

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Woman Suffrage at St. Catherine's

By Elizabeth Jordan, Author of the May Iverson Stories.
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Editor's Note—May Iverson, Elizabeth Jordan's famous school girl of St. Catherine's convent, is known wherever American books and magazines are read. 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.)

We were all pretty edgy by this time. If you have delicate nerves in your fingers, you know how perfectly awful you feel when you try to pare a peach. That's about the way every suffragette at St. Catherine's felt when an "anti" came around where she was. As for our lessons, Sister Irmingarde told me with her own lips that if I didn't do better during the coming month she would be reluctantly forced to change her mind about my ability as a student. You'd better believe that stirred me up! I dropped everything at St. Catherine's except study and suffrage. When the other girls had "spreads" in their rooms, Mabel Muriel Murphy and I were studying in our rooms with wet towels on our heads for Sister Edna had reproached Mabel Muriel too. But when there was a suffrage or anti-suffrage going on, we were both at our posts, like the boy on the burning deck. For by this time it was a vital burning issue, as the newspapers said, and was disrupting the girls, just as Maudie had thought it would.

The evening of the debate came at last. We had it in the assembly-hall right after supper, and Sister Irmingarde and Sister Edna and Sister Estelle were the jury, as they had promised to be. The anti girls were all on the left side, and we suffragettes sat on the right; and on the platform there was a speaker's rostrum, with a glass of water on it. When I saw these three nuns lined up in their chairs, and some other Sisters in the audience, I felt sorry for Kittle and Maudie. Sisters, especially Sisters, who teach us, make a very critical audience, and we girls had often indeed observed that they had a strange cramping effect on our style—the kind one's family has. Both Maudie and Kittle looked nervous, I thought, and dreadfully so. Kittle wore her newest dress—one her sister had sent her the week before—and Maudie had on a new embroidered blouse. They were pale but firm.

Maudie began, and dear me! Wasn't I proud of her! Maudie had one fault, and I have pointed it out to her freely, like a true literary critic to whom art comes before all. She uses too many big words, and is what Mabel Blossom calls "high-falutin'" in her style. (Mabel had pointed out this fault, too.) But she began to debate in the simplest, most natural way, so that the minims could have understood her if they had been there. She said afterwards that she did this because she wanted the anti's to grasp her meaning.

Maudie said the time came to every girl when she had to look into the depths of her own heart, and make up her mind what her life was going to be. Then, when she had decided, all she had to do was to go ahead and make it that. You see how simple that was. The anti's began to look bored right off, but I gave Maudie a smile of loving encouragement. She said there were only two things a girl could do—she could be an Ivy and cling to things, or else she could be a strong support and let things cling to her. Then Maudie drew a long breath and said the best thing a girl could have clinging to her was principles. She waited for that to sink in, and we suffragettes applauded. Maudie went on in a confident and responsible and the community spirit of helpfulness.

Then she started in, in earnest. She said it was natural for the youthful and indolent to shirk work. She said we saw it done every day by some of those around us at St. Catherine's. It was easier to let the world go by, Maudie said, than to help make it move; but everybody shirked, what would become of progress, and who would pass on the torch from hand to hand? She said butterflies were very pretty to look at, but there was no place for them in a beehive. They did not help the soul to climb. Little James stood right up when Maudie said that, and tried to speak, but Adeline Thurston pulled her down. Maudie said the way to live one's life was not in selfish pleasures—eating "spreads" and neglecting one's studies, but to join hands in a ring of helpfulness that would reach around the world. She said it made her feel almost sick sometimes to see the opportunities for universal brotherhood and the community spirit lost by girls who had the priceless advantages of living at St. Catherine's and seeing the examples of others who took life seriously, and she said love should be our guiding principle, and that every girl should devote half an hour to the reading of the best books every day. Then she told about the man who rapped on the door of his beloved, and was asked, "Who is there?" and he said, "It is I," but the door didn't open, and he rapped again and was asked who he was, and he said "It is I." And still the door didn't open. The third time he said "It is I," and the door opened right off. Maudie said that is what we must all do—rap on the door and be what's behind it. Then, all of a sudden, she sat down, and we girls clapped like mad. The anti's looked at one another and smiled in a tired way.

