

DEAR HEART, WHAT THEN?

Youth still lingers, with its pleasures,
Blessings now are manifold,
Life is sung in gladness measures,
Hoping yet for fame or gold,
Working on, believing, praying,
We may win, like other men,
Should success come past portraying,
Let us ask, dear heart, what then?

Later years will bring us sorrow,
Stealing both our youth and joy,
Though we cheat ourselves, and borrow
Pleasure's semblance, half alloy,
One by one the days will leave us,
Never to return again,
Holding much to please and grieve us,
Sadly must we ask: "What then?"

Ah, stern middle age advancing,
Slow, but sure, to you and I,
Robs of all so gay, entrancing,
Further on, deep shadows lie,
Forward will we press, not knowing
What awaits us, where, or when,
Older, sadder, wiser growing—
And we will ask: "What then?"

At the last, grim age and wrinkles,
Pain and woe—but perfect peace,
For the star of Hope still twinkles,
Till and misery soon will cease,
Loved ones will have come before us,
Just beyond our straining ken;
Death will raise his banner o'er us—
Ah, dear heart, what then, what then?

This life ended, the beginning
Of a New Life, strange and sweet,
Without wrong or earthly sinning,
Trembling hands or weary feet—
Heaven, for all so long beseeching,
Bliss beyond Description's pen,
Best Eternity outstretching—
No more need to ask: "What then?"
—Mrs. Finley Braden, in N. Y. Observer.

A SCHOOLMA'AM'S NERVE.

Poker for a Kiss or the Plunder in the Pot.

BLACK BART, the notorious highwayman of California, once during his career came across an American woman who turned the tables on him very cleverly.

Bart was seen in a row of twenty paces away, so that he might detect any attempt at treachery. The teacher seated herself on a mail-pouch that Bart had dragged out for that purpose, and with his rifle resting across his lap he settled himself on one knee a short distance from her.

Opposite them and between the players and the line of passengers the driver sat down on the ground. Word was given to start the game, and the driver threw the first card to Bart's face.

The next card fell at the feet of the school-teacher. Each player was now entitled to four cards, to be dealt face up, and Bart caught the ace of clubs, while to the teacher fell the seven-spot of diamonds.

The highwayman next caught the five-spot of hearts, and his face flushed and he smiled confidently, for the first card dealt to him was a five-spot, and he now held a pair.

The teacher drew the deuce of diamonds. Bart showed his elation when the next card that fell before him proved to be the five-spot of clubs.

He now had three fives, and he was sure the game was his. To the teacher fell the four-spot of spades. Her luck was, indeed, wretched, but she didn't seem to be the least disconcerted as she looked over at Bart's pair of fives and then down at her seven-spot high.

The last turn came, and the queen of clubs fell in front of Bart and the seven-spot of spades was the teacher's draw. She had a pair of seven-spots in sight.

Bart smiled. "Your luck came late," he said. "I'm afraid you'll lose the kiss, for here is another five." He turned up the first card and it gave him three fives.

"But I'd do well, sir," said the teacher, "but I've got another seven spot here, and I believe three of these are better than your fives." She turned up the "roll" card and sure enough it was a seven spot.

Bart was set back for an instant, but when he realized that he had been fairly beaten he smiled and, helping the teacher to her feet, said: "Gentlemen, I've lost a mighty big stake. Come up here, one at a time, and get what belongs to you out of that hat."

The passengers joyfully obeyed the order. Bart retained their firearms. In a few moments the passengers were in the coach and were going up the trail with a dash.

When the story of the school-teacher's pluck was told at Nevada City the citizens presented her with a handsome gold watch, and the express company gave her a check for one thousand dollars. The brave woman still lives in a prosperous Nevada town, where she became the wife of a prominent lawyer.—Globe-Democrat.

"That was a very wise editor who replied to a correspondent who asked: 'What is the best stock for a poor man with a little money to invest to buy?' that investigation of the market convinced him that 'soup stock' was the safest and most nourishing.—Harper's Bazar.

