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"The Craziest Bet a Girl Ever Made"

"I Happened to Remark That a Certain Jackie's Uniform Was Not Quite Ideal in Fit.

"Perhaps You Think You Could Show Off a Sailor's Trousers and Hat Better? Do the Girls Wear Them Up No'th?"

"That Made Me Mad. 'No, the Girls Don't Wear Them Up No'th; but if They Did They'd Look a Lot Better in Them Than You Southern Girls Would!'

"After That, of Course I Had to Prove It!"

THE "girl proposition," illuminated by George Ade, is constantly acquiring new angles. The latest and most astonishing development along this interesting line shows that when a Northern girl is challenged by a Southern girl the wager of a box of chocolates is sufficient to inspire her to defy all the traditions and powers of the United States Navy.

Navy regulations do not encourage the presence of young women aboard battleships or cruisers except at social functions in port; quite the contrary. Yet, when the second division of the Atlantic fleet proceeded from New Orleans to Galveston early last December, one of its ships reluctantly provided passage for Miss Jeanette Evans, of the former city, but previously of Joliet, Illinois.

Just to win that box of chocolates, and to prove that no Northern girl would "take a dare" from a Southern girl, Miss Evans went aboard the battleship Kansas dressed as a Jackie, and escaped discovery until the fleet was well out in the Gulf, headed westward. What happened then and the feminine psychology of the whole adventure are told on this page in the heroine's own sprightly narrative.

By Miss Jeanette Evans

(Who Made the Bet.)

I HATE to brag about it, but the fact remains that I'm the only girl who ever dressed as a Jackie, boarded a battleship and stayed with the fleet till the next port was reached. I was discovered, of course, but not till I'd won my bet of a box of chocolates. It was the craziest bet ever made, and you may believe that I'll never make another one like it.

It was last December, when the second division of the Atlantic fleet touched at New Orleans and Galveston, en route to Panama. It was the flagship—U. S. S. Kansas—which enjoyed the advantage of my unexpected presence aboard. Just ask any of the officers. If they tell the truth—but, of course, they won't tell anything, because they were fooled. However, they're a fine lot of officers, just the same.

It was all the fault of these New Orleans girls, who are perfect loves, but so conventional and chaperon-ridden that it's a wonder how they can be sure they're alive. Just because I'm a Northern girl—my people only recently moved to New Orleans from up in Illinois—I was expected to bear out the Southern reputation we have for doing unconventional things in a spectacular way. This theory prevails in the South because the Northern girl generally knows how to paddle a canoe, row a boat, ride horseback and find herself at home in the kitchen, in case of an emergency.

The average Southern girl, on the other hand—though a perfect love—is a prodigy if she knows how to boil water. Why, when the St. Bernard parish schools of New Orleans inaugurated a domestic science department, you ought to have heard the howls that went up from the sweet lips of the pretty dears.

Well, so much for them, and for my giddy reputation as a Northerner. I hadn't denied anything—what's the use of wasting your breath? So my Northern halo still invented my brows when the Atlantic fleet, headed by the Kansas, came into port and all the young matrons and debutantes put their best foot forward to make things pleasant for the handsome officers.

Bless you! they had no grounds for complaint. They were dined and fêted and received and danced until they must have longed for the resumption of the cruise, and a chance to catch up with their sleep. We visited the ships, and it was during our call on board the Kansas that I got into the trouble I'm telling you about.

I happened to remark that a certain Jackie's uniform was not quite ideal in fit. Little Leonora, pride of an old New Orleans family, took me up in a minute.

"Perhaps you think you'd show off a sailor's trousers and hat better?" she said. "Do the girls wear them up No'th?"

"That made me mad. 'No, the girls don't wear them up No'th,' I said, imitating the Southern girl's antipathy for the letter R. 'But if they did they'd look a lot better in them than you Southern girls would—you peaches and cream fluffy ruffles.'"

"Prove it! prove it!" half a dozen of them dared me.

"I will," said I, quite reckless by this time. "I'll bet you a box of chocolates that I'll dress as a Jackie and get aboard the Kansas without discovery."

They took me up before I had time for calm reflection, and I was in for one of the most idiotic enterprises a girl ever tackled. You will understand the difficulties of what I had undertaken when you remember that by this time the face of every enlisted man on the Kansas

must have become familiar to the officers of the deck.

But my blood was up, and I was determined to show these New Orleans beauties what just an average Northern girl could do when she put her mind to it. I fixed up a dandy Jackie suit. The girls said, when I put it on, that if they didn't know to the contrary, I could pass with them for a Jackie in a minute—only they thought there were probably few of the real thing who carried off the trousers part so symmetrically.