When Kittle James got up, I thought she looked puzzled. She seemed to be thinking over Maudie's speech, and there was so much in it that I guess she didn't know just where to begin. But at last she said the previous speaker had told a pretty story, but that it reminded her of another one about two doors—one with a lady behind it, and the other with a tiger and the man rapping at them didn't know which was which; and she said that was the way with a good many doors in life, it was a mistake to be the thing inside unless you were sure it wasn't a tiger. All the girls laughed at this, and so did the three sisters on the jury. Sister Irmingarde looked quite proud of Kittle. Then Kittle James asked what would become of the wounded if the world was made up entirely of people fighting all the time, and she asked how anybody could expect to read half an hour every day when we had so many other things to do. She said it was very pretty to talk about hands joining in a big circle all around the world, but some-

times these hands might be neglecting other things they had to do; and she said when it came to "spreads" and indolence, she thought they were pretty evenly divided among our dear companions. She took up everything Maudie had said and answered it, and then, all of a sudden, she sat down, too, and we girls looked at one another and had kind of queer feelings—as if we were at a picnic, you know, and there weren't any pickles or hard-boiled eggs. Sister Edna is always telling about "an effect of incompleteness" when the girls dress too quickly and forget a tie or something. Someway, we got that kind of an effect right there.

In the meantime the jury was talking together and everybody sat very still. At last, in about five minutes, Sister Irmingarde stood up. She said she had been asked by the other members of the jury to give its findings, and she said that at first it had not seemed easy. So much she said, had been expressed, and so many different ideas introduced. However, she added, she said the jury had been given to understand before the debate that it was for and against suffrage. And all of a sudden, I understood exactly what had happened.

Both Maudie and Kittle James had been so interested in suffrage they hadn't said a word about it. They had just stood on the platform throwing out different lines of thought, the way conjurers throw out long colored ribbons over an audience, and they expected that poor jury to gather up all these threads and make a ball of them, because they couldn't do it themselves. Isn't this a clever way of describing what they did? Whenever I think like that, especially when I'm growing inside of me all the time. When I wrote my first book I couldn't have done this. I should have merely said, briefly and plainly, that both Maudie and Kittle James, when they rose to debate, forgot all about their subject.

However, Sister Irmingarde was explaining this now, and she added that the fact was really "something of a relief to the jury," as the sisters had feared the suffrage issue at St. Catherine's might divert our attention from our studies. We had now, she said, "effectually dispelled that fear." Then with her wonderful smile, she concluded: "Under the conditions, we, the jury, are not prepared to pass upon the suffrage question or the issue of the debate. But we are glad to testify that the debate has afforded us an hour of genuine enjoyment."

"Wouldn't that make you proud?" it made us all so happy that the suffragettes and the anti's left the room with their arms around one another's necks; and Kittle James and Maudie Joyce got up a "spread" in Maudie's room that was the biggest we have had this year.

But that night, after the great silence fell, and all the lights were out and I lay wishing I hadn't eaten that last rarebit, I began to wonder if Sister Irmingarde and the jury really had been complimenting us. This reflection had not occurred to the other girls—but my intuition is deeper than that of their young and heedless minds.

The next morning Maudie came into my room while I was dressing. She looked pale and wan, so I wasn't surprised when she sat down in a chair and hid her face in her hands.

"May Iverson," she said at last, "why didn't you tell me last night that I had made a fool of myself?"

"I hesitated," I said. "Then I spoke the truth straight from a friend's loyal heart."

"I didn't know it myself," I said, "till after I was in bed. Then, of course, I had to wait."

"Do you think all the other girls know it, too?" she asked me, "by this time?"

I nodded and reminded her that Kittle James had been so had forgotten, too. Maudie sat for quite a while without a word. Never before had I known Maudie Joyce to be too sad for speech. Finally she got up.

