

WHITE GOODS

By FANNIE HURST

CHAPTER II
Sadie Barnett, a salesgirl in the white goods department, lives with her aunt, Dee Dee, who is also a saleswoman at the ribbon counter.

IT'S different with you, Dee Dee. You're older even than my mamma was, and didn't you say when you and her was girls together there wasn't a live-liver?

"No, I don't know. You think now because he's going to be made buyer for the white goods in September he's the whole show. Gee! Nowadays that ain't so much much for a fellow to be."

"No, I think that the kind of fellows that fresh Mamie Grant gets you acquainted with are much much more strong for the old rat-eyed sports like Jerry Beck, that ain't got a honest thought in his head, I bet he gives you the creeps, too, only you're the kind of a girl, God help you, that's so crazy for luxury you could forget the devil had horns if he hid 'em under a automobile cap."

"Sure I am. I ain't seen nothing but playing and drugging and pinching all my life, while other girls are strutting the avenue in their furs and sleeping mornings as long as they want under eiderdown quilts. Sure, when a man like Jerry Beck comes along with a carriage-check instead of a subway ticket I can't help but get a little water-jeer, and I ain't ashamed of it, neither."

"Oh, I guess he'll marry you if he can't get you no other way. That kind always do if they can't help themselves. A divorced old guy like him with a couple of kids and his mean little eyes knows he's got to pay up if he wants a young girl like you. Oh, I—Ouch—oh—"

"Dee Dee, take my arm. That was only an ash-can you bumped into. Its the drops he puts in your eyes makes 'em so bad tonight. I guess, Go on, take my arm, Dee Dee. Here we are home. Lemme lead you upstairs. It's nothing but the drops, Dee Dee."

"They turned in and up and through a foggy length of long hallway. Springs had not entered here. At the top of a second flight of stairs a slavy sat back on her heels and twisted a dribble of gray water from her cloth into her hair. At the last and third landing an empty coal-scuttle stood just outside a door as if nosing for entrance."

"Watch out, Dee Dee, the scuttle. Lemme go in first, Gee! It's cold in indoors and warm out, ain't it? Wait till I light up. There!"

"Lemme alone. I can see." An immemorial federation of land-ladies has combined against Heatin to preserve the musty traditions of the furnished room. Love in a cottage is fostered by substitution promoters and practiced by the renter on a five-hundred-dollar monthly-payment basis. Marble halls have been celebrated in song, but the furnished room we have with us always at three cents per agate line."

"You with your feet on your library fender, stupefied with contentment and your soles scorching, your heart is not black; it is only fat. How can it be the lean formality of the furnished room? Your little stenographer, who must wear a smile and fluted collars on eight dollars a week, knows it; the book agent at your door, who earns eighteen cents on each 'Life of Lincoln,' knows it. Chambermaids know it when they knock three and only the faint and nauseous fumes of escaping gas answer them through the plugged keyhole. Corset-makers know it."

Sadie Barnett and Edith Wrote knew it, too, and put out a hand here and there to ally it. A comforting spread of gay hints covered the sag in their white iron bed; a photograph or two stuck upright between the dresser mirror and its frame, and tacked full flare against the wall was a Japanese fan, photographed many times over with the gay personnel of the Titanic's annual picnic."

"Gee! Dee Dee, six-twenty already! When I ain't home for supper you got two desserts coming to you." "I don't want no supper." "Av, now, Dee Dee!"

Miss Wrote dropped her dark cape from her shoulders, hung it with her hat on a door peg, and sat heavily on the edge of the bed. "God! my feet!" "Soak 'em."

Miss Barnett needed off her shirt-waist. Her bosom, strong and flat as a boys, rose white from her cheaply dainty under-bodie; at her shoulders the flesh began to deepen, and her arms were round and full of curves. "Here, Dee Dee, I'm so nervous when I hurry. You sew in this ruche; you got time before the supper bell. See, right along the edge like that."

Miss Wrote aimed for the eye of the needle, moistening the end of the thread with her tongue and her fluttering fingers close to her eyes. "God! I—I just ain't got the eyes no more. I can't see, Sadie; I can't find the needle."

Sadie Barnett paused in the act of brushing out the cloud of her dark hair, and with a strong young gesture ran the thread through the needle, knotting its ends with a quirk of thumb and forefinger. "It's the drops, Dee Dee, and this gaslight, all blurry from the curling iron in the flame, makes you see bad."

Miss Wrote nodded and closed her eyes as if she would press back her tears and let them drip inward. "Yes, I know. I know." "Sure! Here, lemme do it, Dee Dee. I won't stay out late, dearie, if your eyes are bad. We're only going out for a little spin."

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Miss Wrote lay back on the chintz bedspread and turned her face to the wall. "I should worry if you come home or if you don't—all the comfort you are to me."

