

Women and Their Interests

The Woman Who Is Over Economical

By Dorothy Dix

We hear so much about the extravagance of women that there is a general impression that all women are wasteful spenders, but in reality, the feminine sex as a whole is rather given to parsimony than it is so prodigal.

This is natural enough because, as a class, women have the actual handling of so little money that a dollar looks as big as a cartwheel to them. Also the great majority of women, having no way of earning money, are afraid to spend what they have, lest when that is gone they get no more.

The one thing that the average woman will spend money for is outside show. She will buy good clothes, and live in as pretentious a house or apartment as she can manage, but she will scribble on her food and the real comforts of life. It is woman, and not man, who will lunch on a chocolate éclair and a glass of soda, and who, when there are no men in the family, subsists on toast and tea, and burns a coal oil lamp to keep down the electric light bill.

Now undoubtedly thrift is an admirable virtue, but it is one of the virtues that lean to vice's side, especially in its over-done estate, and it is a cold, hard fact that just as many women have ruined their husbands and wrecked their homes by stinginess as ever have by extravagance.

There have known women who were so economical that they kept their houses as bare and unattractive as a barn, and whose tables were spread with convict fare. All warmth and beauty and luxury were rigorously lopped off because they cost money, and as a rule the husband and children stayed away from home just as much as possible.

There have known other women so excessively economical that they blighted their family life by putting a price tag on it. The only talk in their homes was about money. The first question concerning anything that was suggested was, "What will it cost?" They couldn't do this because it would cost a dollar. There never was a nickel for the movies nor a dime for a glass of soda water without an endless discussion about it, and a sermon on the sin of wastefulness.

Plenty of men never take their wives anywhere because wife is so economical that she takes all the pleasure out of every treat by worrying over what it cost. She's demanding to know why he got orchestra seats at the greater in-

steadly of gallery seats when he could have saved fifty cents on them, as easy as not. She insists on going to a cheap lunch place instead of a good restaurant for a meal, and she has it if husband even suggests such a thing as a taxi cab.

Now, when a man goes out to have a good time he makes up his mind beforehand to pay the price, and nothing gets on his nerves worse than to have his companion someone who haggles over every penny, and who is such a tightwad that she can't loosen up even enough to enjoy herself. The result is that after a few experiences with a miserly wife the man takes his pleasure alone, or else with some lady of less economical temperament.

Still worse, there are wives so stingy that they make it impossible for a man even to spend the money he earns himself as he pleases. If a man has a hobby such as a wife nags him to death about the money his books or beetles or china cost. If he likes to play golf she is forever figuring up what his club dues and golf sticks cost, if he's crazy about an automobile she never rides in it without bemoaning the cost of gasoline, and lamenting the price of tires.

Such a woman counts it unto herself for righteousness that she is saving her husband's money, and she is always telling him that he would be in the poorhouse if it wasn't for her thrift, but she deceives herself. By her stinginess she not only destroys all the happiness of her home, which is far beyond any money value, but she kills her husband's incentive to make money. Consciously or not, he says to himself "What's the use?" and because his work brings him none of the perquisites that he wants he insensibly slackens effort.

If you will notice you will observe that the happiest families are not those in which the wife is a human cash register recording relentlessly every penny. Doubtless such families grow rich and have money in the bank, but they have no laughter around the dinner table, no chumming of husband and wife together. The happy families are those in which the wife is liberal-minded and liberal-handed, and where the almighty dollar isn't the chief household god.

All of which goes to show that economy, like everything else, is only good in moderation, and that a thrifty wife isn't always the treasure she is painted.

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Master Key" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Universal Film Manufacturing company it is not only possible to read "The Master Key" in this paper, but also afterward to see moving pictures of our story.

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On one side of the gully on which they were camped the sheriff's men had built a fire. It was against a rock, which rose whitely under the moon. Gallon saw his chance. He worked about the fire and in spite of the pain held his hands out over the blaze until he felt the strands of the rope weaken and finally part.

A moment later he was making his way to where the horses were tied. He leaped upon the nearest one and within a second was on his way down the hill into the mist which filled the valley.

But the noise of his horse's hoofs on the rough shale of the hillside awakened the guard.

"I think I will have a cup of coffee," he said to himself sleepily and sluggishly stretched himself. A moment later he flung the empty coffee pot into the darkness. "Sheriff," he cried, "he's gone!"

The sheriff lifted his lanky form as if by a single movement. "Who's gone?" he yelled.

"That man, Gallon," replied the guard.

"We must get him, boys," the sheriff said. They rode to the edge of the hill and looked down into an iridescent sea of mist, a mere pool of curdling moonshine.

"He's got away from us, boys," said the sheriff. "We'll never find him there."