"This ends the clubs and settles suffrage and anti-suffrage at St. Catherine's," she said with a slow and terrible grimace. "Can't you hear all the sisters and the girls laughing at the mere mention of them?"

"I could," I surely could. I just put my arms around Maudie and held her tight. While we stood there we heard some girls coming down the hall. Their feet were clattering on the polished floor, the way horses' hoofs sound in army plays. There must have been five or six of them. When they got outside of my door they laughed—dreadful curdling laughs. Maudie turned paler.

Attractive Gowns for Midsummer



A holiday gown of lace and lawn with graduated flounces finished with a waist-belt of floral satin ribbon. The white tagal is adorned with a rose.

An afternoon toilette of white nixon edged with black, finished with a belt of Oriental satin. The white chiffon hat has an under brim of black.

Blouse of white voile over which is worn a draped satin wrap, giving a fitch effect, caught at the waist with a crimson flower. The hat is of white satin.

Mysteries of Science

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The recognition of the microbe as the constant attendant of man, often as his friend, but sometimes as his most dangerous enemy, has added a new point to "manners," or the art of being polite. If Emerson had now to rewrite his essay on "Behavior" he would pitch it or even a higher key than that which he struck sixty years ago. He would find inspiration for a doing in these words of Prof. C. E. A. Winslow: "Much may be hoped from the development of what may be called the 'sanitary conscience,' the recognition of the part of each man, woman and child of the grave responsibility which he may incur by careless mingling with friends and neighbors when at the beginning or end of an attack of communicable disease."

Health and good manners have always gone hand in hand, but ignorance has hitherto often prevented their alliance in cases where it could be the most useful. The men and women who brought out the principles of social behavior in eighteenth century France, and established laws of manners that have spread over the civilized world, did a work for hygiene and sanitation which they did not themselves appreciate. Because at that time there were "virtually no such things as hygiene and sanitation existing in Europe. Medical science was undeveloped. Not even a guess had been made at the true sources, or causes, of some of the commonest and worst diseases that afflict humanity. The unsanitary conditions which prevailed in the chateaux of the nobility, the palaces of the kings, and the homes of the doctors themselves, would lead to a popular riot of any modern city. Nobody then knew the peril that lies in the touch of the human hand. Even we are only just beginning to find it out. Nobody then guessed that a sneeze might spread infection more swiftly and widely

than a conflagration runs over a dry prairie. That, too, is a very modern discovery. No physician then had yet discovered that one of the favorite highways of pestilential disease lies in the track of convalescent patients who although they themselves have passed beyond the danger line, are still carriers and spreaders of noxious germs after the glow of health has returned to their cheeks.

Yet the founders of polite society, by instinct rather than through knowledge, and without a full appreciation of the far-reaching consequences of what they were doing, laid down laws of social intercourse which, as far as they went, were ab-

Russia Cuts a Window Into Europe

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was three hundred and fifty-three years ago February 2, 1561, that the great White Empire of the Muscovite made its initial bow to Europe in the person of Joseph Nepila.

It is a very interesting story, that of Joseph and the window that Russia might look out upon the land of the west. In 1561, while Edward VI was king, certain "grave and wise citizens of London," having at heart the welfare of their country and grieving at the decay of trade, met and formed the company of "Merchant Adventurers." The company sent out several ships, one of which, commanded by Richard Chancellor, reached the mouth of the Volga, where Archangel now stands. There he learned from some fisherman that he was in the dominions of the great Czar, and leaving his ship, Chancellor made the journey to Moscow, where he delivered to Ivan the Terrible the letter written in Latin by Edward VI, addressed "to all the kings, princes and lords, to all judges of the earth and the captains thereof, to any who passed-high authority in all the regions under the universal heavens."

his golden palace, and granted to Richard and his guests from beyond the seas the right to buy and sell in his dominions without let or hindrance.

