

Men of property are taxed for the support of the Public School with the promise that their money shall be so expended as to raise the standard of citizenship. The tax is regulated by the number of children, *entitled* to school privileges. Now, statistics show that a large number of children never receive this education for which they are taxed, and when it comes to voting, they are frequently left at the mercy of the ignorant who out-number them, and they should *demand value received* for their taxes which they pay with the understanding that citizens shall be made better and more enlightened.

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#### SAYINGS AT THE P. & D. CLUB.

*Reported by a member for the Review.*

"Why can't people have common sense? Now, Kate Grey, don't look at me with that accent of ladylike surprise in your eyebrows. My remark is not utterly irrelevant if it does come in the same breath with the last sentence of that high-flown article. I'd like to know why people are always telling us girls that we ought to do something grand with our lives, just as if we should not be glad to do noble things if we only knew how! I notice that half the newspaper stuff pointed at us is trash. No, I won't sh-h, and I'm not talking treason. Isn't this Patch and Darn Club itself proof of our willingness to mend our minds and habits as well as our garments? I am sure I am trying to bring myself up in the way I should go, and when I get headstrong Mollie, here, takes me in hand. Between the two of us we had to read nearly a dozen articles of this sort during the last month, and I haven't got a step further on. Why can't people tell us what to do, instead of dinning at us continually to do something? Now the majority of us are earnestly desirous both of being good and doing good. Why will not some one take that for a

premise, and go on from that point, instead of carrying us repeatedly over the same ground? Over and over again we are told that there is a work for us to do, and what we want is to find out first what that work, stripped of its vagueness and generalities, is. Now if any member of this club can tell us how we are to work, and what we are to work at, Samantha Jane Higgins would be happy to let her have the floor."

The members of the club looked at one another, but no one manifested eagerness to fill the position metaphorically vacated by Samantha.

"See here, Samantha," ventured Ella Hadly, "I've finished mending these stockings. I did not count up the holes to see what I had to do, I just darned each little hole or worn place as I came to it."

"I see the point, Ella. You mean that we accomplish a work in the world just by doing the little things as they come to hand. But I'm afraid your parable won't hold good. You don't keep your wardrobe in repair by darning the holes just as you happen to find them? You systematically look the things over when they are sent up from the laundry, and lay out everything that needs mending, to be attended to at the proper time. Now I wonder," Samantha continued, meditatively pricking her ball of worsted, "if that isn't just the way to get at other work—first to find out the work that is waiting to be done, and then to set ourselves systematically about doing it. It's all very well to fit ourselves for something, and to trust that the something will find us, but it seems to me that we might facilitate matters by prospecting a little. Of course we can deliberately plan out a life work only on the most general terms, but shall we not be likely to accomplish more if we begin now to bring the outlines of our plan to some definite form?"

Samantha put the question generally, but looked at Mary Waring, the digni-