

Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

The Woman Who Works but Does Not Love

Twelve million girls and women are working for their daily bread in this country.

Of course some of them are married, and some are single, and some are widows, and some are daughters of tender age, scarcely old enough for their own papers, and some of these may marry as they grow older.

But an enormous number never will wed. These are the workers in the economic sense who produce much of the world's wealth, but they live along in a more or less monotonous, loveless, existence. They do not know the number of wage-earning spinners in the United States, but it is immense.

The vast army of old maids or bachelor girls are like the neutrons of a beehive. These, as we all know, comprise the vast majority of those married tiny communities, and nature has set them apart to produce honey, apparently ignoring any right they have to an individual life.

It must make them furious to think that their entire existence is spent in creating delicious pleasure for the selfish, pampered queen bee.

Yet here is a vital function: she contains the species, and produces thousands of little bees, containing an endless chain into the future. Like the idle married women we discussed recently, the queen bee loves, but does not work.

How many of them are voluntary celibates? Most of them are. There is a romantic and natural longing for love and mating; do they miss the chance through accident or deliberately decide on an independent career?

In England, even in peace-time, before war's holocaust sweeps away millions of the finest young men—the blood of the nation—there always are one million more females than males. It is even in normal times, decade after decade, one million English girls have no chance to marry.

No wonder they always seem to be scrambling for husbands, causing American independent misses to smile contemptuously. Did you ever see an English family that didn't seem to have six or seven daughters? England is a tiny island that cannot support its population, and so the robust and ambitious sons, especially a father the first-born, who inherits the estate, migrate to the United States.

AT CUPID'S CALL

By MAY CHRISTIE

Mary Dree is Carrington Bellairs' private secretary, and is in love with one of her clients, Dick Cairdin. Bellairs' word, Eve Rochester, has obtained a position through Carrington Bellairs, an unscrupulous adventurer, who has known Dick in Alaska and is anxious to get a diamond which Dick owns and which Carrington Bellairs is so sure to sell as well as to give away.

"BECAUSE IT'S YOU" MISS EVE TOE had cleared off her mind. Carrington Bellairs would discuss the matter later with the diamond.

"Rather tired of playing financial to his uncertain, wayward little ward, and this tiff of hers tended to consolidate a certain resolution that had been gradually forming in his mind. He would make Eve a small allowance and thrust her forth to earn her own living in the world.

"And a darn good thing, too—the ungrateful little miss," he told himself, reflecting on the sound and only kindness he had shown the girl.

Mary Dree was of totally different stuff—thank heaven! Bellairs was not so hardened that he could not appreciate a good woman when he met her.

Mary must not be allowed to go away—to throw her position up at a moment's notice. "I'm sorry that I cannot possibly function such a step," he said, joyfully announced, his eyes on her flushed and tear-stained little face.

"But if you assume an attitude of defiance, Miss Dree, I might be forced to take stronger measures."

"I've told you everything, I can't lie. I've hidden nothing from Carrington Bellairs. I haven't got the faintest notion how that brooch and handkerchief got into your safe. I admit that it must look strange—the way I was roaming round the house so late last night—but I was only searching through the hall for my best property, and wasn't anywhere near your safe."

A curious little silence fell between them.

"Mr. Bellairs—please say that you believe me!" Mary's pride was utterly humiliated in the matter of that question, but she wanted desperately to clear herself.

She began to realize the awkwardness of her position, but Carrington Bellairs was immensely strong. In a court of law—if Carrington Bellairs should summon the police—her flat denials wouldn't count for much.

The Rescue

By HAZEL DEVO BACHELOR

Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.

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"You!" shouts an occasional feminist. "Does your sister who married poor old man Harriet, not knowing she is dragging out a heart-breaking existence, find matrimony so all-satisfying?"

"Or again, one cries, 'Me tied to a man, obliged to care for every cent, continually ingratiating myself to get enough clothes and having no intellectual outlet, career or variety? Not on your life!'"

"I know women brokers and bankers and bond sellers, and lawyers and doctors and dentists and modistes and milliners, who have built up big trades or made a national reputation. Some have even extended into other careers. Love, apparently, is unnecessary.

They may be cynical and think that men are not worth any tender regard or respect. They may see babies of relatives to care for—a frequent cause for unwed women's maternal emotion. They may have been "too busy" to marry or not the type sought eagerly by the marrying male.

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"I'm going to find out where you work and then tell the police," Sadie said maliciously. "Your game is up. Harriet's heart was beating fast and trimming her own nose when she was further at the moment than a chance to escape, but that seemed well-nigh impossible. Suddenly she espied a familiar figure coming toward them and a ray of hope stole into her heart.

"Something is wrong," he said authoritatively, looking from one girl to another. "Is this woman annoying you, Miriam?"

"Sadie laughed. 'Miriam?' she sneered, 'so that's the name she's going under these days? That's funny. You bet I'm annoying her, but perhaps you don't know who she is. She's a girl who tells you her real name, Miriam,' she went on mockingly. 'He'd be interested if he knew.'