—She—"Isn't your father a very dignified man?" He—"Very. Why, he wouldn't let me touch him for one hundred dollars."—Little Peddlington Gheewitz.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

COLLEGE-BRED WOMEN.

Co-Education Has Proven Her Frau's Intellectual Equal.

For an every college where coeducation has been installed, in England as well as the United States, come reports of the successful student work of women in the class of 1933. At a majority of the institutions the year 1933 marks the graduation of the first class of women entered for the full academic course of study. It may be claimed in regard to these "co-eds," that the higher education of women has now been tried, and that from and after this date the world will perceive the fruits of the blasted hopes of the innovation. Let us say at the outset that we believe the fruits are certain to come.

And yet it seems best not to expect too much of the higher education imparted to this sex during the first period of its effect and influence. The college-bred man has not always proved that he has a satisfactory reason for existence. When he graduates he is often thrown all at sea by contact with practical life, and from his utterances in orations on graduation day it might in many cases be concluded that he will never get his bearings. He is, indeed, a peculiar factor in our everyday life. The world does not always know what to do with him, and often can not afford to let him do what he wants to.

Only the people who judge very hastily for anything but gradual results from the higher education of the average woman. There must be an upbuilding of the subtler qualities of being throughout the line of life which presents that average representative to us, and the result of so much inbred stability of character will naturally produce its own effect in its own sphere. That this lesson is already working within a calm, enlightened and conservative field in our life people sometimes forget. There have for some years been several colleges in this country where not only the degrees which give rank in the scholastic world are dealt out to women, but also the secrets and treasures of thought offered by education. Vassar, Wellesley, Smith and a half dozen other institutions have given thousands of young women finished classical educations. Spectacles and short hairs are not typical of the students at these colleges. They are graduates of the best line of conduct to be had in the world, and are enjoying its advantages, not solely for the purpose of becoming great thinkers. But it has not been easy to compare these women with college-bred men, and everybody has demanded the comparison. Enthusiasts have been unable to think of any better way of finding whether the woman comes up to the men. Coeducation furnishes the opportunity desired. At Cambridge, England, and at nearly all our American institutions the reformers have seen woman placed right beside man. The test admirably. Ten women at Cambridge University recently passed for the mathematical tripos, two becoming wranglers. The enthusiasts all say that this settles it—woman is equal or superior to man intellectually—and in the fine fibers of spirit as well.

Not long ago Edmund Gosse stated in a magazine article that all the women of literature in all ages had written everything ascribed to their names in just one spirit, by force of a concentrated individuality. He pointed out that they had written well, but that they had asserted themselves in but a single way at any time, which was to set themselves. If that is typical of the sex in other intellectual matters, we may still, in spite of the trammels of prescribed work, look for bright things from woman's mind and pen and hand in her highly educated future. But the larger number of women do not possess genius. They are creatures with chaotic minds like their brothers the men, and nothing but hard work and study will shape their original brain power so that it will be useful and essential to our civilization. To beat the young man at the young man's own game and on his own ground means nothing in itself. If, however, the same victorious woman should beat the same man when he has grown to the period at which his powers of intellect are most fully developed, it would mean far more. If, furthermore, a large number of women can manage to acquire, by a higher education, the ability to stand up with the men in the battle of life, the achievement would be wonderful.—Providence Journal.

WHAT ONE GIRL DID.

And What Many More May Do if They Only Will.

The girl was just twenty. She had been at school for the last ten years, had studied everything she wanted to, and several things she did not care for, had come with a trunkful of pretty gowns and half a dozen dainty hats and veils to spend the summer in a suburban town far from her home, which was in the south.

It had always been enough for this girl to be alive and to be happy. Her sweet looks and her sweet ways had been so pleasing to her father and mother, her brothers and cousins, that she had never felt the need of trying to do them any good, says Harper's Bazar. When at school the same sweet ways and sweet looks had made her popular, and it did not occur to her that she was to exert an influence on her companions.

It probably never does occur to a rose or a pansy that it has any duty in the matter of being fragrant and attractive. It simply lives its life.

