

Bellefonte, Pa., February 22, 1907.

JACK FROST.

The frost looked forth on a still, clear night, And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight; So, through the valley and over the height In silence I'll take my way. I will not go on like that blustering train,

The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain, That make such a bustle and noise in vain, But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest, He lit on the trees and their boughs he dressed With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear The glittering point of many a spear Which he hung on its margin, far and near, Where a rock could rear its head

He went to the windows of those who slept, And over each pane like a fairy crept; Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped By the light of the morn were seen Most beautiful things! There were flowers and

trees, There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees; There were cities and temples and towers, and

these All pictured in silvery sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair, He peeped in the cupboard and finding there That all had forgotten for him to prepare; "Now, just to set them a-thinking, I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he, "This costly pitcher I'll burst in three! And the glass of water they've left for me, Shall 'tchick' to tell them I'm drinking."

-Hannah Gould.

THE BACKSLIDIN' OF MARTHA CROCKER.

"Well, Martha Crocker, all I can say is, you're a fool, a perfect fool. When my brother Ezra died a month ago and left you every bit of his money I didn't begrudge you a cent of it. Ezra never gave you much to spend-I always knew that-and I says: 'I'm glad Martha has it, to get some good of it before she dies. She ain't never had any fun, and I'm glad.' But nowwell, I wouldn't 'a' thought you'd be so foolish.'

Mrs. Dole rocked rapidly to and fro in the slippery baircloth rocking-chair, and, as her excitement increased, the vehemence of her motion so kept pace with it that she was in constant peril of precipitating herself into the arms of her sister-in-law setting opposite. Nothing but an involuntary backward jerk, each time she caught her breath, kept her in ber seat.

"I've heard all you say, Mary," answered Martha Crocker patiently, "and I ain't mad a mite; but I've made up my mind to have 'em, and I'm goin' to have 'em!" Mary Dole rose, completely vexed. Some

are born who through life exact compliance from others; such was Mary. Others are born who as unfailingly comply, and such was Martha. She had never, in all the history of her seventy-one years, "riz up," and her revolt was both a shock and a humiliation to Mary Dole. As she swept disapprovingly out of the gate she encountered the tall, awkward form of the minister just entering. "Oh, Mr. Perkins," burst out Mrs. Dole,

"I've just left Martha, and I do hope, if you can do anything with her, you'll get her out of this backslidin'." "I'll see what I can do," said Mr.

Perkins, with assurance Mr. Perkins was an earnest and faithful laborer in the vineyard. His parish was scattered and much of his work was discouraging; the one prop which upheld him in his long pastorate at Wilson's Crossing was the fact that his flock believed utterly in his infallibility. They were a deeply

When he preached on "The Last Jedg-

religious people, and not one of his congreeation ever questioned his "soundness" or his doctrines.

ment" his description was so graphic that it seemed as if he must have witnessed the scenes of which he spoke, and Predestination and Everlasting Punishment were settled so finally and to such universal satisfaction that his parishioners would as soon have dishelieved in the rising of the sun as to have doubted them. His religion being a reality and linked with a vivid imagination, there was nothing in the

Bible for which he failed to have a lucid and exhaustive description. He could portray the face, form, disposition, thought and feeling of any character demanded and was never at a loss for explicit solutions of the most puzzling questions.
Wilson's Crossing paid him to expound

the Good Book from cover to cover, and, like young Lochinvar, "He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone.' With absolute concreteness he brought everything down to the unimaginative New England comprehension, and his con-gregation accepted every word he said and call on Martha Crocker. Men came with were completely at rest with regard to the gospel which they received in return for

Martha Crocker saw him coming and opened the door, saying, with the shadow of a smile and a courage born of her recent uprising against Mary Dole, "I suppose the parish sent you to labor with me Perkins, but I warn you it won't do any

Mr. Perkins seated himself in the haircloth rocking-chair just vacated by the you some new stairs, Mrs. Crocker?" quite

"Well, Mrs. Crocker," he began, clearing his throat. "I did come to talk a little seriously with you about what they say you are going to do with your money. Is it true about the-the stairs?" He hesitated before the enormity of the sin of extravagance proposed. Not so Martha Crocker.

