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Before the Bar of Science

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Before the Bar of Science

By EDA LORD MURPHY

THERE are valid reasons why we aunts should share either the blame or the glory that attaches to our niece. And we do feel that she is partly ours. Didn't I make every bit of the chicken salad for the wedding and didn't Aunt Lou use all her scientific training when the baby's mother had freakish flu? Any excuse is good enough for us to claim her, and since yesterday we are wreathed in smiles and the chances are even slimmer for our ever relinquishing our claims.

We have never hesitated to tell each other and friendly inquirers that she is extraordinary. But aunts proverbially do that and the public discounts their statements as, in all probability, gross exaggerations. In fact, I've seen and heard too many loving aunts and have marvelled at their perverted sense of humor or their idolatry of wood and stone, or more often, paste and putty. I'll admit I have at times wondered if we weren't making unfair comparisons and overestimating the brain power of this wee bit of thing who has only been here three years.

And so I suggested that we employ a psychologist; someone who would be utterly disinterested and frightfully fair. The young parents consented and were much less perturbed than we aunts.

The "doctor" arrived with the tricks of his trade in his pocket. The score card of Messieurs Simon and Binet and a pencil showed that he meant business. He allowed the mother to be present while the father hovered near. We aunts were huddled behind a screen and I was wondering if I wasn't making unfair comparisons and overestimating the brain power of this wee bit of thing who has only been here three years.

"How old are you, Janet," she answered serenely, "Three months in August." My heart dropped, but I suppose he wasn't testing her veracity!

We couldn't tell from our distance how much she could have told him if he had asked her!

When he asked her, "How old are you, Janet," she answered serenely, "Three months in August." My heart dropped, but I suppose he wasn't testing her veracity!

We couldn't tell from our distance how he was making out and we didn't know that he had gone into the four and five-year-old tests. I began to get supper, to work off my nerves, and wondered how the Kallikaks would ever have lived through a strain like this!

Finally, I heard my sister say, "Come and hear the verdict," but I was no wiser when he said, "The score is one hundred and thirty-seven and a half." "Which, being interpreted," he continued, "means that she has superlatively good intelligence—ninety to one hundred being normal, one hundred and twenty being good and one hundred and forty indicating genius." The young business person said, "Gee, I'm glad she isn't a genius." Janet herself said, "Mother, he isn't a real doctor," and the mother herself said, "Well, I claim the thirty-seven and a half points for our side of the family."

I went back to the gas stove content that science had justified love.

Work Creed for Women

By LAURA DRAKE GILL

President of the College for Women

Sewanee, Tennessee

I believe that every woman needs a skilled occupation developed to the degree of possible self-support. She needs it commercially, for an insurance against reverses. She needs it socially, for comprehending sympathy with the world's workers. She needs it intellectually, for a constructive habit of mind which makes knowledge effective. She needs it ethically, for a courageous willingness to do her share of the world's work.

I believe that every young woman should practice this skilled occupation, up to the time of her marriage, for gainful ends with deliberate intent to acquire therefrom the widest possible professional and financial experience. I believe that every woman should expect marriage to interrupt for some years the pursuit of any regular gainful occupation; that she should prearrange with her husband some equitable division of the family income, such as will insure her position in a partnership, rather than one of dependence; and that she should focus her chief thought during the early youth of her children upon the science and art of wise family life.

I believe that every woman should hope to return, in the second leisure of middle age, to some application of her early skilled occupation—either as an unskilled worker in some one of its social phases; or, if income be an object, as a salaried worker in a phase of it requiring maturity and social experience.

I believe that this general policy of economic service for American women would yield generous by-products of intelligence, responsibility, and contentment—American Magazine.

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