

The Suffrage Boy
 Some of the arguments against women's suffrage in Massachusetts are recorded in "Eugene Stone, Pioneer of Women's Rights" by Alice Stone Blackwell.

One member of the legislature said that when a man came home tired at night, he did not want to kiss a member of the school board or an overseer of the poor. Another member declared that if women were allowed to vote, there would be no more congress men in Massachusetts, and all the children born would be girls.

—Kansas City Star.

Extended Stay in Mud
Cure for Skin Disease
 Possibly the most interesting bathing places of the Philippines are those of the hinterland of Mindoro, C. A. Freeman writes in the Boston Post. These places are merely mud holes adjacent to hot springs and are patronized by the wild Manyan tribesmen and their families. Jungle travel is productive of various skin diseases and when the Manyan becomes too itchy to stand it any longer, he arranges for a friend to serve him peels. Then he enters the mud.

Around him are placed floating pillows of grass and tables provided with smoking materials. Over his head is a shower and a gourd of water is close by. Frequently the bather mopes a week's stay in the mud and when he emerges to plunge in a river he finds that his outer skin entirely has peeled off.

On Mindoroan rivers near settlements of importance the "crocodile baths" are to be found. These are merely huge cages of bamboo floating and tethered to the banks. The slits are set so closely together as to defy the entrance of even a croc's nose and in the cage the community bathes without fear. Usually there is a spear-throwing attendant on duty and if a crocodile "bways" (crocodile) comes too close he receives a jab in the eye.

Episcopal Church Faces Bitter Fight Over Divorce At Its Denver Convention
 (Continued from Page One)

"What the Commission recommends is directly contrary to the explicit command of Jesus Christ and repudiates Christian ethical theory for the past nineteen centuries, apparently to conciliate a contemporary paganism. The opposition to their proposal is very great and includes some of the most sane and modern scientific scholars in the Church.

"Passage of the proposed canon would certainly result in such a schism as no religious body has yet seen in America. People undisturbed by minor differences oppose the proposed repudiation of Christian ethics. A large number of priests would immediately resign their cures if it passed and a large lay support would be immediately withdrawn. The canon stands no chance of passing and the present publicity is to be regretted.

With Plains Minister

Opposition to the proposal to sanction the marriage of divorced persons by Episcopal clergymen in church edifices, under the plan just brought forth, was voiced in White Plains, N. Y., by the Rev. Frank H. Slimmonds, rector of Grace Episcopal Church.

"The American divorce courts are the scandal of the whole civilized world today and the flippant indifference to the sacredness of marriages and home life and all its details is an insidious disease eating into the very vitals of the basis of American life," he said.

Many Episcopal ministers in other places are just as determined in their opposition to the proposed divorce amendment, and this opposition will undoubtedly find free and vigorous expression at the coming convention in Denver.

STAIRS OF SAND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

She held up to Hedda such a marvel of color and cunning as brought a gasp of astonishment and a quick denial.

"Oh, my dear! Not that for me. Please do not give me something that'll make everybody look at me!"

"That's precisely what I want," laughed Beryl. "So put this on. You needn't wear it, of course, if you don't like it, but I'm sure you will."

Reluctantly Hedda allowed a slim French maid to slip the dress over her bare shoulders, and the next minute she was staring at herself in a long mirror, while Beryl cried joyously:

"Oh, Hedda, you're perfectly stunning! Of course you must wear it, and you'll be the star of the evening. These other frocks are just things anybody can wear."

"They look exquisite to me," said Hedda, eyeing them wistfully.

Somehow now that she was here she would have preferred to wear a simple white frock. But, fearful of offending she reluctantly submitted. The maid arranged her hair, Beryl supplying silk stockings and slippers to match the frock.

When Hedda was ready to descend she took one last look at the girl in the mirror, and turned to Beryl, herself a picture in flaming colors that set off her dark beauty.

"I feel like the old woman in the nursery song," Hedda declared, "doubtful of my own identity."

"I knew you were a beauty," Beryl cried, "but I didn't know you were such a raving beauty as this."

"It's just the clothes," Hedda insisted. "I never saw anyone so enchanting as you are tonight."

"I'm so glad, for there's somebody I want to enchant. Some one," and Beryl led the way.

At the foot of the great staircase, about a wide fireplace, Hedda saw Neil Cramer with a group of other young men, and noted swiftly that there was no one among them who rivalled him. A moment later she met Cramer's eyes and saw his look of astonishment as he gazed at her. Presently, when those whom she had not already met had been made known to her, she found Cramer at her elbow. "Am I dreaming?" said his voice in her ear, "or is this my chum? I'm almost afraid to speak to you!"

