

## FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Miss Willard's parents were New England people, though she is a native of New York, having been born at Churchville, near Rochester. She had grown scarcely beyond babyhood when the family removed to Oberlin, O., afterwards wending their way still farther west and settling for a time near Janesville, Wis. Until Frances was eighteen, she studied at home under her mother's guidance, aided by a governess. Her companions were her brother and sister. It is said she read few books, and no novels. The plan of education was unique; of these years one has written thus:

"The world's work was reproduced in miniature in the little household, that the children might learn to take part in it. They had a board of public works, an art club, and a newspaper edited by Frances; poems were written, a home republic was formed, and the children trod their little world with the free step and the abandon which helped them to conquer it in after life."

Later, the family removed to Evanston, Ill., there to make a permanent home. There the daughters finished their school-days, and soon after one went silently away from the pleasant home the father had made for them, and the book, "Nineteen Beautiful Years," is a memoir of this sister—the gifted Mary Willard. Some time afterwards the father died.

Miss Willard spent two or three years abroad, studying in Paris and Rome, visiting Palestine, Greece and Egypt. During this journeying she wrote for several American papers, among them the *New York Independent*, and *Harper's Monthly*. She laid up stores of knowledge—incidents and facts as material for future work. Soon after her return to America she became president of the Woman's College at Evanston, which position she resigned when the university absorbed the college. I will copy for you one or two extracts which will show you how her former pupils regard this remarkable woman. Says one:

"Her ideals of life and character were very high, and she succeeded in inspiring her girls with a great deal of her own enthusiasm. I never at any other period of my life lived under such a keen sense of moral responsibility, nor with such a high ideal of what I could become, as during the years in which I so proudly called myself 'one of her girls.'"

Says another:

"Her constantly recurring question being not only, 'What are you going to be in the world,' but 'What are you going to do?' so that after six months under her tuition each of her scholars had a definite idea of a life work."

I am coming to the hour in the life of Miss Willard when she came before the world as connected with the W.C.T.U. To tell the story of her life would be to write the history of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the Home Protection Movement. In November, 1874, the National Union was organized, with Miss Willard as corresponding secretary; and from that hour she has given her life to the cause of temperance and womanhood.

I pause here, and try to choose what to tell you of the work she has been doing. So great and so varied have been her labors that it is useless to attempt to follow out the story in the little space given me here. She was elected president of the National Union, in 1879, and it seems that her earnestness and her executive ability increased with each succeeding year.

Miss Lathbury says of her, "As an organizer, Miss Willard has no equal among women; her office is not only to plan work, but to be the life and inspiration of the workers."

Aside from writing thousands of letters every year, and performing other literary work, she "is almost constantly on the wing, going at the call of the cause, to plant or encourage new organizations, to confer with workers in council, to speak at the request of leading thinkers and workers, of the moral questions of the day from a woman's point of view, and always and everywhere to give enough of herself to others to quicken the currents of life and touch new springs of activity into motion."

As a public speaker, Miss Willard takes a high rank; some one has placed her "first among women who speak." Another has written thus: "As a public speaker, I think Miss Willard is without a peer among wo-

men. With much of Edward Everett in her language, there is more of Wendell Phillips in her delivery." And do you know these are high praises to speak of any one? To be the peer of Edward Everett in rhetorical finish, and of Wendell Phillips in oratory, is to be among the first of Americans, to say the least.

Miss Willard's voice is described as "magnetic," as "musical and mellow," as "winding away to the remotest listener, as sound from the silvery bells of the Sabbath."

In the convention where the W.C.T.U. was organized Miss Willard offered the following resolution: "Realizing that our cause is combated by mighty and relentless forces, we will go forward in the strength of Him who is the Prince of peace, meeting argument with argument, misjudgment with patience, and all our difficulties and dangers with prayer." And it seems to me that we need not look farther for the secret of Miss Willard's remarkable power, for the explanation of her wonderful success in her work—she is eminently a woman of prayer. —Faye Huntington in *Pansy*.

