

## THE CRACKERS AND CHEESE CLUB.

By THOMAS EDWARD SHIELDS, Ph.D.

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"Isn't Mrs. O'Reilly going to give us the pleasure of her company this evening?" asked Dr. Shannon. "You know we want her to instruct Dr. Studevan on the kind of straining that will fit our girls to become ideal wives and mothers."

"Dorothy will join us later. Mollie is a bit under the weather this evening, and, until she is safely in bed, she claims her mother's undivided attention."

"At our last meeting the Doctors seemed to make a very strange division of womanhood," said Miss Ruth. "They have apparently forgotten the existence of the bachelor girl, but I am afraid she will refuse to be ignored."

"If Dr. Studevan had his way," said Miss Geddes, "he would send every unmarried girl over twenty years of age into the convent."

"Oh, it's hardly as bad as that," Miss Geddes. But, really, I do question whether there is a third vocation for women. If she is to become a regular part of the social system, she must find her orbit either in the home or in some organization for social service—call the organization a sisterhood or what you will. These lone women wandering through life without attachments are, like comets or meteors, strange beings sadly out of place in the social world."

"That is hardly a fair way to look at the question," said Miss Ruth. "The social and economic conditions of our times have advanced the marrying age of both sexes. Multitudes of our young women must labor to support themselves for some years, even though they contemplate marrying later on. A great many of them, in addition to supporting themselves, must care for aged parents and not infrequently for the younger members of the family. Many of these women do not feel themselves called to the religious life and nevertheless remain single all their lives. There can be no question of the duty of educational institutions to minister to the needs of these people. It looks as though we must reckon with at least three vocations for women."

"Studevan's objection to the third vocation applies to bachelors with even greater force than it does to bachelor girls," said Mr. O'Reilly. "If unmarried women over twenty should enter the convent, what about unmarried men over thirty?"

"Why, they are not only out of place," said Dr. Studevan, "but they are more culpable so than women. Every individual owes a duty to the race which he should not be allowed to shirk. He should either found a home and strengthen his people numerically or become a member of some regular organization for social service and in this way discharge his duty to society. The bachelor girl may not be altogether responsible for her detached condition, since it is quite possible that she would change it if the right man appeared on the scene; but society does not allow her freedom in seeking for a suitable companion, while it leaves men absolutely free in this respect."

"Would you advocate the passing of a law, Doctor," said Mr. O'Reilly, "compelling all bachelors to marry? If it is their selfishness that keeps them single, would it not be wise for the State to tax them so heavily that they would find it to their advantage to marry and thus to discharge their duty to society?"

"On general principles I am inclined to agree with you," replied Dr. Studevan. "But, after all, our evenings would be rather dull without Shannon, and if he had a young wife and children to take care of, I am afraid that he would find it rather difficult to grace our meetings with his presence. Society would sadly miss the mellow old bachelor."

"And what would my wife do without Aunt Mary, who is always on hand in time of family need?" asked Mr. Eaton. "She makes the clothes for the little ones, and is chief nurse in time of sickness."

"That is all true, Mr. Eaton," said Mr. O'Reilly, "but you are thinking of the old maid and we were speaking of the bachelor girl; these are quite distinct species, you know. The sudden increase in the number of bachelor girls is one of the alarming symptoms of the present situation. From Miss Ruth's statement of the case, this sudden increase is one of the social and economic conditions of the times; but would not the converse

of this be much nearer to the truth? Are not the social and economic conditions here referred to traceable to the bachelor girls? W. A. Curtis, in The Outlook for Dec. 18th, 1902, says: "Man is face to face with the fact that women in the twentieth century is not his ally, his helpmate, his wife, but his competitor, his rival." Once women doubled their joys and halved our sorrows. She now halves our incomes and doubles those seeking employment. Declining against the injustice of paying her half what a man got, in her blindness to the fact that man got twice as much in order that he might give her half, she has succeeded in getting her rate of compensation raised somewhat, but his has descended to meet it. And so, some assert, result the unmarried and unhappy thousands of women and of men, so the increase of the social evil, so the weakening of the national stamina that assails a nation where family life is passing. . . . Blindly, unconsciously, rudely, uncharitably, yet with a righteous purpose at bottom though he know it not, the college man strikes at co-education."