Yes, Mr. Perkins," she returned, without fluching, "it is true." The thin figure straightened itself for the coming fray and sat a rigid statue, defiance flashing from the mild blue eyes.

'You know, parson," she went on, hardly waiting for breath, "what my life here has been. You know how I married Ezra Crocker over fifty years ago, and come here a girl of eighteen to live in this town. You know how he succeeded in his farming, and of the money his uncle left him. know he got rich, and you know, too, that he wouldn't spend a cent of his money if he could help it. You know how we wor-ried and pinched on his little bit of a farm to 'save.' We didn't have one thing we didn't have to-we saved and saved, until I hated the very sound of the word.

"I never had my way in anything-and never had one thing I wanted, and never knew what it was to have one penny without fighting for it. I did so want a flowergarden, but Ezra said the seed would cost, and we must use the money for something we could sell. He never wanted anything pretty or just to look at. Is it wicked, I

wonder, to want things like that?"

gathered her forces in a flash and began again. She had much to say, this meek little w man. All the pent-up wrongs and silenced opinions of years gushed forth.
"Once," pursued Martha Crocker, "I went

to Boston to visit my sister Fannie. Ezra didn't want me to go, but I just bad to. devil himself is in 'em!" I'd have died to stay here forever with no break in the drudgery of all these years. Fannie is married to a rich man, and her house in the city is just grand. That's to Martha in a scared whisper as she ten-where I saw the stairs. My, but wasn't they splendid! All oak, and carved and came. polished so you could see your face in 'em anywhere! They were the one thing in the house I wanted, and I told Fannie then that if I ever could get the money together I'd have some just like 'em; and that's what I mean to do now!"

Martha Crocker fairly glowed in her enthusiasm. "A grand staircase," she went on, "such as you read about in books— big posts with heads and flowers carved on She stopped at last and sank back in her chair. She had never enjoyed such freedom of speech in her life, and the unusual exertion left her quite exhausted.

Mr. Perkins seized the opportunity presented by the widow's temporary helpless-ness and dashed rapidly into his argument. Much as he disliked to lay aside his profound and weighty manner, he beheld in this a case of necessity and recognized that it was no time for called phrases or forensic grandeur. He was grappling with worldliness in a most unexpected quarter, and he saw at once that it was not to be so easily won a battle as he had expected. At such a time even theological dignity was not a thing to be considered.

"But think of the good you might do with the money; think, Mrs. Crocker, of the missionaries working, amid great privations, in the foreign fields; think of the struggling churches, the needy every where!" He gathered courage and fell into his pompous Sabbath manner: "The land is full of want-want comfronts us on

every hand---"I've thought of it," said Martha Crocker grimly, cutting him off at the introduction of what promised to be a lengthy dis-course, "yes, I've thought of it all," she repeated, "but I'm goin' to have 'em just

In vain did the Rev. William Archibald Perkins struggle to remind her of her Christian duty and the sin of setting the heart on the things of this world. little woman was as firm as the everlasting hills. At dusk he took up his hat and departed in the bitterness of actual of defeat, leaving the widow to her "folly," as he expressed it.

