

# Successful NEW YORK Women.

## "Wall Street" Women Who Found Stocks and Bonds Way to Top

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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IN no field of achievement have New York women won such unique distinction as in business and finance. For centuries exceptional women have shone as musicians, artists, actresses and writers. But it was only after the Civil War that any large number of women invaded the business office, and for years their positions were distinctly subordinate, with much drudgery, poor pay and little responsibility. It is within the last decade that a group of young women of Wall Street, with brains, ambition and energy, have risen to posts of authority and influence and proved that women are quite as well fitted to make money as to spend it.

There is, for example, Miss Beatrice Carr, manager of the statistical department and in charge of financial and mailing work for Fisk & Robinson, at No. 26 Exchange Place. Miss Carr was born an Englishwoman and graduated from the George Watson College for Women in Edinburgh, Scotland. In eight years she rose from



she has been an assistant librarian to her present position. She gathers all sorts of valuable statistics for investors; in one summer she made analyses of twenty-four railroads in the hands of the receivers. She is frankly enthusiastic about bonds and financial problems, and believes Wall Street holds a great future for women.

"After the quality of imagination," she has said, "I believe that concentration is the greatest essential of success. Proper dressing is a great asset in the business world, but neither the 'sloppy' girl nor the one overdressed will be tolerated in the best business houses. I believe there is a great future for the business woman, but as yet she meets much prejudice and she has to be 100 per cent. efficient to compete with the man only 60 per cent. efficient. An important asset in business is health."

A graduate of Cornell and a charming young woman, Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth Cook is considered one of the "Street's" most successful bond saleswomen. Her position is technical, that of statistician for Hemphill, White & Chamberlain, of No. 317 Wall Street, but she is much more than that, and one of her valuable business qualifications is her ability to eliminate friction. She began as a file clerk, after winning high scholastic and oratorical honors at Cornell. For several years she was private secretary to the general manager of the New York Audit Company, with twenty women working under her. She always has been an ardent suffragist, and was vice-president of the Woman's Political Union. She has a firm faith in the honor and efficiency of the business woman.

### EVENING WORLD PUZZLES

By Sam Loyd

#### How the "Bookies" Figure

SHOW how little the patrons of the turf know about the theory of odds as practiced at the race track let readers seek a solution to the following elementary problem: If the odds are 7 to 1 against Apples and 6 to 5 against Bumble Bee, what should be the odds against the famous running horse Cucumber, the other contender, providing the "bookie" gave the best odds justified?

#### ANSWER TO WEIGHING CATS.

A kitten weighs 3 pounds and a cat 7 pounds.

# The Evening World Daily Magazine

## Know a "Vampire" by the "Card" She Plays

There Are Four Types—Here's How They Are Identified  
The DIAMOND "Vamp" Plays for RICHES  
The CLUB "Vamp" Plays for REVENGE  
The HEART "Vamp" Plays for LOVE  
The SPADE "Vamp" Plays for SUCCESS



By Zoe Beckley

DEAR JUDGE BOETTNER of Newark, bless his good intentions, has appealed to the Director of Public Safety for the creation of a "Vampires' Gallery." By stern public posting of naughty eyes that will not behave, of hair that is too golden, of cheeks that are too pink, the Magistrate hopes to rid his town of flirtie girdles and make that part of the world safe for domesticity. The good Judge has even defined for us the vampire. "A vampire," says he, "is a woman who flirts on the street with men, bleaches her hair, camouflages her face, disguises herself with clothes and gives wrong names, but is unable to change her eyes or dimples." Not bad. But has not His Honor described only the most obvious type of vampire, the crudest exponent of the ancient art of preying? In the card-deck of human emotions where the queen of hearts, the queen of clubs, the queen of spades and the queen of diamonds are forever being shuffled and dealt to men's hands by Fate, does not the sorceress of the curb affect the same the least? Isn't she the "joker" of the pack?

Does she compare, for instance, in deadliness, with the vampire of hearts—she who is past mistress of the lures of love, spreading them subtly, submergely, as a fisher his nets? Has the "bleached hair" and "camouflaged cheek" of Judge Boettner's Market Street vampire one-half the seduction of the demure little vamp a fellow meets any night at his club's sister's fudge party—with her demure brown locks pinned over her demure pink ears, her peachblow blush, her veiled eye and her simple frock with the beguiling blue ribbons?