After a prolonged stay, during which they "enjoyed themselves mightily," the Englishman set sail for home, with a full cargo of wax, furs, train oil, felt, and other commodities worth twenty thousand pounds.

But of far more consequence is the fact that on board Chancellor's ship were the first Englishmen, Ivan's envoys to the English court. Joseph had a hard time of it. After a stormy passage, the "Bonaventura" was wrecked on the rocks off the Scotch coast, the envoy got ashore by the skin of his teeth, and was robbed of all his belongings, including the gifts that he bore from the Czar to the English king.

Left by the cunning Scotchman with but little more than his shirt and his "breeks," Joseph managed somehow to get to London, where he was properly attired by "four score merchants," presented with a "right fair and large shield, richly trapped, together with a postdolt of orient crimson velvet enriched with gold laces, all furnished in most glorious fashion," in which shape he was conducted to his lodgings by the Lord Mayor and all the Aldermen, "in their scarlet robes."

Such, in brief, is the very interesting story of the way in which the Czar had his first diplomatic handshake with John Bull, the hard-headed old fellow with whom he was later on to exchange so many blows.

stances to the spread of disease. To avoid sneezing or spitting in the presence of others was a point of good breeding, but it was also a valuable sanitary precaution. To be sparing in hand-shaking and other bodily contact with miscellaneous persons was aristocratic distinction, but it was also hygienic wisdom. The fine lady who delicately perfumed her hands with scented spirits performed, without knowing it, an act of sanitation that diminished the fœca of the doctors.

But if hygienic manners grew up without knowledge in the past they should spread far more rapidly now that the knowledge which shows their real importance has been obtained. The gospel on which the "sanitary conscience," invoked by Prof. Winslow, may be based seems to me to be contained in these words of his:

"Disease germs do not enter the household through the sewer pipes or by flying in at the windows (unless borne on the wings of insects). They are not to any important extent brought in on books or toys, or clothing, where, if any infection existed, it has mostly dried up and died. They are brought in directly by infected persons (carriers). They are brought in by certain articles of food and drink. These three types of transmission, which have been alternately described as infection by fingers, flies and food, account for ninety-nine cases of communicable diseases out of 100. . . . The third mode of infection, by contact, the more or less direct transfer from person to person, is by far the most important factor in the spread of communicable disease in temperate climates."

A cynical person may ask: "How many do you expect are going to trouble themselves with that kind of politeness?" "Look at the hogs in the street cars and subways! Do you think that any of them would spare even a breath to save his neighbor from infection after he himself has escaped its consequences?" I reply that I expect that everybody is going to practice the new behavior just as soon as everybody comprehends that his own future safety is involved, and that, in the good time coming, not only doctors and cooks, but even "subway hogs," will wash their hands in 50 per cent alcohol for the common benefit of the human race.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

The girls has formed a Longfellow Lodge, and Ma to Pa last nite. Well, well, said Pa, what will us girls do next? I didnt think you beelieved in lodges. I dont believe in the lodges that keep husbands away from their homes several evenings a week, but this lodge we have formed is simply for the worship of our grate poet's name. How wonderful his work was, to be sure. To be sure, said Pa, but what possible good can you get out of a lodge? What are you going to say or do when you have your first meeting. Bech of us is going to recite a little hit of Hiawatha, and Ma. I am going to recite.

Oh the long & dreory winter! Oh the cold & crass winter! Ever thicker, thicker, thicker From the ice on lake & river. Ever deeper, deeper, deeper Fall the snow on all the landscape— Fell the covering snow & drifted Thru the forest, round the village. That was certainly a long, hard winter, said Pa. Why didnt you pick out something cheerfull out of the poem, instead of gloomy lines? & besides, said Pa, why didnt you pick out something of Longfellow's better than that Indian song? That isnt the best stuff he wrote, said Pa. It was too easy to make lines in that meter & they didnt ring. Oh, heer the crick, and Ma. I suppose you think you cud have ritten sumthing on the same order. I cud do it now, rite off the reel, said Pa. Lissen!

