

FIRST WOMAN TO HAVE BILL IN JERSEY HOUSE IS PROUD

"Wasn't It Great?" Asks Mrs. Laird, of Newark, After Offering "Beer Repealer"—She and Colleague Against Sex Class Legislation

Mrs. Margaret B. Laird, who will go down in the history of New Jersey as the first woman to introduce a bill in the Legislature, is elated over her first play in the name of politics.

She is one of the first two women members who in a history-making noon hour took their seats in the House at Trenton in its opening sitting.

The fact that the Bill Mrs. Laird introduced is the much-talked-of "beer repealer" which prohibitionists hope will nullify the famous "2.75" measure passed last year at the instance of Governor Edwards, makes her act even more significant.

"Of course," the woman member said in an interview after the first sitting yesterday, "I was just as pleased as I could be that the bill got in. Wasn't it great?"

Not Really Surprised "The business itself of sitting as a member in the Assembly for the first time was a very serious and important thing, but you know I couldn't be too surprised or surprised at all because you see all along I knew some day we would be sitting there, and year after year I have been going up to the sessions with just that end in view."

Mrs. Laird is exactly the type of woman that the man who says: "Oh, she's one of those suffragettes," would not expect to find sitting with men to make laws. She is slight, dainty and essentially womanly. She has a husband and two children—Margaret, twenty, and Robert, nineteen. And she lives her home.

"We have just built a new one and I drew up all the plans myself," she explained modestly.

The woman member paid a tribute to her brother lawmakers. "I have seen many a body of men in the Assembly chamber," she said, "but I really believe this body is far above any other."

Do you know, I think that woman's actual coming on the inside had already had its effect in political house cleaning. They just felt bound to make things clean for her."

Mrs. Jennie C. Van Ness, the other woman member, who won her laurels in



Things You'll Love to Make Dolly's Muff

Have you pieces of fur or velvet in your "piece-box" for which you seek some use? Make a muff for little Dolly's doll. Cut an oblong of the desired size with a very sharp knife, make a side with a very sharp knife, make a "bed" (A) of two oblongs of silk, long or short ends of the fur or velvet, and sew them together, join eating stitches. Slip in the bed and stitch the ends to the fur cover. Run a bow. Both Dolly and a Dolly will be delighted with their tiny muff.

Making More Money

Opening Up a New Field Possibly it was because Miss Isabel Craig Bacon, of Cortland, O., was born into the family of a small-town merchant that she early showed a tendency toward the solution of retail sales problems.

Each of the members received a very official looking check for \$500 yesterday, this being a representative's salary for the whole session. They also received their railroad passes.

Mrs. Van Ness and Mrs. Laird are united in the opinion that women will serve best in the Legislature avoiding any class legislation. No laws just to benefit women, but laws to benefit everybody. It is the slogan. Neither of them believes in working through women's political organizations for their own ends.

"This," Mrs. Laird explained, "creates the impression that men discriminate against women and that there is the necessity to work against them."

In yesterday's session each of the new women members was put on several important committees and like "congressmen" already they are beginning to hear from their constituents.

Mrs. Laird is from Newark and Mrs. Van Ness from East Orange.

stance, it told me to draw my money out of the bank. And it told me sometimes to be deaf and sometimes not to be, like the day you decided I'd better be out in the Old Men's Home. Which reminds me—I'm much obliged for my wedding present from you girls. Yes, she married me as well as converted me! It's a heap better than the nice place with the nice grounds and the nice company Edie was telling about."

Later, Edith asked Susan if she supposed their father really believed all that toward Edie stuff.

"I don't know," replied Susan, "but a home of your own and a limousine could help all of us believe almost anything!"

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"Bad Doctor Bat" By DADDY

CHAPTER III Tale of Mr. Rat's Tail

JUDGE OWL, scraped away some dead leaves at the bottom of his hollow tree, and there Peggy and Billy saw a little door. Judge Owl opened this door, showing them a long, winding, dark hallway.

"Follow me," hooted the Judge. "We will soon be in a place where the wintry blizzard cannot reach us. Judge Owl squeezed into the gloomy passage, his fluffy feathers filling it from side to side and from top to bottom. Peggy and Billy followed him. They both had been made tiny when they fled from the blizzard and could not have gone a single step in that narrow place. They could see very well, too, for each wore as an eyeglass one of the glasses from Judge Owl's dark goggles.

