

The Daily Reporter.

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A YANKEE SCHOOL TEACHER IN UTAH.

Lehigh is a little town a few miles south of Salt Lake City. I reached it late one cold Friday afternoon in December, and when I alighted at the station asked a small boy who was standing near if he would direct me to the hotel.

"Hotel! There ain't no hotel in this town."

"Where do people go who want to stop in Lehigh over night?"

"They go to the Bishop's house over there."

The Bishop's house! A Mormon Bishop, and I a Yankee school teacher sent out as a missionary from the Episcopal church! But there was no help for it, as I must have shelter for the night; so I crossed the road and knocked boldly at the door. It was opened by the Bishop's wife, a tall, thin, careworn woman, who eyed me sharply.

"Can I stay here all night?" I asked; "I have just come to Lehigh on the train."

"Who be you?"

I told her my name, and added that I had lived part of my life in Louisiana, that portion of our country being less obnoxious to these people than the Eastern States.

"Be you a Gentile?" she inquired, after another sharp look at me.

"I am not a Jew, that's certain," I said laughingly. "So I suppose I must be a Gentile."

"The Bishop don't allow Gentiles in this town. They never set foot here. But you can come in if you want to."

I was surprised at the end of her sentence, which bore no resemblance to the beginning, and gladly accepted the rather equivocal invitation.

The room which I entered was small and poor, used for parlor, dining-room and general sitting-room. In the apartment beyond I heard the click of a sewing-machine and the sound of girl's voices.

"What d'ye come to Lehigh for?" Mrs. Evans inquired, still eyeing me with immense curiosity.

"I came here to open a school," I said.

"A school! What sort of a school?"

"A school for all the boys and girls that want to come. Haven't you daughters that you would like to send?"

She ignored the last question and faced me with her arms akimbo.

"What be you going to charge?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! That's a queer way to keep a school. Guess you'll get tired of it soon enough."

A long pause followed, during which she seemed to be studying me and growing more and more perplexed. At last she shot at me this question:

"Be you a Presbyterian?"

"No."

"A Methodist?"

"No."

She turned around abruptly and flung open the door of the next room, where I had heard the sewing machine.

"Girls, come out here. Here's a woman, an' she's young an' she's goin' to keep a school, an' you can all go, an' she ain't a Presbyterian or a Methodist!"

It is impossible to express the vigor of her tones as she announced these separate facts, each one seeming equally surprising to her.

The girls crowded around me—such a number of them!

"Are all these your daughters?" I inquired, though I felt that it could not be possible.

"Oh, no. They are Matilda's, and Jane's, and Loreny and Martha Ann's."

"And who is Matilda, and Jane, and Loreny and Martha Ann?"

"The Bishop's families," and she set her teeth hard and turned away from me.

I found afterward that no first wife

of a Mormon ever speaks of the other women who are "scaled" to her husband as his wives. They are always "families."

I noticed a small organ in the back room, standing opposite to the sewing machine.

"Do you play?" I asked.

They all shook their heads rather sadly. I learned that the organ was to them a great and awful mystery. It had never been opened since it was brought into the house some months before, taken by the Bishop in part payment of a debt. There was a man at the railroad station, they told me, who could play an organ. Evidently they felt the greatest admiration for the man at the station.

In packing my trunk that morning, I had accidentally left out a little singing-book, and at the last minute tucked it into my satchel. I was thankful that I had it within reach. I sat down to the organ and played and sang to them. As I went on from one piece to another, they grew more open-mouthed and wider-eyed.

"How many tunes do you know?" one of them asked at last.

I laughed as I told them I knew a good many.

"Never counted 'em?"

"No; I never counted them."

The man at the station, they informed me, only knew six. It was plain that my musical reputation was already far ahead of that acquired by the man at the station.

When I went to bed that night the Bishop had not returned. As I approached the dining-room the next morning I heard a gruff bass voice growling, with a jerk on each word. "Put her out! put her out!" I naturally supposed some sort of wild animal had entered the house, and hesitated an instant before opening the door. "A Gentile woman—all night—in this house! A Gentile woman! You put her out! Put her out!"

I opened the door then and walked into the little room. The Bishop stood in the middle of it, in a perfect fury.

"Good morning, sir," I said, as pleasantly as I could.

"You're a Gentile woman!" he growled, in response to my salutation. "I laid out this town of Lehigh just thirty-four years ago, and you're the first Gentile woman who ever got into it!"

"Well," I said, as I took a chair and seated myself comfortably, "that is quite an interesting circumstance. I'm sure I'm proud of the honor of being the first to appreciate it."

"You've got to go," he growled, in the same jerky tone in which he had said "Put her out! Put her out!"

"Oh, no," I said; "I've come to stay. It is all the more necessary for me to stay if I am the only one, but I assure you, Bishop Evans, there are plenty more who will come after me."

He looked as if he were going to strike me. I have no doubt but that he would have done so if he had dared. But one's life is safe enough in Utah. The killing days have gone by, and the Mormons know it. They are afraid of our Government interfering when they shed blood. The Bishop simply glared with a ferocious look and clinched hands, then strode out of the house, giving the door a terrific bang behind him. Mrs. Evans was nearly frightened out of her wits.

"There's a train from Lehigh at 11 o'clock," she began, when I interrupted her. "I didn't come to Lehigh at 5 o'clock Friday afternoon," I said, "to leave it on Saturday morning. I have come to stay, my dear madam, as I told your husband."

That day I attempted to find a boarding-place, the attempt consisting in walking from house to house, knocking at the door and asking for a room of some sort, not being particular as to size, location or furnishing. The doors were invariably slammed in my face, though in many cases the slamming process was preceded by the question, which after a while became ludicrous enough to me, "Be you a Presbyterian?" That I was a Gentile seemed somehow obvious enough.

