

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 known. During the last six years three May Iverson stories have appeared in The Bee'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.

I may as well admit at once that Maudie Joyce was the first girl at St. Catherine's to feel any real interest in woman suffrage. Usually I am the one in our school set who thinks of new things, and does them; so the other girls have got in the habit of waiting for me, and not trying to think themselves, in their crude immature way. But Maudie thought of suffrage all alone, though perhaps Kittle James helped to put the idea into her head.

You see, Kittle started an anti-suffrage club, almost as soon as we got back to school in September, and she made herself the president of it at the very first meeting. Before the meeting was over, Maudie Joyce asked Kittle what the club was for, and Kittle didn't know; and Maudie asked what the members were going to do and Kittle didn't know that either. Kittle said she just wanted to have a club because they had one in Chicago and her sister, Mrs. George Morgan, belonged to it. She said the nicest feature of the Chicago club was that nobody in it did anything, and they joined because they didn't have to do anything. It was a beautiful club, Kittle said, and so restful.

Maudie walked off to a corner after these words fell from the lips of our young friend, and I followed her. I suppose we looked aloof and lonely and disapproving. Any way, when the rest of the girls had watched us a while most of them came over to our corner, too, and the end of it was that Kittle only got three members for her new club. Mabel Muriel Murphy joined because Sister Edna, the nun she liked best, approves of gentle, womanly girls. Kittle told Mabel the gentlest and most womanly thing a girl could possibly do was to join her anti-suffrage club. Kittle said the real aim of her club was to keep women in their homes, where they belonged, when they weren't at her club; and she said Mabel Muriel Murphy wouldn't have a single new idea all the time she belonged. Mabel said afterward it was true, too; she didn't have any.

But the whole thing seemed silly to Mabel and me. We are very intelligent girls, if we are only 16, and we have lots of mature ideas and emotions. If we join a club at all, we want to do something in it, even if it is only to eat. There weren't to be any "spreads" in Kittle's club, she said at first, because she has a delicate stomach, and the convent infirmarians, who look after her, think she mustn't eat between meals. They don't let her eat much at meals, either, so Kittle is against girls overeating. It is an awful thing to behold, when you are held down yourself.

However, Kittle went right on with her club, though, of course, she felt dreadfully disappointed when Maudie and I didn't join. Well, indeed, did she know what that meant, and how impossible real success was without us. So she "strengthened her party," as papa says great statesmen do, by giving offices to her friends. She made Mabel Muriel Murphy treasurer, because Mabel Muriel's father is rich and loves to pay bills; and she made Adeline Thurston secretary, because Adeline loves to write poems; and Kittle said writing reports of her club would be even more interesting than poetry. When Maudie asked how there could be any reports if there wasn't anything done, Kittle said the club would write up things that were not done. Then she looked past the sides of our faces and changed the subject by making Hattie Gregory vice president.

We left the meeting after that, and went to my room and ate my pickles and talked about how sharper than a serpent's tooth an ungrateful child is. Kittle was more like our own child, for she is more than a year younger than we are, and not intellectual; and Mable Blossom and Maudie Joyce and I have really directed her education since she came to St. Catherine's, three years ago.

While we were talking, Maudie said she wondered what Mabel Blossom would think of all this. Mabel hasn't come back to school yet, but she was coming in a few days. Before I could answer Maudie spoke again, in the quick way she has when she thinks something. It is just as if someone had touched a button in her brain, and often Maudie jumps when it happens. She jumped this time, and so did I, for I wasn't expecting her to, and the doctor says I am a nervous girl, singularly high-strung. Besides, of course, I have the artistic temperament, and you know what that does for folks. So I jumped, and then got cross over it, the way any literary artist would, who likes to be "well poised and dignified," as Sister Edna says. Maudie Joyce didn't even apologize. She just sat staring in front of her for a minute, as if she saw something that wasn't there. Then she said, very slowly:

"May Iverson, let's be suffragettes!" I jumped again, because the idea surprised me so much, and I said:

"But we aren't suffragettes, so how can we be?"

Maudie looked at me with a patient expression, like the one Sister Irmingarde wears sometimes in the class room. I analyzed it once, for literary practice, to see if she observed life and put down all its help; it was abstinence in it, and I pained regret, and resignation, and a kind of holy calm, struggling up through hopelessness. After I analyzed it, I wrote it all out and showed the paper to Sister Irmingarde, and asked her if I was right. She looked very much surprised at first, but finally she said she thought I had

every ingredient right, but one and she would let me guess at that. Then she smiled her lovely smile, and changed the subject by asking me why my marks weren't higher in algebra. Of course, all this hasn't anything to do with suffrage, or anti-suffrage either. I just put it in to show how acute I am, so the gentle reader won't be surprised when I read people's hearts the way I'll have to before I get through with this chapter.