In truth Martha Crocker's "folly" roused the whole diminutive New Hampshire village. She was discussed at the weekly prayer-meetings, after church on Sunday, at the sewing-circle and at singing-school. If Mrs. Gray ran over to Mrs. Brewster's house for a "drawin' o' tea" the ensuing chat was sure to end with, "And what do you think of Martha Crocker's goin's-

She was a never-ending source of speculation at the one store in town where the "men folks" gathered once a day to see the mail come in. Silas Bridge "reckoned" the stairs would cost a "sight o' money," and wondered if Martha would have any left to live ou. Lem Harding observed, between puffs at his pipe, that he'd like to know where Martha was "cal'atin' " to put her parlor, kitchen and two bedrooms when she got in those stairs. All the farmers dwelt graphically and with many appreciative and gleefull chuckles on Ezra's state of mind if he could know what was

Meanwhile loads of oak arrived from the the wonder began to take form. Martha's face beamed and she seemed to grow young again; a faint rose color crept into her faded obeeks, and her eyes sparkled with happiness.

She seldom went out of doors, but sat a home enjoying to the full every sound which brought nearer the gratification of her ambition.

At length, one December noontide, the echo of the hammer ceased, the saws and planes were still, the carpenters packed up their tools and returned to the city, and Martha Crocker stood in childish delight at the foot of the completed staircase.

Her expression was one of perfect satis-

action. There was no regret at the expenditure of her money, no shade of disappointment in the realization of her dream. She saw nothing incongruous in the stateliness of the hall and the humbleness of the tiny parlor with its stuff haircloth furniture, wax flowers and faded carpet. She failed to note the apologetic air which the entire house bad assumed to ward the magnificent guest in the hall. She saw only the shadowy reflection of her own face in the polished surface of the stairs, and as she laid her cheek almost caressingly against the carved banister a sigh of pure happiness escaped her lips.

The stairs had been finished about a week and everyone in the little town who could errands from their wives, and wives came to see whether their husbands had remembered to come; children came with every sort of reason for coming; the minister came; and people whom poor Martha had never known in her life now took the opportunity to open a longdesired acquain-tance. The little house was overflowing with visitors morning, noon and night, and not one went away without casually remarking during the call, "Why, baven't

as if he had never heard of them before. Almost the only person who possessed the physical strength to reach Martha Crecker's home, and had not been there, was Mary Dole. Much as she secretly desired to see the marvel of which she had heard so much, she could not bring herself

to go to her sister-in-law's house.
"If she regretted it one bit," said Mary

of havin' 'em." Another week passed before Mary Dole conquered herself sufficiently to go to Martha's. It was late in the afternoon when she started, and deep twilight when she reached the low, white house. There you Dole almost hoped that Martha was away. "I can tell her some time I've been," she said to herself, "and if I don't see her I sha'n't say nothin' to regret."

The front door was securely fastened. but Mary Dole, familiar with the house, went around by the woodshed and pushed

open the outer door.
"She must be here—she'd never leave this door open. Martha!" she called, "Martha! True as I live, she ain't here." Mary stepped softly into the kitchen and through the chilly, forbidding parlor into nd we must use the money for something to could sell. He never wanted anything to could sell. He never wanted anything to could sell. He never wanted anything to could sell. She groped her way to the foot of the stairs, calling as she went, when suddenly her foot touched something upon the floor. Instantly she turned and hurfied back for a lamp. The story was soon.

Perkins started to interrupt her, but she told, for at the foot of the stairs lay Martha Crocker, white and unconscious, while around her was scattered the contents of

an overturued workbasket. "She's slipped and fell down 'em, true as I live!" whispered Mary Dole. "Those stairs was the temptation of Satan and the

All anger was forgotten as she went hurriedly forward and knelt beside the helpless figure huddled on the floor. She spoke

"It's a jedgment of the Lord upon her," said Mary at last in a low tone

"No, it ain't," replied Martha Crocker, slowly opening her eyes, and smiling whimsically. "I ain't used to coming downstairs as if I was Queen Elizabeth— I'll have to practice a little."

Mary got her up on her feet, and it actu ally proved that beyond a badly wrenched ankle there really was nothing the matter with the plucky little woman. With the aid of a cane she was about again in a few days, much to the chagrin of those who searched the Scriptures for texts to apply to the fate which had befallen her.

