

Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

OLD ENGLISH BALLAD
All you that to feasting and mirth are inclined...

BEING TRUE
Very few men have the opportunity of being great but all can be true, just, honest, and faithful...

ANXIETY
Nothing in life is more remarkable than the unnecessary anxiety which we endure and generally occasion ourselves...

SUCCESS
No man deserves success or ought to keep it who fails to hold the ladder in position for the other striving fellow...

WATER OF YOUTH
This home-made face lotion recipe was given by an Australian friend. She called it the "Water of Youth"...

CLEANING FURNITURE
Some Reliable Advice
After a time most of us feel that furniture needs a real cleaning up...

Saddlebag Furniture
If no vacuum cleaner is available, cover the furniture with a clean cloth, slightly damp, then proceed to beat it...

NEW PEPE ENERGY
Dr. Chases Nerve Food
This is a powerful nerve tonic and a most effective remedy for all nervous conditions...

Dorothy Dix
Husband Should Be Given Help By His Wife
Says There Are Times When Wife Should Work

The Road to Success and Happiness is Dotted With the Help That Came From Wives' Pocketbooks

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I am not advocating married women working out of the home. I think it is always a pity when they have to do so, but very often it is the wise, brave and right thing to do.

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Too Many Beaus
By ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

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The old lady's hands tightened on the arms of her chair. Scoop watched her closely. "Sugar?" she asked slowly. "What about Sugar? Is there something wrong?"

"Not a thing," Scoop assured her, and she showed her relief. "She's quite all right. But my client, a wealthy woman whose name I am not at liberty to divulge at this moment, is much interested in her."

"She has been seen here with Mrs. Le Masters' little boy, and talked with her. Miss Friddle seems like a brilliant girl, deserving of a better home than the one in which she is living as a servant. It's quite possible, if we can confirm what we have learned secretly concerning her ancestry that something might be done which would mean a real future for the young lady."

It was several seconds before the old lady spoke. Scoop saw her stiffen. Her face turned chalk white. She wet her lips. "I don't quite understand you," she said then with an effort. "Are you meaning to infer that you know who Sugar Friddle's family were?"

Scoop evaded the question. "We seem to be on the trail. I thought perhaps you could help us. Naturally, my client would like to learn all you know concerning the girl."

Mother seemed to shrink in her chair. Scoop was alarmed at the pallor of her face. His first impulse was to offer to get a glass of water. But on second thought he decided against it. There must be a good reason for her obvious alarm. It might, of course, be her great love for Sugar.

"Do you know anything about the ancestry of Miss Friddle?" he pressed on. When Mother answered her voice was hollow. "There wasn't a thing about the baby to tell me when Dr. Stemp found her in the basket. All I know I have hoped some one would come to me with information. If you have any—give it to me, Mr. O'Reilly, I must know."

Scoop became the business man again. "I came to you for information, Miss Friddle. My client is only a taker-warm. All I can tell you is that we find the girl has very likely come from one of the better Southern families. The information came about in a way that I cannot divulge without getting some one else into trouble."

Mother took up her knitting in a nervous effort to pull herself together. Scoop could see her hands tremble. "There is nothing I can tell you," she replied stiffly. "Nothing. You must believe me. And if you truly have the interest of Sugar Friddle at heart, you must make a sacred promise to me."

"I can't do that until I know what the promise is. What is it?" "You must leave Sugar where she is. The old lady's face seemed to grow even whiter. It was ghastly against the snow-white of her hair. "Promise me you will wait."

"Why?" the newspaper man leaned forward in his chair. "She can't be happy working as a servant, earning only a dollar a week. If you love her why don't you want her to have advantages? A college education, pretty clothes, friends."

"I had hoped," Mother looked up, her eyes filled with tears. "I had hoped your client might be Mrs. Le Masters. You are sure it is not?" "On my word of honor," Scoop assured her emphatically. "But why should you hope my client was Mrs. Le Masters? What particular reason have you for wishing the girl to stay where she is?"

"I feel she is happier there." The old lady took a handkerchief from her pocket and wiped her eyes. Scoop decided to be honest in one thing. "But she isn't. That I know. Mrs. Le Masters treats her worse than she treats the colored servants. When Miss Friddle went there to live she put her down in the raty old cellar in a little room by herself. Through Mr. Le Masters' efforts, and much against his wife's wishes, she was finally allowed to sleep in the nursery. Mrs. Le Masters seems to hate her."