## JIMMY'S DOUGHNUT BUSINESS.

BY FANNIE L. FANCHER.

"But, mother, I tell you there is no other way, we are all but freezing, and starving. I don't believe that the Lord meant poor folks to be so 'fraid of doing wrong," said Jimmy petulantly. "I'm sure if we were rich, had plenty to eat, and wear, and keep us warm, 'twould be easy enough to keep all the commandments, but it seems as if poor

that passage you read so often in the Bible 'bout the righteous never being forsaken an' his seed never beggin' bread. Father was a good, righteous man, if there ever was one, and we are forsaken of the Lord, and would be begging, if you weren't too proud to let folks know how we're suffering. Now, mother, you know I've always been a good boy, an' minded you; but I can't hold out much longer. You can go without victuals better'n I, 'cause you ain't growing as I be; just see how tall I'm getting for a boy only fourteen," and Jimmy stretched his gaunt frame to its full height, nearly reaching the top of the door. "But, mother, I tell you," he said, bitterly; "I'm going out once more to hunt up a job, and if nothing better turns up, I'll hire out to this man for these two months, Sundays in the bargain, for I can't starve, and that's all there is about it." And he stalked from the cold room, slamming the door behind him.

To the poor mother this trial seemed greater than all others combined. Hitherto her son had been obedient, and she thanked God daily that none of the numberless pitfalls of city life had caught his stumbling feet. But now that he should resist her authority, and go to labor on the Sabbath was a sad blow to her. She fell upon her knees beseeching God to come to their relief, and to open at once some honest way for gaining of their daily bread. The calmness which followed her prayer assured her that she had not called in vain upon the Lord, and Jimmy returned in the afternoon with a face radiant with hope. "Mother," he

with a beaming, hopeful countenance. "Yes, Jimmy, I think I can; but I shall be obliged to use my last penny to procure the material, and don't it seem rather foolish to risk all you have?" asked she, doubtfully, not thinking yet that this suggestion of Jimmy's might be the answer to her prayer. "Mother, I have faith in grandmother's doughnuts, if you can make 'em like hers." "Well, Jimmy, when I was your age, your grandmother was famous all the country round for her cookery, and every donation party or gathering was fortunate where one of her 'pyramid cakes' graced the table. And when your mother commenced housekeeping, down in Vermont, many said that she was not behind her mother in making such dainties; but I fear, Jimmy, that my hands have lost their cunning, for I'm sadly out of practice."

"P'raps, mother, it'll all come back to you, when you try," said Jimmy, hopefully, as they prepared to go out. Soon they returned from making the requisite purchases, and Jimmy joyfully helped his mother in the manufacture of the doughnuts. He attended to her fire, while she deftly mixed the dough, and in more cheerful tones told him her plans. "You see, Jimmy, I'm going to appeal somewhat to the imagination by shaping the cakes as your grandmother did. I'll cut with a knife, and roll them like this," and she dexterously rolled and turned into the desired twist. "Oh, yes, mother, I remember now, those look just like grandmother's! It's funny I remember 'em so long, I was five years old then, wasn't I, mother?" "You were in your fifth year," replied she, as she gently dropped the cakes into the smoking fat.

To make a long story short, four dozen of the doughnuts were soon ready, and Jimmy could scarcely wait until morning to start out with them. When he did go his success was assured, since his basket was empty in less than an hour, and orders taken for more the next day. The weary mother counting the profits, which had nearly doubled the money expended, felt that this was indeed God's means of answering her prayer. The next day Jimmy disposed of twelve dozen doughnuts, and doubled that number the day following. The material could now be purchased at wholesale, and so the profits were greater. The demand soon increased beyond the power of Jimmy's mother alone to fill, so another poor widow and her daughter were employed to assist.