Of course the "haughty spirit" which is generally admitted to precede such a calamity was quoted broadcast, and sympathy did not increase when all sorts of queer packages began to go to the Crocker house By mail and by express they came until the neighbors were nearly beside themselves with curiosity.

"Spendin' more of her money on foolishness," snapped Mary Dole "Well, nothin' she can do will surprise me now. She may be bavin' royal robes sent ber for all I know. "It is unfortunate and sad," said Mr.

Perkins, "to see a woman of her age so self-centered and drawn toward the vani-So the village was unprepared to have a neat, white envalope come through the mail to every child in town, and more un-

prepared yet when on opening it they Martha Crocker requests the pleasure of your ompany on her Front Stairs on Christmas

"What is it goin' to be? What new thing is Martha Crocker goin' to do now?" every-

Of course they went, every child, attended in most cases by both parents, 'just to see that Johnnie got here safe," they said apologetically as they came in the back door. None of them had ever witnessed such a scene as met their eyes. At the foot of the stairs stood a huge Christmas tree, laden to the utmost with sparkling tinsel, candles and toys, while on the stairs from top to bottom were tier after tier of eager bappy children.

Martha Crocker came modestly out hefore the tree with her face beaming, and, turning to the many parents and neighbors crowded into the little parlor, said: "Of course I know you didn't any of you

approve of my bavin' these stairs. It did seem foolish and you didn't understand what they ment to me-I never can make ou; but the stairs were only half of what wanted. I wanted somethin' else that I couldn't buy with any of my money. Always when I shut my eyes and thought of the stairs it was with children goin' up and down 'em. Ezra and me never had any children"—the tears came into her eyes and she stopped a moment-"and " she continued, with a nervous little laugh, "I'm borrowin' all yours. I want em to come every Christmas Day just like this, and I want 'em to remember the fun they've had on Martha Crocker's stairs, and maybe sometimes they'll want to come and run about the house if it ain't Christmas. And now," turning to Mr. Perkins, who had come in answer to a most nigent note, "if you will help me, we'll take the things off this tree."

Such a fete as it was! At the end there were ice cream and candy enough to satisfy even the most unfillable small boy in the village.

As Mr. Perkins turned homeward a throng of new suggestions and queries assailed his theology. In a subtle sense it seemed that the very radiance of the winter sunset was a reflection of Martha Crock

er's philosophy.
"I may be backslidin' myself," he murmured, with a grim laugh, "but I'm glad

Meantime, alone in her tiny house Martha Crocker crept happily to bed and closed her tired eyes upon her first Merry Christmas .- By Sarah Ware Bassett, in

To Beautify Atlantic at \$5,000,000 Cost

Watson's Magazine.

Experts, retained at a cost of several thousand dollars, arrived in Atlantic City early last week to lay out plans for spend ing \$5,000,000 for beautifying the resort under direction of a general committee representing every business and civic interest in the city. The action is the first real result attained by the committee in the carrying out of what is intended to be one of the most ambitious municipal schemes for public improvement ever at-

tempted by an American resort city. The plans include not only a general ontline of street improvement, but a filling of plans for changes in the architectural appearance of both the beach front and the main avenues of the city. The experts are also to be consulted concerning the advisability of rebuilding the Boardwalk with reinforced concrete, making it a boulevard ranking with the great sea front drives and

footways of European cities. Another project already under consideration by officials is the opening of a canal across the back of the city, affording an inside waterway for use of pleasure craft and flanked by a fine boulevard. This project alone will cost more than \$1,000.000, but, it is estimated, would bring in three times the sum in taxation from increase in values of land from the ocean to the meadows.

The committee is also considering plans for a magnificent system of illumination that will turn the city into a blaze of electric lights after night fall. Railroads entering the city and corporations owning street franchises are to be asked to join in the decoration by electricity and to build their terminals to conform to the general

cheme of architecture. The work is in charge of committees from City Council, Hotel Men's League, Business Men's Association and Board of Trade who have selected the central committee and the experts who will take over the work of realizing the plans. The work is expected to take from ten to twenty years for entire fulfillment.

