



Reading for Women and all the Family



"When a Girl Marries"

By ANN LISLE

A New, Romantic Serial Dealing With the Absorbing Problems of a Girl Wife

CHAPTER CLXXXIX

It was with a gasp of amazement that I stepped over the threshold of the ballroom at Carlier's. Naturally Valerie Cosby had taken charge of the arrangements for her own dance, and those arrangements passed any flights of which my imagination was capable. She thought of the cost staggered me.

A soft green light pervaded everything. The great ballroom had been made to look like a fairytale grotto under the sea. In the center was a fountain of crystal spray, sparkling in green and blue light, and in the pool below it floated white water. At one end of the room there was a crystal grotto leading off to a conservatory hung in rare sea plants. At the further end two giant shells of pale pink, one to hold the orchestra, playing Hawaiian waltzes, was draped in green sea-weed and red hibiscus. The other was half hidden behind moss-hung rocks that looked like cliffs. From it the band blared out one-step. The chandeliers were of crystal and green lights played on them and the crystal balcony.

In this strange light the women moved around like pale wraiths, weighed down with brocades and tissues and gleaming jewels.

"Everyone looks half-drowned," muttered Jim. "You're a white lilac now, Anne." He looked critically at my simple costume of pale green silk, hung with petals of cloudy lavender tulle.

Now a soft gold radiance lighted the crystal grotto, and a big seashell chandelier, drawn by white ponies, swung out of it. In this sat Valerie Cosby, creamy and beautiful in the light, that served to soften her ripe lips and bring out seaweed glints in her lacquer black hair. Valerie, smiling in languorous triumph, and kissing her hand and crying aloud a welcome to every one. Valerie—resplendent in the blue and green

robe about which she had built her whole evening.

There were dozens of people I did not know—a handful I knew slightly. And our own party—Virginia, Phoebe, Evvy, the Hoyces, Sheldon, Dick West, Jim and I. Tom Mason would come later.

At first I dreaded his coming. Then, as I began to be uncomfortably aware that our party was short one man, I started to wish he would hurry. And presently I found myself mischievously rehearsing the little triumph I'd have when I told Tom that I was at last rid of his unwelcome gift.

I was dancing with Lane Cosby, who lumbered heavily in middle-aged, unspirited fashion, when suddenly the lights shimmered from green to silver shot with blue.

"Pretty nifty moonlight effect—eh, what?" asked my host. "Little Val got this all up herself and made 'em turn their decorators loose. Cost a pretty penny—but we'll have to send the market down a few points so some fools unload, and that'll pay for Val's party."

"It's wonderful," I said faintly, trying not to understand Lane Cosby's ideas of finance.

"At's ball—or, how I pay Val's bill!" asked Mr. Cosby loosely, landing on my left instead just then, so I knew that he was as heavy of foot as of wit.

I laughed, being fairly sure no more was required of me. We were approaching the door in the side wall, and I saw Tom Mason come in and stand for a second looking around the magnificent blue and green and crystal sea cavern shimmering in its man-made moonlight.

After an evening of Lane Cosby's heavy-handed, heavy-footed, heavy-witted attentions I was frank enough with myself to acknowledge that I was glad to see Tom. Suppose he did frighten me a little? I could take care of myself, as I had often demonstrated, and a little fear must prove a great deal more thrilling than a great deal of boredom had been.

"Hurry!" I breathed, half to myself, half aloud.

Lane Cosby steered me out into the middle of the floor—out toward the fountain.

"Look! Isn't she wonderful?" he cried, breathing heavily from the combined efforts of talking and dancing.

In the entrance to the crystal grotto stood Valerie Cosby, trying to pull Jim into her seashell chariot. He made a gesture of refusal, and as he did she pushed him away, turned her back and started slowly toward the conservatory.

Then Tom Mason started forward hurriedly. The music stopped, and Lane Cosby lingered at the fountain a minute, dipping a corner of his scented, monogrammed linen handkerchief into it and pressing the damp triangle to his temples.

Tom contained across the floor. I could see that he was in pursuit of the blue and green robe. And suddenly I laughed as I understood.