Wen the Hiawatha Lodgers, You and all the other ladies, You who call yourselves "us gurles" Have your first & gratest meeting For the purpose of bea-stowing Praise on Longfellow, the poet. Please remember that your husbands We'll at hoam to have there dinner, Wait at hoam to eat the beefstake, Wait at hoam to eat the bacon & the spud, the grate Potato. Minnyhaha, so folks tell me, Was no clubwoman, no joiner— Hiawatha, you were lucky.

There you are, and Pa, I suppose you thought it wadent be abel to do it. I thought you wud be abel to do what you have just did, and Ma, but I didnt think you wud have the nart to say the lines out loud. I shud have stayed single, said Pa. A true genius is never appreciated by his wife.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BRADDOCK FAIRFAX

Cost of Engagement Ring.

Dear Miss Fairfax: When buying an engagement ring who is to say how much it shall cost? I have bought my sweetheart an engagement ring costing \$200, and she presented this to her she refused it, saying that she must have a larger one. The kind she insisted on was about \$300. Do you think if she loved me enough she would overlook the size of the ring? I have some money and could buy her the kind of ring she wants, but I think it is better to keep the extra \$200, as we may find use for it some time after we are married. As you know she says she loves me, and then again she says she does not know if she does. Do you think she is the kind of a girl that would make both happy? We are both 23. A. T.

You are very wise not to invest all of your savings in an elaborate and expensive ring. Many girls have a foolishly snobbish feeling that the world will judge of the fiancée's love for them by the size and brilliancy of the engagement ring. Try to persuade your sweetheart not to feel this way. Her habit of saying now that she loves you and now that she does not may be innocent attempts at coquetry, such as many girls think they must exert to hold a man's affections. But her faults seem the little falling of youth, which she will probably outgrow. Don't let trifles mar your happiness.

You Embarrassed Her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am keeping company with a young girl. She is very nice, and she has a very nice disposition. She teased me all evening. After thinking she had enough of teasing me, she asked me to dance. I love the girl and would like to know how to win her. M. A. B.

Write her a letter somewhat as follows: "I have come to realize that it was unmanly of me to respond to your innocent teasing with what you probably felt to be a distinct slight. You probably did not realize how it hurt me to have you teasing me and making light of my feelings in the presence of others. And I deliberately set out to get even just because I cared so much about any slight you might show me that all my judgment was gone. Now I realize how you must have felt when I responded to your innocent teasing by letting other people see me refuse to dance with you. I acted like a cad, but I am not one. So won't you show that you believe me by giving me a chance to prove it?"

Don't Play "Kissing Games."

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 17 years and was a favorite among my boy and girl friends until I attended a party given by one of the boys where we played kissing games. I refused to play the kissing games, at which the boys got angry because I would not do such a simple thing as give them a kiss. I said my kisses were not so very cheap as to give them to every boy friend I met. Then, not only the boys, but the girls as well, got angry, the girls saying that I meant to insinuate that they were not respectable. We are not on speaking terms. Was I so very wrong and unsober as to deserve a turn of friendship like this? Kissing games are vulgar and cheapening. You are quite right to refuse to play them. I am sorry that your boy and girl friends are not fine enough to admire you for the stand you have taken. Perhaps you took a consciously righteous attitude and seemed to them to be trying to preach. So, if they are really worth your friendship, they will be glad to let bygones be bygones. It is not worth making you feel too much like a lonesome little martyr. I would advocate giving up the friendship of such unworthy companions.

Household Hints.

When boiling a ham, leave it in the water in which it has been boiled until it is cold. This will make it juicy and tender.

A teaspoonful of grated horseradish will keep a can of milk fresh for a day or two even in the hottest weather.

Before cleaning knives on a knifeboard dampen them slightly. They clean more quickly and gain a better polish.

To remove rings from a finger swollen by their tightness dip the finger in ice-cold soapsuds.

If jelly will not set try adding the juice of a lemon or some white vinegar, and the difficulty will be immediately overcome.