The old maid did not try to hide her tears then. She cried softly while Scoop waited. Finally he said soothingly: "I'm sorry I had to tell you this, Miss Friddle. It is only in the interests of the girl."

"You don't know," Mother made a supreme effort to control her emotion. "Quite what this means to me. I feel I can't have my plans for her future upset at this time. This had news put me in a very difficult position."

"I'm sorry," Scoop got up. "Perhaps I had better come back at another time when you are feeling a little better. We'll just work on our own clues and give you a rest, since you assure me you know nothing about the child's parents."

For a moment Scoop thought Mother Friddle was going to break out in a fresh burst of tears. But she squared her shoulders and got up. Her knitting dropped to the floor. Scoop handed it back to her. Mother Friddle put a hand on his arm. She seemed to have aged ten years in a few minutes. Scoop's soft heart ached for her, and he felt suddenly ashamed of his deceit.

"Young man," she sought his eyes then. "You must make a promise to me. A sacred, solemn promise that you will not tell anyone what I have said to you today."

"Perhaps I might," Scoop replied with a smile. "In fact, I think I'll be glad to after all the unhappiness I've caused you."

"I knew you were a man of honor when I saw you. The old maid put her hands on his shoulders and looked into his face. "Thank you," Scoop's eyes fell. "I'd like to be worthy of that."

"Then hold up your right hand," the old lady said solemnly. Reluctantly Scoop raised his hand, wondering what he was letting himself in for, and why he was going to make a blind promise. Perhaps it was because Miss Friddle had been the only mother Sugar had ever known—because he knew such a strong bond of love existed between them.

"Promise me," Mother did not take her eyes from his face, "that you will do nothing further concerning this matter for at least a month; that you will leave Sugar where she is, until then. You will hear from me at the end of that time. If, in the meantime, nothing has happened to change your plans, I will communicate with you anywhere you say."

"I promise," Scoop echoed solemnly. Mother dropped wearily into her chair. "Thank you," she sighed feelingly. "Now I feel better. Do you believe in the hand of providence, young man?"

"I do," Scoop nodded. "No doubt our religions are different. But our God is the same." "Then leave this to him," Mother's eyes filled with tears again. "I was raised a Presbyterian myself. Here I've grown strictly neutral. But boys and girls of all faiths come to me. I teach them only to believe in God and obey the Golden Rule."

"I knew you were a wonderful woman," Scoop felt strangely like a small boy in the presence of the woman who had raised the girl he loved. "I've heard many good things about you."

"I'm just a fussy old maid," Mother smiled then for the first time since he had shocked her. "And don't you let anyone tell you anything else."

Out in the sunshine again, Scoop felt like a man who had committed a crime. For more than an hour he walked by the river, and worried over what he had done. But in the final summing up he decided one thing. There was little doubt that Mother knew more than she had told him. That she had found some clue that might lead to the solving of the enigma that was Sugar Friddle.

Why, he wondered over and over, did she insist upon Sugar's being left in a house where she was so unhappy? And what had she meant by begging that the problem be left in the hands of providence?

In a month she had promised to get in touch with him. What would she reveal? Sugar was sunning skelter by the lily pond that afternoon when the powder barrel upon which she had been sitting since her unfortunate experience at Patch's was set off. It was Eurasia who brought the news. There was concern written all over the wrinkled old black face of the cook.

"Miss Janie Lee, she want see you in de nursery," the dandy told Sugar in hushed tones. "She say for me keep skelter down here. Lawd, child, she look lak she all het up lak a pancake griddle."

Sugar walked stiffly into the house. She was pale and shaking when she reached her room. Mrs. Le Masters was standing by the window. She turned abruptly. "You wished to see me?" Sugar was surprised to find she could speak.

"For the first time she saw color in the blonde's face. Two brilliant spots of red burned in her hollow cheeks. Even her eyes seemed to glow—with anger. Mrs. Le Masters measured the frightened girl for several seconds before she spoke. It gave Sugar time to control her emotions. She raised her head a little higher, and stood waiting.