Then Valerie stopped, lifted her creamy arms and draped back a strand of crystal that had loosened from the wall. Tom caught up with her, leaned forward, spoke—and then drew back suddenly. I saw Valerie turn, smile at him provokingly from heavy-lidded eyes, move her ripe red lips in speech and then glide on.

Tom followed her. Suddenly I was not amused any more. I wanted to go home. . . I had given Mrs. Cosby the blue robe—and now with a single slow smile she had taken possession of the owner.

My cheeks burned with resentment. I had been so sure of Tom Mason's interest. It appeared I couldn't even hold that. It seemed I couldn't be sure of any man—with a woman like Valerie Cosby around.

I turned to look for Jim. He, too, was watching Tom Mason and Mrs. Cosby disappear into the mazes of the crystal grotto.

(To Be Continued.)

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



LITTLE TALKS BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

By Beatrice Fairfax.

A woman writes me: "Why should I give up my job, even though the war is over? It has saved my self-respect, cured me of a dozen imaginary ailments and preserved my sanity. I need the stabilizing influence of my job, even more than I do the money."

And she goes on through some six typewritten pages to tell me the respectably sordid details of her pre-war existence. She was married, had no children, and with her husband, lived in a five-room flat, of which, with the exception of the washing, she did all the work.

She had no allowance whatever, and the money given her for household expenses was so meager that it required almost superhuman arithmetic to make ends meet. This work she did faithfully, but it never interested her particularly. Then along came the war and a chance to go back and do the work she had done before marriage—stenography.

Her husband did not object, and she went back to her old firm at a hundred and twenty-five a month. I quote from her letter—"To have in my own hands once more money that I had earned, and that I had some jurisdiction over—was thrilling. My first pay envelope knocked about ten years off my age. I did not squander it, but I did pay off a few old debts that had been haunting me night and day."

Then I bought a couple of decent suits—the first new clothes since my trousseau wore out, eighteen years ago. My wardrobe had been entirely furnished by the cast off garments of my two sisters and their daughters, and I've had to pin on their beflowered cart-wheel hats the second season and wear them, over a face that bore the sorrows of Mater Dolorosa—but never again."

My correspondent has renewed her youth in congenial occupation, and is terrified that industrial conditions, changing with the conclusion of the war, may drive her back to the status of an unpaid servant, who could never do anything quite satisfactory for the gentleman who got the work of her hands gratis. Her conscience is not quite secure about her right to keep such a position as she would not actually starve if she gave it up.

To which I am going to reply with a quotation from the Old Testament, "Man doth not live by bread only." And while this woman's body might not actually starve of hunger if she went back to the druggery of her five-room flat, her husband's sulks

and nigardliness, and the discarded hats of her nieces, her hair and her spirit would undoubtedly perish.

Entitled to Rights

For every human being is entitled to a few constitutional rights, and among them, the right to work, and the right to a woman who has been trained in difficult and honorable profession cast aside the results of years of study and experience, and do instead work that is distinctly inferior and for which neither thanks nor money is given?

And the common sense answer is, there is no reason at all. If there were, children, and the mother's presence were required in the home, that would be a different matter. And if the husband were ill, and it became necessary for her to nurse him, that, too, would be something else.

But that a woman, capable of earning an excellent salary, should hide her talents in a dish cloth and devote her gifts to a surly partner who would even thank her for having his chops broiled by a cook capable of earning \$125 a month, is very poor economy, to say the least.

The present arrangement is that the colored stenographer girl, in her hours of ease, broils the chops for both husband and wife. She also does what sweeping and dusting the flat requires, and the stenographer-wife pays her by the hours. And the gentleman pays the butcher and calls on high Heaven to regard his plight, and the mad Bolshevism of his wife, and the topsy-turvy condition of the world, generally speaking!

Yet he never complains when his wife broils his chops, and he seldom spoke to her, even to say "Good morning." And he never offered to replace the broiling flowered hats of the debutante nieces by anything suitable for a woman of forty.