Is the frank flirtation and the passing "Oh, Boy!" a circumstance in danger to the "You're so big and strong and I'm only poor little me," during the clinging waltz at Mrs. Grotz's ball? Is the sideward smirk a patch upon the pearly smile of Marjorie as she drops two lumps into Harold's tea, cuddles upon the chaise-longue and says, "Now explain what all this League of Nations means—YOU know E'everything"? Nay, my dear Judge, you must legislate the drawing room, the self links and the porch. You must legislate the moonlight and June walks and the lake. The picnic and the motor ride, the ice rink and the play. The evening gown, the picture hat, the high-heeled pump, the veil. You must make all men blind to beauty, deaf to flattery and indifferent to the feminine arm that clings, the feminine eye that droops, the feminine voice which purrs and promises. Post warnings against the Vampire of Hearts, the girl with whom love is a talent and marriage a sole aim.

#### Conquering Mt. Blanc

THE first attempt to ascend Mont Blanc was made by Horace Benedict de Saussure, a Geneva professor and traveler who was born 179 years ago. Accompanied by a number of guides he gained a place near the summit but was forced by a terrible snowstorm to turn back. In 1788, the year after his first attempt, he tried again but, although he failed, one of his guides discovered a better route. He did not impart his secret to de Saussure but let a gentleman named Paccard into the secret, and in August of 1786 Paccard, led by the guide, became the conqueror of Mont Blanc. The following year de Saussure made the ascent and all Europe rang with his name, for while Paccard's exploit had been doubted, there could be no question of de Saussure's triumph.

ing effect upon his strong box. She has vision. She peers cannily into the future. She apportioned his assets among her relatives. She knows the law of settlements, dowries, alimonies and supports. She is usually beautiful and merchants her beauty to the highest bidder with the skill of a master auctioneer. She is dangerous. The Vamp of Diamonds, if you would make men from her, Magistrate of Newark, you must forbid beauty and put a ban on waives. No use putting her in your Vampire Gallery. It isn't her face that is guilty. It is her heart, her ambition. Can you photograph them? Then there is the Vampire of Clubs, the Woman Scorner—the girl who loves revenge. She too knows the art of love and employs clever counterfeits. She smiles and smiles, and schemes and schemes, and finally strikes when she has decided on her weapon. The dark Vamp of Clubs, Judge, is a woman to be posted in your gallery! Worst of it is, you don't always recognize her. She may be the girl who is ignored for somebody prettier. She may be the one who was left for somebody charming. Or maybe she's the girl feared for her brains and her education and her mind-of-her-own. Look out, and use them now to trip her victim and!

She will make herself more stylish than his own wife, perhaps. She will learn to be "distinguished looking," and vamp him with her smartness. She may read up on "How to Be Charming," and suddenly spring her newly-acquired art. She may—oh, most dangerous of all, Judge—be the "I-understand-you; no-one-else-does" sort! And when she has drunk her fill of triumph she will stop back and disappear, like a genuine ghost-vampire in the gray of the dawn. The Vamp of Spades is perhaps the deadliest of all vamps because she is most numerous. She is the one who digs untringly for success as she goes along. She uses her smiles and her wiles and her guiles in the most innocent ways. Her attacks upon your mind and heart and pocketbook are never obtrusive. In fact you don't feel them at all. Perhaps she's your stenographer—that pretty blond thing who clatters away so amicably and disposes of every office duty with neatness and despatch. She wants to "get along"—to have the best job, the easiest hours, the choicest work, the highest pay. First thing you know, you have promoted her. Her industry compelled you to. (You didn't realize it was her smile!) You give her a raise. Her ability demanded it. (You never dreamed that cunning frock with the low white collar and neat cuffs had anything to do with it.) You paid her extra for evening work. You became so busy you simply HAD to get it done. (The fly-of-the-valley perfume in her hair was no factor whatsoever.) Every one agreed with you, in short, that she "got on" because she had personality. But she's a Vamp, Judge, a Vamp of Spades, she's dangerous. She uses sex as a weapon, albeit a perfectly legitimate one. We repeat, Judge, she is everywhere—in the office, in the legislative lobby, on the Suffrage platform, behind the charity-collection hat!