"You look very nice, too," she returned under her breath. "Isn't it absurd to be peacocking like this?"

"You take my breath away."

"Look at Beryl," she whispered. "Isn't she the loveliest thing you ever saw in your whole life?"

"He looked. "You and she are a pair," he admitted.

More than once during the dinner, Hedda caught Cramer's eyes across the table and the glances they exchanged might have been interpreted to mean: "Funny, isn't it, how things happen!"

Presently the dancing began, in a great room cleared for the purpose and decorated with every art of the florist. The music was all of a quality more perfect than any Hedda had ever heard, and the strains which

assailed her ears made her wild to dance. She was besieged with invitations.

"I don't know any of the latest steps," she said regretfully.

"We'll soon remedy that," said Beryl's brother, who carried her off into an unoccupied room, where the music could yet be heard, and proceeded to teach her. She was an apt pupil and was soon able to go on the floor with any of the young men.

"You've no idea, Neil," Hedda said when they had assured themselves that they were able to suit their steps to each other and were moving smoothly down the floor, "how glad I am to be with some one I know."

"Only some one? Not particularly me?"

"Yes, particularly you. My brain needs a little rest."

"I didn't suppose dancing tired the brain," he smiled.

"It's my feet that bother me. I've walked all over Beryl's toes, but she's game and won't admit it."

"I thought you and she were getting on beautifully together."

"So were. I couldn't see how you and that blond Viking got on together, because you went off and hid somewhere. I didn't think you'd do that with a new acquaintance."

"Well, didn't Beryl and you do the same thing?"

"We're not new acquaintances. I've known her a month or more."

"I believe I'm a bit crazy with this sudden leap into dissipation—such dissipation! Just remember where I'll be tomorrow night."

"I'll go down and we'll talk it over on your porch, eh?"

"Of course. There'll be that much left to do anyhow. Is this over? Thank you Neil, for the best dance I've had tonight."

By and by it was all over and Hedda was mounting the stairs with Beryl smiling back at certain faces below, where a group of young men were talking before they broke ranks.

In Beryl's room the girls held a brief session, sitting with cheeks still flushed with the night's gaiety.

"Neil and I were imagining ourselves at Cherry Lane," Hedda said softly, her eyes little points of light. "It will seem like a dream, but we'll talk it all over, and remember what fun we had, and how lovely everybody was to us—and how beautiful you were in that orchid and gold frock."

"You dear thing, you ought to have such times often and often!" cried Beryl. "But Hedda, you have a quaint old home out there with its enchanting views in all directions. I envy you sometimes, especially in the springtime. I must have you before long, for a real visit here, or wherever I may be."

"Thank you, Beryl, but I can never get away for very long and leave Sara alone."

It was a wide awake Hedda, nevertheless, who fully dressed for the drive home, leaned over Beryl's bed at ten o'clock the following morning, and kissed a warm velvet cheek, murmuring: "Don't wake up, Beryl. We're just off after breakfast. You've been a perfect darling, and I'm so thankful for everything."

"I always have to pay up for dancing all night," moaned the girl in the bed. "No one could tell you'd lost a wink of sleep."

"I'm wonderfully rested," said Hedda. "Neil sent his goodbye to you and said he'd had a most enjoyable time."

Through a silent, sleeping house Hedda and Neil stole their way. As the two emerged from the door a tall figure sprang up the steps. It was the blond Viking of the night before.

"Good morning! What luck! I was passing and seeing the car, I suspected you were just getting off. It seems hard to believe you are the same girl I saw dancing a few hours ago."

"Evening frocks and traveling clothes change the appearance very much," laughed Hedda.

The Viking glanced at Cramer standing by. "Confound you, sir!" said he, with a genial grin, shaking hands. "Since you're going to drive all the way home with Miss Leavitt, can't you give me a chance to say something nice to her?"

"You can't make it too strong to suit me?" observed Cramer and remained within hearing.

"May I call you up sometime?" said the Viking, looking as far into Hedda's eyes as he could.

"Why of course you can, any time," she smiled. "Just now though we're in a frightful hurry. "Good-bye for today."

Then they were off, the Viking waving farewell, from the steps.

