

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

A Baby, a Loaf, a Statue

"The exasperating thing about it," said a young mother who had not yet settled herself to the routine necessitated by a baby in the house, "is that by giving all this time and effort I could earn enough outside to have some one take care of the baby—and have a good deal left over besides."

But the baby needed HER. There is a story of Carlyle's virtue that will touch responsive chords in almost every young mother's heart—for that matter, every wife's heart.

The great genius had been working hard to support both of them by his pen. They lived at a lonely farmhouse "forty miles from nowhere."

One day Mrs. Carlyle noticed that the bread delivered by the baker disagreed with her husband, and she decided to "bake her own." She knew nothing about fermentation, about heat of yeast, about mixing—she followed a recipe given in "Cobbett's Cottage Economy."

So it happened that the bread was not in the oven at about the time, to use her own words, when she should have been put to bed. One o'clock struck; two; three; there she was all alone, weary, watchful, forlorn and—feeling degraded!

To think that she, who had been so noted at home, whose whims and comfort had been studied by everybody, who had never been permitted to do aught but cultivate herself—should spend all night watching a loaf of bread!

"Somehow," she said later, "I happened to think of Benvenuto Cellini sitting up all night watching his statue of 'Perseus,' and suddenly I asked myself: 'After all, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing one's hand has found to do?'"

The man's will, his energy, his patience, his resource—these really were the admirable things of which his statue of Perseus was the expression. And if the sculptor had been a woman, being with a dyspeptic husband at a lonesome farm sixteen miles from a baker, and to a bad one, all these same qualities would have come out more fully in a good loaf of bread.

And far from degrading herself by her application to the lowly task, this cultivated and brilliant woman so earned the admiration of the world.

There is many a woman who might easily move juries who spend laborious hours with a recalcitrant child; others cover the juries while none could replace her in moulding the character of her child.

There are women who could shine outside, but like Mrs. Carlyle stay at home to minister to the creature comforts of the man they love and inspire him to win place and fame. And they have not been unrewarded—for there are few great men but have given credit to their wives for aiding in their achievements.

Carlyle's wife was a gifted writer; but an essay would have been little use to a dyspeptic husband who wanted good bread. And, in supplying this need, Mrs. Carlyle, who was a critic and coworker in his literary endeavors, contributed to the product of his genius perhaps more than with all her fine ability she could have done in any other way.

So, whether it is taking care of "baby" or baking bread, there is nothing more worthy than doing what it is best in us to do. The application of the best in us to a commonplace glorifies it. And there is no greater achievement than doing one's duty.

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HUMAN CURIOS

The silent stager. Defying all the rules of vocal culture, and apparently, flying in the face of all the mandates of medicine, there is a peculiar woman living near New York who is acquiring an almost world-wide reputation as a "finder of lost voices."

According to the testimony of Mme. Gillou, a famous French soprano, it was this peasant woman who taught Clerley Collet, one of the best-known voices of the "cultured" in Europe, the secret of the "silent voice," and Collet herself has had other successes. "Collet," says Mme. Gillou, "was earning her living by giving lessons in 'Perseus,' and suddenly I asked myself: 'After all, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing one's hand has found to do?'"

Monday—"The Female Stranger"

THE DAILY NOVELLETTE

For the Love of Pete By J. STUART LANE

Sara Brown slowly drew her shabbily gloved hand from the good-looking young man's reluctant grasp.

"Then it's no use adding you for the fifteenth and final time for the standing about on the little station platform waiting for the morning train to the city each hour."

"Fraid not," she said regretfully. "You see, I'm my year in the city unhampered by any ties. That's really only fair to Aunt Ellen, who has offered me this wonderful opportunity."

The man's eyes rested longingly on Sara's sweet face, her trim suit becoming her in spite of its last season's vintage, her slim hands, as if trying to stamp a picture on his memory that would not fade. Something told him that the same old impulsive, quick-tempered, lovable Sara would never come back to Hadleyville.

A few minutes later Sara sat in the swiftly speeding train, visualizing what lay ahead. Like a bolt out of a clear sky had come an invitation from wealthy Aunt Ellen to spend a year with her, promising the same social and educational opportunities that were open to her two daughters, Beth and Elise. And Sara, bound to a tiresome round of duties as an under-teacher in Hadleyville's small high school, had been only too thankful to accept.

In the excitement of going, Sara had quite forgotten that she had ever entertained the thought of marrying her principal. How glad she was now that she had not, in some moment of discouragement, let him see that she was ready to accept a letter no marriage at all than one contracted as a means of escape from boredom and low wages.

As the weeks that followed it was not surprising if Sara's Hadleyville existence faded to a dream. Aunt Ellen accepted Sara as a third daughter, no less. The girl's days became a round of gaiety, an orgy of shopping, theatricals, dances, dinners, if underneath the reason for it all puzzled Sara, she had little time to wonder about it, willing to accept what the gods, by way of Aunt Ellen, bestowed, and to ask no questions.