The las And Outs of Life.

Friend-The office boy was just confiding to me that he wanted to be the boss Some day.

The boss—Queer, isn't it? I was envying the office boy his job.

forever in the rapids.

A Joke on China

I think 'twould be a jolly loke To plant an acorn upside-down ; So that some day a great big oak Would sprout in some old China town -Housekeepe

The Farmer's Daughter

The recent sessions of farmer's institutes at Pine Grove, Pleasant Gap and Milesburg, proved of unusual interest and no little part of their success is ascribable to the address of Mrs. G. G. Pond, wife of The Pennsylvania State College. Mrs. Pond has long been active in clab and educational extension movements, but her talk to the womer of the farm carried her into an entirely new field. She seems to have been so much at home there that we publish her excellent address so that more may have the opportunity of profiting by it.

Women are divided into two great classes; the first class feels too independent to be interested in the welfare of man, or to be disposed to help him; the second class is so independent that she can spend her whole life studying how she may best be of service to him. I belong to the second class. I have studied men of all ages and in many or condition in which he is not really dependent upon the weaker (?) sex.

Let me whisper a secret to you, every man deep down in his heart, when he marries thinks he has rescued a woman from spinsterhood. Ab. yes, but the woman reses the man she marries from a much harder fate, she rescues him from himself. Thus we see how true it is that man needs it is here that I come to my subject, "The Farmer's Daughter.'

I have thought a great deal about girls and their training; indeed I might say that I have thought of very little else for a good many years. The work of my life has been something for my own girls and I speak to you, mothers and daughters, out of my own experience, which of course is narrow as all personal experiences must be, but for that very reason perhaps it has been more intense. It is not the city girl I am interested io, but the country girl. I was a country girl, myself, "once upon a time," in fact all my life has been spent in the country. How I love it and how grateful I am that it has been so arranged for me. I hope to show by doing all I can to make the country girl see her opportunities and seize upon them.

The first question I ask myself is, "Has the girl of today everything she would like to have?" Of course not, who has? The next question is, "Has she everything she ought to have for her own good and for the good of the community in which she should be a powerful influence?" Here there is chance for a difference of opinoin, but I say emphatically, "No!" We must all agree that the girl of today looks at life very differently from the way in which her grandmothers looked at it. Many things that the woman of 1800 did for herself are done for her grand-daughter just as cheap-

ly and in much less time. Our great grandmother, besides understanding all the kinds of house work which we still have to do, such as sweeping, dustcordials; she spun yarn from wool and thread from flax; she could weave and and bleach cloth; she made all the garments worn by the different members of the family; she darned and mended everything well; she braided rugs, gathered and brewed medicinal herbs and knew which should be used for one disease and which

Let me repeat, she accomplished all these things in addition to the duties of ordinary housekeeping as you and I know them. Now then, what have we to show as an off-et? The factories make our cloth, the sewing machine makes our clothes, we buy our carpets and we send for the doctor instead of gathering our own herbs; separator takes care of the milk and the creamery makes the butter, how then do we use the time saved to us by the changes which come into all lives? Perhaps that question is too personal; I will ask instead. How ought we to use the time thus saved It surely should not be wasted.

The call today to women is to live their own lives, and to live them more abundantly. There are certain natural funda mental laws upon which the lives of each one of us, man or woman, are based, these are self-development, industry, temperance and purity, and it is our duty to live up to these laws just as faithfully as we ar obliged to do with regard to the laws made for us by our goverment.