"Is this a rabbit's hole?" asked Billy, as they went along. "No," answered Judge Owl, and then he gave a big sneeze, for the hallway was very dusty. "No! Ker-choo! This is the hollow root of my hollow tree! Watch your step!"

The Judge's warning didn't come a bit too soon, for all of a sudden he dropped from sight into the yawning mouth of a hole. Peggy tried to draw back, but Billy, who was following close at her heels, bumped into her, and down went all—far enough to get a smashing bump if she should land on the hard ground. But she didn't land on the ground, for Judge Owl caught her on his back. At the same time the Judge screamed advice. "Use your wings!" he said. Peggy had forgotten all about the leaf wings which Judge Owl had fastened to her shoulders with pine needles, but now she began to flap them. And as she flapped she floated off Judge Owl's back and went sailing through the murky air.

And she wasn't a bit too soon in beginning to fly, for she had no sooner gotten away from Judge Owl's back than Billy came tumbling down through the hole in the floor of the root hallway. "Use your wings," hooted Judge Owl to Billy, and soon Billy was flapping around as lightly as Peggy.

The place where they found themselves looked like a church, with high, vaulted roof and great pillars. But it wasn't a church. It was a huge cave—a cave that stretched away as far as they could see.

"Who! Who! Here we are safe from the wintry blizzard," hooted Judge Owl. And they surely were safe, for there was no wind in the cave, and the air was much warmer than it was outside. Indeed it was so warm that it didn't seem like winter at all down there.

Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl amused themselves flying around exploring the place. Presently they became aware that there were others in the cave—lots of others who were scurrying about busily as if they were in a hurry to get to some place. They couldn't see who the others were until they flew down close to the floor, and then they saw that the others were gray rats and brown mice. The rats and the mice were so much the color of the floor that they couldn't be seen from a few feet away.

"Who! Who! Where are you going in such a hurry?" hooted Judge Owl. "My, but that host had a surprising effect. It awakened a hundred echoes, and it rang through the cave as though there were a hundred owls there, and it went bounding away fainter and fainter in the distance, like a message sent by boys shouting it to one another.

And the rats and the mice, they scurried into the shadows as though a hundred owls had been after them—all except one great big rat, old Gray Back, largest and boldest of all the rats. "Sque-ek! We are going to Dr. Bat's party, and we don't want any owls along," said Gray Back.

"Who! Who! Well, if there is a party, we are going, too," hooted Judge Owl, and with that he swooned down as quick as a flash, and grabbed Gray Back's tail in his claws. He flapped upward, lifting Gray Back's hind legs into the air, and bumping the rat along on his nose. Gray Back didn't like that at all, and he tried to twist around to catch hold of Judge Owl, but he couldn't twist far enough to grab the Judge.

"Who! Who! Show us the way to the party," hooted Judge Owl. "By this time all the other rats and mice had scampered out of sight and sound, and no one answered Gray Back's squawks for help. So Gray Back finally gave in. "I'll show you the way to Dr. Bat's party, but I'm sure you will not be welcome," he said.

Judge Owl led Gray Back's hind legs toward the floor, but he kept tight hold of the rat's tail. As they went, Gray Back as fast as he could run, with Judge Owl hanging to him, and Peggy and Billy flying behind.

What kind of a party do you think Dr. Bat is giving? Peggy and Billy will have fun at it, or do you think they will meet with an adventure? Try this time all the read tomorrow's chapter to see if you guess right.

Adventures With a Purse I HAVE two rather special bargains to tell you about today. You certainly will be interested in one—and both may appeal to you, as far as that goes. However, to business. The first is the camisole. At one shop may be purchased for the amazing sum of \$12.25, pale pink wash satin camisoles, neatly hemstitched around the top, with ribbon shoulder straps. Even in this day of rumored lowered prices, \$12.25 for such a nice camisole is really very reasonable.

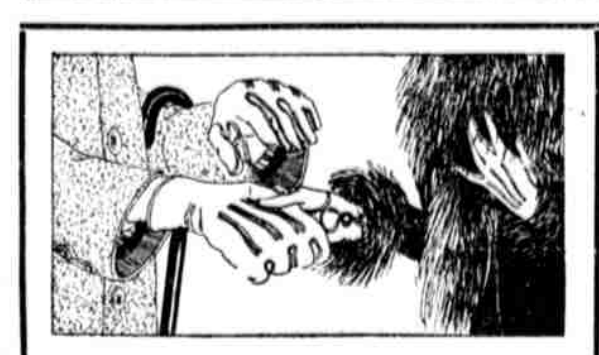
The other important bargain is the outing flannel. It is not necessary for me to detail here the many uses of this most useful material. I need only tell you about this particular sale. You will figure for yourself whether you want to buy some for warm pajamas, for cozy underthings for little people, or for nightgowns for yourself. But anyhow this outing flannel is thirty-six inches wide; it was originally priced at forty cents a yard, and it has now been repriced at twenty-two cent a yard. You can get it in plain pink and white, or in a number of striped patterns.

