

## HER WHIRLWIND CAREER

By FANNIE HURST

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WNU Service.

LUELLA MORSE was one of those girls who turn efficient, so to speak, owing to the demands of circumstance.

She had not been educated toward that end.

A girls' finishing school in the East and a pretty sound musical training had endowed her with the comfortable veneer of one whose life seems destined for easy places.

Luella's life, however, did not turn out that way at all. When she was twenty-one, satisfactorily returned to her snug home from her smug finishing school and living the busy life of the society girl in her Middle West city, fortune suddenly turned a cold shoulder.

Within four months she was not only orphaned, but found herself seated among the ruins of family splendor that had apparently been only papier mache.

Luella's father, who, ever since she could remember, had maintained a pleasant, large household, sufficient servants to relieve his wife and daughter of creature concern, two automobiles at least and plenty of hospitality for visitors, left an estate which, after the debts were paid and a thousand unreamed obligations met, netted his startled daughter just seven hundred dollars.

It was a rather appalling situation, because if any girl seemed unfitted for the strenuous procedures of a business woman's life, that girl was the pretty and frail Luella.

She had always blended so congenially into the pattern mapped out for her by socially ambitious parents. She had done just the right and normal things for a girl in her position. She had never been a problem; never been one of those girls filled with mystifying desires and unrests.

But like so many human beings who, under pressure, show undreamed of possibilities, Luella responded to the change of circumstances in a fashion that fairly took away the breath of the community.

After a month or two of inevitable collapse and bewilderment, the troubled young woman, refusing various offers of friends to tide her over the immediate future confronting her, took matters upon her own shoulders, so to speak.

And of all enterprises for a girl of Luella's gentle breeding to enter! Within six months after her parents' death, Luella was in the real estate business. Not, it is true, that she had selected it; more specifically, it had selected her. That is, after weeks of aimless searching she had finally stumbled across an opening in a real estate office where, on no salary, but a commission basis, she was given the opportunity to prove her fettle and her nettle in salesmanship.

Her whirlwind career as a real estate promoter in a district covering her own city and the countryside within a twenty-mile radius, was one which was to make local history. How it all came about, how her enterprise, her aggressiveness and her incredible tenacity focused themselves on real estate values, immediate and future, has already become legend.

Unexplainable, least of all to herself, except that her dogged determination to make good gripped her from the first day of her entrance into this business, was the fact that within five years the Morse "family house" had become one of the dominant architectural features of the city.

Before she was thirty Luella Morse was undoubtedly the foremost real estate promoter in her part of the country. Hundreds of modern apartment houses, built along lines originally designed by her, dominated the streets of the city. Her fame as a sociologist had transcended far beyond her own state and, in making possible these tabloid homes for families in moderate circumstances, she was declared by many to have emancipated the family from many of its creature oppressions and woes.

The Morse homes, which were designed in units graduated to the needs of families of various sizes, were the last word in efficiency. Everything in them was modeled along lines calculated to destroy the deadly and deadening effects of household drudgery upon women. The living rooms were models of comfortable efficiency and rounded corners. A minimum number of dust-catching surfaces. Bedrooms that were electrical marvels.

There was not a detail in modern housekeeping that Luella Morse had not figured out with power and simplicity. She was honored not only in her own community but the country over. She had made possible economy, comfort and luxuries for the middle class.

When Luella Morse was thirty she was worth two million dollars. She was one of the outstanding success stories for women of her time, and characteristically enough, she herself occupied a Morse home, her life narrowing down to the simplicity she loved. She kept no servants. In a Morse home they were superfluous.

She was the modern efficient woman, all right. She had reduced house-

keeping to its lowest terms. Woman said prayerful things of her; the real estate industry bowed to her undoubted financial genius and did honor to the service she had done to humanity.

When Luella was slightly past thirty a situation, which had chiefly been deferred by the unusual trend of her life, arose. For the first time she might be said to have found time to let the business of living wedge its way into her manifold activities.

Through her work she met a sociologist in a local university named Elmer Brown and fell in love with him. He was a man about thirty-eight, a dreamer, an idealist and imbued with much enthusiasm for the achievements of Luella Morse. An enthusiasm which had not to do with her financial success. He frankly regarded her as a sort of Messiah to women. His respect for what she had done was without limit; and he loved Luella.

They were married.

The Morse home by now has become a national institution. Indeed, it is spreading to all parts of the world. The work of Elmer Brown has long since transcended the confines of his university and he now joins his wife in propounding their fine and humanizing schemes.