"You say that to me many more times and you watch and see what I do; you watch and see."

"The sooner the better." In the act of fluting the soft ruche about her neck, so that her fresh little face rose like a bud from its calyx, Miss Barnett turned to the full length of back which faced her from the bed.

"That's the way I feel about it—the sooner the better." "Then we think alike."

"You ain't been such a holy saint to me that I got to pay up to you for it all my life."

"That's the thanks I get." "You only raised me because you had to. I been working for my own living ever since I was so little I had to lie to the inspectors about my age."

"Except what you begged out of my wages." "I been as much to you as you been to me—and I don't have to stand this no longer. Sure I can get out and—and the sooner the better. I'm sick of getting down on my knees to you every time I wanna squeeze a little laugh today."

"You'd never hear me say watch the clock if you'd kept company with a boy like Max Meltzer. A straight, clean boy with honest intentions by a girl lookin' right out of his face. You let a boy like Max Meltzer begin to keep steady with you and see what I say. You don't see no yellow streak in his face; he's as white as the goods he sells."

"I know. You think now because he's going to be made buyer for the white goods in September he's the whole show. Gee! Nowadays that ain't so much much for a fellow to be."

"No, I think that the kind of fellows that fresh Mamie Grant gets you acquainted with are much much more strong for the old rat-eyed sports like Jerry Beck, that ain't got a honest thought in his head, I bet he gives you the creeps, too, only you're the kind of a girl, God help you, that's so crazy for luxury you could forget the devil had horns if he hid 'em under a automobile cap."

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good time out of life. I'm tired paying up for the few dollars you gimme out of your envelope. If I had any sense I—I wouldn't never take it from you, now, the way you throw it up to me all the time. The sooner the better is what I say, too; the sooner the better."

"That's the thanks I get; that's the—"

"Aw, I know all that line of talk by heart, so you don't need to ram it down me. You gotta quit insinuating about my ways to me. I'm as straight as you are and—"

"You—you—take off that ivory-hand breast-pin, that ain't yours." "Sure I'll take it off, and this ruche you gimme the money to buy, and this red bracelet you gimme, and—every old thing you ever gimme. Sure I'll take 'em all off. I wish I could take a dollar toward, and I would, too, if I didn't have to go barefoot. It's the last time I borrow from—"

"Aw, you commenced that line of talk when you was ten."

"I mean it." "Well, if you do, take off them gloves that I bought for myself and you begged right off my hands. Just take 'em off and go bareheaded with your little, bearded friend; maybe he can buy—"

"You—Oh, I—I wish I was dead! I—I'll go bareheaded to a snowball fight rather than wear your duds. There's your old gloves—there!"

Tears were streaming and leaving their ravages on the smooth surface of her cheeks. "I just wish I—I was dead."

"Aw, no, you don't! There's him now, with a horn on his auto that makes a noise like the devil yelling! There's your little rat-eyed, low-lived fellow, now. You don't wish you was dead now, do you? Go to him and his two divorces and his little round head."

CONTINUED TOMORROW

That's where you belong; that's where girls on the road to the devil belong—with them kind. There he is now, waiting to ride you to the devil. He don't need to hunk-hunk no loud; he knows you're ready and waiting for him."

Miss Barnett fastened on her little hat with fingers that fumbled. "Gimme—the key."

"Aw, no, you don't. When you come home tonight you knock; no more tip-nod, night-key business like last time. I know you was lying to me about the clock."

"You gimme that key. I don't want you to have to get up, with all your blinking, to open the door for me. You gimme the key."

"If you wanna get in this room when you come home tonight, you knock like any self-respecting girl ain't afraid to do."

"You—oh—you!" With a shivering intake of breath Miss Barnett flung the door, slamming it after her until the windows and the blue glass vase on the mantelpiece, and Miss Wrote, stretched full length on the bed, shivered.

"Two flights down she flung open the front door. There came from the curb the blast of a siren, wild for speed. Stars had come out, a fine powdering of them, and the moist evening atmosphere was sweet, even heavy. She stood for a moment in the embrasure of the door, waiting."

"Do I need my heavy coat, Jerry?" The dim figure in the tulle, with his arms flung out their length across the back of the seat, moved from the center to the side.

"No, you don't. Hurry up. I'll keep you warm if you need a coat. Climb in here right next to me. Poo-hy. Gimme that robe from the front there, George."

"Now didn't I say I was going to keep you warm? Quit your squirming. Tucky, I won't bite. Hedy, George! Up to the Palisade Inn, and let out some miles there."

"Gee! Jerry, you got the limousine top off. Ain't this swell for summer?"