The little Vamp of Spades is the Female Sex at its most feminine! She has a bit of all the vamps in her. Yet she is the least vampish of all. She is the deadliest vamp, the most successful vamp and the most harmless! She can never be suppressed. After all, does any one really want the vamp suppressed? Can vamps, of whatever sort, BE suppressed? Remember, Judge, as you set up your "Vampires' Gallery," that Anthony Comstock tried to stop men from flirting with a lovely vampire who was only an oil painting called September Morn. But all he accomplished was to make it the success of three seasons and the basis of the artist's fortune!

### Trade Unions

THE first "martyrs" to trade unionism were thrown into jail at Tolpuddle, Dorsetshire, England, seventy-six years ago. They were James and George Lovelace, Thomas Standfield, James Hammett, John Standfield and James Bryne. The first three names were Wesleyan preachers, who worked as farm laborers on week days and preached the Gospel on Sundays. Their imprisonment was due to their attempt to form a union of farm laborers to protest against a proposed reduction in wages from seven shillings to six shillings—less than \$1.00 per week. The landlords were all-powerful in Dorsetshire, and the "conspirators" were arrested, stripped, shorn of their hair and cast into gaol, and eventually sentenced to seven years' imprisonment; "not," said the Judge, "for anything you have done, or as I can prove you intended to do, but as an example to others." A monument at Tolpuddle commemorates the names of the "first martyrs" to trade unionism.

## Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, Could Have Kept His Wife

—IF—  
HE Had Been the "Sympathetic" Type—the Kind That Listens to Gossip and Troubles and Understands the Feminine Nature.

—AND—  
SHE Would Have Put Up With All His Faults, Would Have Clung to Him Forever and Would Even Have Worked to Help Him.

By Fay Stevenson

WHY are some men like "Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater—had a wife and couldn't keep her?" Why do their wives run home to mother at their first frown, while other men can lose a fortune, stay for days at the club, and still keep their wives' first love? In other words, why do some wives stand by their husbands through thick and thin, while others will not even allow their husbands to mention the fact that the morning cup of coffee has grounds in it without charging them with extreme cruelty?

We have all known noble little women, whose husbands have squandered away large fortunes, to hustle about and open up a boarding house, start a children's private school, establish a millinery shop, or in some way help the unfortunate man along. We have seen the daughters of ministers and splendid men tolerate a husband who is given to excess in drinking; in fact, cling to him with devoted tenderness. And, much as we talk over the jealousies of womankind, many proud women have forgiven their husbands more than once when there was another woman in the case. It is pathetic and often quite alarming how much some wives will forgive and how little other wives will take from the "Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater" type of man. And herein lies the secret. Some men may be made of straw, and weak, and everything under the sun that they shouldn't be, but they have also the redeeming quality of being sympathetic. Above all, they are human and tender and kind to women. A wife can really reach them and they understand the feminine nature. They are just like dear old ladies and they will sit down and rock and gossip and feel just the right, sympathetic way about things. They will let a woman talk about her headache or art centrepiece or recovering the parlor suite. They are able to hear the full description of a neighbor's new gown without pulling out a fresh cigar and glancing feverishly at the clock; they remember Aunt Jane's sewing box and cry real tears when one reads a letter describing how she is suffering with a fatal disease. They are not coated over with that indescribable hardness called masculinity. They do not go on the theory that "a woman is only a woman but a good cigar is a smoke." They make a companion of woman and do not give her that decided impression of "remember the difference in our sexes. I am a man and you are a woman."

But the Peter Pumpkin eater type of man is so hard and so coated with his own masculinity that his wife has little in common with him. He never sits down with her, nor lets her into his heart. He may be faithful to her, he may be the most perfect man on earth, but when he dares to complain of the coffee grounds, or when he just throws the tiniest bit at his wife, she is ready to leave him for life. It isn't the coffee grounds and it isn't the keep a wife.

## Does Your Parasol Match Your Vest?



THIS braided vest of blue English linen with scroll design in sand and navy blue braid is a striking example of the season's new addition to woman's wardrobe, but still newer is the idea of having your parasol in colors to match the vest.