Meanwhile, the Elmer Browns have time to give thought and consideration to their own lives.

They live in a beautiful old farmhouse which they have bought on the outskirts of the middle western city. It has fourteen rooms and its upkeep is intricate and exacting.

Luella runs the elaborate household herself. Its cares press upon her. Its complexities disturb her. Its servant problems are endless.

Privately, between Elmer and herself, they have decided it is worth it.

### Ancient English Castle of Historic Interest

Excavations at the ancient royal castle at Berkhamsted have revealed many interesting details of its early construction. For many years thick undergrowth and a forest of trees have smothered the crumbling walls and crowned the foundations of the keep.

From the embankment of the railway station, which overlooks the ruins, writes J. Dixon-Scott in the London Daily Telegraph, you can now reconstruct the character of the old fortification, with its unusual double moat and large shell keep, which stands against a background of bare trees. You also may regard with some doubt the defensive value of a site overlooked on the north by higher elevations. With the introduction of cannon in the Middle Ages its position as a fortress must have become untenable.

Before that time the castle had been the scene of events of historical importance. It was here that London made its submission to William the Norman. The conqueror's half brother, the earl of Mortaigne, to whom the castle and manor were presented, greatly enlarged the old Saxon stronghold. In the Domesday book the castle was valued at £16. The inventory included two arpends of vineyards, an unusual feature, all trace of which has long since disappeared.

In the reign of Henry II the castle and manor reverted to the crown, becoming an occasional royal residence. Edward III and the Black Prince held their courts within its walls. Here, too, King John of France, the illustrious captive of the Black Prince, spent some time of enforced leisure. Richard III died at Berkhamsted, as did his mother, the duchess of York, in 1469.

A variety of military accoutrements, coins, broken pottery and glazed tiles have been dug up. Of these tiles, which are reminiscent of Fourteenth-century workmanship, the most interesting are those depicting designs of the fleur-de-lys and one showing the Lion of England.

### Historic St. Malo

Brittany, the "Land of the Sea," is one of the oldest lands in the world, and its Gruld stones of colossal size date back thousands of years before the Christian era, and like those at Stonehenge in England are visited annually by thousands. St. Malo on the coast has the appearance of a large ship at anchor. It stands on a rock peninsula and is surrounded by massive walls, which were built in the Sixteenth century as a defense against the French and the British. The town is named after a Welsh monk named St. Malo, or Maclou, who held a bishopric here in the Sixth century.

### "Thought" in Lower Animals

Some psychological laboratories nowadays look like Noah's ark, for many mind readers are trying to discover whether, or how well, different species of animals think. One trouble with such methods is that animals behave unnaturally in cages. The way R. L. Garner studied animal psychology was better. Instead of putting animals in cages, he caged up himself with a tame chimpanzee in a Congo Jungle for 120 days and observed the behavior of the creatures that stared in at him.

### Vast Wealth of Tibet

"The Tibetans have so much wealth in their country that if they choose they could wipe off an empire's national debt, by handing them the lump sum in gold," said a traveler, recently returned from Tibet. His opinion is that there are vast alluvial deposits of gold in "the land of the Llamas," and that they represent untold wealth. The Tibetans did not do any mining, but just picked the gold up from the soil. There were also large deposits of silver and copper in Tibet, all awaiting exploitation.

# Carnival at Nice



One of the Grotesque Carnival Figures.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

EARLY spring means carnival in Nice, capital of the French Riviera. To this region crowd thousands of visitors to take part in the annual playtime.

But to enjoy it one need not become a participant in this somewhat strenuous though good-natured hurly-burly. Even as a spectator, the carnival is amusing. What the French can't think of—in the way of great cars topping the roofs; mounted groups impersonating anything from a knightly tourney to a set of chess men; ludicrous figures of carrots, cocottes, Catherinettes, and monocled men about town—the Italians, to whom Nice belonged when the first carnivals were held, add in the way of human interest.

The carnival occupies scores of artists and hundreds of workmen for months. Miles of silks and satins are dyed in the official colors of the year. The business as well as the appearance of the center of the city is transformed for weeks. Tourists accustomed to the best are forced to humble themselves before haughty conierges and reception clerks who but a month before were obsequious.

Carnival spreads his fame up Fifth avenue, and along Cockspar street, so that winter sailings show a marked increase and a place in the Train Bleu is worth a fight. For it a big comite des fetes gambles peace of mind against unsettled and unsettling weather which mocks at prearranged schedules. Far into the night the committee plans how to prevent two persons from occupying the same chair at the same time and still keep from refunding money once lured into its coffers.