WANAMAKER'S | DOWN STAIRS STORE | WANAMAKER'S

Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store - Garlanded With Christmas Greens

Gloves for the Children? (They are pleasing, useful Gifts)

These are all unusually nice gloves for kiddies, too! Gray or brown silk-lined chamois hste gloves are quite warm. \$1.25 a pair. Fleece-lined gray or tan fabric gloves are 50c and 75c a pair. Black fabric gauntlets, fleece-lined, with leather palms (for extra service), are \$1 a pair. Tan leather gauntlets, fleece-lined, with a plain cuff or red star-trimmed cuff, \$1 a pair. Tan or gray leather fleece-lined gauntlets, \$1.25 a pair. Fleece-lined buckskin gauntlets, \$1.75 a pair. (Central)

A Coat For Her Christmas

To enfold her with its warmth and please her with its good appearance

—And a good-looking coat is sure to please either Mother or the young-girl daughter, or the young woman! We have individual styles for every type and age of women.

The present stock of coats in the Coat Store is one of the finest that we have ever had—and our standards are high. Every coat is good style, of warm, attractive material in a pleasing shade of seasonable color, well tailored and carefully finished.

The New Short Sports Coats

are well represented, as well as the three-fourth length coats. Almost grown-up young daughter would be delighted with one for Christmas; it is just what she has been wanting for her plaid skirt.

Mother Would Like

a long, fairly full coat with a handsome lining and, perhaps, a collar of fur. There's a varied selection, both with fur and without.

Styles Are Right

—and a large number of coats are Spring models made of Winter materials. So that, you see, a coat from the Down Stairs Coat Store will be a gift worth-while, of real usefulness and satisfaction.

\$25 to \$97.50 (Market)

Smelling Salts in Delightful Bottles

Little, squatly bottles, tall, slender bottles and substantial good-sized bottles—but that cannot begin to describe their numerous quaint and graceful shapes! There are rose salts, lavender, violet, etc. 35c to \$2. (Central)

CORSETS of the Better Sort

Corsets of the finer, heavier materials, such as figured coutil and elaborate broche corsets, are elaborate broche fabrics, are \$3.50 to \$11.

Park Satin Corsets Are Special at \$3.50

The little gray fitting rooms are right in the Corset Store, and one of our corsetiers will gladly fit a corset without additional charge. (Central)

Scarf-and-Cap Sets for Little Chaps

The caps are tight-fitting affairs (to keep little ears warm), and the scarfs are of generous size—both of brushed wool. Gray, brown, tan, blue and rose. \$1.85. (Gallery, Market)

Fragrant Toilet Sets \$2.25 to \$7.50

These most attractive boxes of toilet luxuries and comforts happily suggest Christmas giving. There are many refreshing fragrances to choose from. The set at \$2.25 consists of soap, toilet water and talcum, and the set at \$7.50 includes delightfully scented face powder, talcum powder, sachet, soap, rouge, extract and toilet water. (Central)

Christmas Handkerchiefs — All Pure Linen —

The Handkerchief Store is an attractive place, and a busy one, too.

Thousands of pretty handkerchiefs for men and women are plain white, embroidered, initialed and gaily colored.

Women's are 25c to \$1 each. Men's are 30c to 75c each. (Central)

An outpost in the Gallery Store for men is a handy place to get men's handkerchiefs. (Gallery, Market)

Christmassy Dainties for Baby

In a delightful corner of the Babies' Store there are several cases filled with pretty things for babies—hand-painted rattles, ribbon-covered carriage straps and clamps, little hot-water bags covered with satin, toilet sets, Turk ish dolls, etc. Prices range from 30c for a rattle to \$4.75 for a baby book. (Central)

Warm-Hearted Blankets for Gifts

Plaid blankets are in pink-and-white or blue-and-white.

Part Wool 68 x 80 inches, \$12.50, 70 x 80 inches, \$15.

All Wool 72 x 80 inches, \$18.50, 72 x 84 inches, \$25.

White blankets, part-wool, with pink or blue borders: 60 x 80 inches, \$12.50, 70 x 82 inches, \$15, 78 x 84 inches, \$20.

Cotton filled quilts with figured centers and plain sateen borders in rose, blue and pink are special at \$5. (Central)

Reductions on Women's Suits

Three special groups of suits take reductions in time for Christmas.

At \$29.50

This group comprises various models of pretty suitings in tailored models, of wool jerseys in plain colors or heather mixture, gabardine and silver-tone. All the jackets are lined with silk and many are attractively trimmed.

The Finer Suits —all much lessened in price, (Market)

are now \$35, \$50, \$55, \$65, \$75 and \$85.

At \$25

Suits of dark striped suiting have silk-lined jackets trimmed with embroidered crowsfeet.

At \$23.50

Wool jersey sports suits for women and young women are in blue, brown and green tones. (Market)

A Good All-Around Hat for a Man at \$3

Smooth wool hats in brown, green and tan mixtures in the season's good shapes. The kind of hat that will take the place of a soft felt or a tweed hat—suitable for the street or sturdy enough for rougher wear. (Gallery, Market)

UMBRELLAS for Men and Women, at \$3.50—

They are quite nice enough for Christmas presents.

