went on my way wondering

how these dumb animals could
enjoy themselves so well in this
Wilderness.