

FRANCES WILLARD'S LIVING MONUMENT

This Week Devoted to Her Memory by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Throughout the World.



THE WILLARD MISS WILLARDS EVANSTON HOME.

BY LUCIA F. ADDISON. TODAY all over our Nation, and, in fact, over the world, groups of philanthropists and the White Ribbon clubs, will commemorate the "home going" of Frances Elizabeth Willard; not merely a memorial day, as the term is usually used, but as a living monument.

When, on February 17, 1898, Miss Willard passed from earth land to life land, all the world mourned. And many plans were suggested as to a suitable monument to erect to her memory.

Churches placed memorial windows in their houses of worship. Marble busts were placed in public libraries; the state of Illinois, by act of Legislature, erected a white marble statue in Statuary Hall at our National capital; the only woman thus far in the Nation's history, to be thus honored.

At these meetings a free-will offering was taken up and placed in a national fund for the purpose of aiding in the extension and perpetuation of the plans and purposes of the work of the organization.

From this fund aid is sent into missionary territory, and to help campaigns for civic righteousness, and for the members who believe in the justness of their cause. This, so the constituency believe, is in perfect accord with the purposes of the memorial.

From this fund last year 27 states were substantially aided, missionary fields helped and greatly strengthened, and many a campaign of moral education made possible, which has been a most potent influence in augmenting the reform wave now sweeping through the country.

Financial aid was sent to Manila, where Mrs. Annie Dacey is a resident. W. C. T. U. missionary work among the colored race received aid in six states.

Thus a mighty arrest of thought was sent forth to the people. Not least among the good work accomplished was the large amount of educational literature that was sent out.

One can readily see this form of a living memorial is but the working out of the motto that Miss Willard was ever repeating to her followers, namely, "Aid, educate and organize, and through this fund it becomes more and more a live wire, from which vibrates love and joy of doing good according to a plan.

History records the names of great women as well as men. There was the Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc, who in the fifteenth century came forth as a liberator of a distressed country, and by a series of extraordinary measures achieved her purpose, and had her name recorded in the temple of history as one of the most heroic women of the ages.

There was a Saint Theresa, a century later, who, in spite of the religious despotism of her time, possessed a faith not divorced from reason, a conscience that did not ignore the ten commandments, and a heart unlocked for suffering humanity by the key of a boundless sympathy.

There was Hannah Moore of the first third of the last century, who was designated the "mother of modern female education," and whose uplifting influence had the effect, even on this side of the Atlantic, of creating Vassar College.

Then there was Mary Lion of Mount Holyoke fame, one of the great female educators of our country. Florence Nightingale, in the latter century, gave herself to be a battlefield nurse, and surpassed all others of the war of the Crimea. And we should not overlook the illustrious names of still more distant ages, Deborah, Ruth, Hannah, Queen Esther, Mary Magdalene, and Dorcas.

Miss Willard's work in the educational and literary world, as well as in that of philanthropy and reform, is well known and needs no repetition from my pen; but there is one act of her life that stands out a luminous light on the pages of the history of great careers.

After filling the position of president of the Evanston College and dean of the university, and occupying an enviable place in the literary world, in 1874 came a testing time, and she chose the remarkable career that gave her the name of the "Uncrowned Queen of America."

How came this about? It was in this wise: Two offers of work were tendered her simultaneously; one the offer of preceptress of a famous ladies' school with a very large salary and every way a most desirable position, the other a call from a band of middle-aged women of Chicago to come to them and be the president of the local Woman's Christian Temperance Union, without salary and with the prospect of no end of hard and unpopular work.

Was it not heroic? What led her to make this choice, so full of sacrifice? The answer comes, the profound conviction that it was a call of God.

Of the world-renowned "do-everything" policy which she established in the reform work, when assailed by critics, she says: "The 'do-everything' policy was not of our choosing, but is an evolution as inevitable as any traced by the naturalist or described by the historian. Woman's genius for dream and her patient steadfastness in following the enemies of those she loves through every lane of life have led her to antagonize the alcohol habit and the liquor traffic, just where they are, wherever they may be. If she does this, since they are



FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Hints on Training Husbands; by One Who Never Had One

Being an Account of a Chat Between a Girl Just Engaged and Another Who Declares Herself a Confirmed Spinster.