"You'll have to smoke a cigarette as you go aboard," they said. "All real Jackies do."

I said I'd accept the anti-cigarette handicap. I had planned to go aboard the Kansas in the dusk of the evening before the morning set for her departure. Three of the girls volunteered to witness my exploit—from a discreet distance.

They did. Knowing their eyes were upon me, I marched down the pier with what I felt to be the ideal Jackie roll in my gait. Straight up the gangway I marched. Just then, fortunately, the officer at the rail turned to answer a question put by another who had just sauntered up. So he replied to my salute and turned away without seeing my face—I'm sure it was as red as the sunset had been a quarter of an hour earlier.

Just then something happened that sent my heart into my throat. A Jackie going ashore had to satisfy the officer that he had proper permission to do so. I was on board the Kansas, but how on earth was I going to get off. Suddenly every officer in sight looked like a Bluebeard to me. I simply hustled forward and hid, all a-shake till my teeth chattered, behind one of the big guns.

There I stayed all night, catching a cat-nap occasionally, between reconnoiterings which always convinced me of the impossibility of leaving the ship undiscovered. I was enjoying one of those cat-naps in the morning when some one shook me by the shoulder, and I awoke with a start. In one glance I saw a young officer looking me up and down suspiciously, while the Louisiana shore receded in the distance. Suddenly the officer said:

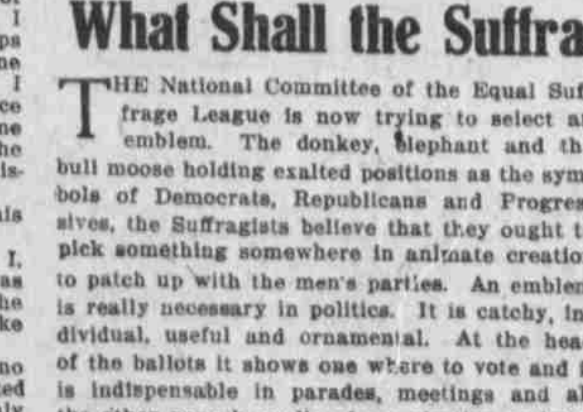
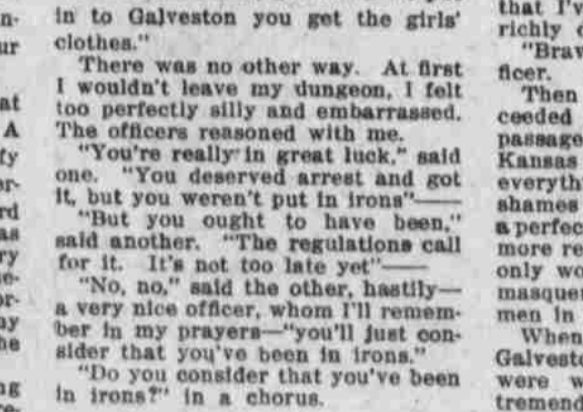
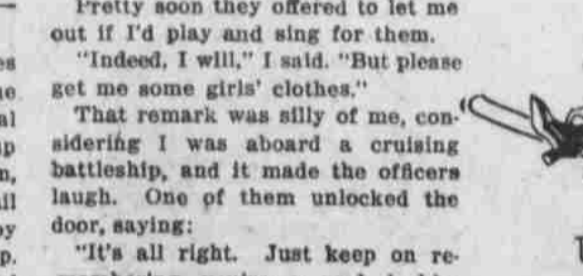
"You're a girl! What does this mean?"

"I'm doing this on a bet," said I, quite boldly, now that I knew I was in for the worst. "I suppose the Kansas won't turn about and take me home?"

"That was a very nice officer—no I won't tell his name. He arrested me, of course—that was the only thing he could do. I was taken before another officer, who looked me over, then got red in the face and gave a muttered order, and then turned away coughing spasmodically. Well, I was locked up in a dinky little room with a bunk in it, and for half a day no one came near me."

"Well," I said to myself, "they haven't put me in irons, so I guess it won't be very serious."

After a while I wanted to cry. Oh, how I wished I'd never started anything so crazy. I almost wished I was a fluffy Southern girl tied to a chaperon for life. As I'd had to give the officers my name and tell them all about my people, I didn't want to make a spectacle of myself; instead of bawling and getting hysterical, I began to warble. I sang "Dixie" in my best manner, followed by "Roll, Ocean, Roll," and kept it up till several officers gathered outside my door and rewarded me with their applause.



