The word garden which you have chosen for your keynote tonight,brings to our minds soothing visions of stately trees,velvety expanses of green lawn, and borders filled with blooming flowers.The conception of the peace and beauty to be found in a garden is one of the earliest in our cultural history,for in the opening chapters of Genesis we read"When God had created the heavens and the earth he planted a garden eastward in Eden;and out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight,and good for food;the tree of life was also in the midst of the garden,and the tree of knowledge of good and evil."In the bitter experiences of our lives,in times of sorrow and strife we feel that in the green fields of Eden there is rest for our souls. Dorothy Gurney writes,

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth,-
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

The practical gardener would tell us that this is only a small part of the picture;behind the trees,the luxuriant turf,the glorious flowers whose color and fragrance delight us,are days and months of painstaking labor.These beauties are the fruits of cultivation,of pruning,of fertilizing,of spraying ,of watering and all of these must be supplied if the garden is to fulfil our expectations and be truly beautiful.We have always known that there were certain parts of the garden where the plants were stunted and the flowers few and scentless, becausethey had not the proper food or were exposed too freely to the winds. We have known,also,that other plants received too rich food and were too carefully sheltered,so they were not hardy and were unable to survive any change in their environment.Frequently noxious weeds have appeared among the choicest flowers and insect pests have harassed the gardener.Even in Eden,you remember,there was a certain serpent which made trouble for Gardener Adam and has not ceased to annoy his descendents.

Just now when we are coming into the loveliest season of the year,when spring beauties,trilliums and hepaticas are blooming,and plum-blossoms and apple-

blossoms and lilacs excite us with their beauty and intoxicate us with their fragrance,it is indeed a temptation to disregard allegory and talk only of veritable gardens.However,if I have rightly understood the purpose of your program it is intended to deal rather with those gardens of the soul whose cultivation seems to be increasingly a problem in these days when so many of our cherished ideals and ideas must be discarded and when we can find no others to take their places.In an earlier and serener day it was not considered proper for a woman to concern herself overmuch about serious social or political problems;she was to cultivate the graces of mind and soul,those charming attributes which were to diffuse her influence as a flower diffuses its perfume. Many changes have come into the world,new trends which are like storm winds blowing across the sheltered garden spots in which life was so secure and so idyllic.

In the days which those of us who are older,but who certainly do not consider ourselves to be really old,can remember so clearly,the world was altogether different from what it is today.It seemed to be quite a stable affair.It had changed,to be sure,since dear grandmother was a girl,and weren't the changes wonderful and exciting!A man named Bell had invented a marvellous instrument called a telephone with the aid of which people miles apart could talk with one another;while another man named Edison had invented a new sort of light, and a most curious machine for recording voices.Yousimply put two little tubes into your ears and a nickle in the slot and could listen to songs and humorous selections and marvel at these modern improvements.If you wanted to travel you went on the train,and if your grandparents had come all the way across the state by ox-team and lived in Peterson nearly thirty years before the rail-road reached there,the ease and comfort of a train trip seemed remarkable in contrast Farmers,of course,tilled their farms with horses and drove leisurely to town behind their heavy work teams as often as once or twice a month,but even in quite large towns like Cherokee only doctors,bankers and a few others whose business absolutely demanded it kept horses.The rest of the populace walked unless some important occasion justified the extravagance of a livery team.

The town had a water system but only a very few private homes had installed such a luxury,plumbing was quite unknown,excepting in the cities,only a handful of the homes were centrally heated,and in spite of Mr.Edison's invention most people were familiar with electric lighting only in the form of street arc lights.House-wives still filled and trimmed oil lamps every morning,baked their own bread,and made their own clothes.The interests of the women outside their homes were confined to church work and the customary parties and round of formal calls.It was a calm and peaceful life,to modern youth it undoubtedly seem a monotonous one,yet I am not at all sure but that it was a fuller life mentally andspiritually than most people find nowadays.