BY LILLIAN TINGLE. LAST Sunday was Valentine's day, you remember; or have you reached an age or state of mind when St. Valentine and his day have no further interest for you? Well, it was, anyway; and that is one of the reasons for what follows.

It was Monday or Tuesday that I was hailed on my way down town by a charming young friend of mine. "You've simply got to come in and see my valentines," she said; and there was that in her eye and voice that made me forget that I thought I had about as very important matters demanding my presence in the heart of the city, and I meekly followed her up the steps of her home.

She is a deservedly popular girl and had a fine collection of valentines to display. They ranged all the way from the kindergarten art of her little brother up to a wonderful complication of candy and flowers from a young man who had been sorely afraid that she might wish to be a sister to him. In fact it was only a few days previously that he had managed to assure himself as to her unalterable regard, and that was why the valentines were forgotten in the inspection of a brand new solitaire ring on the third finger of the Valentine girl's left hand.

It was some minutes later, after some "swords with which you have no concern," that the Valentine girl plumped me into a chair and said with a certain finality of tone, "You're not going. You think you're busy, but you're not. You are going to sit there and give me some good advice about training a husband."

I gasped, and hastily reminded her that I was merely a confirmed spinster of honorable standing and that she had a real married cousin right there in the house, who was always ready to be a

stands as the exponent, not only of that return to physical sanity which will follow the downfall of the drink habit, but of the reign of a religion of the body which, for the first time in history, shall correlate with Christ's wholesome, practical, yet blessedly spiritual religion of the soul. The kingdom of heaven is within you; do not forget that. Verily it can be said: "Though she is dead, yet she speaketh."

The following extract from her noted speech on "Home Protection" is carved on the base of the statue that graces the National statutory hall. It was selected by the sculptor herself.

"Ah, it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the world they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them, with snares that men have legalized and set for them on every hand. Beyond the arms that held them long, their boys have gone forever. Oh! by the danger they have dared; by the hours of patient watching over bodies where helpless children lay; by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to heaven, I charge you give them the power to protect, along life's treacherous highway, those whom they have loved."

This is Miss Willard's favorite hymn, the first one ever taught her by her devoutly religious father.

A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify, A never dying soul to save And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age, My calling so fulfill, Oh, may I all my powers engage To do my Master's will.

mother to her at any hour of the day or night.

The V. G. simply looked at me. "Don't be silly," she said. "You know Harriet as well as I do. What I want is the result of your observations on various parts of the earth's surface. Outsiders always see most of the game," she added, with a seductive grin, "and I want all the wint'ers I can get. Of course I have ideas of my own about the importance of feeding them properly and letting them think they are having their own way when it really yours; and not nagging and tramping upon them occasionally for their good; and not plugging them continually about how they like your hat; but there's an awful lot to learn, and June will be here before I can turn round."

For a fiancée of three or four days' standing, and barely out of her teens, it seemed to me that the Valentine girl had grasped some of the essentials of good government; but I didn't want to make her vain, so I merely remarked "That seems to me sound as far as it goes. What else?"

She swung round with a question: "Do you think the fair to cry at them? Jessie M— told me once that she could get anything she wanted from her husband if she just cried a little."

"No! I don't," I said. "It's taking an unfair advantage. And besides, Jessie has the art of crying secondarily; while you know perfectly well that you and I are both like that girl in the Kipling story, 'who cried in the German fashion, which includes much blowing of the nose.'"