We will now return to Maudie. For a long time she was silent, and thought gathered deeply on her beautiful, high-bred face. At last she said, very slowly:

"We are, too, suffragettes. We've been suffragettes right along, May Iverson. Only we haven't known it."

I expected them to begin to say I couldn't be anything like that without knowing it, for my first lesson in life had been to know myself, and I learned it when I was 12 years of age. But Maudie went right on, rudely interrupting me. She said she hadn't known her own heart till she went to Kittle's meeting and heard Kittle talk. She said all the time she was there she kept feeling more and more uncomfortable and stirred up inside, but she didn't know why. She even thought it might be indigestion. She said it was only this minute that it burst upon her gloriously that from the very beginning of Kittle's meeting she had been a suffragette, unconsciously working for the cause and trying to get independence of thought for women. She added that when she heard Kittle Jones express her silly little ideas, they made her so annoyed that she "most wanted to slap Kittle. Then she woke up and knew she was a real suffragette, for that's the way they feel in England. She read all about it in the newspapers, and a friend of her mother has seen Mrs. Pankhurst in Chicago.

By this time Maudie was very much excited, so when I didn't answer right off she said she was ready to die for the cause, and if I didn't feel that way, too, and join the suffrage club she was going to get up, and she'd never speak to me again as long as she lived.

Of course, that's no way to talk to the daughter of a general in the army, who is a literary artist besides, and I pointed this out to Maudie in tones that were cold and firm. I said she couldn't force me to do anything by threats, but that she must appeal to my reason and convince me that suffrage was a good thing for women. And I added frankly that I didn't think she could do it now, anyway, because she had annoyed me very much by the way she begun. I was "most sure already that I wasn't a suffragette and didn't ever want to be."

Maudie changed her methods then, right off. She has associated with Mabel and me so long that she has a good deal of sense. She begged my pardon very politely, and she fixed me in her big, comely chair, and gave me a glass of ginger ale and a cookie, and started in to appeal to my reason.

She said with her first words that she was very glad to have my reason to appeal to, and not the other girls', and she asked me to imagine how I'd feel if I ever had to appeal to Kittle for my reason. When I clapped at that, like a real audience—for anyone who knew Kittle could see what a powerful point it was—Maudie asked me if I was willing to follow the banner of Kittle James "in a struggle which was of vital import to the human race." (She got that out of a newspaper. We have to read one every day, for our current events class.)

I stood right up and said I didn't want to follow Kittle's banner, or anybody's but my own. I said I just wanted to spend my life elevating the masses by writing pure literature for them, and I didn't see why men couldn't go on voting, and doing the heavy work like that, while we women uplifted them. I felt just full of thoughts, but Maudie made me sit down before I could say any more. She said I had promised to let her appeal to my reason and she wished I would do it and not interrupt. That was a rebuke and it annoyed me very much. I sat down right away, but it was quite a long time before I could get my intellect calm enough for Maudie to appeal to. I kept thinking, instead of crushing things I might have said before I sat down, and it was dreadfully hard not to get up again and say them then. They would have been a help to Maudie, too.

But Maudie was going right along with her speech all the time, and getting more excited every minute. I don't believe she really cared much about suffrage when she began, but by the time she finished she was ready to give up her work at St. Catherine's, and her dream of being a great actress, and go right out and be a suffragette, and get arrested and sent to prison. She had read about the English women in prison, and how they were fed through tubes, and she called them martyrs in a deathless cause, and said she was going to have Adeline Thurston write a poem about them; she spoke up again, and reminded her that Adeline was an anti-suffragette now, and would only write poems against suffrage. Maudie groaned and said: "This issue will split the convent. It will be like West Point at the break of the civil war, when the Catholics and the Protestants were on the north or the south." Then she looked at me with her eyes blazing, and said: "May Iverson, at such a crisis will you be on the fence, thinking about life and trying to write stories, or will you be out on the great battlefield, fighting shoulder to shoulder with your dear ones?"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Original, Smart, Graceful

Are These Creations by a Famous Parisian Designer. Note the Newest Coat, Which Is So Wide as to Be Almost a Cape.



some of the newest coats are almost as wide as the long capes. One of the type which has appeared recently has been sketched by a leading Parisian couturier for the Princess Fitzlandoff. The small coat is of strawberry crepon de coton, very short at the front. It makes a basque with wide stitched platts caught under a stitched band, fastened by a button of the material. The long sleeves are finished by high revers of white linen, hemstitched as the collar. The blouse is of white tulle. The skirt, of white crepon, strawberry striped, is a plain and round model and hemmed with a strawberry silk braid. The opening, at the middle front, is outlined by a row of small crochet buttons.