No, he took it all as a matter of course, but now that these conditions have passed, he groans and sighs and talks about the "Good old days."

In the meantime, the woman who describes herself as "dead for fifteen years," is very pleasantly conscious of having had a resurrection. The people with whom she works—old business associates, some of them—are very agreeable and good humored, and she is enjoying immensely the atmosphere of the office. The firm is well thought of and prosperous, and very square with its employees. The office is "fairly alive with the spirit of success, and yet the people are all pleasant and courteous, and I love my work."

We hope this lady, having found her niche in life after much blind and fruitless groping, will cling to it as firmly to it as she is ever agreeable for an outsider to dwell on all the rejuvenating little enterprises that open to her—the ticket for the concert—or theater, the new book, and a self-respecting husband, utterly unlike the beflowered cart-wheels of the young nieces.

However, I should not be surprised if she tried one of those hats now, and to find they were not at all incongruous. Congenial work and self-respect have doubtless worked their customary miracle in her prematurely old face, besides its feeling you have to wear someone's discarded hat, years too young for you, that makes the tragic misfit so apparent.

If you have the wherewithal to buy a suitable hat, doubtless the unsuitable one will prove becoming, and that's just how contrary women are.

For any woman to imagine that it is "up to her" to resign her job, now that the war is over—because she is not a man—is pure Quixotism. As a human being she is entitled to her place in the sun, the same as a man is entitled to his. And nothing could be a more mistaken policy than for a woman to go about her work with the deprecating air of an interloper. She is entitled to work, and draw adequate wages for her services, whether she happens to be married or single.

The question is, not whether a stenographer, bookkeeper, typist or street car conductor is a man or a woman, married or single, but how capable and efficient each employee is.

And if the women who entered industry, as a war measure, are inclined to feel they are unwelcome guests at the party, let a few consolatory things for them to remember. Next year, 12,500,000 women will cast their vote for President—and their choice is more than likely to land their candidate in the White House.

The power of women in the 1920 Presidential election will be more than twice as great as it was in the election of 1916—since which time eleven States have extended Presidential suffrage to women—including New York.

So really, aside from a desire to personally abuse one self, there is no reason at all why women should not hold on to their jobs, and feel quite comfortably entitled to them, thank you.

Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

Where is your attention fixed? Did you ever stop to think of the faculty within you which permits you to see a thing mentally as clearly as if it were before you in visible form? When anything attracts your interest it automatically focuses your attention and you find it impossible to keep it out of your thoughts.

Perhaps you are working along in a rut day after day, doing something to which you are so accustomed that your efforts become almost mechanical. In that case your mind is occupied with something apart from your work—not usually an absorbing thing, but scattering over a number of things ranging here, there and everywhere.

Bearing on this matter of inward attention, I have a letter from a girl that is more or less typical of many others that I receive. She says:

"I am not satisfied with my job. It does not offer enough opportunities. I have had five years of business experience and have held three good positions in that time, leaving two of them because I could earn more money in the next one.

"What I consider my best assets are an optimistic disposition, patience and a willingness to work hard. I have also been told that I possess a keen sense of humor and the ability to approach people right."

"I am, however, afraid to branch out very far, as there are younger members of the family dependent partly on my earnings.

"My present occupation is monotonous office work, and although I will continue to put forth my best efforts, I have higher ideals. I wish you would be so gracious as to tell me how to get out of the rut into which circumstances have forced me."

I wonder if my correspondent has ever read the story of the widow who came to the Prophet Elisha and said:

"Thy servant, my husband, is dead, and the creditor is come to take unto him my two sons to be bondsmen."

And Elisha answered: "What shall I do for thee? Tell me, what hast thou in the house?"

Was there ever a more pertinent question put? What hast thou in the house?

We could probably have no difficulty in describing the furniture, ornaments and utensils of the dwelling in which we live; but when we apply the question to our mental equipment, it immediately becomes more complex and perplexing.

"G. M.," however, seems to have a pretty accurate inventory of her mental furnishings, and a very fine list. It is an optimistic disposition, patience and the willingness to work hard; those three alone spell success, and nature has thrown in, as a guest for good measure, that ing pace, a sense of humor, and tact, the gift which is above rubies.

