

BUSINESS WOMEN FIND EXCELLENT FIELD FOR ADVANCEMENT SELLING AUTOS

TEN-MINUTE NOVELS
TODAY—"Tom Brown's School Days," by Thomas Hughes. Condensation by Prof. William Fenwick Harris.
TOMORROW—"Dombey and Sons," by Charles Dickens.

HUGHES

Thomas Hughes was born October 20, 1822, at Wellingborough, Berks. In 1824 his father sent him to Rugby to be under the charge of Dr. Arnold, the doctor and the father had been fellow-students at Oriel College, Oxford.

Both school and master were famous. Hughes followed in his father's footsteps at Oriel, he was later called to the bar, and eventually was appointed a county court judge.

THOMAS HUGHES, 1822-1896.

Tom Brown's School Days

By THOMAS HUGHES
(Condensation by Prof. William Fenwick Harris)

"Just as Tom was swallowing his last mouthful of o'clock in the morning, winding his comforter round his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds, boots heels in and says, 'Tally ho, sir, and they bear the ring and the rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drags as it dashes up to the school gate."

"So Tom Brown started to begin his school day at Rugby when William the Fourth sat upon his throne. Squire Brown had meditated something as follows the night before, 'What I told you to mind his work and to make himself a good scholar? Well, but I can't get to school for that—at any rate not for that matter. I don't care to study Greek, yet I must do the dramma, no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted to go to school, and partly because he wanted to go to school, and partly because he wanted to go to school."

Tom's father was a great asset to the boy. For though he belonged to what is called the upper middle-class, the opinion which the squire loved to propound above all others was the belief that a man is to be valued wholly and solely for that which stands up in the four fleshly walls of him, apart from clothes, rank, fortune, and all externals whatsoever. He held further that it didn't matter a straw whether his son associated with lords' sons, or flowered sons, provided they were brave and honest."

"Rugby was a new world for Tom. He was a sturdy and combativeurchin, able to fend for himself on his own head; yet it was a great boon for him that he fell into the hands of a boy of his own age, but a bit ahead of him at Rugby. The first sight he encountered on his arrival was a lordly crowd of youngsters who looked quite as if they owned the place. One of these young heroes ran out from the rest and accosted Tom. 'I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?'"

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THE WASHINGTON HERALD
425 Eleventh Street N. W.

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TAMING MY HUSBAND

BY KATHLEEN FOX.
(Copyright, 1919, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

As time went on we became more confident of the success attending our efforts at reconstructing our life. This was frequently proved to our happy satisfaction by the indulgence of pleasures at the expense of the life that had been.

"You remember what it was about of course," he went on. "You had told me I was not fit to be a father. And you were right, my girl, I wasn't, only I didn't have sense enough then to know it."

THE BUSINESS GIRL AS A WIFE.

By DOROTHY DIX.
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.
(Copyright, 1919, The Wheeler Syndicate.)

A man asks me what effect going out into the world to earn her own living has on the character of a girl, and if being a business woman does not unfit her for married life.

"The girl who has been a business woman is a saving wife because she has seen that the possession of money spells prosperity. She doesn't want her husband to be one of the men who cannot take advantage of a good chance when it comes his way, because he lacks the price of a ticket to success."

"The business girl makes a good wife because she has been taught to be prompt and accurate, and to turn out a workmanlike job. She will have no quarrels on time, and keep track of her bills, and see that the butcher gives her fair weights, and run her household on a budget instead of in a haphazard hit-or-miss style."

"Any girl who has acquired the art of getting along in peace and harmony with married and harassed bosses, and submissives, has taken a post graduate course in the science of managing a husband, and her price is above rubies as a wife. The woman who has been there has no illusions about an office being a joyous picnic ground. She knows that when a man goes down to work he goes to mortal combat. She understands when all he wants to do at night is just to crawl into a hole and be left alone."

STRAWBERRY ROLL.

Wash and drain 1 cupful of fine, firm strawberries. Soak 1 teaspoonful of powdered gelatin in 1 tablespoonful of cold water for 5 minutes, then dissolve in 1/2 cupful hot strawberry juice and water. Add enough water to make 1 cupful. Mash the berries with 1/2 tablespoonful of powdered sugar, beat the whites of 2 eggs very stiff and add to the mashed berries and gelatin. Set aside to cool. Make a cake of 2 whole eggs and the yolks of 2 others added to a mixture of 1 cupful of flour, 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, a pinch of salt, and 1 cupful of granulated sugar. Add 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla. Bake the cake batter in a long shallow pan lined with wax paper. When done turn on paper powdered with powdered sugar. Beat the fruit filling with a fork, and then spread evenly on the cake, roll up quickly, wrap the roll in cloth or paper to hold it firm. When cold slice and serve with whipped cream.

The next time you buy calomel ask for



The perfected calomel compound tablets that are safe and free from the customary nauseating and sickening effects. Medicinal virtues retained and improved by adjuncts and correctives.

A HUNCH FOR WOMEN WORKERS; "FORGET SEX AND SELL AUTOS!"

Half the automobiles in the country are driven at one time or another by women—Why don't women sell automobiles?

Here is one of the biggest industries in the United States—a virgin field for the woman worker—and women have hardly begun to enter it. A few have tried it, and failed.