Gallon rode quickly on, no longer seeking for a light, but for darkness, and yet as he felt the pony quiver under him he himself felt a strange tremor—Wilkerson was still alive—somewhere behind that veil was his enemy and the man who knew the location of the richest mine in all golden California.

Mission Street pier marks the point on the San Francisco water front where sooner or later every one in this world passes, and among the multitudes strange, subdued and unsubdued by the tremendous forces which make our civilization, Gallon found himself absolutely unobserved in this through—he was as he hoped to be. Berthed at the pier was a steamship, quartermasters at the gangway, and a sign hung on the rail saying, "We sail at 9:45 p. m."

When he reached his cabin Gallon stealthily took out from his pocket a folded paper and looked at it. He laid it on the white covering of the bunk and once more dipped into his jacket. This time it was the picture of a girl.

"I will save it for you," he murmured to himself. The bare room held but one movable article of furniture—a chest of strange workmanship and redolent of alien lands. Gallon stooped over and pulled at the lid. It came open to his touch, and he saw then a strange conglomeration of articles. An idol lay there, inanimate, but important. He picked it up, and as he did so one of its coral eyes fell out.

To him it was a sinister omen, and he stared for a moment, clutching at his breast. Then he gave way to the hysteria of the hunted and the haunted.

"I don't know whose god you are," he muttered, "but if you must have it—take it." And into the open socket he thrust the paper that held the secret of his mine.

That sleep which is like a shot in the heart overtook Gallon before the Santa Clara was well to sea. He was awakened from it by the sound of an altercation.

"You've got to put back to port," said a voice in an ugly tone.

There was a fusillade of shots, and then the deck beneath him tilted slowly. The chest slid down the deck toward shore. Gallon locked the chest, dragged it across the sill and then looked back to see an enormous wall of water. This wall crumpled, faded, yet left him breathless. What was the matter? Then he saw huge columns of smoke pouring out from the after part of the ship. It was not the inexorable and avenging sea, but fire. He saw the boats go over the side. He saw two men struggling in the tops—yet it was a dream. His consciousness held but two facts—one the chest that contained the secret of his mine, the other the key that had locked within that strange and alien depository the picture of a little girl.

Six hours later a heavy sea drove a piece of wreckage up the crumbling beach beneath a cliff on the Oregon shore. On it was a man—brine drenched, almost unconscious, but still able to crawl beyond the reach of the fin-

gering breakers, clutching a key. It was Thomas Gallon.

He sat down and stared at the burning ship he had left. Dimly he remembered those strange numbers that marked the position of that vessel flaming to destruction far out on the horizon.

137, 23 west; 31, 27 north.

But how to remember them? How to keep this precious information in his head. His groping fingers found the key. A moment later he was scratching the numbers on its soft surface.

"This," he said through his salt parched lips, "is the master key." He stared up at the blue sky, and then bowed his head in utter weakness.

"If Wilkerson is alive he knows. Every day is the same. When can I find the secret of 'The Master Key?'"

Thomas Gallon then picked up his letter file and dully looked over its contents.

"Funny," he thought to himself, "that engineer that I wrote to Drake about has not turned up." He fumbled the letter uncertainly, but the name caught his eye—John Dorr.

At that very moment the motor stage chugged slowly into camp, and a tall, heavily built man swung down into the street, suit case in hand. He looked about him with a trained eye. He saw the opening of a mine upon the hill—the trestle crawling toward the dump, the pump house—all the paraphernalia of an active mine, but he also perceived that the stamp mill was silent.

"I'll bet they've lost the lode!" he thought to himself. He turned to a miner who was passing and asked, "Where is Mr. Gallon?"

"Up there in that bungalow," was the reply.

John Dorr straightened himself up and went quietly up the acclivity, until he finally arrived before a typical California house. To his great astonishment a slender, fair haired girl confronted him, instead of the brusque, rude miner he had been led to expect he would meet on his arrival at "The Master Key."

"I'm John Dorr," he said awkwardly. "I came to see Mr. Gallon. I am the new mining engineer."

Ruth looked at him critically. He was nothing like the men she was used to. His clothes were good. He fairly breathed soap and water, and his very apparent strength glowed beneath a clear, smooth skin and well proportioned limbs. Then she met his eyes in frank admiration.

"I'll call father," she said, but she still hesitated. That gentle face brought the blood to John Dorr's face. He realized that this was a moment he would always remember.

CHAPTER III. The Runaway Car.

ANY man writes down on paper the things he cannot articulate. Thomas Gallon, dreaming of two women, taciturn and silent as he was, wrote down the thoughts which he could not express in speech. His diary, well thumbed, held the history of many a lonely night, but of all these nights there was one that stood out in his mind.