"That sounds like a voice from the last century," said Miss Ruth, "but it suggests many themes which would probably furnish profitable discussion for our Club. Have man's wages descended? If there are too many seeking employment, why admit a million laborers a year to glut the market? Besides, woman has never been an idler and it is not fair to blame her for following her employment when it lifts the home. There are many families in our cities consisting of several grown girls and whose only male breadwinner is the father whose earning capacity is constantly diminishing as the needs of the family increase. Who are going to share half their wages with these girls? They are not averse to marrying if decent men who are able to support them and who are worthy of their affection appear on the scene to claim their love and devotion; meanwhile they must work for a living, and that away from home. The only question is whether they shall enter the labor market uneducated and earn their living by the use of their muscles, of which they seem to have too scanty a supply, or whether they shall first receive an education that will enable them to live by their talents. Woman has chosen the latter of these alternatives and she feels herself entirely within her rights when she demands a share in the best education which society affords."

"I am glad to welcome you to our side of this controversy," said Dr. Shannon. "I always felt that your good judgment would assert itself in the end and that you would abandon Studevan and his vagaries. Woman has been compelled to enter into competition with man and she is following her instincts, which are always true, in seeking an education in the institutions which have equipped her competitors."

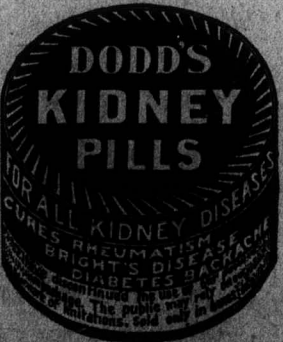
"Are not your conclusions just a bit hasty, Doctor?" said Dr. Studevan. "I find myself agreeing with everything that Miss Ruth has said. I would like to add to the topics which she has proposed for future discussion this statement of yours that woman has been compelled to enter into competition with man. This is a very surprising statement to come from a modern sociologist. The age of competition is passing out—the future belongs to co-operation. But to return to Miss Ruth's statement. I quite agree with her that woman is not responsible for the present condition, as Mr. Curtis would seem to imply. Labor saving machinery, by sweeping industry from the home, has compelled woman to seek employment in new fields. In doing this she is not invading man's province. Employment for both men and women has completely changed and both have to adjust themselves to these changed conditions. The man who inveighs against woman labor bases his judgments on superficial aspects. Whether woman works in the home, in the office, or in the factory is a mere accident; the important thing has remained unchanged—that she works."

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## A JEWELLER'S MISTAKE.

A young lady went to a West End shop to buy a necklace of imitation pearls. She gave £5 for one and wore it the same evening at a dinner. The gentleman beside her admired the necklace, and the conversation induced her to return next day to the shop to make inquiries. She was received with joy, for the necklace was of real pearls, and had been sold as imitation by mistake. The shopkeeper's gratitude, it is added, went to the length of offering his customer the choice of £100 worth of jewellery from his shop. The Gentlewoman.

Learn to give, not to take; to drown your own hungry wants in the happiness of lending yourself to fulfill the interests of those nearest or dearest to you.—Henry Scott Holland.



A close survey of the field will reveal the fact that women are claiming for herself certain industrial provinces which she will make her own and from which she will eliminate man quite as effectively as she formerly eliminated him from spinning and weaving. There is a strange mixture of truth and error in that article of Mr. Curtis's. Will you let me have it for a moment, Mr. O'Reilly? Just listen to this passage: "Numerically the college woman is not a large factor, but she is a sure factor, and the college man, obeying one of those strange psychological waves that sweep over a nation and make all blind, unconscious agents in a great change, a great reform, is trying to save her from herself—for himself. Co-education will not pass." . . . But the competition of woman with man will pass. In the three years which have elapsed since Curtis wrote this the number of colleges has increased with great rapidity, nevertheless, I believe that he was mistaken when he said "Co-education will not pass." The truth of his other statement, that competition will pass, must be evident to every student of sociology. Woman never has been in any serious competition with man in the labor market. When the future province of woman's labor shall become more clearly defined, woman will find it to her interest to seek her education in those schools which in scope and method have been developed to meet her peculiar needs."

"Are we to understand," asked Dr. Shannon, "that man is about to abdicate the learned professions because woman has put in an appearance, and that woman is to do all the teaching and to fill all the clerical positions and do all the journalistic work and write our magazine articles and books? If these positions are not to be relinquished to woman, how is competition to cease between woman and man? And if woman is going to claim all this as her province, the next generation of men will have to take to the tall timbers."

"It's coming to that very rapidly," said Mr. Eaton. "It is already becoming very difficult to secure domestic servants. The other day a friend sent a colored girl to my wife and when she brought her into the kitchen and began to instruct her concerning her duties, the girl grew quite indignant and asked my wife if she really expected her to stand over a hot stove, and gave her to understand that she was a High School graduate."