Little Mary's Essays--Wives

By DOROTHY DIX.

Wives is what men get wight on them when they get married. Sometimes the man looks like a cat did when he at my canary, but mostly he looks like he just want he knew who done it to him.

A man speaks nice and polite to a lady, and he takes her arm and helps her across the street, but he snaps up a wife when she calls his wife "angel" and when they walk on the streets together she tags along behind him.

A man calls a young lady "angel face" and "sweet heart" before they are married, but a man calls his wife "angel" and "sweet heart" after they are married, but when she says goodby to his wife he perks at her back hair. I know that this is true, because I watched my Aunt Susie and her beau, and my mamma and my papa.

A wife is one of the most useful of all our domestic animals. She cooks, and sews, and minds the baby, and does the shopping and the marketing, and entertains the company, but she does not have to be paid any money like a cook, or a housemaid, or a nurse.

Women who are not wives have to work for a living. Oh, how thankful a wife should be that she does not have to work. A wife is also useful to lay things on the table that men get them. When a man doesn't want to do anything he always says that his wife won't let him do it, and when a man plays poker and loses his money he blames his wife's extravagance because he is not rich.

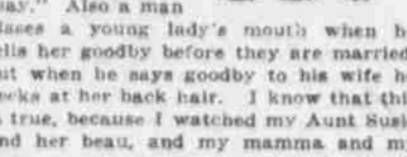
There are many different kinds of wives. There is the First Wife, who works, and pinches, and pinches, and screeches to help her husband get on, and who never has any nice clothes, and who rides on the street cars; and there's the Second Wife, who has diamonds, and Paris dresses, and a limousine that the good First Wife saved up to buy for her. And there's the Thin Wives and Fat Wives, but I guess wives is like automobiles. Every time you get a new one you try a new make.

Wives have many curious peculiarities. One of them is that they have got noses that can smell things as far as a hound dog. When my papa has had a drink my mamma can smell it before he gets within a block of the house. Also wives is like cats, and they never sleep, and no matter how easy you tip-toe in, you always wake them up.

Wives is very noble creatures, and they feel it their sacred duty to tell their husbands about their faults. Men would not know how many faults they have and what poor, miserable worms of the dust they are if they did not have wives. Wives save their husbands a great deal of trouble by spending their money for them. A man who has a wife never has to worry about the danger of banks breaking.

When a man's wife dies he has nobody to quarrel with, and this makes him so lonesome that he runs right off and gets married again.

That is all I know at present about wives.



The False Aquarian Age

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—Will you kindly answer through the Omaha Bee, these questions:

(1) When will the procession of the equinoxes pass from Places to Aquarius?

(2) Does a new era occur at such passages from one sign to another?

Merced, Cal. MRS. E. C. SHARPE.

A.—I had not been up here very long before questions relating to some looked-for, highly important event soon to occur began coming. This, to the letter writers, seemed to be of transcendent import, the beginning of a new world era, a great change in all human events. A new dispensation would soon come and the nations of the earth were to be affected, governments change and a general upheaval come on suddenly.

The all-potent, looked-for event was made clear to me by such questions as:

"When does the sun enter Aquarius?" "When will the sun pass over the line?" "Please give the year when the sun will leave Places and enter Aquarius." "Will there be wars when the sun crosses to Aquarius?" "How long will the Aquarian age last?" "When will the equator cross the line?" "When will precession cause the sun to enter the sign Aquarius?" "What will be the first effect of the Aquarian era?"

A number of these letters came from astrologers receiving money from the people for horoscopes. To say that I was surprised is to state it mildly. Why write to me? Why do not astrologers already know when the crossing "did," "does" or "will" take place?

About half of the letters asked when did the sun cross and half when will the



sun cross the line. Now, so long as they take fees for their wisdom why do they not know—to them by their own theory—the fundamental point? I have not wasted precious time—all too short—in answering these senseless letters.

But this correspondent, not by any means an astrologer, really wants the information for the era ahead. But I must decline to give this date. I am willing to answer almost any question that I am able to but this.