Into the leisurely tempo of this idyllic existence no thought of drastic political changes entered,the presidential elections were thrilling affairs but when the excitement was over,the barbecues forgotten,and the torches of the torch light parade extinguished,it mattered little whether the Democratic or the Republican party had won.There might be changes in individual existences but the social order was relatively stable.Thecourse of events in Europe troubled us as little as if that continent were on another planet.It was so far away,several weeks even by the fastest steamer and while there were many whose parents or grandparents had come from the ties were seldom very close. We could not suspect that the passage of a very few years would find us in the thick of international troubles ,nor that these new inventions in which we rejoiced with the naivete of children were to remould our world completely, turn our time-honored virtues of thrift,prudence and industry into vices, and set a premium on extravagance and irresponsibility.In the eighteen years since the world war there have been more drastic social and political changes than in the whole of the preceding century.Dynasties have crumbled and new governments have replaced them.In Russia not only the court and the nobility but the whole of the educated class was swept away and a new experiment in government is being tried by the working class under the leadership of the disciples of Karl Marx.In Italy and Germany limited monarchies have been replaced by dictatorships more absolute than any monarchy.Scepters and crowns

have indeed tumbled down and in the dust been lesser made than the poor crooked scythe and spade.The entire geography of Europe has been altered,settled for all time said the makers of the Versailles Treaty,altered only to make a legacy of discord for succeeding generations is the verdict after seventeen years.

In the United States problems have arisen which would have seemed incredible to our grandparents.They had depressions and hard times,in 1873 the after-math of the Civil War brought on a terrible panic,with failures on the stock exchange and many bank closings.In 1893 again there was panic in the financial world and unemployment among the workers ,but the combination of the greatest war in history and the tremendous development of the machine have produced a depression which is also without an historical parallel.We are appalled by an army of jobless men more than ten million strong,an army most of whom speak cheerfully and frankly of being"on relief"instead of feeling the old shame at accepting charity.The many experiments being tried by thegovernment in an effort to bring back that boasted prosperity,the fluctuations in our once stable currency, the fear that we may be drawn into the conflict which seems preparing in Europe, are all causes for the uncertainty and uneasiness which is abroad in the modern world.

Last week,in Spencer,I heard Mrs.Max Mayer of Des Moines speak on the effect of the social revolution on the home.She made the point that the whole scheme of existence in the days of our grandmothers and indeed in all our previous history,was based on the economics of scarcity.there was never too much,rarely even enough of anything,and thrift was the supreme virtue.Our grandmothers remodeled their hats,turned and altered their dresses,patched and darned grandfathers shirt and trousers and when the material could no longer be used as a garment it was woven into rag rugs.The family surrey lasted for a lifetime and the idea of discarding anything usable simply because it was not stream-lined in the latest and extremest style was unthinkable.In our conquest of nature with the aid of the machine,we have come to the point where we must learn to deal with the economics of abundance and even of super-abundance.We were masters of the machine,but the machine has developed with such suddenness that it is in danger of making us its slaves as did the fabulous monster which Frankenstein

created.We have come into a new world with new values and our civilization is finding it difficult to orient itself.War is a great machine which produces nothing but destroys everything,from 1914 to 1918 our entire nation was speeded up to produce faster than this monster could destroy,the effort to absorb the resulting surplus and readjust our farms and factories to peacetime needs has been an heroic one.The country has had two periods of dissipation,the war years and the speculative spree which followed;the resultant headache has been a long and hard one.

All of these problems are important and pressing ones,they are even menacing, and no thinking person can avoid this realization.If we are ever to have a return of that secure and peaceful existence they must be solved,perhaps even the existence of our country is bound up in their solution.Everyone has felt the economic pressure in some degreeand everyone is familiar with the various panaceas which have been so prominently featured in the papers.The Townsend plan,Long's share the wealth scheme,Father Coughlin's ideas for financial readjustment,and the various methods adopted by the government are all sympto m atic of our state of social and political ill health.The thing which impresses me most about all these schemes is that they are based on the assumption that money is all that is needed to make people happy.This is of course the most obvious of fallacies,

The word garden brings to our minds soothing visions of green lawns,stately trees,and blooming flower borders.When God had created the heavens and the earth,he planted a garden eastward in Eden;and out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight,and good for food;the tree of life also in the midst of the garden,and the tree of knowledge of good and evil."Thus we see that this conception of the peace and beauty to be found in a garden is one of the earliest in our cultural history,and in the midst of toil and strife we think that in the green fields of Eden there is rest for our souls.Dorothy Gurney writes,"The kiss of the sun for pardon,

The song of the birds for mirth,-
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

But the practical gardener would tell us that this is only a part of the picture;this luxuriant turf,these glorious flowers whose color and fragrance delight us ,these are the fruits of painstaking cultivation,of fertilizing and of pruning;there are insect pests to be destroyed,and moisture to be supplied if the garden is to be truly beautiful and to fulfil our expectations.Even in Eden,you remember,there was a serpent which made trouble for Gardener Adam and for all his descendents.