All that is stagecraft and management, as lifeless and dull to the outsider as the back-stage gridiron or a rack of numbered and lettered tickets.

What makes a carnival is not the elaborate plans of professionals, but the tousled-haired amateurs, their arms around girl companions, galvanized into motion by the blare of thrirated bands and adding to the formal skeleton of scheduled pleasures the meat and substance of vulgar, but inoffensive, fun.

### All Innocent Fun.

Strange as it may seem, the frivolities at carnival time on the Riviera are as innocuous as "Needle's Eye" and "Post Office" at a donation party in the little white church.

For a vapid dummy, Old King Carnival is a merry old soul. But it is the free guests and spontaneous jollity that furnish a spectacle worth seeing and an experience that makes boisterous revelers of staid visitors.

However unconventional it may be, the Riviera has its hidebound, brass-faceted, three-ply conventions. At bacarat, win or lose, one must look bored. "What does it matter?" is the expression to wear while sums for which men have murdered or married, stolen or slaved, are tossed negligently back and forth.

King Carnival knows no such restrictions. "Do as you please" is his motto. In the proclamation which he issues to his subjects, including the police force, there is no mention of the fact that "liberty does not mean license," or that "true freedom is freedom to do right."

Yet there are conventions, even amid confetti showers. The masker must disguise voice as well as face, and preferably assume the costume of the opposite sex. This leads to some coarseness. But when some uninitiated town lad discovers his Junoesque curves slipping, his safety-pin, safety-first efforts are so sincere that one forgives embarrassment, of which he so evidently has the major portion.

The home town of Massena, Garibaldi, and Catarina Segurana is a hulking place, a combination of ugliness and beauty, of industry and idle-

ness, a city whose native life moves along independent of the tourist horde, numbering a quarter million visitors a year. Just as the Pailion flows unnoticed under the Casino, the Place Messena, and the perennially beautiful gardens.

### Why It Is Best in Nice.

Its very size is what gives the Nice festival precedence over the carnivals of Cannes, Mentone and Grasse. Carnival here has a popularity and vivacity of its own, largely because 175,000 Niceans of French and Italian descent simply can't resist the temptation to pay court to King Carnival, dance to his piping, flutter about his bright lights in gay masquerade, and forget such drab realities as affect life in Nice as surely as they do in Maple Valley or Kalamazoo.

"Foreigners" come and go. "Winterers" count as little as they do in India. Flower battles are won or lost. Regattas fleck the blue bay with dancing spots of white and night fetes burst into polychrome brilliance above dark waters. Dog shows attract prize pups from a wide area. Yet Nice pursues its wonted way in the crowded old town, in the industrial districts of St. Roch and Riquier, or in the business centers.

But let King Carnival issue his revolutionary manifesto, doff his tricorn, and shoulder his Gargantuan way through the motley streets, and every one, from wrinkled granny to staring infant, rushes to the show.

In their glad revolt against routine and boredom, these warm-blooded revelers keep their heads. Wine flows freely, but drunkenness is not common. Thugs, pickpockets and camp-followers are strangely absent. Seldom does anything happen to which serious exception can be taken.

### Confetti and Flowers.

Carnival and paper confetti, even if some urchins garner their ammunition from the ankle-deep streets, make a happy combination. Carnival and plaster confetti smack of the days of molten lead poured from the roof of Notre Dame or the walls of Carcassonne.

Those who know wear wire masks and dress in cloaks with a ruffled hood to protect the ears; but the splendid white horse ridden by the marshal, in his red hunting jacket, has to stand the pelting without benefit of armor. Plaster confetti is the size of BB shot, but somewhat lighter, and friable enough to become chalky dust beneath one's feet.

In a flower battle, Nice puts the accent on the battle instead of on the flowers. It makes the concession of forbidding the throwing of bouquets tied with baling wire, and of selling nosebags rescued from the mussy street, but the promenade is as crowded and disordered as for a Corso Carnavalesque.

A minimum decoration, consisting of sickly bouquets tied to the lanterns of an ordinary carriage, will enable its driver to rent it to those who don't know any better, and to occupy a place in the parade. Bowers of beauty are sandwiched in between rheumatic hacks, which, in obeying the letter of the law, have exhausted all spirit whatsoever.

These obstructions are filled with deluded folk, who spend the morning picturing themselves in the heart of a flower battle and the rest of their lives wondering why they ever tried to compete in a beauty parade with those whose chariots are completely hidden by choice blooms.