She couldn't deny it; so I continued my sermon. "I think a pretty good motto is one that I learned from a small boy in England, the captain of a cricket team to which I had the honor to belong. His sister one day found a grimy sheet of paper laboriously written in the small captain's best hand: 'Over-seal Cricket Team. Captain, Mr. Ed-

ward Poyser,' in large letters; then the names of the teams; then, 'Rules (1) no runs for 'bys.' (2) No argyn.' They were good rules. 'No runs for byes' means that you must not take undue advantage of your opponent's weak bowling—very chivalrous, considering the number of girls on that team. Getting your own way by crying or similar means strikes me as getting 'runs for byes,' and as for 'no argyn'—"

"Yes, I quite see the point of that," she said. "It's a good rule too—and probably a matter of self-defense on Mr. Edward Poyser's part—judging from what you say of the number of girls on the team."

I threw a cushion at her, but she dodged and picked up a pencil and pad. "I'm going to write some rules, too. They may be amended from time to time but they will serve as a working basis."

"Whose names are you putting down for captain of the team?" I asked. "Your own or his?"

"Never you mind," she said (but I had my own opinion as to what she wrote—it seemed rather long and involved, and in a short one. We'll adopt those two for a beginning:

1. "No runs for byes"—in the widest sense.

2. "No argyn"—unless for diversion. It certainly would be awful always to agree with each other.

3. Regular and wholesome feeding.

4. No questions asked until after a meal.

5. A suitable amount of "sausage for the goose."

6. Both learn to enjoy the same jokes, and the same things to eat.

7. Have a clear understanding in regard to division of income and of labor.

8. Don't nag him about smoking—it only makes him more of a smoker.

"I'll think of more in a minute, but what do you think of those for a start?"

"I've proved them all on brother," she said. "What are you little girls in other than she's talking about?" she asked, in a voice of studied sweetness.

"Husbands and other wild beasts," said the V. G. "I'm learning to wield the trainer's whip."

The married cousin is an admirable wife and mother, but among the virtues Providence has failed to supply her with a sense of humor.

Her eyebrows went up and her mouth down. "At such a time, Valentine," she said, "it should be thought that you would hardly make a jest of—"

"But we knew the Married Cousin and her 'sacred subjects,' and like King Solomon, along life's treacherous highway, those whom they have loved."

"This is Miss Willard's favorite hymn, the first one ever taught her by her devoutly religious father."

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Positively the First Showing in Portland of HAND-TOOLED LEATHER GOODS. The display is an express shipment received Saturday, and includes hand-tooled leather table mats, pillow tops, center pieces in circular, oval and oblong shapes. Table Mats, circular, 8 inches to 13 inches, prices 75c to \$3.00. Table Mats, oblong, 13 inches by 21 inches, price \$5.00. Table Mats, oblong, 21 inches by 34 inches, price \$13.00. Table Mats, oblong, 21 inches by 36 inches, price \$17.00. Table Mats, oval, 17 inches by 22 inches, price \$8.50. Table Mats, oval, 22 inches by 30 inches, price \$17.00. Table Mats, oval, 24 inches by 36 inches, price \$22.50. Table Mats, square, 22 inches by 22 inches, price \$5.00. Table Cover, circular, 36 inches, price \$30.00. Pillows, including leather backs, 21 inches square, beautiful designs, sale price \$8.00, \$10.00, \$11.50 and \$13.50. See Window Display.

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PARIS, Feb. 20.—(Special)—The little village of Concoy, in the canton of Andoux, is at present troubled by a curious strike. One day the local schoolmaster discovered that his garden wall was crumbling away. He addressed the Municipal Council, suggesting that the wall should be repaired at once. The Council considered that the matter was not one of urgency and informed the schoolmaster that the wall would be attended to in the Spring. This reply did not satisfy the schoolmaster. "If the wall is not repaired I will strike," he said. He has carried out his threat. For a month Concoy has been without a schoolmaster. This state of things is not to the liking of the villagers, and their discontent is accentuated by the conduct of the schoolmaster, who whenever he meets the fathers of his school-ars, exclaims, "Long live the strike." Meanwhile the village is kept in a turmoil all day through the children. The parents asked the local Mayor to put an end to the strike. The Mayor passed on the complaint to the inspector of primary schools. The inspector replied that the Mayor was responsible for what has happened. The parents have now written to the Minister of Education, but so far have not received a reply.

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