# THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

By FANNIE HURST

*Esthey Lefkovitch, on her first trip across the ocean, is very much taken with Mr. Danzeger, who admires her. Mrs. Lefkovitch does not like him at all because he wins so much money from her husband at cards. She tries to make Esther write to Abe Katz, a boy at home, who loves her.*

CHAPTER III

"I CAN'T help what you think, mama. Papa and I like him alrighty. He's been all over. He knows more about the world than you and papa and Abe put together. He's going to show us Switzerland and the Riviera if he can change his ticket."

FANNIE HURST

"I——"

"And if you want to know it, I—I like him whether you like him or not. Maybe if you and papa would—would leave me alone with him for a minute he—he might get to like me, too. I—I like him—so there! I just do."

Her voice slipped upward and she sat down hard and suddenly on the extension of the mother's steamer chair, her lips quivering as if wounded and her eyes, with a hint of tears in them, turned away from the mirth of the promenade deck.

"If you want to know it, I—I like him—so there!"

Under the eaves of the steamer hood, Mrs. Lefkovitch's face crumpled into incredulity.

"Esther, you!" A little sporty nix like him, what travels more as he attends to business. That's what I need yet, my daughter, what could have a man like Abe——"

"You got to quit calling him a nix, mama. He's just a prince, that's what he is. Papa says he spends more money in one day on this boat than all the other cheap skate fellows put together. Papa saw him with his own eyes give away a five dollar gold piece to a poor sick fellow in the steerage."

Ja, I know, I know. But I never in my life thought much——"

"He'd let cards alone pretty quick, let me tell you, mama, if all the cheap skates on this boat who lost their few dollars that first night wouldn't always be after him trying to win them back."

"Four hundred and eighty——"

"Look, mama, look! Oh, mama, we we—we've been missing it. Oh! Oh!"

In sudden proximity green as sward, and as if a volcanic shudder had spewed it up through the sea, the Isle of Madeira, lapped by waves and under the luscious kiss of a southern sun, lay with its fertile flanks to seaward. Villages, toy size, perched on the slopes in the attitude of sliding off. Vineyards and geometic truck gardens lay to the sun. In the background a mountain lost its head in mist.

"Oh, mama, isn't it—isn't it gorgeous?"

"Ja. And you say, Esther, in Madeira is where we get the hand embroidery so cheap?"

"Yes, yes, and see, mama, that darling little white town."

"Ach, how I wish my boy Michie could see it with me. I tell you a mother ain't got much pleasure if——"

"See, mama, see the beautiful way the ocean sends the waves running up on the banks."

"I tell you, Esther, and please God some day you'll need them, such a relief it would be to me if I could get you sheets and pillow-cases here already made up. That Mrs. Kron from Milwaukee, who is on this boat, says she got all her daughter's trousseau right here on——"

"Oh, mama, mama, see that town around the bend—look how big! I bet that's Funchal. Look, mama, just around those beautiful hills."

"Sheets and pillowcases already——"

But her daughter was off toward the captain's bridge, a stiff breeze lashing her shirts back against her body, chin tilted, hat clutched and lithesome limbs outlined. A cloud of flying fish rose off the water, piloting the boat landward. Beyond the besirred deck, its chatter and observations mingling, and far and beyond the approaching city which nestled in the curving arm of the harbor, the purple mountain faded into cloud.

A city of romance and of tropical avenues, of hand-made cobbled streets and ox-sledges with bells jingling right merrily. Funchal dreams in the sun like a many tinted lizard. Natives the color of old gold shout in voices the quality of old iron to incoming tourists. Perpetual summer lies like a blush of pleasure up the lazy incline of main street and over all Funchal. Its gardens behind and overflowing white-washed walls, are of a thousand scents and a thousand colors. Years and years have left lichen and gray Spanish moss thick upon the face of Madeira like a beard of old age. But the heart of her is young and her Portuguese trail like children far behind the caravan of civilization.

Out in the harbor the white ship Roumania cast anchor for want of a quay, and sent rowboats for sight-seeing cargoes cutting across the quiet water, natives naked and diving for pennies in their wake. Then a more or less difficult landing at the foot of a steep-sided dock up a perpendicular ladder of stone steps and into the sun-and-shadow pocked streets of Funchal.

Mrs. Lefkovitch grasped her husband's coat-sleeve, steadying herself with some difficulty. Past her streamed the Roumania's passenger list, Baedekered, sun-goggled and loving the land.

"Aaron, like my legs would wobble right off, that's how I feel."

"Now, now, Bertha I ain't so steady myself if you hang on me like that."

"No, but them three rough days when we first started, you could hang on me, I tell you. When my legs wasn't even so steady as they are now."