A hundred astrologers would like to know where the equinoxes are, but I refuse to tell them. You see that if I should come right out and tell them thousands of horoscopes now held by dupes, many costing no less from \$5 away up to \$50, would become invalidated. The victims would all see that if this fundamental-to them—date is totally untrue to astrologers, that their pretious horoscopes are all fakes. No! I must "save the faces" of the horoscopes and save the hundreds of thousands of dollars paid for them.

Here are the facts. There is no such thing as an "era." The Magna Charta was a step in advance of liberty in England, and the Declaration of Independence likewise in America. The discovery of the steam engine was an advance, but it cannot be said that we have an era of the engine. The same is true of the discovery of the printing press, the pendulum, the telegraph and telephone, the electric engine, telescope, microscope, spectroscope, roentgen rays, radium and electrons. These are not eras, no the word may as well be put away over into the appendix in the rear of the dictionary—like thousands of new obsolete words.

The sentence, "Sun entering the sign Aquarius," has no real scientific meaning. The main reason for this is that there is no such thing as Aquarius. All questioners actually seem to believe that there is such an object in the sky as Aquarius. The only scientific words in the mass of letters and in many fantastic pamphlets raving about the approach of a new era—the Aquarian—are these: Precession of the equinoxes. And these few words are casually alluded to as if they did not amount to much.

Not one letter, book, treatise, pamphlet or printed leaflet on the Aquarian era reveals a trace of real knowledge of the true scientific phenomena, that grand motion, the sliding around of the equinoxes in each period of 25,875 years. Why, the ignorance is simply disgusting. "Sun enters Aquarius?" Of course it does, once a year, if you will still wish to cling to the ancient mythology of the Greeks, Assyrians and Egyptians, who pictured beasts and snakes, with hydras and dragons, amid the glittering stars. If you still wish to believe in a zodiac and its twelve purely imaginary signs, then, the sun apparently enters the hypothetical sign Aquarius once during each year, when the earth apparently enters the imaginary sign on the opposite side of the imagined zodiac. All of which simply amounts to nothing more than mere weather, climate, etc., and winds. But the grand problem of precession of the equinoxes I refuse to discuss on the same paper upon which I have written the horrible word astrology.

There is no such thing as a zodiac, no Aquarius, and therefore no Aquarian age nor era; nor any other era, for all eras are purely astrological, all invented before one law of nature had been discovered. The universe is governed by mathematical laws, not by vain imaginings.

Of course, the sun appears to pass before the distant stars in what has been imagined as the constellation Aquarius once annually; but it comes from Capricornus. What the astrologers are vainly seeking to find is when the equinoxes in their majestic motion of precession pass from sign to sign, going the other way; thus, in this question, from Places backwards into Aquarius. This date I shall not publish for their satisfaction.

But it makes no difference when the equinoxes pass from "sign" to "sign" to any individual human being or any collection of humans into a nation. This is a fake pure and simple, and is not based on any lay of nature whatsoever.

A Philosopher With a Message

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

When Johann Gottlieb Fichte died, just 100 years ago, January 27, 1814, there passed out from the ways of men one of the finest intellects and one of the grandest pieces of manhood that ever honored and adorned the race.

Fichte was, in the truest sense of the word, a philosopher—a lover of wisdom. He loved truth with all his heart, and not once during his entire career did he lower his flag to those who would have him play false with his honest convictions. Instead of living and dying poor, Fichte could have had place and power and wealth had he but said the word, but not for the world would he have sold his better self for the plaudits of men and their proffered gold.

In his lonely poverty Fichte toiled on for the truth that he venerated and loved, and thought of no other reward than that which came to him in the consciousness of his own personal integrity and rectitude.

Fichte was the noblest of patriots. Never will his countrymen forget his "Addresses to the German People"—the wonderful appeals which may be said to have re-created the spirit of German nationality, wiped out the depression that settled down upon the people after Jena, and paved the way for the ever memorable ceremony on the 18th of January, 1871, when the German empire was proclaimed in the great Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

In the realm of matters transcendental, Fichte anticipated all the profound thinkers of today, and among the rest the distinguished president emeritus of Harvard. Long before President Eliot was born the great German thinker declared, "God is the Moral Order of the Universe, the Eternal Law of Right, which is the foundation of our being." There was no scholastic metaphysics, no theological namby-pamby in that declaration, but a scientific truth, around to which all thoughtful persons are sure, sooner or later, to come.

Fichte finished the work that was given him to do, and died in the poverty in the midst of which he had largely lived; but his influence is immortal and of the good fruits of his labor there shall be no end.



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