This law of self-development is the on which I shall discuss this evening. I shall not preach a sermon, but I would like to take a text which may be our leading thought. "Where there is no vision, the

people perish." Education is our vision. Education in the widest sense is not simply a matter of getting knowledge. Altendency is noticeably material and practical; it should therefore be the aim of every young girl to fit herself for both that is, to be able to get the best out of the many books which may be hers, and also to avail herself of the material and

practical aid offered her in all directions. The man who plants and sits with folded ands waiting for Nature to do all the rest is not the master of the forces of nature nor of himself. So too, the young girl who at tends school only a few months in the year for four or five years is a losing investment in the world's bank of economy. She takes just as much out of the world, but she has nothing to give back. We all have to work at something or other, thank Heaven that we do? What kind of work are our boys and girls preparing to do? What are they preparing themselves to know and to be This is the test of the community. The tastes we develop in them will determine their manhood and womanhood. We cannot rise higher than we think, therefore we need the higher education to help us to think higher. Education helps towards the enrichment of life; it helps towards the refinement of manners; it broadens the range of vision; it sffords a chance for all that is best in us to reach out and take to ourselves all that is best in the world. Education has not a market value, it is priceless! For who that has it would sell it at any price? The real purpose of education is not to enable us to get riches, but to enable us to get the most out of life without riches, -and this brings me to the subject of the family income. It has been the function of men to earn money, and they have done it wonderfull; well and why should they not do it well? Every-—Even the slow fellow can get lost thing has been brought to their assistance, inventions, improved machinery, every

and that is woman's problem. I mean by that that the man cannot new —never did support the family. It is true that for the most part he has handled all the money, but a fair proportion of it has always been refer again to our grandfathers and grandmothers; the man raised the sheep and sheared the wool, but there he left it and the Dean of the School of Chemistry at you can easily see that he might have done a deal of shivering before the winter was over if the women in his family had not carded, spun and knit it for him, and yet, I presume, even in those days, men labored under the delusion that they were supporting their women!

> Here it may not be out of place to ask you a conundrum; perhaps it is an old one but it has it point. "Why did our grandmothers endure more than our grandfathers?" "Because they endured all that our grandfathers endured and they endured our grandfathers besides."

> Seriously, however, homemaking and housekeeping constitute a business, more organizing a home is always an individual. makes the home, that is, who carries on this business, should have the right preparation.

Now the home is the most expensive institution in existence. We hear about city government expenses and state government expenses; we talk about the expenses of the churches and schools, but they are nothing compared to the expense of mainour highest powers and wisest services, and taining homes for individual families. The cheap way to live is in great communities, but we don't want to live that way. What then justifies this expense? It is the child. The home exists for the protection and the perfection of the child, and the child is the hope of the race. Now if we are justified at all in undertaking this expense of maintaining a home we should see to it that it is a home of ideals, for no life that has a real, a high ideal can be called a failure, any more truly than that the life of low "Where standards can be called a success. there is no vision the people perish."

It is at this point I wish to press home to you a vital question. Are we providing the right kind of education for our girls? Has not our vision seen more in the educa tion of our boys than in that of our girls? In many and many a family, the father and mother have denied themselves pleasures and luxuries, yes, oftentimes, comforts that a son might be educated, and what is more, have been happy in these self-denials, but when the son has been educated they have been content, and have not felt the need of striving to educate the daughter, and have done worse, they have taught the daughter to be contented without an education, that is the sad part of it. The girls of Pennsylvania are asleep, that is all, and that is wherein my hope lies; if they were dead there would be no excuse for my presence in this company. What I want to do is to take each sleeping gir! by the ear and give her a rousing jerk, no matter how rude, so that she may open her eyes and ears to all the advantages which are bers as soon as she throws back the covers, jumps out of she throws back the covers, jumps out of bed and is wide enough awake to seize is simple courtesy and good breeding, and ing, washing, ironing and cooking, made hold of them. Opportunities are all about all the soap, candles, cheese, wines, and her, in the house, and close at hand out of doors, but if she is too sleepy to see them The servant and shop girl are both human, she is worse off than the blind mole in the by at least sticking its nose into them.