Trees closed over them, cacti and the heavy fronds of palms.

"Mama! Papa! Just see. Isn't it just perfect? Oh, Mr. Danzinger, no wonder you raved and raved about Madeira."

"Just wait if you think this is going some, Miss Esther. Wait until we go up the mountainside on the funicular and come down on sledges."

"Whew, give me my fan out of your pocket, Aaron. I don't want to say nothing right in the start, but I tell you I ain't stuck on the smells here. Mrs. Kron and her husband was right to stay on the ship if——"

"Mama!"

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Lefkovitch; this smell isn't so bad."

"There's nobody, Mr. Danziger, can tell me better as my own nose what I smell."

"Mama!"

"There's no use talking, Miss Esther; your mama don't think much of us Chicago boys. She's all to the New York."

"It ain't Chicago I don't think so much of, Mr. Danziger; I never blame the jug for what comes out of it."

"Ouch, take that one with you," cried Mr. Danziger, dodging an imaginary blow.

"And maybe, Mr. Danziger, since you say it, we got right in New York as fine boys as——"

"Ach, Danziger, my old lady likes to have her little fuss with everybody. I'm glad enough for a while it should be you instead of me. Like my son Michie back home in New York says, her bite is worse as her bark. I got a fine boy back home, Danziger. But always when he wants to tease his mama a little, that's what he says to her."

Laughter, two large dimples and the crow's-feet of amiability crept into Mr. Danziger's face, and he flung one arm along Mr. Lefkovitch's stooped shoulders.

"You got a mighty fine lady for a wife just the same, Lefkovitch—a mighty fine lady."

"See, see, mama, there go some of the Portuguese who live here, right past you."

A group of native riff-raff, bare limbed and their brown backs still glistening from the dive, scuttled past.

"Don't look, Esther. I feel ashamed enough. I tell you if I had known what goes on in a town like this, right on the boat where a young girl don't need to be ashamed where she looks, you would have stayed——"

"Mama, this isn't——"

"I don't think it is so nice, Mr. Danziger, since you been here before, you didn't first tell my daughter they go around in this place worse as in bathing suits at stylish summer resorts at home in America."

Mr. Lefkovitch cast a thoughtful squint after the group.

"I tell you, Danziger, there's a gold mine in this kind of a town for a smart fellow with a few dollars to invest."

"Wouldn't be surprised."

"If I was a young fellow like my son, Michie, right away in a town like this in a furnishing goods business I could make money."

"Wouldn't be surprised."

"Cheap rents and low expenses! To sell pants to men who don't know anything about them ain't so hard as to sell them to men what know too much about them. I bet you, Danziger, with a few thousand dollars, two young fellows like you and my son Michie, or his friend, Abe Katz, could make big money in a town like this."

"For our son, let me tell you, Aaron, right in New York, where you built up for yourself your own business, is good enough for him, too."

"Oh, look, mama; please look! See the oxen teams pulling the sledges uphill."

"Ach, and Esther, see over there the embroidery shops. A whole string of them like Mrs. Kron said there would be."

"No, no, mama; please don't cross over there. We're all going up the mountainside in a little train, mama, to see the scenery. Aren't we, Mr. Danziger?"

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(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

# THE GLAD SURRENDER

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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## Differences of Opinion

SYNOPSIS

*Laurel Stone, a newspaper woman on the Chronicle, is sent to interview Granville Burton, a big financial man. She and Winona Bell, who is on the same paper, have an apartment together in downtown New York.*

CHAPTER III

LAUREL STONE had come from a small town in Ohio. There she had worked on one of the three newspapers, the News, and from her earliest days in newspaper work her one ambition had been to come to New York. The Stones lived in a large shabby house off Main street, Mr. Stone dealt in wood and coal and there had always been plenty of money. Laurel had gone to a western college for four years and as her father said when she returned home, she had been born with wings and college life had enabled her to fly. He adored Laurel and trusted her. When she announced her intention of coming to New York he made no comment, but when she was ready to start gave her a check and his blessing. Mrs. Stone felt aggrieved.

In a small way, Mrs. Stone was very ambitious. There were only three or four girls in Westbury who had gone to college and Mrs. Stone had made plans for her daughter's return, a series of affairs given for her, a small social triumph and perhaps a marriage to George Stoddard, the son of Westbury's banker, or Chris Rollins, who owned the Westbury electric light plant. Laurel had no intention of embarking upon a social career and when she went on the News it almost broke Mrs. Stone's heart. It seemed that whenever anything was planned for Laurel the girl was always out on an assignment.

"When you could have any one in town, Laurel," her mother would wail, "I don't see how you can go about in those old clothes. For my sake you might do things a little bit my way."