There is but one woman in the entire United States who has "made good" at auto salesmanship to the extent of having risen to the presidency of a large city agency.

She is Mrs. Patricia K. Webster, of Oakland, Cal. Her analysis of the tremendous opportunity offered to women by the auto industry, and the way to win success therein, is well worth study by women who want to "make good."

"Automobile salesmanship offers the greatest opportunity of the present day to girls and women who possess one quality—"Commonsense!"

So declares the one woman in America who has risen to a position of first importance on "Automobile Row"—Mrs. Patricia K. Webster, head of the Roamer agency of Oakland.

Mrs. Webster runs her own company. She employs sixteen men.



MRS. PATRICIA K. WEBSTER.

She would employ several women in addition, if the proper candidates applied.

"Any woman with commonsense," declares Mrs. Webster, "can do as

well as I am doing. In two years' time, a competent young woman should be earning from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year, and living a pleasant life with plenty of time for reading, bridge or social relaxation.

"It is an ideal field for women. It is interesting, it sharpens the intellect, and it pays."

"But the same thing remains true here, as in other business fields—if a woman is not better than a man, she should get out. The accident of sex has nothing to do with true success. The woman who depends on her looks fails."

Mrs. Webster's own success came after years of battling against prejudice.

She makes the following suggestions to women, who would like to avoid the mistakes which lead to failure in the automobile world:

"First, study human nature, scientific salesmanship, business standards and ethics. Put yourself on the same plane as men at their best. Do nothing that a high-class man would not do."

"Selling success becomes a matter of reading character and genuinely satisfying a buyer's wants."

"This is a splendid field, and I urge women to enter it."

DATED DIARY.

Have you tried a dated diary for a weekly plan book in which to set down the regular and special duties of the week?

BROKEN GLASS.

Melted alum is said to mend broken glass. The crack should not be noticed.

CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

UNCLE WIGGILY AND LULU'S CURLS.
By HOWARD R. GARIS
(Copyright, 1919, The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Once upon a time, as Uncle Wiggily lounged, the bunny gentleman, was hopping past the house where Susie Littelall, the rabbit girl, lived.

She said, "I am looking for Susie. It is time for her to practice her swimming lesson."

"And well come with her," laughed Lulu and Jennie, as they went along with Susie and Uncle Wiggily. The rabbit gentleman, once he had found Susie, did not pay much attention to the animal girls and did not see how queer Lulu, Susie and Jennie were dressed, especially around their heads.

All at a sudden, just as they were passing a big rock, out from behind it jumped the bad Pipsisewah.

"Oh, but O, ha!" howled the Pipsisewah. "More more I have caught you, Uncle Wiggily! And you have company, too!"

"Oh, take everybody's nose!" and then he roughly gave a loud whistle and said, "Who lovely curls?" "Curly!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Who glishes, food, etc."

has curls? I have a pink, twinkling nose, but no curls!"

"No, but Lulu ha!" said the Pipsisewah. He reached out his paw, caught Lulu, the duck girl, by her long, yellow curls, when suddenly a funny thing happened.

Every one of Lulu's lovely curls came loose from her head and stayed in the paw of the Pipsisewah.

"Why—Why! What's this?" cried the Pip. "I wanted souce, not curls!"

"Well, you can have my curls, but not souce," quipped Lulu.

"And mine!" said Susie and Jennie. And they pulled their curls from their heads and threw them at the Pip.

"Run, Uncle Wiggily!" cried Susie, "while the Pipsisewah is all tangled up in our curls!"

So Uncle Wiggily and Lulu, Jennie and Susie got safely home.

"But what made your curls come loose that way?" asked Uncle Wiggily looking over the tops of his glasses, surprised like.

"O, they weren't real curls," quipped Lulu. "They were just carpenter's wooden shaving curls, the Grand Old Shagbark gave us. We stuck them on our heads, under our hats, to look like real curls."

"Well, they fooled the Pipsisewah all right," asked Uncle Wiggily, "but glad they did!" And if the jumping Jack doesn't fall out of bed when he tries to skip rope with the roller skates, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the grasshopper.

CLOSET SPACE.

Try this system in your new home. Plenty of closet and shelf room in all parts, with each such storage space adjusted to its contents, such as linen, curtains, food, etc.

A Constitutional Question

and A Personal Question as Well

Are You Willing to Delegate to Foreigners the Power to Send Your Boys to War?

THE CONSTITUTION of the United States provides that in the Congress (the Senate and the House of Representatives) shall reside the power to declare War.

The Proposed League of Nations provides that the representatives of the signatory powers shall have the power to make War, and that such decision shall be binding upon the members of the League.

The treaty-making power resides in the President and Senate—so the House of Representatives has nothing to say about ratification of the Proposed League of Nations—has not even the doubtful pleasure of attempting to delegate its Constitutional functions to foreigners.

If the League goes through, England will control six votes as against the one vote of the United States.

In view of the way in which the English Government is treating the men and women of Ireland, are you willing to let that Government call your boys to war?

True, the case of Ireland is only an instance. But then Ireland is fighting now for just what the Thirteen Colonies fought in 1776.

Even if Ireland does not interest you—surely your own boys do. Drop a line to your Senator. Help send the League of Nations back to Paris.

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See next announcement in tomorrow's Herald