And Beth were more than cousins in their treatment of her and affectionately included her in the interminable discussions concerning their trousseaus, for both were engaged. Beth to a rising young financier, Elise to a financier already named.

In the next minute he held her in his arms listening to a half-tearful, half-laughing, wholly jumbled account of her aunt and the earl, his plan and the lecho electric. "If we had not done well, between you and me, she's some little matchmaker, and I think it was a bit of a blow that the Earl of Dumfries came along after both Elise and I were engaged."

Beth rattled on, unaware of the effect of her words upon the girl at her side. Sara saw it all, now, her aunt's invitation and subsequent kindnesses, the frequent casual coupling of her name

with the earl's, the tendency to send him out as her escort to dinner, the—oh, a hundred and one little things which had meant nothing to her before. Her aunt, determined to annex the earl to her family and having only two daughters, both spoken for, had been forced to call in the little country cousin in the hope that the earl and the environment of wealth would transform her into a successful lure for nobility.

All during the visit at Madame Marie's, which was long enough for Beth to try on nearly every hat in the establishment, Sara battled with her problem. She could hardly rush madly to her aunt and beg her to cease her matchmaking, Sara battled with her problem. She could hardly rush madly to her aunt and beg her to cease her matchmaking, Sara battled with her problem. She could hardly rush madly to her aunt and beg her to cease her matchmaking, Sara battled with her problem.

Not once did it occur to Sara that she might marry the under-rated, much-touted high-voiced person with only his earldom to recommend him. At the very thought there came a shudder, not to be fully modulated voice, not to be so impetuous, my dear, jumping to rash conclusions. Yet she couldn't stay on and ultimately disappoint her aunt's ambitions.

Like a flash came the inspiration that there was the person to help her—and she might get his assistance at once if she wished to be saved the necessity of refusing the earl.

That night Sara, by the light of her rose-shaded reading lamp, penned a long, explanatory letter, the gist of which was as follows: "My aunt comes and see me I'll pretend I am going to marry you and then I know Aunt Ellen will be quite willing to let me go back home. And is my old plan filed at school?"

With a little pang of homesickness, she addressed the letter to Hadleyville. The following evening Aunt Ellen, with a little smile, came to Sara. "There's a young man downstairs who wishes to see you. He comes from Hadleyville."

Sara's heart leapt a beat. How quickly he had responded! "The man I expect to marry," she said falteringly. "I am on my way home to Hadleyville and stopped off. Are you as glad as all that, Sara?"

"You came!" she said. "I am on my way home to Hadleyville and stopped off. Are you as glad as all that, Sara?"

"Exactly," said Sara proudly. "Mr. Peter MacLean, of Hadleyville."

Next Complete Novellette—His Little Old Car

Adventures With a Purse

HAVE you had any occasion within the last few months to buy—or want to buy—Irish lace or flit lace collars and cuffs? Either or both? I say "want to buy" for if your experience has been like mine you have had to give up your idea regretfully.

One of the very nicest shops in the city has a limited number of Irish lace collars and cuffs priced at \$2.50, \$3.50, and the designs are most attractive. And what a dressing up a new collar-and-cuff set will give a dress that has been worn a lot.

Now I could speak from experience about the collars, but I am not so well versed in the matter of lumps. But I did go in search of a mahogany lamp yesterday, and was greatly alarmed at the prices. They are prohibitive. Just one bargain did I find, and it seemed so remarkable that I examined the price tag two or three times before I convinced myself that I could write about this. The standard is, I should say, anywhere from fifteen to eighteen inches high, and has two lights. It is well shaped and graceful, in mahogany finish. The price is \$7.50. My thought was that if you are wanting a lamp for your own table or to give for Christmas or three times before I convinced myself that I could write about this.

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For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 3269.

Making More Money By Utilizing a Feminine Trait

"Women," says Mrs. Mary Kuderling, of Chicago, who has built up an almost nationwide reputation in a rather unique field, "are almost always orderly. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but, at any rate, they are far more inclined to be neat and precise than men—and even if things about them are not in apple-pie order, they nearly always know where to lay their hands on what they are looking for. It was this femi-

line fondness for order that led me to the position I hold today." Mrs. Kuderling started as a stenographer and then, after several years of shorthand and typing, she married and retired—temporarily—from the business parative inaction of running a house for only a year. At the end of that time she announced that she would much prefer to earn the money to pay a house-keeper and, at the same time, occupy her own brains than to go through the ceaseless round of looking after the thousand-and-three details of a house.

Answering a newspaper advertisement she secured a position with a local paper and was put in charge of the work of tabulating the information about hotels and summer resorts—a task which she accomplished so well that the general advertising records were turned over to her. Only a few months elapsed before the fame of her efficiently-organized department began to spread to other offices, and she resigned her individual position, to open a general office which would do the same work for a number of papers. Now she handles more than two hundred publications.

Tomorrow—"Real Cake"

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