For flower battles, one does better to go to Cannes, Cagnes, Grasse, Mentone or Beaulieu, where the event is a sort of family affair, where the ammunition is sweeter, the carriages and cars more uniformly dainty, and the spirit more cognizant of the fact that a flower should be a graceful tribute rather than a missile.

## TALES... of the TRIBES

By EDITHA L. WATSON

### The Cheyenne

A band of Cheyenne in full panoply must have been one of the finest sights of the plains. We can imagine them as they rode along: war-bonnetted, armed with their deadly bows and arrows, lances, and stone-headed clubs, carrying circular buffalo-hide shields, and above all, every part of their outfit, even to hoods on the ponies' heads, richly ornamented with beading, quillwork, and feathers.

A Cheyenne village, too, must have been interesting, for the conical tipis were painted with scenes of battle or the chase. There were large herds of horses, kept nearby for fear of raiding enemies—and this was a perfectly legitimate fear, as no doubt most of these very horses had been acquired by the same method.

Although typical of the plains tribes, the Cheyenne were not always horse-Indians, hunters of buffalo. It is said that they once lived in Minnesota and on the Missouri river, where they were an agricultural people and made pottery. The Chippewa, however, began to press the Sioux, their neighbors, westward, and the Sioux crowded the Cheyennes until finally they found themselves upon the plains, and adapted their lives to the changed environment.

The travois aided them in their travels: a network lashed on two poles, which were tied to a pony and dragged behind on the ground. And when rivers must be crossed, the "bull-boat," of buffalo hide stretched on a frame, proved practicable. From this it will be seen that the Cheyenne were a versatile race, who found means of doing what necessity dictated.

Now, however, a change came upon them. Drifting west and south, they came to a fork of the Platte river, in South Dakota, where they settled. Perhaps, had they stayed there, they might have cast back into their past, and brought forth the old arts of agriculture and pottery making, to modify the nomadic, hunting life they had adopted.

In 1832, however, Bent's fort was established on the Arkansas river in Colorado, and a large part of the tribe decided to move into the vicinity of the new fort. This ended the tribe as a whole, as it split definitely by treaty, and became the Northern and the Southern Cheyenne.

The character of these people, to this day, is proud, contentious, and brave to desperation, and the division of the tribe did not mitigate their warlike tendencies in the least. The Kiowa, who resented the encroachment of the Southern Cheyenne, furnished this branch with foes for eight years, when peace was finally declared. In 1853, the Southern Cheyenne went so far as to make a raid into Mexico, but this ended disastrously, as they lost all but three men of the war party. They kept a prominent place in border warfare, and this caused constant loss among their warriors. The Chivington massacre and a battle with Custer in 1868 further weakened them, and after the outbreak of the southern tribes in 1874-5, they surrendered, and were placed on a reservation in Oklahoma. In 1901-2 the lands of the Southern Cheyenne were allotted in severalty, and they are now American citizens. It is said that they are decreasing in numbers; peace evidently does not agree with them.

The Northern Cheyenne have had almost as eventful an existence. They joined with the Sioux under Sitting Bull, and were active in Custer's last fight. Later in the same year, another battle with the whites under Mackenzie caused them to surrender. They were sent to the reservation in Oklahoma, but they were unhappy there. The "fighting Cheyennes" were not fond of peace, although bound to observe it, and, too, that part of the country was strange to them. They made several attempts to escape; in the winter of 1878 a band composed of some 98 men and 146 women and children made a desperate effort to get away. They were pursued almost to the Dakota border, and in the fight lost about 40, mostly warriors, including one of their leaders. The captured runaways were taken to Fort Robinson, Nebraska, and here they made a second attempt, in which 32 more of their people were killed. Little Wolf, one of the leaders of this enterprise, managed to get away and about 60 of the Northern Cheyenne followed him.

They were never content with their Oklahoma homes. Let the Southern part of the tribe accept them—the Northern division would still fight. After much unrest they were finally moved to their present home in Montana, where they are slowly increasing and seem to be content.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

While many people believe that the Indians originated in Asia, there are others who claim them to be the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel, or descendants of a Welsh colony, or from Greece, China, Japan, Phoenicia, Ireland, Polynesia, or Australasia. Their real origin is still in doubt.



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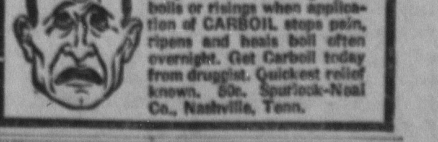
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