In the summer home, however, Girlie, as her father liked to call her, found that everybody was on the qui vive to help everybody else. Her aunt and her girl cousins all had their work among the poor, or they read to sick people, or taught in Sunday-school. Two cousins were very much interested in a working-girl's club, one hundred girls gathered from a factory in the hottest part of the town. The club met evenings, and the young ladies of the place, dressed in the severest possible gowns of calico in summer, of serge in winter

FEMALE WRITERS.

BY J. M'ALISTER.

In considering the grade of writers referred to in the following comments I am of the opinion that it is open to question if publishers in the union, and whose hands are in the International Typographical Union, should not draw the line of literary "slush" somewhere. This means, of course, that the union would have it in its power to step in and refuse to be the instruments of propagating baneful literary productions, where such is plainly the case. That would not be asking too much on the part of a union which now dictates the details of the procedure of most of the operations leading to publication. In these days of the boasted advance of woman's rights into every conceivable domain; when domestic virtues on their part are being shoved aside; when it is said she has proved she can do everything that a man is qualified for, except produce a Handel or a Henry Ward Beecher; I say in these days it is amusing to have to say that the great overpowering bulk of the modern production of imbecile literature in the field of fiction is written by women.

If imbecile writings of this kind referred to are not injurious, what is? They are not actually Zolaesque, though some of them tremble on an overhanging verge in that direction from overdrawn, gushing suggestiveness. But, if such were not the case, they are a curse to young or elderly female minds in their unnatural, stupid, untrue, improbable and insane futurity. They lead to any amount of ignorant ideas of life and its possibilities; false hopes and a strong foundation of helpless impracticability working on "silly" young females' mind and imaginations. Some of my readers will have seen or perused publications of the kind I am driving at, such, for instance as "Tempted to Leave Her Lover," "Twixt Love and Hate," "She Was a Daisy," "The Fortunes of a Beautiful Factory Girl," &c. I am not concerned about the literary make-up of such productions at present, it is the trend of this abominable unnaturalness that is deplorable, though their dictation is such as to cause purchase on a market exists for their purchases. These are the writers whose heroes "dream of feeling the raptures of that perfect bosom beating against his own."

Their heroine "swoons away at the touch of his hand in a thrill of exquisite happiness," or, as the case may be for him, "a thrill of longing sweeps o'er his manly face," while again, "she is a dream of ethereal loveliness" as the sun plays with her auburn tresses. These are actual quotations from the effulgence of feminine ineptitude.

"Twixt Love and Hate" in its plot makes a would-be strong-minded woman, in the wealthier walks of life, marry a detective whom she hates from the first, because, forsooth, he served her by hunting up the secret history of her rival in love; and it makes another masculine female marry a man before she has made any inquiry as to the fate of a former husband who was injured, not killed, in a railway collision. He turns up alive afterwards, and plays into the hands of the detective's wife. Of course, it transpires, the railway victim had another wife, so the hunted female rival is again uppermost in an atmosphere of complicated folly and absurdity of social blunders. The story ends with the old-fashioned banishment of the demon, and the unalloyed happiness of beings pictured as abject fools hunted through life by the most impossible of impostors, after the fashionable female kills her detective husband and poisons herself.