For a long time the country was proud of the self-made man, and he has been an important factor in the development of our country, but Dr. Schaeffer tells us that the self-made man is on the wane. Why? Simply because the opportunities for the education of young men are so abundant and so absolutely necessary today, he can-not afford to be blind to them. Who have given them these opportunities? Men the world over is help to man, that is what Christianity has done for the world; it has taught that it is useless for a man to live unless he makes life less difficult for others.

Let us investigate what the men of Pennsylvania have done for the boys and girls Pennsylvania. To begin with, the trition at The Pennsylvania State College is \$100 a year, but that charge is remitted to all students, men or women, living within the State. What does this mean? It means that the State gives \$400 outright to every young person who simply steps forward and says I am ready and glad to accept this sum. Is there a young woman in this Com-monwealth who can afford to deliberately throw away \$400. In addition to this, on July 1st, 1881, the

Board of Trustees of The Pennsylvania State College established fifty-four scholarships, one for each senatorial district and four to be awarded by the Governor. These scholarships entitle the holders to exemption from the payment of college charges for incidentals and room-rent, which at the present time amounts to \$85 a year. The scholarships are awarded by competitive examinations that the bestowal of them may be perfectly fair. This means that the State gives the sum of \$185 a year for though this is an age of books, the present four years to fifty-four students individually, or a total of \$740 per student. Are there many young women in the State of Penusylvania who can afford to lightly throw away a chance at \$740. It would seem so for this is what they have been doing for twenty-six years, for in all that period only two young women have avail-ed themselves of the sum; two others obtained the scholarship, but did not con-tinue their studies long. With this record one might almost say that the young women of Pennsylvania have no vision. Please don't misunderstand me. I am not counseling you young women to rush in and take the scholarships away from the men. no indeed, leave them the fifty-four. Goodness knows they have need of all they can get, but I do want you to wake up to your opportunities and desire another fifty-four (or more) for yourselves and then I want to help you get them. Is it not possible for women to do for women what men have done for men?

There is an old saying that comparisons are odious, I believe it, and that is why I wish to make some comparisons at this point. At the present time their are eight nundred men at The Pennsylvania College who feel that they cannot afford to ignore the offer of \$400, while fifty are adding to it the extra sum of \$340 from the scholarship. How many young women? I blush the to tell the number, seven. Let us carry the comparison in another

direction. Inquiring into the statistics of other State institutions we find that in Cornell there are 330 women; in West Virginia, 67; in Ohio, 308; in Illinois, 556; in Michigan, 524; in Wisconsin, 575, and so on. There are to-day 13 274 Penneylvania men availing themselves of the opportunities of higher education; with regard to women the number is pitifully small in

kind of school, the trade schools, the tech- | comparison, namely 3,147. Put into cold nical schools, the universities, everything figures this means that only one young has been brought to the aid of man to earn man in four can hope to have an educated the dollar. And what is the dollar for ? It wife; I am sorry for the other three. You see is for the home and the maintenance of the my plea for the better education of young family; however, the use of the dollar is a women is made in behalf of the men (and more important problem than the earning. much as for the women themselves, for an educated wife is after all only half a man.

Of course not every woman marries, but if not, then all the more for her own sake a fair proportion of it has always been does she need the education, that she may be independent. "Equality is the right of every man to progress," how then if she does not progress, can woman be the equal of man, either as his wife or his neighbor?

Again, ours is a democracy, democracy is opportunity, opportunity is influence and influence is power, but "Where there and influence is power, but is no vision, the people perish."