The girl went out soliciting orders for old-fashioned articles, for Jimmy's mother wisely concluded to add other goodies, made by grandmothers, that were relished so much by the boys of that day, to her stock in trade and the result was amazing. At length from three hundred to four hundred dozen doughnuts daily were needed to supply the growing demand.

Soon the wish of Jimmy's heart was realized, and enough money was laid by to go out West in search of their nearest surviving relative and a home. In this effort also they were successful, and Jimmy is now with his mother in a thriving Western city, the junior partner in a large and successful manufactory, where his talent for manufacturing, developed in the "doughnut business," brings him a competence and the means of doing good to others. He does not forget the lesson learned in early life in regard to Sabbath labor. Though his business now demands hundreds of operatives he will not allow them to work upon the Sabbath. Indeed, so great is his fear lest they be tempted to perform their own tasks upon that holy day that he gives them the "Saturday half-holiday," and the happy mother thanks God daily that he answered her prayer for her boy, leading him out of temptation and delivering him from evil, and putting into his heart that good thought about the "doughnut business."—N. Y. Observer.

AN EXCHANGE SAYS: "Michigan has a law which provides that no sign, picture, painting, or other representation of murder, assassination, stabbing, fighting, or any personal violence, or of the commission of any crime, shall be posted, under penalty of fine or imprisonment. It would improve the moral condition of this country if such a law were enacted by and rigidly enforced in every State. The debasing influence of theatrical and similar posters upon the character of boys and girls is incalculable, and is realized by few parents. Equally debasing are some of the illustrated papers, the sale of which should everywhere be prohibited by law."—*New York Independent*.



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folks have got to break some of 'em. Now by doing this work—easy, you know—you'd just stay there in the shop all day where it's awful warm, an' nice, an' I'd help pack the stuff, an' then when the two months are up, we'd have enough to get away from this big, bad city. We'd go in the spring out west, an' hunt up father's half-brother on that farm some 'ere in Minnesota, an' then 'twould be clear sailin' this gettin' a living." And Jimmy waxed earnest in his arguments. He well knew that the one desire of his mother's heart was to leave forever the great city, wherein she had found so much misery, for a home in the roomy West.

"This man offers us such big wages, 'cause he's just got to get hands," continued Jimmy. "Some of the old ones struck yesterday, an' if he can't fill their places running his machines Sundays, he'll lose lots o' money. He seemed real pleasant an' kind, and when I told him I didn't know 'bout workin' on Sunday, for I thought you'd object, he said he didn't like the idea of workin' on Sunday any more than anybody, but he'd got to hev it done now or lose lots o' money. He wanted me to report in the morning if we'd come. If you won't go, mother, I believe I shall, for I can't stand it to be so hungry. Why, when I go by those bake shops, I just have to clutch my hands together for fear of breaking the commandment about stealing. I just can't b'lieve

exclaimed, "I b'lieve something's turned up at last. About noon to-day I saw two spruce chaps go into a lunch-room an' I followed 'em, though I expected I'd get kicked out by the proprietor, an' I got behind the big stove an' he didn't see me till one of the men got through his lunch an' threw me a doughnut; 'twas so hard it struck the stove with a thud an' I picked it up an' then the man drove me out. Well, I remembered you always wanted me to thank a body, so I waited, an' when they come out I stepped up an' thanked the man for the doughnut; but he said 'twant worth a thank you, for it wasn't good enough for a dog to eat. I just wondered how he could think so, for it tasted so good to me. Well, I followed along an' they kept right on talking 'bout doughnuts, or nutcakes, one of 'em called 'em. He said he didn't see why they couldn't be made as his mother used to make 'em. An' t'other man said the hard, dry, tasteless doughnuts of to-day were not at all like those his mother, down in New England, made when he was a boy. Then they both agreed they'd give a deal of money to get a taste of such doughnuts. All to once I remembered grandmother made 'em when I was a little shaver, that winter you an' father took me there for a visit. Then I followed the men an' got the street an' number where they have their business, an' now mother can't you make such doughnuts?" asked Jimmy,