

The Proposed Debate

A Story For College Commencement

By LUCIA D. W. REDFIELD

In New England there are two colleges within a few miles of each other, the one founded by Ebenezer Black for young men, the other by Arietta White for women, the former being known as Black and the latter as White college. At the approach of the June graduation exercises, in view of the interest taken in Europe and America in the votes for women question, some one proposed that a debate upon the topic, "Resolved, that the vote be given to women," take place as one of the features of commencement, the Black students to defend the negative and the Whites the affirmative. A challenge was forwarded by the students of White to the students of Black. It was accepted, and committees were appointed in each college to select its representative disputants and to arrange the terms.

It was feared that men judges would award the victory to men and women to women. Therefore a compromise was effected by leaving the decision to the audience, no student being allowed to vote. This was a point gained by the women, for the majority of those attending such exhibitions are usually of that sex. Recognizing this advantage of their opponents, the men students selected their handsomest and most winning speakers instead of those capable of bringing forward the best arguments. The committee of White students, hearing of this, relegated to the background any candidate who was not attractive. The consequence was that the most engaging men and women in either college were appointed disputants, while those whose recommendations were intellect alone were passed over as unavailable.

In this wicked world when a question of importance comes up for settlement, instead of each side making an honest endeavor to decide aright, chicanery is resorted to in order to secure an advantage. John Markley, a senior, was made manager of the Black debating team and Drucilla Spanker manager of the White team. Markley had a sister in White, and Miss Spanker had a brother in Black. Markley laid out the campaign in this wise: He would instruct his debaters to contrive to exhibit the unfitness of women to vote by bringing into the debate political questions upon which they must necessarily show their ignorance. The tariff, the initiative, the referendum, the recall, were to be fired at the girls with confusing rapidity. If this did not produce a panic the "reasonableness" of a recent decision of the United States supreme court was to be sent in like a charge of cavalry to turn the enemy's right.

Possibly a victory might have been gained in this way had not the manager of the women's team induced Miss Emma Markley to make a foray into her brother's room when the two were at home for the spring recess in search of information of the enemy's plans. She discovered a list of those brain splitting questions in his pocket. The result was that a copy was given to the debaters for the purpose of "boning up" on the problems.

Meanwhile Ned Spanker was spying on his sister with a view to securing points in the program of the women's team. Unfortunately for him, his talent for spying was not up to his sister's, and he made poor headway. He asked her leading questions, the only reply to which was a wry face and "Don't you wish you knew?" John Markley, who had suggested the move, received Ned's report with misgivings. He recognized the fact of woman's superiority in a game of duplicity. He called a conference of his team, and an all night discussion as to what was to be done took place, which resulted in a proposal for a conference between the teams with a view to establishing certain rules by which both should be guided during the debate.

The two teams met on the campus of White college on the first Saturday afternoon in May. The spring had come on, the day was delightful, and both men and women, especially the latter, were dressed becomingly. From their immaculate appearance and the deferential bearing of the men they would never have been taken for those about to engage in hostilities of any kind. Rules were proposed and discussed, the men gallantly giving way to the women on all points.

Unfortunately a bit of an affair had been going on between one of the girl debaters, Miss Maud Jennings, and Mr. Dick Turner. Miss Jennings said that she had a proposition to make which she preferred to sound one of the men upon and invited Mr. Turner to stroll off toward the chapel for the purpose. Mr. Fred Howard declared that he wished to consult Miss Belle

Upton upon an important matter concerning the coming debate, and they took the path toward the astronomical observatory. Mr. Edward Parker and Miss Della Storms departed in the direction of the library, while Joe Winchester and Marian Thorne proceeded in the direction of the laboratory. This left Archie Tucker and Grace Smith sole occupants of the campus, and they might consult on any subject they pleased without being overheard. But the position was exposed, and they disappeared with the rest. This effected a sine die adjournment of the conference since none of the strollers returned until that hour when the young ladies were expected to seek the seclusion of their rooms for study.

No business having been transacted, it was thought best to call another meeting on the following Saturday. This occasion was marked by the attendance of Professor Virginia Olcott, aged fifty-five and with little or no sympathy with the follies of youth. All the necessary business was transacted, but one of the men proposed that they meet the next Saturday afternoon for further conference. Professor Olcott declared that further meetings were not necessary, and the faculty would not permit any more of them.

Professor Olcott made a mistake in not attending the first meeting. During that conference, which had resolved itself into five separate consultations, one engagement had taken place, two actual love affairs had been started and one mild flirtation indulged in. The only couple between whom nothing unusual took place were Mr. Tucker and Miss Smith, who had been engaged before either of them had entered college. There were no more meetings between the debaters, but a great many couple meetings of which neither Professor Olcott nor any other member of the faculty was aware.

A week before the proposed debate Mr. John Markley called on Miss Emma Spanker and announced that he feared the feature which had been relied upon to give such eclat to the commencement exercises would fall through. He had received a note from one of his team announcing his engagement to one of the White team and his conversion to the votes for women cause. Another member had told him that he didn't give a tinker's cuss if every woman in Europe, Asia, Africa and America had a vote. This debater confidentially announced that he had met the jolliest girl in Christendom on the opposing team, and he would not only give her his vote, but his head, too, if she wanted it. Thus far he had bestowed upon her ten pounds of candy.