To be educated does not mean that a woman must leave the country and go to the city or town for work and happiness, not at all, it is education that makes one appreciate the beauty, the comfort and healthfulness of country life. If I had time I could tell you of many women who have made a success of the employments which are to be found only in the country, such as farming in general, or farming along particular lines. Ever since the creation, the garden has been the synonym difficult and more important than any other known to modern times. This business of live in a garden, and was she not there to assist the man? Why should woman to-day conditions and I have failed to find the age a personal enterprise, and the one who live anywhere else? The variation of the work in the country is sufficient in itself to make it attractive; while the limitations of town life are so narrow that a persn can

rarely do more than one kind of work. "Most generous Mother Earth responds to the demands of her children and a golden harvest awaits those who engage there-

Henry Mills Alden has beautifully said, "Life sleeps in the mineral, dreams in the vegetable, awakes in the animal and speaks in the man", and I bave shown you that. "The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free;

It she be small, slight-natured, miserable, How shall men grow?" In the very beginning of my talk I said, 'Man needs our highest powers and wisest services". Now I say, young woman, the world needs your highest powers and wisest services; accept nothing less than that which equips you to meet this high demand.

"Please" and "Thank You."

There is a word and an expression that Americans do not use enough and they are "please" and "thank you." They are They are such short, really one-syllable affairs, that any child might use them, but sad to say, children are not taught them as often as might be, and so men and women have not

acquired the habit. A little politeness is almost as lubricating in daily life as a little tact, and an order is none the less an order when it is given with a "please." Chances are that the injunction will be far more kindly carried out and better done for the "please," and if a "thank you" follow, no barm and much good may be done.

Some women have a ridiculous idea that to say "please" to a servant, a shop girl, or any one rendering them a paid service, is not only unnecessary, but is bad form. On these two are never out of date except through disuse.

embroider; she could shrink cloth or stretch it to meet the requirements; she could dye by at least sticking its ness into them. means follows that a chambermaid is a lady in spirit; not the kind of "lady in spirit" that is "too good" to do her work, but the sort that is quiet, conscientious, honest and kind. Certainly an employer is not hurting herself by assuming at the beginning that her maid is such, and addressing her courteously. If the servant is the right kind, she acquires equal courtesy by force of example, if she had not it in-stinctively, and it is pleasanter to deal with a polite maid than one who is the con-

But is it within reason that a housemaid will not herself have quiet manners and courtesy if she does not receive the same. The woman who is scolded at by an em-ployer is likely to answer back in kind. She is only human, you see. If, on the other hand, she is corrected quietly, she will hear it in the same way. One may be quite as stern with quietness of manner as by raising the voice

The attitude of the average woman shop-

per toward girls behind the counter is enough to dub American women as hopelessly impolite. One rarely sees courtesy between them, and the salesgirl, antagonized by the dictatorial, assertive manner of the purchaser, becomes in her turn asser-tive—and unpleasant. But the shop girl who is not courteous and attractive when serving a woman who is polite, who puts a "please" into her request and a "thank you" for the service of showing what she wants is the exception. A shopper need only try this to be convinced of its truth, and even if she fails to buy because the article is not suitable, and puts "I am sorry" with her "thank you" the chances are more than ever that she will receive a smile and a word of regret from behind the counter. It is pleasanter to be smiled upon than frowned at, and the momentary courtesy helps the girl with her next customer. That a shopper sometimes rups across a salesgirl who refuses to respond to politeness with politeness by no means dubs them all rude. The latter are the exception .- Shop Talk.

The Care of The Woman.

Headache increased on reading or sewing is one of the most common reflex symptoms

It is a well-known fact that no muscle in the body can endure continuous contraction of the ciliary muscle, say for from eight to twelve hours daily. The result is eye-

strain. Persons whose work necessitates much ocular labor should vary their duties with intervals of rest. In continued reading or sewing, it is well to desist at short inter-vals and fix the gaze on some distant object

The habit of wearing veils is responsible for some deterioration of vision particularly if they are very thick or dotted. The best veil for the eyes is one with a single large mesh, either without dots, or the dots so far apart that none shall come over the eye.—Anna M. Galbraith, M. D. in the March Delineator.

The Opening

Teacher-"What is the meaning of 'aper-

Class (in chorus)—"An opening."
Teacher—"Tommy Smith, give a sentence containing the word 'aperture."
Tommy—"All the big stores have had heir fall apertures."