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Woman Suffrage at St. Catherine's

By Elizabeth Jordan, Author of the May Iverson Stories. Copyrighted, 1913, by Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Note—May Iverson, Elizabeth Jordan's famous school girl of St. Catherine's convent, is known wherever American books and magazines are known. During the last six years three May Iverson serials have appeared, the first two in Harper's Magazine, the third, during the current year, in Good Housekeeping. The story reprinted here, by courtesy of Harper & Brothers, has a special interest, not only because it takes up in May Iverson's inimitable fashion the great question of woman suffrage, but even more from the fact that it is illustrated with photographs of the actual scene of the tale—the College of St. Elizabeth, in convent, New Jersey.

(Continued from Yesterday.)
I tell you that made me sit up. When there's any fighting to do, no Iverson turns his back upon the foe. I saw at once that it was time to take sides, and that it was going to be terribly exciting. Kittle James was already in the enemy's camp, with three of our friends, and here was Maudie getting up an opposition party. I had to decide quickly and I did it. The audience was convinced on the spot, and it got up and kissed Maudie and told her so. My, but she was glad. She just hugged me, though usually she's very undemonstrative. Then she said: "Now, we've got to get Mabel Blossom on our side. The three of us can sweep the girls off their feet—but if Mabel goes over to Kittle, you and I will have a hard battle to hold our own." And she added gloomily: "We can never tell how Mabel Blossom will act about anything."

I knew that was so and I promised Maudie I would appeal to Mabel's reason and try to make her join us the very minute she got back, before the other girls saw her. I said I'd meet Mabel at the station and ask her which she preferred to associate with, on an intellectual level—Kittle James or us. I thought that might fetch Mabel; she is so proud of her intellect. Maudie said it was worth trying, but she shook her head and said it would be just like Mabel to join the other side, so she could develop their intellects. Then her face brightened and she jumped; so I saw that she had another idea. She said, "I might tell Mabel she could get a feeding tube and use it on Maudie if she wanted to. Maudie said she had wondered how a person felt when she was fed through a tube, and now she was going to get one right off and find out. She said she knew Mabel would be simply delighted to try such an experiment. Mabel was going to be a doctor, so she'd have to know about it sometime, and it might as well be now."

I wasn't very enthusiastic at first. It seemed to me like what Sister Irmengarde calls "an irrelevant detail." But I knew Mabel Blossom would join my society in the world for the sake of trying a medical experiment on some one, so I told Maudie the tube was surely the quickest way of getting to Mabel. Wasn't that bright? Maudie laughed heartily, she doesn't always. We put Mabel's name on our list without waiting. So we had three members—a president (Maudie, of course), a vice president (Mabel), and a secretary (me). Just then Janet Trelawney knocked at the door and came in, and as soon as we mentioned our club she joined it without waiting for any details because she liked us better than she did Kittle. We were glad she didn't insist on having an office, because there weren't any left; but we gave her a glass of ginger ale and a cookie to celebrate on. There was really something to celebrate, for, you see, we had four members, the same as Kittle had, and her club was a whole hour older than ours.

You'd better believe the next twenty-four hours were fevered ones. Whenever we saw a girl alone anywhere we appealed to her reason and got her to join St. Catherine's suffragettes. Janet Trelawney caught one girl in a bathtub and wouldn't leave her until she promised to join; and Maudie Joyce gave her best coral chain to a new girl to convince her reason. It did, too, though she had half-promised Kittle to join the anti's. All I did was to appeal to the girl's reason and read my stories to them and they were so proud of being seen seated beneath the trees with a real author that they joined, "not single spies, but in battalions," as Shakespeare says. I got nine one Saturday, so you can see how a love for good literature is being fostered in our convent school. Between times we meant banners with "Votes for Women" on them. Mabel Blossom was with us by this time. She joined just as soon as we mentioned feeding Maudie through the tube. Before that her mind seemed to be "clouded with a doubt," like King Arthur's.

Perhaps you think Kittle James was idle all this time. She was not. She was most diligent about our club. She meant to work like mad to make hers bigger. She was unreasonable about it, too, and instead of seeing that we had a right to our sacred convictions, Kittle thought we got up our club to kill hers. She hardly spoke to us on the campus at first, but pretty soon she saw how silly this was, especially as it made her miss lots of fun that had nothing to do with suffrage. She began to drop into my room again in the evening, the way she always had, but she wore such an impatient and busy look that it got on Maudie's nerves.