"Your alarm, gentlemen," said Dr. Studevan, "reminds me of a friend who, after quoting a splendid passage descriptive of the solar system, proceeded to exhibit his utter failure to comprehend the fundamental laws of the system. He reasoned that if from any cause the weight of the earth were increased it would drop into the sun, and if its motion were retarded ever so little the same dire fate would befall it, while if its weight were lightened or its motion increased it would wander off in ever widening circles into interstellar space. He had evidently failed to realize the power of adjustment possessed by the system. And so I sometimes think that our alarmists fail to realize society's power of self-adjustment. Even if woman's orbit is being changed under the stress of present conditions, we need have no alarm. Woman will find her new orbit and be as true to it as she has been to the old."

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Of the good priest, who welcomed Miss Murray to his island parish, the Transcript article says:

"Father Allan, or 'Maighstar Al-lein,' as his people called him, was a superb product of the hard life of Eriskay. I must say 'was,' not 'is,' for within a fortnight after Miss Murray finished committing to paper what he so longed to have made safe, the good priest died. It was appropriate to the island, where dreams and second sight have still a significance, that the man should have gone so swiftly after the satisfaction of a life-long desire."

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"In time of epidemic Father Allan would say, 'I'd be sorry for the man that had to walk with me these days.' In storm and shine his signal fire would be seen on the shore between the islands, the priest was wanting over, in the fishing boat with the great brown sail. "The struggle told. At forty-six he had spent his life, and his people laid him to rest, filling his grave little by little with their empty hands. 'Poor Father,' said they, 'he broke his heart.' "But they meant it literally. He was not heart-broken. He was the happiest man," says Miss Murray, "that I ever saw."

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**SOLITARY**

By REV. J.

CHAPTER I.

Among the many beautiful things in that wonderful cluster of source of the river St. Lawrence, one noticeable for its peculiar conformation, is a quarter of an acre, perhaps

ing at the foot of a cliff some seven miles long, which attract the attention of visitors for its shape and the excellent view of the distant village of Claryburgh. Smaller islands rocky stars on the watery blue about it on all sides, and close at hand shut it out sight of approaching travellers arching its back from the water, and throwing into the natural pyramid of moss-covered stone, it offers a summit above its nobler sisters as desired. Nature has provided way to the platform above stunted tree clinging there the sight-seer with scanty undesirable shade.

Here, on a day of early September a man quietly looking around him before him. He was swinging close to the horizon, and Claryburgh was ed with its autumn glory. ter was on fire. With over and wave red sparks and flames to shoot into the air, the woods leading to the illusion was neither chilly nor warm pleasant mean prevailed in and so softly did the colors dying day blend with those coming night that he who was clearly unmindful of the hours. His gaze wandered feature of the scene to another its placidity was reflected in pose of his body, in his gentle ing, and in the pensive expression of his face. His general appearance not that of one gifted with the finer instincts. A bluish gray breeches, unpressed shirt and leggings, all of very coarse material, made up his costume. This skin was toughened and by years of exposure, and red beard covered the lower face. The rifle at his side, the fishing tackle in his hand, indicated the professional man. No one would cast upon man a second look, and he was much more about him, is about every man, than even glances would discover. hair and red beard were of texture, his hands were shaggy, features delicately cut, and eyes, if a little too keen in glance, were sympathetic and preservative; but his skin cap and face, and tanned complexion rough costume hid much more curious eyes. As he looked distant village bathed in sun no muttered to himself, and down the unheeded tears fell cheek; but his emotion was and his thoughts led to no violent expression of feeling.

"Ah, friend Scott, dreaming of a rough voyage came from where a corpulent, half-naked man just rising from the water. Scott looked down quietly. "You had quite a swim of 't'ion," he said, without "Thought you couldn't have got a good hour yet."

"The devil!" growled he, shaking himself like a dog and drying his naked arms to take a chill. "You're a nice man, to me to swim all the way, and look so handy. I'm chilled to the bone. Why in thunder didn't you show you saw me coming?"

"Didn't know you were coming. I saw you half-way over, again you want to see me?"

"Did I want to see you?"

"No; I want to see your bottle—haven't any, confound it. I'm a likely man to leave my on the island and swim this far do it all for nothing. Look at me, as he began to mount natural steps, "and ask that question again."

Scott rose from his reclining position as he arrived on the platform. "It's a strange fix for you, Scott," said he, amused. "You're running away from the law, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am running away from law," answered the squire, his list at Claryburgh. "Blame they haven't left me a place of France or South America. In they are after my head, they've offered a reward—both Uncle Sam and Queen Victoria man, woman, child, or jacks-