

A GIRL'S OPINION

OUR articles on the subject of allowances appear to have aroused general interest among our readers, who have contributed a variety of communications regarding this matter. We publish in this issue a letter from a girl in the country who evidently has a strong conviction on the desirability of an allowance. The letter is written with frankness and sincerity, and we are sure will strike responsive chords in the girl community.

Our columns are still open to this discussion and if any other reader, young or old, feels that she can shed light on the subject we shall be pleased to publish her views. The following is the letter from the girl who has a just grievance:

As just a young girl reader, I wonder if I might be allowed to say my little "say," and not be thought of a woman's rights woman by some of those bachelors who read our pages with such unsympathetic eyes.

I think the subject of allowances for girls on the farm has become a very important one. How many farmer's daughters receive allowances? Very few. And aren't those few a great deal more contented than those that do not? How many of those "allowance" girls get such a craze for the city? Very few. Why? Because they are just as independent in small money matters as the girls in the store, office or factory.

Just listen, if you have patience, to my personal experiences in this line. I am one of those farmers' daughters who have very little money. In fact none that is called "spend-as-you-like" money. I have never been given a dollar in my life with that prospect before me. As far as clothes are concerned, my father buys them. But what he gets is good. He takes me with him when I must have a coat or hat or pair of shoes and never said I must have a certain hat if I didn't want it. Just so, our tastes agree on many things, but he does not or will not buy the smaller things or give me money to do so. With my mother it is nearly the same. Of course she has money, but she can't supply me, and I would not allow her to give it to me when she needs it. She is the dearest and most indulgent mother in the world. My father is kind too in some things, but in others he is too tyrannical. But it is the little things I want. If I am going to the city and ask him for a little money he invariably asks "what for?" If I say a collar or postcards or a ribbon, it is "Oh, pshaw! I can't give you money to buy trash all the time," whereas he has never given me a cent to buy postcards. It is not just, it is cruel; surely a girl can spend a little money economically. When my brothers go out, Dad will give them money to spend—a great deal of it on other girls. Why cannot he give a little of it to his own girl? My brothers are good to me but they haven't enough for all. How can a girl have an attractive, if inexpensive, room with a few books or some beautiful bits of music when the "man of the house" must buy them? I say she can't if that man is like the man of this house.

Do you wonder we have a craze for the city, a hankering after the freedom our city friends have? They at least have money. If they spend it foolishly they must suffer for it. But even those that suffer aren't as unhappy as the girl with no money, on the farm. But will father let me go to the city? No, indeed. His daughter work in town and board away from his eye! I guess not!

And if I were to just go, it would cause such an uproar in this home as to wring tears and many heart-aches from mothers like mine, and a great many of us are needed at home too. When we are gone to another home they may realize our worthiness or unworthiness more fully. But some have gone for the same reason that I would go for.

Oh, you fathers who have daughters crying "city, city, city for mine," just think over why they want to go, and remember how much money they have of their own. In the greater number of cases that the want of "spend-as-you-think-best" money is the cause of their wanting to go to the city to work. Of those that might go for other reasons I shall not mention. It is the deserving average farmer's daughter for whom I plead.

And after all isn't it the little things in life that count; that makes life worth living? The dainty bits in a girl's room, the living room, the girl herself? Isn't that where the real attractiveness of a home lies? Just examine a bedroom of one of those working girls and then look into a country girl's room—one of those country girl's rooms that I mentioned, and note the difference. Oh! it is there and the girl feels it, sees it, but how can she remedy it. I have a great many friends in the city who work. They are all nice lovable girls, and one attraction for me lies in the fact that they have money. "Money is the root of all evil," but I say it is the root of a great deal of good, and give me more root.

The question of "How to keep the boys on the farm" has been answered many times. I give the way to keep me on the farm.

NOTTA KID.

The Blossoming of the Lilies

Continued from page 11

light above his head. He saw nothing else.

He did not see the black boats fighting with the current in a fever of haste. He could not hear the voices that spoke from them.

"Seest thou the fort, Baptiste?"

"A black ruin on the edge of night, my Captain."

"O, thou saints! Is there no life, Baptiste?"

"None, my Captain, but the life of the forest, wolves and foxes."

"Are we too late? Mercy of God, defend our France!"

"Too late, Monsieur. But—wait! See, see, my comrades! See, my Captain! The lilies! The lilies float still! The lilies are safe!"

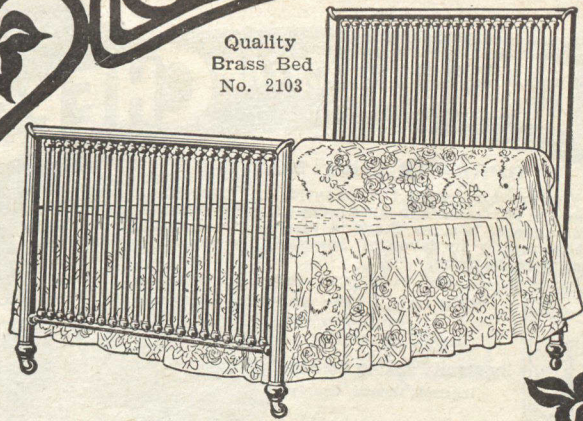
Shouting the tired men toiled at the paddles. Anne saw nothing of their coming. He saw nothing till a known face bent between his face and the flag, till grizzled moustaches brushed his cheeks, till a quiet voice said, "My son!"

Even then the fiery lilies dazzled him. "I have kept them safe, Monsieur," he said, saluting.

He saw the men saluting as his father gathered him in his arms; he did not know they were saluting him as well as the flag.

"We are in time," said the Commandant.

And so it ended, one little fight of all the many fought by France in the New World, and fought in vain. Only in a few brave hearts the lilies still rule. But every year, about the site of the little fort, the red lilies blossom royally in the grass.



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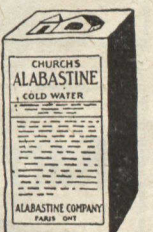
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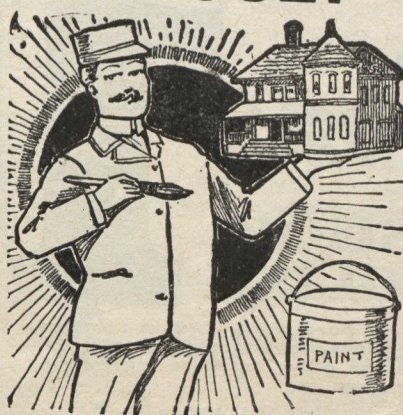
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