

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...

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...

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—always knew that—and I say: I'm glad Martha has it, to get some good of it before she dies."

Mrs. Dole looked rapidly to and fro in the slippery haircloth 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 sitting opposite.

"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'."

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.

When he preached on "The Last Judgment" 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 disbelieved in the rising of the sun as to have doubted them.

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. Mr. Perkins, but I warn you it won't do any good."

Perkins started to interrupt her, but she gathered her forces in a flash and began again. She had much to say, this meek little woman. All she put-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 had to. I'd have died to stay here forever with no break in the drudgery of all these years."

Mr. Perkins seized the opportunity presented by the widow's temporary helplessness and dashed rapidly into his argument. Much as he disliked to lay aside his profound and weighty manner, he beheld in this case of necessity and recognized that it was no time for outland phrases or forensic grandeur.

"I've thought of it," said Martha Crocker grimly, cutting him off at the introduction of what promised to be a lengthy discourse, "yes, I've thought of it all," she repeated, "but I'm going to have 'em just the same."

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. The little woman was as firm as the everlasting hills.

It 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" of money, and wondered if Martha would have any left to live on.

At length, one December noontide, the echo of the hammer ceased, and 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.

"If she regretted it one bit," said Mary Dole to the minister, "I'd go; but folks say she's as proud of 'em as she can be, and her heart ain't softened one mite about the sin of havin' 'em."

"She must be here—she'd never leave this door open. Martha!" she called, "Martha! True as I live, she ain't here."

It was a judgment 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 I was Queen Elizabeth—I'll have to practice a little."

"Spendin' more of her money on foolishness," snapped Mary Dole. "Well, mornin' she can do what she pleases now. She may be havin' royal robes sent her 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 vanities of this life."

"What is it goin' to be? What new thing is Martha Crocker goin' to do now?" everybody asked. Of course they went, every child, attended in most cases by both parents, 'till to see that Johnnie got her safe."

"Of course I know you didn't say any of your own havin' these stairs. It did seem foolish and you didn't understand what they meant to me—I never can make you; but the stairs were only half of what I wanted. I wanted something else that I couldn't buy with any of my money."

"I may be backslidin' myself," he murmured, with a grim laugh, "but I'm glad she had 'em."

Experts, retained at a cost of several thousand dollars, arrived in Atlantic City early in the week to lay out plans for spending \$5,000,000 for beautifying the resort under direction of a general committee representing every business and civic interest in the city.

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.

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.

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

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. P. Pond, wife of the Dean of the School of Chemistry at The Pennsylvania State College.

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.

Let me whisper a secret to you, every man deep down in his heart, when he marries thinks he has rescued a woman from spiderweb. Ah, yes, but the woman rescues the man she marries from himself.

"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?'"

Our great grandmother, besides understanding all the kinds of house work which we still have to do, such as sweeping, dusting, washing, ironing and cooking, made all the soap, candles, cheese, wines, and the cordage, spun yarn from wool and thread from flax; she could weave and embroider; she could shrink cloth or stretch it to meet the requirements; she could dye 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 herbs were used for one disease and which for another.

Let me repeat, she accomplished all these things in addition to the duties of ordinary housekeeping as you and I know them. Now, when have we to show as an offset? 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; the separator takes care of the milk and the cream; 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 fundamental 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 are obliged to do with regard to the laws made for us by our government.

Education in the widest sense is not simply a matter of getting knowledge. Although this is an age of books, the present tendency is noticeably material and practical; it should therefore be the aim of every young girl to fit herself for both sides, 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.

kind of school, the trade schools, the technical schools, the universities, everything has been brought to the aid of man to earn the dollar. And what is the dollar for? It is for the home and the maintenance of the family; however, the use of the dollar is a more important problem than the earning, and that is woman's problem. I mean by that that the man cannot now—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 earned by his wife and daughters; let me refer again to our grandfathers and grandmothers; the man raised the sheep and sheared the wool, but there he left it and 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 cared, 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 question; perhaps it is an old one but it has its 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 difficult and more important than any other known to modern times. This business of organizing a home is always an individual, a personal enterprise, and the one who 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 maintaining a home for individual families. The home 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 standards can be called a success. "Where 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 education 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 girl 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 hers as soon as she throws back the covers, jumps out of bed and is wide enough awake to seize hold of them. Opportunities are all about her, in the house, and close at hand out of doors, but if she is too sleepy to see them she is worse off than the blind mole in the ground, for it makes use of its opportunities by at least sticking its nose into them.

For a long time the country was proud of the man-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 cannot 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 of Pennsylvania. To begin with, the tuition 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 Commonwealth 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 one awarded by the Governor. These are scholarships entitling 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 four years to fifty-four students individually—a total of \$740 per student. Are there many young women in the State of Pennsylvania 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 availed themselves of the sum; two others obtained the scholarship, but did not continue 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. It is 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 there are eight hundred men at The Pennsylvania State 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 to tell the number, seven.

comparison, namely 3,147. Put into cold figures this means that only one young man in four can hope to have an educated wife; I am sorry for the other three. You see my plea for the better education of young women is made in behalf of the men (and more important problem than the earning, and that is woman's problem. I mean by that that the man cannot now—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 earned by his wife and daughters; let me refer again to our grandfathers and grandmothers; the man raised the sheep and sheared the wool, but there he left it and 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 cared, 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!

Of course not every woman marries, but if not, then all the more for her own sake 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 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 of Paradise, and did not the first women live in a garden, and was she not there to assist the man? Why should woman today 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 person 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 therein." 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 have shown you that "The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free; If 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 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 "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 harm 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 the face of it that is wrong. To say either is simple courtesy and good breeding, and these two are never out of date except through disuse.

The servant and shop girl are both human, and both have ideas of politeness from observation, if not from instinct. It by no means follows that a chambermaid is not 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 that the beginning that her maid is such a kindly creature and better done for the "please," and if a "thank you" follow, no harm and much good may be done.

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 regarded as by an employer 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 shopper 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 assertive—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 in 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 pleasant to be smiled upon thus frowned at, and the monetary courtesy helps the girl with her next customer. That a shopper sometimes runs 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 of eye-strain. It is a well-known fact that no muscle in the body can endure continuous contraction of the ciliary muscle, say for 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 intervals and fix the gaze on some distant object and close the lids repeatedly. The habit of wearing veils is responsible for some deterioration of vision particularly if they are very thick or dotted. A 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 'aperture'?" Class (in chorus)—"An opening." Teacher—"Tommy Smith, give a sentence containing the word 'aperture'." Tommy—"All the big stores have had their fall apertures."