"Harriet laughed and breathed. Well, the game was up and she might as well give in. There was no need of fighting against fate any longer. But she had not given Harry credit for being so clever as he was. A taxicab stood by the curb and his eyes were on it. He made a sign that passed unnoticed by either Sadie or Harriet. Just as the taxicab was about to start, a quick swing of his arm jerked Harriet into it, climbed in himself and they were off.

Sadie, angry and infuriated, ran along the street, but a short distance before she finally gave up, and Charley, looking out of the small pane of glass at the back of the car, laughed and turned around to Harriet triumphantly.

"Give her the go-by that time, all right," he exulted.

Harriet was crying weakly. She could not help it. The taxicab was so full of joy that she was literally worn out. She was fumbling in her handbag for her handkerchiefs when Charley professed his "Here," he said, "and I don't want your dear, it's all over now, you're quite safe."

"Safe. She could have laughed at the word. Would she ever be again? Life was pressing all about her, and the way ahead looked too difficult for her feet to travel.

"You don't understand," she said wildly. "Although I can never thank you enough for what you did. Didn't you understand what she said? I'm sorry she's a girl. The taxicab driver, Miriam Taylor isn't my real name."

"She paused in the act of revealing her name, some shred of enthusiasm still with her. Charley was staring at her eagerly and disappointment shone in his eyes when she did not finish her sentence.

"What do you mean by that?" a sudden thought had come to him. At the moment he had this girl in his power. She was seriously his own secret, and it was evidently if she had been forced to take any other man in order to save him. Why not use this power he had over her to his own ends? She had had no scruples about leading him on with those wistful eyes of hers. Why, if he had believed in her, he had actually thought she was what she pretended to be, an unusually innocent, unsophisticated girl.

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"No, you've been fooling me all along, haven't you?" he rasped out. "I've let you do it. When you shrank away from me I believed it was because you were genuinely frightened, but you're not quite so unsophisticated as you pretended to be. Who are you, and what hold has this girl over you?"

A ONE-MAN WOMAN

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An Elaborate Costume

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Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Ask Her What's Wrong Dear Cynthia—I am a constant reader of your column and am taking the liberty to write to you. I have been going around with a girl for about two months and I like her very much. She has shown that she cares for me.

"Now lately for some reason or other which I do not know she will not speak to me. I have tried to speak to her but with no success. I am sure I did nothing to insult her. Please tell me what to do. WORRIED."

Can't Find Any Good Men Dear Cynthia—Just a few lines to "Sensible." I would like to say that all of the nice girls are not gone yet and never will be if you know where to look for them.

"I am nineteen years old and do not go out with any boys yet. It seems almost like a long time ago that I cannot find any good ones, and all that I do meet go to dances halls or drink, or hang about in the street like dancing, but cannot do it as I misunderstand an operation a year ago. I would like to meet some nice boys, but it is not possible that I will. Thank you, Cynthia, for taking up so much of your space. BLUE EYES."

Consult a Lawyer Dear Cynthia—Your valuable advice has helped me a great deal. I am writing to you for the first time for some advice. About a year ago I met a young man while working in a theatre. He seemed to keep steady company. I, being very much in love with him at the time, consented to the reading in a theatre of the theatre, while I still work, and struck me a fierce blow on the face, leaving a permanent scar.

"He also threatens a young man who has been in love with me, but it is not possible that I will. Thank you, Cynthia, for taking up so much of your space. BLUE EYES."

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"Reddy" objected to that such an "abnormal" being as he called himself, "let's stop knocking," and immediately "starts in on poor Reddy." I am a footbal fan, and "Reddy" that "Pepp's" idea of an anti-dance is all wrong. But that's neither here nor there. We will further assume that "Pepp's" idea of an anti-dance is all wrong. But that's neither here nor there. We will further assume that "Pepp's" idea of an anti-dance is all wrong.

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WHAT'S WHAT

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DO YOU WANT TO MAKE GOOD FOR SOME ONE ELSE'S SAKE?

Don't Be Discouraged if She Overlooks You After Starting You on Your Way—When You Triumph She Will Be Glad, Too

SHE had just been made head of the department, upon the departure of the woman who had had the position for a number of years.

It was a triumph for her, for she was young and had risen from a small position.

Interest in her work, willingness to learn, adaptability and proof of her ability had gained her one promotion after another, until now, with a vacancy at the head of the department, she was considered the best one to fill it.

And how happy she was!

This would mean more salary, more freedom and the chance to work out her own ideas about the work she loved.

But there was something more than even this to make her eyes shine and her smile radiate her happiness.

For it was a friend who had got the position for her in the first place; a friend of her mother's who held a very responsible place herself, and who recommended the little girl out of the kindness of her heart.

She was taking a chance to do it, for she did not know how the expert would turn out, and it does not speak well for you if you have taken it upon yourself to recommend a "diver."

But she had enough confidence in her to do it for her sake as for anything else that the girl had worked so hard, tried so earnestly to make good.

Now she could go to that friend who had taken a chance on her and show attention.

Kodaks are displayed everywhere. Decoration Day means picnics, trips to the shore, and the camera is indispensable. Pictures pile up and some rainy day you decide to amuse yourself pasting them in the album. And—did you ever know it to fall—there is not any paste.