I am broad-minded and just so I can't help admitting that Kittle's club was really a success after all. Her sister, Mrs. George Morgan, sent her lots of advice, and told Kittle everything that the Chicago club did; and her brother-in-law, George Morgan, was tremendously interested and made heaps of suggestions. Kittle took them, too, and made her club socially exclusive, and had parties and things to eat, even if she couldn't eat

"The Light of St. Elmo"

By NELL BRINKLEY
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St. Elmo's light, skipping through rigging and burning from cross-tree tip and boom-end on black nights on the heaving, lifting trail of the sapphire and star-powdered sea, could hold no holier thing than the dream of a woman's gentle face. "Corporant" the sailors dub the firefly glow, and this means—(man or maid who does not know)—the "holy body."

"Wave-weary ships" and men dream of their haven and a woman's breast. Breaking through giant seas, rolling in the trough with crying timbers, fighting and flying before wind and wave, lifting and burying, fleeing the roaching foam-fingers, day after day from a sea-and-sky line that never was to one that never will be, the schooner dreams of anchorage and the gentle bosom of a blue sweet bay and the idle tracing of her name on a sky with a quiet mast! Haven—and the thunder of the sea beyond the breakwater. Beyond! And her sea-worn breast on an even keel on the soft breathing bay water. So go the dreams of the schooner on the unworn trail of the sea.

Eyes turned for a little away from the tiny floating world of the ship, hands calloused and torn with the constant slide of wet rope, brown with the wind and dingy-shirted, eating and sleeping and acclimating hard from the red sun's coming to its red going, through gray days and fierce blue days of wind and huriling spray, man-talking, man-thinking, singing man-songs, which all seems good and well flavored until the dream falls on him—clinging to his work on a thundering, flapping sail, clutching with feet and knee a singing rope strung with swift beads of sea-water—the sailor watches the luminous glow-worm of good St. Elmo's light, and the dream of harborage strong on him, finds in its flickering dance a woman's face and arms. Soft woman after scenes of sea welter and man! So—they say—go the dreams of a man in the waste places.

"Wave-weary ships" and men dream of their haven and a woman's tenderness.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Making Mother Happy

By ADA PATTERSON.

He sat behind me in a crowded train that was pushing its way from the city as fast as revolving wheels would take it to the seashore. He stood because he preferred standing to seeing girls and women swung back and forth on the dizzying and perilous support of an overhead grip. All manly men have that preference. He was talking with another young man, who had also taken a perpendicular position at the command of a fine instinct.



"Going to the dance at Revere-hall?" he said. "That is sure to be pleasant. Yes, I was invited, but I'm taking mother to Coney Island. I give an evening now and then to making mother happy."

Both young men looked toward the middle of the car where sat a white-haired, pink cheeked woman, with a girlish light of excitement in her eyes that were like faded violets, she smiled and nodded happily back at them. It was plain that this was an event to her, perhaps she had never gone to a crowded, noisy, bawdily hilarious people's playground, or perhaps she had not been there since she was a girl or since the tall young man in the well-fitting, well-brushed suit of blue serge had been a babe in a long white muslin slip embroidered by her own hands. Certainly it was of the nature of a milestone in her life, this journey to the resort by the sea, and her sweet old face so radiated gratitude that a lump rose in my throat and lodged there inconveniently long.

It was a good investment the young man was making that night, one that would yield him rich dividends of content. The depths of the unhappiness it causes us to see sadness we have brought to faces we love is the measure of the happiness we derive from seeing these faces made radiant by the joy we have given. It is bitterly hard to remember the one when that face has passed from the region of our vision and into the dim of memory. But the recurrence of the fact reflecting the happiness we have

been able to bring it is as grateful as the rich lingering glow of the setting sun. It is that which makes memory a beautiful afterglow in our lives, instead of a chilling night.

Making mother happy. It isn't so hard a task. As hair whitens and the light in eyes fades as the vivid colors of life grow dim, wants grow correspondingly simpler in normal lives. That evening at Coney Island to the woman who wanted to go there was a topic of conversation for a week and of pleasant retrospect for months. That her boy had taken her, that when all the other pairs on the sea wall had been spooning openly and unashamed, he had squeezed her arm and called her his best girl, had been one of the proudest moments of her life, and the happiest.

Dropping around for an evening call will make mother happy. And you will make her a great deal happier if you dwell upon your own happiness in the new nest you have builded than if you find fault with your fellow nest builder and hastily hint that you wish you were back in your old room at home. Borrow a settle as an iron hand upon the mother heart that beats anything like this.

A bit of a present, if it's only a wag-

gish kewpie or a five-cent puzzle, will make mother happy, for in one respect mothers never out-grow their bridehood. They want to be kept in mind. They want to know that they are very often in your thoughts. A gift spells thought to a sensitive heart.

Mother wants a little vacation every year. The housekeeper more than anyone else needs a change from the monotonous routine of her life. Can't you manage to give her one? Think it over. And if you are far from her don't fancy that the regular weekly letter telling her more or less of what has happened will be enough. You must write her a love letter. It has passed out of fashion, but there is no kind of love letter that must never become obsolete. That is the love letter to the mother at home.