Just to "Show" Those Southern Girls, and Win a Box of Candy, Pretty Miss Evans (from Illinois) Smuggled Herself Aboard the U.S.S. Kansas at New Orleans as a Jackie But--Never Again!



Above is Miss Evans—As She Usually Appears—Surrounded by the Scenes of Her Exploit. And Below is Miss Evans, as She Appeared When Discovered on Board the U. S. S. Kansas, When the Fleet Had Left New Orleans and Was Steaming Toward Galveston.



What Shall the Suffragette Emblem Be--Spider, Toad or Phalarope?

THE National Committee of the Equal Suffrage League is now trying to select an emblem. The donkey, elephant and the bull moose holding exalted positions as the symbols of Democrats, Republicans and Progressives, the Suffragists believe that they ought to pick something somewhere in animate creation to patch up with the men's parties. An emblem is really necessary in politics. It is catchy, individual, useful and ornamental. At the head of the ballots it shows one where to vote and it is indispensable in parades, meetings and all the other paraphernalia of pre-election activity. But it is also immensely important to get just the right symbol to arouse popular enthusiasm. To determine this right emblem the committee has had experts working on natural history tomes and has invited suggestions from scientists. It was felt that the creature chosen for the emblem ought to have peculiar characteristics which would undeniably show that were the said creature human would be a loyal follower of the suffrage cause.

Prominent on the list from which the winner will be picked is the bird called the red phalarope. So superior in every way is the female phalarope to her mate that a famous naturalist has aptly described her as "male in all but the prime essentials of her sex."

The phalarope has very interesting habits. The female shows the male where she wants the nest built. He meekly builds it, while she sits idly by and bosses the job. Then she lays her eggs in the nest, and immediately calls in the male to do the hatching. During the entire period of incubation the female is absent from the nest. She hops around in the neighborhood if she chooses, visiting her "friends" and at-

tending to her various "interests." And woe be to the male if he dare leave the nest at a critical period. He receives a sound drubbing from his better half, for she is much larger and stronger.

The phalaropes are often called "little swimming sandpipers," for they rest and sleep on the ocean about half the year. They are often seen in flocks far out at sea in the North Atlantic, and when on land inhabit Northern Canada and the islands about Baffin's Bay. The females are of much brighter plumage, and in the mating season two of them always vie with each other in their efforts to win a certain male's affections. Finally, one of the females withdraws in a fit of jealousy when she realizes that her rival has the inside track. So, in questions of courtship, it is always leap year with the phalaropes. A well known suffragette once proposed that "woman's leap year rights" be in effect every year instead of only once in four. This idea was propounded as a remedy for the declining birth rate.

Of almost identical family habits and "customs" with the phalarope are the bustard quails or hemipodes. The bustard quail would likewise make an ideal emblem for the suffragists. The female is seven inches in length, while the length of the male is never over four and one-half inches. Like the phalarope, the female bustard quail leaves the entire incubation and care of the young to the male. Likewise, the female always has the much brighter plumage.

Even the militant suffragettes have their representatives in the realm of the bird world. Suffragettes break windows, but crows break nests. They even break up homes, to say nothing of the havoc they work with the farmers' cornfields. Through pure deviltry crows fly about from tree to tree and smash the eggs of other birds. And, curiously enough, it is the female

crow which is most addicted to these warlike tactics. Why should not a lusty female crow grace the banner of Emory Pankhurst? But of all birds, in whose ravages beligerent suffragettes may well seek a parallel, the female rook is as much to be feared as any. These rooks leave their "husbands" behind to guard the "household" while they flock on a rampage to the nests of less formidable birds. Then with concerted efforts they proceed to tear asunder the nests of their neighbors. The rooks get their "rights" with a vengeance.

Turning to the animal kingdom, the suffragist emblem seekers found in the case of the Surinam toad that the female does not submit to any indifference or idleness on the part of her humble mate. During the mating season the female toad lays about sixty eggs. Then the male is forced to do what is really to him a most obnoxious duty, or he will die without "heirs." A very remarkable spongy layer is formed on the female's back at this period, and the male has to take each egg separately and carefully plant it in this spongy bed, in order that the young toad may hatch. And if a good majority of the sixty eggs is not hatched out, Father Toad had better "makes tracks for Reno."

Not the least of the creatures which would make an ideal symbol for the cause of suffrage is the spider. The female spider of all species takes good care that her mate does not forget her importance. After the mating season the female often shows her gratitude to the father of her children by turning him out of the parental web, never to return under penalty of being devoured alive. But before the young spiders hatch out the old fellow is allowed to make himself very useful as a home builder.