Miss Spanker was surprised at this information because she had met with the same experience in her own team. One of her debaters, who had been detected smuggling flowers to her room, had resigned from the team, stating that she hadn't the slightest use for a vote. If she had one she wouldn't know what to do with it unless she gave it to an awfully nice fellow, who would do her voting for her soon after she had been graduated. Another had admitted that she had lost interest in the subject, while a third renegade to her sex declared that no woman could be driven to the polls past a department store in which a bargain sale was in progress.

A mutual disappointment brought about a mutual sympathy. Mr. Markley was one of Black's most prominent undergraduates, and Miss Spanker was a young lady of great refinement, to say nothing of her comeliness. They held several protracted meetings and at the end of every meeting were far nearer being in love with each other than with the subject that brought them together.

The arrangements for the debate were now in such an unsatisfactory state that the condition came to the ears of Professor of Elocution Atwood in Black college, to whose department it belonged. He sought Professor Cummings of the corresponding department in White, and the two put their heads together with a view to seeing what could be done to save the debate from falling through.

But bad luck seemed to attend the movement from the first. Everybody knows that spring is the season for love, and this spring seemed to be especially adapted for the purpose in that vicinity. Professor Atwood was a bachelor and Professor Cummings a maid. The result of their putting their heads together was not conducive to a solution of the problem.

Several students of White college the day before the one appointed for the debate got together to insure its coming off as announced. These young ladies were of a very different type from those who had thus far had the matter in charge, taking a real interest in the subject to be debated. They solved the problem at once, so far as White college was concerned, by appointing a real capable substitute for each and every woman debater. These substitutes were not endowed with beauty of face or figure; they were intellectuals, standing high in their classes, and in every way fitted to represent it in any capacity.

When the day and hour for the debate arrived the hall in which it was to take place was crowded. On the platform sat the substitutes, but not

an original appointee appeared. The manager of the men's team walked forward and announced that there was no necessity for a debate on the question so far as his college was concerned since every man appointed to argue against woman's voting had from the first shown a marked indifference in the matter and finally backed out from serving as a debater. He had called for substitutes, but none had volunteered. One thing had been demonstrated—that the students of Black college were not so ungallant as to argue on the negative side of the question "Shall women be given the vote?" He regretted that the audience should be disappointed, but that could not be helped.

The audience then strolled out on to the campus. There was much individual comment expressed, but on another matter than the debate that had not come off. It was concerning the number of engagements that had been the only result of the proposed discussion.

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Geometry.

Geometry, so called from its original application to measuring the earth, is generally believed to have had its origin among the Egyptians. It probably sprang from the surveyor's art. The annual inundation of the Nile carried away all landmarks and boundaries, and some scientific means of settling the disputes incidental thereto had to be devised; hence surveying, the undoubted fountainhead of geometry. Geometry is said to have been introduced into Greece by the philosopher Thales about the year 600 B. C. The science was cultivated by Pythagoras, through whom it was made popular in Greece, from which country it spread over the then known world. —New York American.

Irving Would Have to Hustle.

When Henry Irving was making one of his last tours of the country he found himself with an open date in Michigan. His manager wired the manager of a small opera house in a nearby place, asking if he could use Irving on the night in question. The following message came back:

"What does Irving do?"

The manager used up much expensive space on the wire explaining the leading points about Irving and for his pains received the following reply: "Cannot use Irving in this town unless Irving can parade."—Judge.

Amended.

When a Scotch schoolmaster entered the temple of learning one morning he read on the blackboard, "Our teacher is a donkey."

The pupils expected there would be a cyclone, but the philosophic pedagogue contented himself with adding the word "driver" and opened the school as usual.

Afraid of Him?

"You are not afraid of me, are you?" yelled the lawyer at the witness who had been scared speechless by his cross examination.

"No, no," muttered the witness, and the lawyer had saved the point in the record. —Green Bag.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. —Carlyle.

Scientific Bottle Breaking.

The method of breaking small bottles or vessels at the place wanted with a kerosene-soaked string is well known, but this method does not work so well with the larger vessels. Following is a method given by a writer, by which any sized glass vessels can be broken — as, for example, a glass tub to be made out of a carboy. Fill the vessel with cold water up to the place at which it is to be broken. Pour enough boiling oil over the surface to make a good coat on the outside of the vessel. A clean break at the contact-point of oil and water will be the result.

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THE SOFT ANSWER.

General Scott's Retort to His Whist Partner's Apology.

After his retirement General Scott passed the summer of 1862 at Cozzen's hotel, West Point, where every evening a party of gentlemen adjourned to the general's sitting room for their game. Being a good player, the host was usually victorious, but if he and his partner were ever beaten Scott's ire was made manifest.

One night it happened that the usual party was missing. What was to be done? The general must have his whist. There happened to be staying at the hotel a judge, who was asked to do the favor of taking the fourth hand. With some protest on his part he agreed to do it. By cutting for partners the general and the judge played together and were beaten—horribly beaten.