Knowing that she is in possession of these qualities, it naturally frets her not to be able to use "to the fullest extent; yet with younger members of the family to look after, it is of course difficult for her to branch out.

She says wisely that she has no intention of shirking the work she is doing, and that doesn't get her out of the rut she is in, and in which circumstances apparently compel her for the time being to remain.

How shall she get out of it? By attention. Attention to what? To that which she wishes to accomplish.

She has the training and qualifications for a business career; in another part of her letter which I have not published, she speaks of her desire to succeed in a certain line.

She should immediately let the needle of attention swing right across the pole of her desire and stay there.

There is an old Hindu saying, that the thing upon which we unwaveringly fix our minds will gradually give up to us all of its secrets. The more we study one thing, the more we get out of it. "G. M." can go on faithfully and patiently performing the tasks she now finds so monotonous; but they will soon cease to be so, for her mind will be revived by a new idea.

And the time she has outside of her work, instead of spending it in fretting because of her lack of opportunity, she can give to the study of that branch of business in which she wishes to engage.

While she is busy considering its possibilities and studying its various phases and fitting herself to be an expert in it, the younger members of her family will have grown up into status-supporting before she knows it, and she will find herself free to embark on her new venture.

Middletown

Sons of Veterans to Observe Memorial Day

The funeral of the late Mrs. Mary Sides, who died at her home in Market street, Tuesday morning, will be held from the house on Friday afternoon with services at 2 o'clock.

The Rev. A. E. G. Bossler, pastor of the First United Brethren Church, of which the deceased was a member, will officiate. Burial will be made in the Middletown Cemetery.

At the meeting of the Sons of Veterans held in the G. A. R. hall last evening it was decided to observe Memorial Day and they will follow the custom for years by placing flowers on the graves of soldiers. Committeemen were appointed.

A meeting of the Victory Loan committee has been called for Thursday evening by Chairman E. S. Gerberich. At this meeting it will be decided who shall make the trips in the airplane for selling most bonds and turning in largest amount of cash. The quota up till last evening had reached the \$215,000 mark. The Farmers' Bank reported \$125,000 and Citizens \$80,000. The trip in the airplane is to be made Friday morning.

Aaron Parson, of North Spring street, has purchased the George Antrim property now occupied by Morris Berman, Ann street. Mr. Parson will move into same as soon as Mr. Berman vacates.

Corporal W. H. Musgrove, who is a member of the One Hundred and Twelfth U. S. Infantry and spent

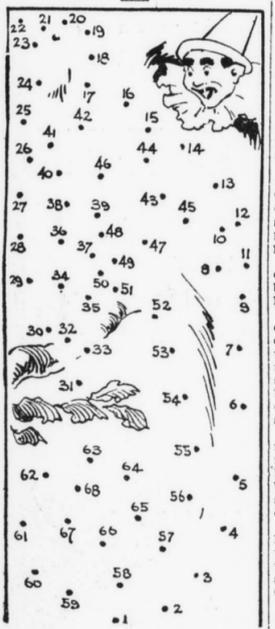
Liquor Men Denounce Prohibition Laws

Atlantic City, N. J., May 7.—The constitutionality of both the war dry law effective July 1 and the constitutional amendment effective next January was attacked by delegates attending the annual convention of the National Liquor Dealers' Association which opened here yesterday.

A decision was virtually reached to fight both laws and the opinion was freely expressed that the country would not go "dry" next January, if at all.

Politicians who were "cajoled or driven into a panic of fear to enact national prohibition" were denounced by the delegates and by William Seckel, president of the organization.

Daily Dot Puzzle



Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Bitter or Better Baking

A letter makes a great difference in a word. A word makes a great difference in baking powders.

If the little word "alum" appears on the label it may mean bitter baking.

If the word ROYAL stands out bold and strong, it surely means BETTER baking.

This is only one reason why it pays to use

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

Made from Cream of Tartar derived from grapes

Royal Contains No Alum—

Leaves No Bitter Taste