Equipping an Agriculturist.

"How's your boy Josh doing?" "Well," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "Josh is a smart boy and mighty willin', but I'm goin' to have to send him to school some more before I can depend on him help on the farm."

"Why, he is a well educated young man."

"Yes, but he's got to specialize. I'm goin' to keep him studyin' geology until he kin recognize a rock before he hits it with a blow."—Washington Star.



Madame Isibell's Beauty Lesson

THE HAIR AND SCALP—PART II.

Seborrhea, the medical name for dandruff, is so common an affliction that many people accept it as a matter of course and take no steps to cure or prevent it. This is a wrong attitude, for properly speaking, dandruff is a disease which, if not checked, may lead to serious consequences. Most cases of falling hair or baldness are preceded by an appearance of excessive dandruff; neglected dandruff may result in eczema, and the presence of dandruff even in a mild degree shows that the scalp is not acting in a normal manner.

There is a natural shedding of the skin continually going on all over the body. Infrequent shampooing or lack of systematic brushing of the hair results in an accumulation of this scurf on the scalp; in some cases it leads to excessive dryness of the scalp and in others excessive activity of the oil glands causes the oil to mix with the dandruff.

Dandruff should not be allowed to gather on the scalp, but it should never be scraped off roughly or with a sharp comb. A fine comb will remove dandruff, but it may irritate the scalp and carry away new hairs.

Begin treatment by gently rubbing the scalp with sweet oil or vaseline, leaving this on overnight, so as to thoroughly soften the crust. In the morning shampoo the head vigorously according to directions that will be given and when nearly dry apply a tonic containing a direct specific for the bacteria that infects dandruff. Resorcin and bi-chloride of mercury are regarded as effective for this purpose and most dandruff remedies contain either one or the other. This treatment should be repeated whenever there is any accumulation of dandruff. The scalp should be well aired every day and treated to a few minutes scalp massage, full directions for which will be given in a following lesson.

As dandruff is often the result of obstructions in the working of the sebaceous and sweat glands in the scalp, massage, by improving the circulation and removing the torpidity of the scalp, will overcome this difficulty.

Eczema is characterized by itching and the presence of scales on a red, raw surface. When such is the case keep these spots covered with carbolated vaseline or have your druggist prepare a sulphur lotion. Water should not be used on the scalp if eczema is present; keep it clean with sweet oil and brush the hair well. INSERT SIGNATURE CUT.

Madame Isibell
(To be continued.)

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Consider carefully.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl, 18. At a pleasure party this summer I met a man of 21, who, in a very few hours had advanced to the stage where he was telling me that "was the only real love of his life and things of a like nature. I have known him for three weeks, and he now begs me to become his wife. I have not yet had time to analyze my feelings in regard to him, and fear that if I let him go I may regret the step forever. Yes, I have loved without further deliberation. He swears it is "low or never." What shall I do?
—MIGNONNE.

Don't be rushed into a hasty and ill-considered marriage. If this man will not wait a few months for you to make up your mind as to where the serious happiness of your life and his lies his affection for you lacks patience and sympathy—two wearing qualities you will need in married life. Inset on time—if he cares for you in the right way he will feel that you are worth waiting for.

Do Not Offer Her Money.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going out every Sunday for the last few months with a young lady, boat riding, bathing and the like. She has always prepared a little luncheon for both of us every time we have gone out.

Of course I pay for everything that is necessary for the luncheon, but I don't, however, pay for the lunch that she prepares. Is it proper to buy the necessary articles for the preparation of the lunch on each occasion? I would very much like to pay her or even suggest it to her, but fear she may become insulted if I offer her anything.
—A. M.

There is almost no circumstance under which a young woman of character and breeding can accept money from a man. Do not insult your friend by offering her money for the share she gladly contributes to your day's outing. Why not occasionally suggest that you vary the program by taking your meal at some restaurant instead?

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil! Remove Them With the Othine Prescription.
This prescription for the removal of freckles was written by a prominent physician and is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., or any druggist, under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.—Advertisement.

Is this Why English Beauties Are So Fair?

(From London Herald.)
Ever since the discovery that mercurochrome would absorb and remove a discolored complexion, its use by ladies as a substitute for bleaching cream has grown rapidly. A perfect complexion can be maintained indefinitely if this remarkable substance is used. Its beneficent cleansing, clearing and preservative action is quickly apparent, and ladies who have been paying as high as a guinea a jar for "special bleach" from beauty specialists, soon recognize that mercurochrome is the real secret of their fair skin.

The favorite way of using it is to apply it like eye cream, before retiring, washing it off in the morning.

The axolotl lotion for wrinkles and the facial contour has also become extremely popular. One ounce powdered axolotl is dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. Rubbing the face in this has a splendid effect in erasing wrinkles and improving contour.—Advertisement.