

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

PAULA NEWTON, SOCIETY GIRL, "BELONGS,"—BUT NOT PAULA,  
THE WORKING GIRL

"It was a pretty hard lesson to learn, Margie," begins Paula's next instalment in Pat's paper, "but it is one of the first a girl who goes out into the world to earn her living must learn.

"Sooner or later you come to know you must work and fight like a man. You must not expect or want chivalry from any one of the other sex, for the much vaunted chivalry which men deem such a masculine virtue is only a little polite attention they pay the woman.

"I learned that it did not hurt me to stand talking to some theatrical manager or some other employer of woman's labor while he sat without coat or collar, his feet on the table, his hat on his head and a big cigar sticking out of the corner of his mouth. The only hurt I felt at this was that I had to talk to such 'pigs,' as Emma called them. Decent men dislike such a man's company quite as much as decent women.

"Mud stains can easily be cleaned off. The old saw about mud sticking has become as obsolete as fairy stories. Self-respecting working girls apply a human vacuum cleaner to their minds after talking to men of such caliber and go on their several ways without feeling hurt.

"It takes a little while and many shocks before you get this hard lesson learned, however, and I always pity the girl who must learn it.

"For a while it seemed to me, Margie, that every man thought every woman who was not taken care of by some other man was his rightful prey. He never gave the girl who was making her living honestly the benefit of the doubt, but asked sneeringly when you repelled his advances, 'Who is the other man?'

"These thoughts that I am voicing to you now came long afterward when I had tried many ways of mak-

ing my living, and proved the greatest thing in the world—the psychology of sex.

"That first night at the College Inn, however, I was too miserable with the sight of those of my own class down there eating good food and having a merry time while I had to take insults.

"And yet, Marie, what was the difference? Only about six months ago I was like them. I had all the care and adulation that could be bestowed. These I had taken as my rightful due and I had the respectful, chivalrous attention of every man, good, bad or indifferent.

"You see, each one knew I 'belonged.' I was being cared for by some other man, Paula Newton, the daughter of the reputed millionaire, and her father's millions were her protection. But the same Paula Newton, daughter of an embezzler and suicide, struggling alone to hold her head above water, was different. She 'belonged' to no one. Like a poor, lost, little calf, she was his who was able to put his brand on her.

"Margie, just the other day I saw in the papers where one of these protected parasite women bemoaned that feminism was teaching women to 'work, fight and love like a man.' Certainly that fortunate lady has never had to work, fight and love like a woman unprotected by some man."

(To Be Continued.)

### —o—o—o— HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, GIRLS

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