Knowing how it irritated the general to lose the game, the judge as he rose from the table said in his most dignified and courtly way: "I formerly played a fairly good game of whist, but have been out of practice so long that I am somewhat rusty. I hope that fact may be taken as an excuse for my mistakes."

Whereupon the general arose with equal dignity and retorted, "I am glad to learn that I have been playing with latent talent and not with a natural born fool!"

An Unruffled Statesman.

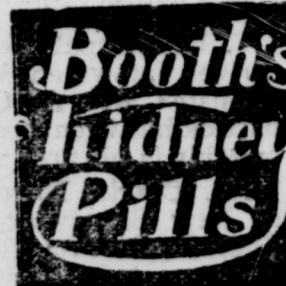
In the early days, when the people sent their wisest men to make the public laws, a man of peculiar traits, but of sterling worth, was sent to the Massachusetts legislature from the town of Douglas. He wore an old fashioned farmer's frock, which was sadly out of place in the legislative hall, where some of the fastidious statesmen from Boston and other cities vied with each other in the correctness of their attire.

Soon after the arrival of the Douglas man one of the Boston representatives, seeking an opportunity to have fun at his expense, called out to him, "Have they no smarter men than you to send to the legislature from your district?"

The man from Douglas smiled innocently as he replied, "There's a heap of smarter men up my way, but the mischief of it is they hain't got no clothes good enough to wear down here!" —Boston Herald.

Bearing Down Pains

What woman at sometime or other does not experience these dreadful bearing down pains. Mrs. E. Griffith, of Main street, Hepworth, Ont., says: "A heavy bearing-down pain had settled across my back and sides. I was often unable to stoop or straighten myself up. Many times each night I would have to leave my bed with the irregular and frequent secretions of the kidneys and just as done out in the morning as on retiring. I was languid and would have to let my housework stand. Nothing I had tried would benefit me. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and concluded I would try them, which I did and soon found the long sought relief. My back strengthened and I began to feel better and stronger. I now enjoy my sleep without being disturbed and feel grateful to Booth's Kidney Pills for what they did for me."



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MISSED THE MARK.

It Was Not the Minister's Fault That His Shafts Went Astray.

Mr. McDougall was a Scotsman, and of him a good story is told. He was a large, pompous man, intolerably self-conceited and arrogant—in fact, his conduct toward his neighbors was so offensive that the good people successfully requested their minister to preach a sermon directed at their vain neighbor.

The day came. The little Kirk was packed, though a few tender hearted ones stayed at home, not wishing to witness their neighbor's humiliation. The sermon began, and Mr. McDougall disposed himself to listen. The man's infirmity was sketched with bold, severe strokes. He smiled with lofty superiority. As the denunciation grew more scathing his smile deepened with a touch of complacent pity. At the conclusion of the service he swaggered down the aisle. One of the elders joined him.

"Weel, what did ye think of the sermon?" the latter ventured to ask.

"A great effort, sir," was the answer, "but personal. The minister aimed his shots too directly. Poor MacTavish! I felt sorry for him, but the man's conceit is enormous, sir!"

A Sheer Waste of Money.

"When I played politics and little else," observed "Indian Jim" Finlay, "I was delegated to raise a subscription to buy a solid brass chandelier for a well known politician who first saw the light of day in the Emerald Isle. It was to be a present to him to be installed in the parlor of a new house he was about to move into. Among those I tackled for a contribution was an Irishman who had been born in the same town and came across the pond about the same time as the politician. I told him what was to be bought with the money, and as he put his name down for a fiver, he blurted out:

"I was born and brought up with Blank, and it is like throwing money in the river buying the likes of him a chandelier, as the devil of a note can be play on it." —Kansas City Journal.

Boston's Spinning School.

Comparatively few people know that there was once a "spinning school" on Boston common. Winsor's "Memorial History of Boston" records that upon the arrival in Boston of some Irish spinners and weavers a spinning craze took possession of the town, "and the women, young and old, high and low, rich and poor, flocked into the spinning school, which for want of better quarters was set up in the common, in the open air. Here the whirl of their wheels was heard from morning to night." Thirty-five years later the Society For Encouraging Industry and Employing the Poor again used the common as a spinning school, about 800 young women appearing there, seated at their wheels, as a sort of example and advertisement.

A Curious Will.

By the terms of the will of one Dr. Wilde of St. Ives parish, Huntingdonshire, England, his trustees were directed to spend £50 in the purchase of a piece of land in St. Ives, the annual rent of which was to be set aside for the purchase of six Bibles at a cost of 7 shillings each. To decide who shall have them he requested his trustees to "prepare a saucer with three dice upon the altar table of the parish church and let the Bibles be raffled for."

A Worse Stage.

Mrs. Crawford—Now that the honeymoon is over I suppose you find your husband has grown economical with his kisses? Mrs. Crabshaw—He has reached a worse stage than that, my dear. He has grown economical with his money. —Illustrated Bits.

Solitude and the Crowd.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion. It is easy in solitude to live after our own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude. —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not. —Colton.