Not getting a boarding-house, I bought a house—a poor little affair of four rooms—and, though Saturday afternoon was not a very favorable time

for setting up housekeeping, I managed to get my trunks, boxes and some provisions into it, finding that hurried and unsatisfactory operation preferable to returning to the Bishop's house for the night, even if he had not carried into execution his threat to "put her out."

Sunday morning brought divers of his "families" to visit me in my new abode—Matilda, Jane, Loreny and Martha Ann all had their representatives under my roof.

"Can you sing us a tune out of your own head?" one of the girls asked.

I sang a few lines for her, then said: "Wouldn't you like to get a lot of your young friends in Lehigh to come and have a good sing this afternoon? I have plenty of books in a big box, and I'll teach you."

"All the young folks in Lehigh?"

"Yes; just as many as you can get."

"Oh, my! They'll all come!"

I never mentioned the words Sunday-school, but that is the way I began one, the first in all the thirty-four-years in Lehigh.

My day-school grew slowly and through bitter opposition. I had furnished two of my little rooms with the appliances sent from the East, and enough wonder and curiosity was excited by them to keep some of the children in daily attendance.

But their greatest wonder was about my religion. They became convinced at last that I was not a Presbyterian, but what I was remained a mystery. One day a girl said to me in an insinuating manner: "Teacher, you ain't a Presbyterian or a Methodist, and I can't think what you be. Don't folks have any religion where you come from?"

I answered; "Oh, yes, a very beautiful religion. I was writing some of it this morning on the blackboard," as indeed I had done, and I turned the board that she might read these words from Ephesians:

"Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice. And be ye kind one to another; even as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven you."

God was not an unknown word to the Mormon children, for they are taught that every Bishop becomes a god in reward for faithful service, and I was not surprised at the girl's next question: "Is your God a smarter man than Brigham Young?" They seemed profoundly impressed when I read to them that God made the mountains. "Brigham Young couldn't do that," was one of the comments. "Did your God make the mountains round here, teacher? I shouldn't think He could make them if he lives way off in the States." One of the boys brought me several packages of books from the post office, and confidentially informed some of his playmates that "God was a real good friend of teacher's, and He lives in the States, and made all the mountains in the whole world, and sent her books through the post office."

Though all the Mormon fathers and mothers were opposed to the school, and forbade the children attending, many of them came regularly, to my surprise. Upon questioning one of the girls, who every day brought her little sister with her, as to how she dared to do so, she answered: "Father hasn't hurt me yet, and I know he won't meddle with little Rachel till he's whipped me—and I'd rather have a beating than stay home from school." Bishop Evans threatened to disinherit one of his grandchildren if she persisted in going to the Gentile school. The message reached her in the street. She stood still for a moment, looking thoughtful, then with a sudden toss of the head she said: "You tell grandpa that he isn't very rich, and there's 155 grandchildren besides me, and I'd rather have an education than my share of the property."

One night the people turned out and stoned my house—I had often wondered why they didn't burn it down over my head. I certainly thought that they would demolish it, but I lay perfectly still until after a while I could hear their speculations as to whether I was inside, and if so, how I could sleep through such a commotion. The next day one of my scholars said to me: "Didn't the stones wake you up, teacher?"

"Oh, yes," I answered; "they made a good deal of noise."
She gazed at me in astonishment.
"Wasn't you—scared?"
"Scared! No. I never thought of being scared."
"Why wasn't you?"
"Because I was warm and comfortable in bed inside, and they were out in the cold and snow working hard, and I was pretty sure they would get tired after a while."—*Boston Transcript*.

NEW TO-DAY.

JOHN J. SAX,
Has his

Feed Chopping Mill

In Running Order,

—AND—

Will chop Feed for \$2 per ton
or one-tenth toll.

Farmers and others having grain to chop can come to my mill, and attend to any business in the city to better advantage than driving two miles out of town to get their chopping done.

JOHN J. SAX,
McMinnville, Or.

The Central Hotel,

Dining Station of the O. G. R. R.

McMinnville, Oregon.

F. Multner, Prop.

(Late of the St. Charles.)

This Hotel has just been refitted and newly refurnished throughout, and will be kept in a first class style.

The table is supplied with all the market affords, and guests can rely upon good clean beds, and comfortable rooms.

Special accommodations for commercial travelers.

SEVENTH ANNUAL

FIREMAN'S FAIR

—OF THE—

McMinnville Fire Department,

—AT—

Garrison Opera House,

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday,

February 22d, 23d and 24th,

1887.

LIST OF PRIZES.

There will be prizes given on the following named exhibits:

1st and 2d prize for best and 2d best exhibit of Kensington painting.

1st and 2d prize, for best and 2d best exhibit of Kensington embroidery.

1st and 2d prize, for best and 2d best exhibit of outline work by a child under 14 years of age.

1st and 2d best, for best and 2d best exhibit of work of any kind by a boy under 14 years of age.

1st and 2d prize, for best and 2d best exhibit of crayon work.

There will also be a prize given for the heaviest, lightest and prettiest baby under 1 year of age.

Following is a list of prizes offered: For the prettiest baby, gold necklace; lightest and heaviest baby under one year of age, each a gold ring; outline work by a child under fourteen years, first prize, ear rings, second prize, scrap book; Kensington embroidery, first prize, napkin ring, second prize, box writing paper; Kensington painting, first prize, manicure set, second prize, bracket; crayon work, first prize, paper holder, second prize, pitcher; boy's work, first prize, paper holder, second prize, inkstand.

Parade of Firemen Tuesday afternoon.

Doors will be open at 7 o'clock, p. m. daily, during the Fair.

—All are invited to Attend—

Admission 25 Cents.

By Order of COMMITTEE.