"I have plenty to say to you," Skelter's mother leaned against the window sill and spoke icily. "And if you know what's good for you, you'd better listen. I've just heard something I can hardly believe. Is it true that you dared go to Mr. Patch's house night before last and pose as a friend of my sister from New York?"

"Yes," Sugar said quietly. "I did. I'm very sorry. It just seemed like a joke then. I had no idea it would cause any trouble."

"How dared you—a servant—do such an unbelievable thing? Has no one ever told you anything about keeping your place? That you are not fit to associate with people out of your class?"

Sugar controlled her rising temper with a supreme effort. "No. Until I came here, Mrs. Le Masters, I never knew I was different from anyone else."

"I might have known better than to let that old lady from the orphanage talk me into letting you come. I much prefer having the niggers serve me. At least they know they have to keep their places."

For Better Flavor
SILVER SEAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS



A Morning Smile
"Yes," said he, "life is so lonely. 'It is lonely sometimes,' she answered. 'Wouldn't it be sweet to have a little cottage covered with ivy and honeysuckle, and roses?'"

"Oh, wouldn't it!" "And when a fellow comes home tired from business, to have a nice little wife to meet him at the door with a kiss?"

"Yes and e-e-s." "And then the summer nights; the windows open, the sunset just giving light enough in the cosy parlour, and you—I mean a wife at the piano, singing in the gloaming. It would be lovely."

"I would be—be—nice." "And then—" "At this point a careworn woman came round the corner with a pair of howling twins in a perambulator. A dead silence fell upon the air for a while. Then they talked about the weather."

Though he appeared a trifle nervous, the young man strode boldly into the inquiry-room. "Is this Mr. Strongman's office?" he demanded. "Yes," replied the office boy. "Is he in?"

"Yes, but will you tell me how long he is likely to be here?" "Why, he should be here another two hours, at least, but he can see you quite well—"

"Oh, no, thanks. I want to go and see his daughter, that's all." "I promise you," Sugar bit her lip. "I won't accept any more invitations to go places with Zanle Lou." "Call her Miss Langworthy."

"Miss Langworthy," Sugar repeated obediently, and waited. She was beginning to get her sense of humor back, and it was a blessed relief. "Why didn't you let your boy friend from New York bring you home the other night?" Mrs. Le Masters went on another tirade. "Where was he while you were disgracing yourself in the bar getting drunk with a man old enough to be your father?"

"Whoever told you I took a drink lick, Mrs. Le Masters," Sugar replied coldly. "I never tasted a drop of liquor in my life. I wasn't in the bar five minutes. Miss Langworthy was showing Mr. O'Reilly over the house. Mr. Patchen was drinking away from him when your brother-in-law and Miss Jennings came in the door. I hadn't been in the house more than ten minutes when they came. Certainly not long enough to do any harm or to disgrace myself."

"I believe," Mrs. Le Master's eyes narrowed. "I'd prefer taking the word of a lady to the word of a servant—if you don't mind." Sugar declined to answer. If she did, she knew she would be sorry. The blond threw herself into a chair.

"I don't know why I don't just sent you back where you came from," she took a fresh start. "But if I do give you another chance, you'd better watch your step. If you break the least little rule I lay down for you, you'll have to leave immediately."

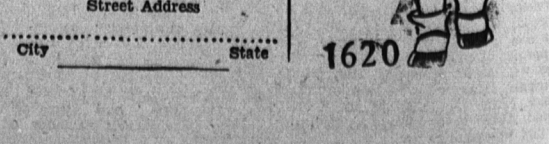
"Tell me what to do and what not to do, and I'll do my best to please you," Sugar stood before her like a soldier at attention. (To Be Continued)

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Isn't this a precious dress for small daughter, who is never too small to be smart, so long as she is also suitably simple. It's very simple to fashion. It has a wee yoked bodice and gathered skirt. The next finishes with a very new looking collar. Note the cute sleeves, or they may be long, as in back view.

In either plain or printed cottons, it is pretty. It is also lovely in cotton or in wool challis prints. Wool jersey or velveteen are also exceedingly attractive mediums. Style No. 1620 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material with 1/2 yard of 35-inch trasking and 1/2 yard of 1-inch ribbon for bow.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully. No. 1620. Size ..... Name ..... Street Address ..... City ..... State .....



1620

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