"But mother, what's the use? I couldn't marry one of these small-town men and settle down in Westbury for the rest of my life. I want to live, I want to go to New York."

That was before she had any clear idea of what she wanted to do in New York and her announcement had almost killed her mother. For a year Laurel had worked on the News and had been fairly happy, then she had taken her father into her confidence and the dream of her life was finally in her grasp.

She came to New York with a letter of introduction to the Chronicle. They had given her a job and she had made good. Her second week in the city she and Winona Bell had drifted together. Winona was city born and bred. A canny streak of wisdom dwelt beneath her surface softness and she was far more practical than Laurel in that she knew better how to look out for her own interests. Laurel had all kinds of ideals and illusions. Winona had none. Laurel wove dreams about love, Winona scoffed at the idea of a man being true to a woman. She would shock Laurel with her remarks about marriage, bully her as she might have bullied a small girl and then turn around and borrow money from her in the most frank and artless way.

Beside Winona's city-bred wisdom, Laurel was like a sturdy flower. Beneath her boyishly plain suits her body was lithe and slender and perfect. Even her hair showed the vitality of the girl. It had an electric quality that made it snap and crackle when she drew the brush through it each night. The flash of her white teeth against the bright scarlet of her mouth was fascinating to watch, and her eyes, those great blue eyes of the color of lapis lazuli, were radiant with health.

Winona was delicately pretty with light brown hair and hazel eyes. Beside Laurel she sometimes looked anemic, but she was quite strong and of that wiry adaptability and endurance that a city woman seems always to have in abundance. She was engaged in a desultory fashion to Ned Benning, one of the men on the paper, and to Laurel it was the most interesting thing in the world to watch the reactions of these two.

Winona bullied Ned patronizingly and their relationship was delightful, but not at all what Laurel had imagined an engagement would be. There was no sentiment, no quick meeting of eyes and sudden touching of hands. Ned came up to dinner sometimes and would help just like another girl in the tiny kitchenette. They would sit for long moments over their coffee talking about life, arguing about all kinds of things, with Winona and Ned always leagued together against Laurel.

"You expect too much of people," Winona would say. "The less you expect from people the less you're disappointed."

"But I want to expect a great deal of people," Laurel would return. "Even if I am disappointed. The more you expect of people the more they give you."

"That's idealistic, not practical," Ned would put in here.

"But she's a hopeless idealist," Winona would interrupt. "Look at Ned and me, Laurel; we're practical; we like each other and we're going to marry each other some day, but we're sensible about it." And so it would go on. It was all delightfully young and yet there was a queer undercurrent of truth in the things that were touched upon. Winona and Laurel saw life differently according to their natures, and while Ned Banning was very well suited to a girl of Winona's type, to Laurel he would have been impossible.

Tomorrow—Introducing Harriet Long.


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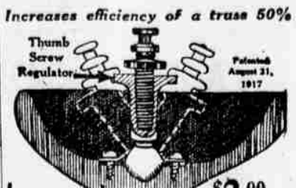


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WANAMAKER'S WANAMAKER'S

Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

There's Wonderfully Wide Choosing Among Women's New Frocks at $15 to $25

Hundreds of delightful little dresses, inexpensive yet ever so pretty, are gathered in a most cheerful array in the Down Stairs Store. Dresses like these are exactly right for wearing just now, for they have a touch of Spring about them, yet are warm enough for comfort.

Smart little wool jersey frocks, trimmed with braid, are in black, taupe and navy at $15.

Navy blue velour dresses are cut with a short tunic and rows of buttons for trimming, as you'll see in the sketch. $16.50.

The other frock sketched is of navy blue serge, with quite an elaborate design worked out in braid in front and back. $16.50.

Silvertone suiting is another material that is finding a most effective use for early Spring. Dresses in navy, plum and taupe are cut on simple, tailored lines, with tucks, buttons or braid for the only trimming. $18.

Other charming frocks of serge, taffeta, tricotine and satin are here in a score or more of styles at prices ranging upward to $25.

(Market)

Strong Shoes for Active Boys, $5.50 a Pair

Both dark tan and black leather shoes are of the quality leather that is particularly serviceable at this season of year, when streets are muddy or icy and outdoor sports are strenuous.

The shoes are made with full round toes, cut in Blucher style and welted for satisfactory service. Sizes 1 to 6.

Men's Good-Looking Shoes, $7 a Pair

Straight lace shoes, clean-cut and fashionable, as well as sturdy, are made of well-seasoned black and tan leathers.

"Don't Get Your Feet Wet"

is mother's wise counsel, so what about a pair of rubber boots or arctics for you and for the boys?

