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September 9, 1915

FARM AND DAIRY

(13) 797

The Upward Look

Cultivating Contentment

AMONG the many fables Tolstoy wrote embodying economic and moral truths, one is that about a Russian peasant who sold his soul to the devil for land. This peasant had never owned a foot of land. He thought that if he could only possess a certain field he had rented for years, he would be the happiest man in the world. So he made a bargain with the devil and got that field. After a while he coveted the field next to it, and got that. Then he wanted another piece to round out his holdings, and got it. Then he wanted a farm, and got it. He was stripped for running, but still he was not satisfied.

One day he heard that far over in the Tartar country, a man might buy for a little money, as much virgin land as he could run around between sunset. So he sold out his rise and journeyed there. His bargain was quickly struck with the Tartar chief and next morning the whole tribe gathered on a hilltop to see him start. He was stripped for running, and darted off in a straight line the moment the sun showed over the horizon. All day he ran and ran. He would come to a fertile valley and say, "I must have that," and ran around it, or hurry out of his course to take it, or hurry out of his course to take it in a piece of fine woods or meadow land. He ran and ran. By sunset he had to speed desperately to beat the sinking sun, but succeeded in reaching the hilltop and the waiting tribe just as it disappeared, completing his run. And then he fell dead with exhaustion, and the Tartar chief chuckled mockingly—he was the devil.

Conditions today are identical to those in the days when this fable was written. In the present-day struggle for wealth, power and greatness of all degrees, the spirit of contentment seems to have been lost. How often we set our hearts on something which we are fully convinced will bring us happiness, and we feel that we cannot rest until we have attained it. If we were to carefully weigh in the balance the fancied desires of this "hurry up" age, however, and find how little real happiness these desires create for others, we would not strive more earnestly to cultivate a spirit of contentment in the things we now have?

—M.R.

On the Way to the Exposition

THE majority of us enjoy reading descriptions of various places of interest which we may hope some day to see for ourselves, or at least we have a longing to see them. One of the most interesting "travel talks" we have read for some time has recently come to our office from our Upward Look writer, who contributes under the signature of "H. H. N." While on her way to the Panama Exposition our contributor visited many places of beauty and has written to us in such an interesting manner about some of the places she has seen, that we believe our folks will enjoy reading her experiences quite as much as we have done. The first installment of this travel talk appears herewith, and will be continued in our next week's issue. Our contributor writes:

My visit to Yellowstone far surpassed my expectations. I was not in the

least prepared for the wonderful variety and would have been glad to spend all summer enjoying the hot springs and the geysers. A story one guide told me is illustrative: A colored preacher said to his congregation, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to describe the indescribable, expound the unexpoundable and unscrow the unscrowable."

One can have no idea of the coloring of the different springs; one deepest blue, the next darkest green, cream, lavender, turquoise and so on. And the general! I saw Old Faithful, whose waters go 150 feet high and the steam far, far higher, by sunlight, in sunset glow and by searchlight. I heard a lady say of the last named, "Is it not beautiful?" Her husband answered in a hushed voice, "You cannot find an adjective for it."

One night my tent was on the edge of Lake Yellowstone, altitud 8,000 feet, with long ranges of snow-capped peaks. Another night it was on the edge of the Yellowstone canyon, from which I could hear the roar of the Falls, over 500 feet high. The walls were surpassingly beautiful with their wonderful coloring, deepest red to softest yellow. The camp fires were a great delight.

Golden Gate in Yellowstone, was the climax of all, with its massive walls, stupendous cliffs rising sheer up one side and down on the other. "Hoodoo" was as if Nature in a mighty rage at one time had thrown great boulders and rocks in the wildest confusion and turmoil.

The time spent in Salt Lake City was very interesting. I had never before heard a representation of the human voice on the organ. It was wonderful, like a whole invisible choir. I enjoyed an invigorating dip in Salt Lake.

In the Desert

In coming through the desert to Grand Canyon, the temperature was 120 degrees, but it was not uncomfortable in the cars, owing I suppose chiefly to the electric fans. The desert is so different to what I had pictured. In place of a flat, vast, level plain, the hills and mounds so varied in shape and size and color, were of great interest. I do not think any mortal could give a just conception of the mighty Grand Canyon. My first impression was one of intense fear. I could not go near the edge, and I could not bear to look at it, yet I straightway went and made arrangements to go down on a burro and stay all night, then come up the next day.

It is one vast mountain, plateau, canyon and valley after another, unfolding and stretching farther than the eye can see or the mind grasp. Just one corner (although one cannot think of it as small) would be marvellous, and think of all those portions. In the bright sunlight, the coloring was so vivid and glaring, so bizarre, that I vivid and glaring. In the afternoon I drove with an interesting party of Texans to Grand View. Then for the first time I began to lose my fear and enjoy the beauty, as the colors softened and faded. I watched the sunset for two hours, the shadows creeping up and up, to the myriad gleaming and glistening peaks. By that time I was on the very edge, trying to imprint the whole on my memory, so that it would never fade away.

On a Mule's Back; and Off

The next morning the sunrise was as grand as the sunset. By nine I was to be ready for the Trail. There were two ladies besides myself, one a doc-

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	4 "	4.50	2.25
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