The covers are tape-edged American taffeta over sturdy frames. They have good-looking handles—the women's, tipped with bakelite, have wrist rings or silk loops, and the men's have plain or carved wooden handles. (Central)

500 Sample Blouses Special at \$2.75

Pretty white blouses are slightly mussed, but a pressing will freshen them.

There are many styles, in voile, plain or trimmed with lace, embroidery and tucks. All the blouses are well made and there is excellent choosing in each size, although there are not all sizes in each style. (Market)

Inexpensive Gifts 25c to \$3

Several tables of the shining glass and silver-plated novelties make the selection of Christmas gifts less difficult.

There are little salts and peppers of silver deposit or silver plate, glass jelly dishes, pickle dishes, jam glasses with spoons, butter dishes, sugar and cream sets, mustard jars, relish dishes, candlesticks, bud vases, etc., with many more being added each day. (Central)

Utility Cases for Travelers

Cretone or silk-covered rubberized cases for wash cloths, tooth brushes, brush and comb, etc., are welcome bits of usefulness to any one who spends week-ends out of town or travels a great deal. Prices range from 25c to \$1.75. (Central)

A Gift List from The Skirt Store

Sturdy part-wool gymnasium bloomers in navy blue, \$5. All-wool gymnasium bloomers in navy blue and black, \$6. Pleated plaid skirts for young girls, \$2.50.

Brown striped wool velour skirts (nice for skating and outdoor wear) are \$6.75. A skirt in a smart check or large plaid is an attractive style at \$7.85.

An attractive wool plaid skirt in blue and brown tones is \$13.50. (Market)

Silk Camisoles at \$1

Pretty pink camisoles are hem-stitched or trimmed with lace and most of them have satin shoulder straps. A good solution of the gift problem between women! (Central)

Children's Sweaters

Here are sweaters for all the children, from the little infant who needs one that is snowy, light and warm to the big boy or girl of 16 years who likes the blue, green, brown, gray and red sweaters. Many styles between \$4.75 and \$10! (Central)

Warm Top Coats for Junior Girls

They have a style that will appeal to both mothers and girls. Of cheviot coating, velour, Bolivia, silvertone and polo cloth in a long or three-quarter lengths, they are warmly lined and well tailored. \$13.50, \$18.50, \$23.50, \$29.50 to \$75.

For Small Girls of 6 to 10

there are attractive top coats of velour, polo cloth, silvertone, etc., from \$9.50 to \$25—all of which were much more.

Serge Regulation Frocks

Fine navy blue serge makes beautifully tailored dresses trimmed with braid in sizes 6 to 14 at \$18. (Market)

Children's Shoes

Special care is given to the lasts and fitting of kiddies' shoes so that growing feet will develop properly.

\$4.50 to \$6.50

Black patent leather or dull leather button shoes and black or tan leather lace shoes have sturdy welted soles; sizes 8 1/2 to 2.

For Wee Tots who wear sizes 1 to 8

Shoes of tan calfskin, brown kidskin, black kidskin and black (Central)

Raincoats for Men —\$8.50 to \$15

Many are being chosen for Christmas gifts.

These are well-made coats of tan or gray rubberized materials with seams cemented and every coat is guaranteed to be waterproof.

All-Wool, Odd Trousers

of fancy mixtures and chevrons are \$7 to \$9.50.

Corduroy Trousers

are the best kind for rough outdoor wear. Unlined they are \$6; lined (and, of course, that adds to the warmth), they are \$7. (Gallery, Market)

Lovely Dance Frocks for Debutantes —Special at \$25

Rustling taffeta frocks in turquoise, Nile green, pink, rose and maize are charmingly draped with silk tulle, edged with silver thread or have overskirts of the tulle.

Satin Frocks, \$23.50, \$25 and \$35

Charming and delightful frocks for women and young women. (Central)

BLANKETS for Baby, \$1.25 to \$6

There are many kinds to choose from: figured pink or blue blankets, white blankets with pink or blue borders and all white blankets. Some are all cotton and others have a large percentage of wool.

Mother always appreciates such a gift for the young baby! (Central)

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What a perfectly glorious gift. BlueBird!—solving forever the greatest problem, the greatest burden of homework.

An hour or so of a morning and the week's washing vanishes. On the line by nine, without rubbing or puddling—without work, without cost, without wear on the clothes. Every garment clean, yet delicately handled. Such is the BlueBird way. Isn't it amazing to realize that now "the washing" is only a source of gladness—a delightful means of unlimited cleanliness.

See BlueBird soon. Arrange with the dealer for a free demonstration. Ask him about the monthly payment plan. Write us for the beautiful BlueBird Book.

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