(Gallery, Market)

A Pretty Crepe Kimono at $3.85

It is of soft crepe in Copenhagen blue, pink or rose. Shirring at the high waistline and wide sleeves and embroidery on the collar are its ornaments.

(Central)

Pretty White Cottons With Practical Uses

For snowy new curtains, children's aprons, tea aprons and such.

Dimity in pretty checks, 27 inches wide, 29c a yard.

A finer quality in the same width, 45c a yard.

Plaid and striped lawns, 27 inches wide, 35c a yard.

SPECIAL—40-Inch Dotted Swiss, 55c a Yard

(Central)

New Voile Blouses Special at $2.25

Fine white voile blouses in many models are fresh, new and Springlike. Rows of tucks, tiny or the slightly larger variety, insertion, lace and various prettily shaped collars prove that Spring blouses are looking favorably upon the Fashion Frilly.

(Market)

Pretty and Unusual Underthings for Women

—Dainty white batiste nightgowns—the batiste finely woven and silky with dots of pale pink, blue or lavender—are in two styles at $3.

—Dainty envelope chemises, with lace forming the pointed tops, are $2 and special.

—Striped satin camisoles to wear beneath dark blouses are in grounds of green, taupe and navy, shirred on elastic at the top and having ribbon shoulder straps, $3.

—In extra sizes there are flowered navy blue silk camisoles made in the same style at $3.

(Central)

Women's Dressing Sacques, $1

Neat black-and-white figured percale sacques that women have been asking for are here now.

Trim house dresses of checked, plaid and striped gingham are in clean, fresh colorings and simple, wearable styles at $3.85.

(Central)

The Sale of Silks

The Down Stairs Store is still well supplied with thousands of yards of good silks and silk-and-cotton materials in Spring styles and colorings, all at low prices.

Lovely taffetas, satins, foulards, silk shirtings and the like are included.

(Central)

A Trio of New Spring Suits at $39.50

Good lines, good materials and good taste are the points that you will notice first about these excellent suits. They are conservative of cut and are the type of suit that women want for early wear, and they may be sure they will not tire of such suits as these before the season is over.

The suit that is sketched is of navy or black wool poplin, cut with a long, rolling collar which is bound with braid. The braid idea is further carried out in the wide bands that trim the lower part of the jacket.

The other suits are of navy or black serge, one with a white pique vestee. The jackets of all the suits are well lined in soft gray or black silk and all have narrow belts of self-material.

(Market)

Hundreds of Bandeaux at 40c How Many for You?

—for they are worth buying two or three at a time; every one knows how scarce are good 40c bandeaux!

These are of pink or white material with tape shoulder straps, and they fasten in back.

Topless Corsets at $1.50

Pink and white coutil corsets, topless and lightly boned, are good for slight to average figures.

At $2, the medium bust and the long, fairly well-boned skirt of a pink coutil model allow it to take care of the full figure as well as the average.

Excellent Corsets at $2.50

Many of the models would ordinarily sell for twice this price. There are four or more models and the stout figures are particularly well taken care of. One corset, of heavy white coutil, has a medium bust and a very well boned skirt. Another, of pink coutil, shows graduated steels that are finished with silk-floss binding.

(Central)

Children's Good Shoes Can Always Be Had at Reasonable Prices in the Down Stairs Store

Mothers who shop in Wanamaker's Down Stairs Shoe Store do not worry about the way shoes wear out. They know that they are getting good shoes of durable leathers, built on the proper lasts for growing feet, at the lowest possible prices, which frequently mean quite a saving. That is the way they solve the problem; what about you?

Children's Shoes—Sizes 2 to 5

There are many styles in button shoes with turned soles, varying from black calfskin shoes with white tops at $1.75 a pair to champagne kidskin shoes at $3 a pair. Especially worth noticing are the groups at $2.50 and $2.75.

Sizes 5 to 8 Are $2 to $3.25 a Pair

These all have wedge heels and the prices vary according to style. They are of patent leather, black and brown kidskin, tan calfskin and white leather.

Sizes 6 to 2

Both button and lace shoes for school children are made with sensibly wide toes. There is good choosing among shoes of black patent or dull leather and of dark tan leather at $4 to $6.50 a pair.

Special at $2.25 a Pair

Dark tan leather button shoes are in sizes 8½ to 2.

Special at $2.90 a Pair

Black dull leather and patent leather button shoes with sturdily welted soles are in sizes 6 to 2; sizes 2½ to 6 at $3.25.

Special—Children's School Shoes

Sizes 6 to 8, $3.50; 8½ to 10½, $4; 11 to 2, $4.50.

They are of dark tan leather, tough and sturdy, well made and durably welted.

(Chestnut)