Just now when we are coming into the loveliest season of the year,when trilliums and hepaticas are blooming ,and plum-blossoms and apple-blossoms and lilacs excite us with their beauty and intoxicate us with their fragrance,it is indeed a temptation to continue to talk about veritable gardens.However,if I have rightly understood the purpose of your program it is to deal rather with those gardens of the soul whose cultivation seems to be increasingly a problem in these days when so many of our cherished ideas and ideals must be discarded, and when we can find no others to take their places.

In the days which those of us who are older,but who do not consider ourselves to be really old,can remember so clearly,the world seemed to be quite a stable affair.It had changed,to be sure,since dear grandmother's day and a man named Bell had invented a very wonderful instrument called the telephone for talking

at a distance,while another man named Edison had invented a new sort of light, and a most curious machine for recording voices.You put two little tubes into your ears and a nickle in the slot and heard songs and humorous selections and wondered what they would think of next.If you wanted to travel you went on the train and if your grandparents had come to Peterson by ox-team and had lived there nearly thirty years before the rail-road reached them the ease and comfort of a train trip across the state seemed remarkable.Farmers tilled their land with horses,but even in quite large towns like Cherokee only doctors,bankers, and others whose business demanded it kept horses;the rest of the populace walked unless some important occasion justified the expense of a livery team. The town had a water system but few private homes had installed the luxury, plumbing was quite unknown,only a handful of the homes were centrally heated, and in spite of Mr. Edison's invention most people were familiar with electric-lighting only in street arc lights,and house-wives still filled and trimmed oil lamps every morning.

Into the leisurely tempo of this idyllic existence no thought of drastic political changes entered,the affairs of Europe concerned us only in the slightest,it was so far away,several weeks even by the fastest steamer,and we could not suspect that these new inventions in which we rejoiced with the naivete of children were to remould our world completely,turn our time-honored virtues of thrift,prudence and industry into vices,and set a premium on extravagance and irresponsibility.Last week I heard Mrs.Max Mayer speak in Spencer on the effect of the social revolution on the home.She made the point that the entire scheme of existence in the days of our grandparents was based on the economics of scarcity.There was never enough of anything and thrift was the supreme virtue:now in our conquest of nature with the aid of machines,we have come to the point where we must learn to deal with the economics of abundance and even super-abundance.We have come with startling suddenness into a new world with new values and our civilization is finding it difficult to orient itself. In the eighteen years since the World War there have been more drastic social and political changes than in the whole of the preceding century.Whole dynasties

have been changed,in Russia a new experiment in government is being tried,in Italy and Germany limited monarchies have been replaced by dictatorships as absolute as the most absolute monarchy,scepters and crowns have indeed tumbled down and even the entire geography of Europe has been altered.In the United States problems have arisen which would seem incredible to our grandparents. The fluctuations in our currency,government control of crops,the army who speak cheerfully and frankly of being "on relief"instead of hiding the fact of accepting charity;all these changes are like storm winds blowing across the sheltered garden spots where we had felt so secure.

We have always known that there were certain parts of the garden where the plants were stunted and the flowers few and scentless because they had not the proper food and were exposed too freely to the winds.We knew,also,that other plants received too rich food and were too carefully guarded,so that they were not hardy and were unable to survive any change in their environment.We were accustomed to this inequality and thought little about it,but when these great changes came many who had had plenty came to know what hardship meant while those who had had little before now had nothing.Yet at the same time there really was an abundance for everyone ,and food was actually being destroyed in the face of that desperate need.It was a problem of abundance,not of scarcity, of poor distribution,not of lessening demand.

In that earlier and serener day of which I spoke it was not considered proper for a woman to concern herself about serious social or political problems;she was to cultivate the graces of mind and soul,those charming attributes which were to diffuse her influence as a flower diffused its perfume. Her position was relatively secure and while there might be changes in the individual life the social order was relatively stable.