For names of shops address, Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut or Main 5000.

Rely on Cuticura To Clear Away Skin Troubles

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WANAMAKER'S Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store



L'Artiste Phonographs at \$90 (Payable in One Payment or \$5 Down and \$5 a Month)

The Annual Clearaway of Gloves Is in Full Swing Hundreds of pairs of gloves for women, children and men are marked at average half price.

Inexpensive Frocks With Real Charm at \$15, \$16.50 to \$25

To be charming, it isn't necessary that a dress be expensive—that is something the Down Stairs Dress Store is proving every day with scores of new and pretty frocks.

Two Well-Tailored Tricotine Frocks at \$25 The beaded one that is sketched is of good quality navy tricotine. The beading is done in red beads and black bugles and the girdle is of softly crushed black satin.



Silk and Cloth Dresses in Great Variety Dresses of serge, tricotine and velour, in styles for women and young girls, are \$15, \$16.50 to \$25.

Women's New Dolmans at \$12.75 Little, indeed, for such good winter wraps! The dolmans, one of which is sketched, are of silvertone or velour in navy blue, tan or Oxford gray. They have wide collars and are lined throughout with figured noplín.

Coats at \$16.50 They are of silvertone, full length and splendid for everyday wear. They're in tan and navy blue and have linings of figured satin.

Special at \$19 to \$37.50 All sorts of interesting coats and wraps of silvertone, velour, polo cloth and Bolivia are in this group. Every one is lined with silk and was originally much higher in price.

Center Aisle Opportunities White Sale Flannel Nightgowns, \$1 Regular and extra sizes. They are pink or blue striped flannel, cut generously full, with double yokes and scalloped collars.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Disposing of Father by HAZEL GRAY WOOD

The attitude with which the Tobey girls had always regarded their father had been frank and honest.

Stella, the old-maid daughter who had kept house for him since her mother's death, had been a very able woman, and she had been a very able woman.

There was just one thing to do at the moment, and that was to get the money out of the bank.

Stella rose resignedly. "Mrs. DeLaine is father's nightmare," she explained. "You know the leader of a new sect here—Prophetess of the Inward Eye, she calls herself—and she's trying to convert him. She's getting in a heap of money from her—dupes, I think she calls them, and between you and me, I imagine she's after what little Stella has got, but—her voice trailed off as she left the room, to relieve Mr. Tobey of his afternoon nap."

Edith took up the interrupted description of quarters in the Gateville Home for Aged Men exactly where she had broken off. "Nice grounds," she continued, "and what more could father ask? Five hundred dollars will take me in for life. It does seem the best way out, under the circumstances for us. And for him, too," she added, as an afterthought.

Thus, it was settled. To father's \$300 in the bank was to be added the necessary contributions from his daughters to make up the quota which would deposit him in a place where he would cease to be a subject for their solicitude. Stella was informed of the decision at the supper table in tones lowered out of deference for the old man's occasional asperities from all but total deafness.

To tell the truth, however, when Stella's wedding day finally arrived, Edith, who had been delegated to break the news to her father of his immediate removal to the Old Men's Home, was a bit nervous. In fact, she conceived the worthy idea of paying the way a bit ahead.



Don't You Hope She Makes It?— This great eagerness the children have for Wilburbuds is nothing to be alarmed about. Chocolate is good for children. However, be careful of the chocolate they eat. Wilburbuds are pure, wholesome, and harmless to the weakest digestion. Let them eat plenty.

WILBURBUDS The Only Genuine Chocolate BUDS

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, INC., Philadelphia, Pa.

87-a-Day State Jobs Passed Up by Women Are there any women voters who would like to get seven easy dollars a day as a legislative employee? Senate and House leaders deliberating here over patronage are afraid their troubles will be complicated by demands from the fair sex.

There are 125 jobs, the pay averaging \$7 a day, to be ladled out by Harry Baker, secretary of the Senate. Senate, said no applications received yet from women. There are about ten male applicants for every legislative job to be awarded.