Billie Goldie, in one of these effusions, is portrayed as a factory girl, well-looking, of course, and is supposed in the course of the story to be au fait with the fineries, the education and the capacities of a fashionable girl in comparatively high life; goes through a mock marriage with a man represented as something of a hybrid between a tough and a viscount. She fails to convince herself whether she is married or not, and yet allows a man, Rupert Morgan, whom she likes, to fondle her and to make love to her in profusion. Her marriage, such as it was, was accompanied by the peculiar circumstance of two hired bullies being posted at the door where it took place, in her "husband's" mother's house. Morgan and Wallingford, her "husband," hunt each other to the death for months, for often meet and forget to mete out vengeance through sheer idleness. And so on, in a wonderful maze of jumbled-up, alleged plot, full of inconsequent actions, forgotten threads of the story, high falutin talk under unheard-of circumstances, dialogue to be expected from such characters—almost—and an utter absence of any motive in the actors, who run about the world in wild-goose chases, and when they find the person they won't forget to say and do what they announced as their intention. All is disjointed and delirious, and yet some publishers of this "sweetness" have drawn out in our big cities have hired hands who smoke 25-cent cigars and live in gilded splendor. The above are the heroes who "sit a horse like a centaur," of whom it is said "a beautiful smile wreathes his expressive lips," whose conduct to the heroine "sets her blood tingling to her finger tips," whose heart is subject to alleged "wild bounds of exultant joy," while at other times "she colors up at the mention of his name." This is too idiotic to be Zolaesque, and simply lacks nerve to be as broad-spoken as the Frenchman.—Artist Printer.

Be a Woman.

Girls, all of you, everywhere, this is a word to you.

Be true to yourselves and be guided by the promptings of those who have been through it all, and know by experience the best line of conduct to pursue. You may lose the companionship of some whom you think very gay and jolly, but their evanescent friendship will be replaced by sincere respect and commendation.

It is great fun, perhaps, to be a bit slangy in your talk, to take surreptitious puffs of a cigarette, or to deceive your chaperon as to your whereabouts.

Possibly for a time such a line of conduct will appear amusing and clever, and you will undoubtedly think you are pleasing Tom, Dick and Harry by being half fellow well met and willing to deceive those who have your best interests at stake. But when your back is turned no one will be so quick to censure you as they.

Remember that, and don't yield to the temptation to be dippant and untrue.

Again, be womanly.—Boston Herald.

Quality Not Quantity.

Dr. Bischoff, the celebrated professor of the University of St. Petersburg, published a pamphlet in 1883 against the study and practice of medicine by women.

In this pamphlet he declared that women were physically unfit for heavy studies. After careful investigation he discovered that a woman's brain was inferior to that of a man, and that it was incapable of any great development. He based this opinion upon the average weight of the brain of a woman, which was considerably less than that of the ordinary man. In his will he provided for the weighing of his own brain, and put its expected weight at a pretty high figure. He died recently, and it was found that his brain weighed considerably less than that of the ordinary intelligent woman. The ladies are delighted, and the women have fallen back upon the theory that it is the quality of the brain that counts, and that the weight does not amount to much. Some of them go so far as to assert that if a man's brain were composed of as good material as is put into a spider's brain it would make him a mighty smart fellow.

WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

MISS WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE, the Tennessee author, has held the position of clerk of the senate in Tennessee with great credit for eight years.

MICHIGAN women are receiving the congratulations of many of their sisters from all over the world on their sudden accession to the rights of voters at all city, town and village elections.

A LADY in Copenhagen has been officially registered as a carpenter and joiner. She expects to do more than superintend workmen, and in order to perfect herself in making dainty furniture she has found her way to this country in search of new ideas.

MRS. HARRIET STRONG, of Whittier, Cal., last year raised 2,000,000 pounds of the beautiful pampas grass used in decoration, and sold them nearly all. Mrs. Strong is said to be the first person to grow these pampas plumes extensively in North America. Formerly they all came from South America.

MRS. WILLIAM WALTERS, of Muncie, Ind., is said to be the only woman who ever undertook to shoot a gas well with nitro-glycerine. She lowered six quarts of the dangerous explosive to the bottom of the well, nine hundred feet, dropped the weight, and ran away as fast as she could. The explosion was entirely successful, but not many women would have had the courage to undertake it.

In 1890 there were about 275,000 women engaged in money-making occupations as follows: One hundred and ten lawyers, 165 ministers, 320 architects, 588 journalists, 3,061 artists, 2,135 architects, chemists, pharmacists, 2,106 stock raisers and ranchers, 5,135 government clerks, 2,438 physicians and surgeons, 18,152 professional musicians, 56,800 farmers and planters, 21,071 clerks and book-keepers, 14,465 heads of commercial houses, 155,000 public school teachers.

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