(Continued Next Week)

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"Artillery" Before the Advent of Gunpowder

The Roman ballista was much like the Roman catapult. It consisted of a trough mounted in a frame, in which ropes or skeins of animal skins were twisted with sticks. The ends of the sticks were joined with a thong, and the spring in the twists served as the spring, or propelling force. The missile, consisting of a log, beam or stone, was put in the trough, and the bowstring was drawn back and released to hurl the missile. The ballista was used to hurl heavy material for demolishing walls. It was primarily a siege weapon. The trough was so arranged that it could be elevated to lengthen the range, and traversed to change the direction of the missile. Roughly, the Roman catapult shot heavy arrows for effect on personnel and corresponded to the modern light field gun, while the ballista fired heavy projectiles and corresponded to modern heavy field artillery.

Inaugurated Opera Comique

Adan de la Hale, French troubadour, a musician and composer, who lived from 1238 to 1268, is sometimes called the father of the opera comique. He was born at Arras and studied at the Chateaubert abbey at Valenciennes, near Cambrai. He joined the household of Robert II, count of Artois, in 1272, and from 1283 was attached to Charles of Anjou, brother of Charles IX, whose fortunes he followed in Egypt, Syria, Palestine and Italy. At the court of Charles, Adan wrote his "Jeu de Robin et Marion," the most famous of his works. This play is cited as the earliest French play with music on a secular subject.

Immigration Not Wanted

The Literary Digest reports as unfounded the fear that Alaskan mosquitoes will be introduced to this country. The Alaskan mosquito, it was said, breeds in ice water, and if brought here it might breed in winter as well as summer and torment us the year round. As a matter of fact, says the Digest, Alaska has warm water in summer, and it is in this that the creatures hatch. They are as tender and susceptible to cold as our own. They are so apprehensive that the Kodiak Indians, fearing a migration to this region, but who is afraid of mere bears?—Detroit News.

Investment That Was Fever

Who invented the peep-to-the-sky weighing machine? Why, Mr. George Weaver, of Bath, who died penniless, as you might say, leaving only a pelf of £10,000. And who invented the peep-whistle? It was none other than Mr. Joseph Hudson, who broke up a startled world of burglary in 1824 with his shrill masterpiece, and at once secured a contract for 2,000 of his products. Today there are 600 different types of whistles, all manufactured by the firm which Mr. Hudson founded.—London Answers.

No child is ready for the world unless he understands man. Man cannot be understood unless his relation to God is understood.

104,023 Students Were Registered In Catholic Colleges in America For School Year Ending June, 1930

Washington, July 10.—A total of 104,023 students were enrolled in 164 Catholic colleges and universities in this country for the school year which ended in June, 1930, it is shown by a survey just completed by the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Compared with the total of 87,081 students reported in the school year which ended in June, 1928, the last previous survey, the 1930 figures represent an increase of 16,942 students, or 19.5 per cent.

Among the Catholic men's colleges and universities shown by the survey to have enrollments of more than 1,000 are the following:

Fordham University, New York, 4,899; De Paul University, Chicago, 4,875; Loyola University, Chicago, 4,410; St. John's College, Brooklyn, 3,355; Marquette University, Milwaukee, 4,449; University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, 4,133; University of Detroit, Detroit, 3,797; St. Louis University, St. Louis, 3,670; Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, 2,751; Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., 2,564; Creighton University, Omaha, 2,422; Boston College, Boston, 2,453; Villanova College, Villanova, Pa., 1,558; Loyola University, New Orleans, 1,448; Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., 1,462; Xavier University, Cincinnati, 1,126; University of San Francisco, San Francisco, 1,114; Providence College, Buffalo, 1,071; Manhattan College, 1,065; Holy Cross College, Worcester, 1,040.

In Women's Colleges

Among the Catholic women's colleges with enrollments of more than 500 students are the following:

St. Mary-of-the-Woods College, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind., 1,110; Marquette College, Scranton, 1,163; Our Lady of the Lake College, San Antonio, 1,021; Marygrove College, Detroit, 1,014; College of Mt. St. Vincent, New York City, 813; Immaculate Word College, San Antonio, 694; College of New Rochelle, New Rochelle, N. Y., 641; Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa., 748; Em-

May Our Lady design to intercede for us sinners with her Divine Son and Lord, such to obtain from Him a blessing on our pain and trials.—St. Ignatius Loyola.

Think only of God's honor and your own salvation; and even if it cost you your life never hesitate to speak the truth, fearing neither man nor devil.

The joys of the world cost much, and yield no profit, and the more one partakes of them the emptier he becomes; he seeks enjoyment, and finds nothing but sadness.

Sometimes we are foolish and identify our emotion with ourselves, and think that our moods are our character.

Ardent desire for wings by means of which his saints raised themselves to union with God by a perfect love.

Whoever wishes to follow Jesus Christ must walk in his footsteps if he would not go astray.—St. Teresa.