It was the darkness inclosing a woman on a bed. He still heard her whispered cry, "You speak of God, Tom, but I have no religion but motherhood." Before his closed eyes came the vision of a lamp lit, then almost an apparition—the face of his daughter. One life had fled, possibly appalled by the horrors of a world that reeks not of our poor humanity. Yet there was in the dead woman's arms a child, grotesquely asleep, as if unawakened to the sorrows this mother had known.

"Ruth!" he cried. There was no answer from the still woman in the darkness, but thus he had christened his only child.

It seemed to him as if that echo still reverberated from the moon washed hills which marked the site of "The Master Key."

"I am getting old," he thought as he turned the pages of the diary as if unconsciously counting the years since a woman had leaned over his shoulder.

"Ruth!" he murmured again.

The problem before him was no longer dim and vague, as it had been in the days of his prime, but absolutely distinct and clear—what was to become of Ruth when he died? With his trained business intelligence he set himself to solve this question.

He reviewed in his mind all the men and women he had known. It was a strange procession. They marched before his sharpened vision, old partners, fresh young girls, mature women, men with check books in their hands, men dying of thirst on the desert—and Wilkerson. He sternly put out of his mind the thought of his former partner—the man—was he dead? If he had not died that night in the gulch, if he were still alive, knowing the secret of "The Master Key," who would save Ruth from his vengeance?

Then there rose before his mind the straight, strong, almost austere figure of his mining engineer, John Dorr—youthful, of course, but he had proved himself wholly competent in almost every task that had been given him.

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Girls and women of all ages want to be charming, beautiful and attractive—it's their birthright—but stringy, thin and lifeless hair destroys half the beauty of a pretty face.

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JOHN, STAY ANOTHER WEEK



You have eaten Florida oranges that didn't have any flavor. The pulp was dry and stringy and the juice—well, there wasn't much of it but what there was you found to be flat and sour. Not much pleasure in eating oranges like that! The fruit was insipid and tasteless because it didn't ripen on the trees.

Again you have eaten the other kind of Florida oranges—thin-skinned fruit filled with sweet, delightful juice. These oranges tasted so good—um! How you smacked your lips at their delightful flavor! They were so fine, simply because the growers had left them on the trees until fully ripe.

To advance their own interests by protecting those of the consumers of the fruit, progressive orange and grapefruit growers of Florida some years ago formed a co-operative organization. The members are pledged to ship only tree ripened fruit, that has been handled with extreme care from tree to railroad. None but white-gloved workers prepare this fruit for market—it never is touched by human hands before shipment. In the packing houses of the organization no child labor is employed. The name and trade mark of this growers' mutual body is

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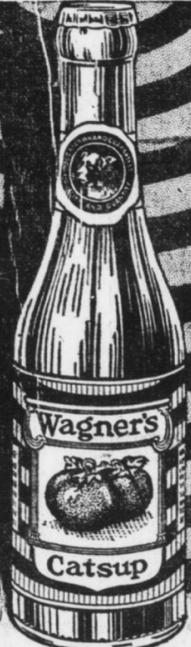
Not many Florida oranges are ripe before winter. One of the few varieties which ripen in the fall is the Parson Brown—named after a good old preacher who had a fine orange grove. The Parson Brown oranges mature in October and November, and often will be sweet and juicy inside before they have become altogether yellow outside. This is true of no other Florida oranges—all other varieties show when they are ripe by their color.

Only a limited number of Parson Brown oranges are grown in Florida. The greater part of the crop is produced by members of the Florida Citrus Exchange. When you buy Parson Brown oranges in boxes that carry the Exchange trade mark you may be sure they are true to name and will be found ripe and sweet. Ask your dealer for Florida Citrus Exchange Parson Brown oranges and you will be sure to get what you want.

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WITH THE FAVORITE RAGLAN SLEEVES

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By MAY MANTON



8385 Blouse with Vest Effect, 34 to 40 bust.

There are so many attractive features in this blouse that it is a little difficult to select any one as especially worthy of mention. The narrow vestee with its collar allows attractive use of white or other contrasting material and the blouse itself is just full enough to give becoming folds. The fact that its raglan sleeves require no fitting and that it can be put together in the briefest possible space of time adds to its charm. In this case, dotted muslin is combined with white organdie. The design is just as well adapted to silk as it is to cotton and wool materials, however, and it would be pretty for the new soft finished taffeta that promises to be worn throughout the season, for crêpe de chine or for any similar silk with the collar and vestee of organdie, pique or white silk. The autumn promises to be a season of long sleeves but there always will be occasions when the elbow length will be desirable and these can be finished in either way.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 3 1/2 yds. of material 27, 2 1/2 yds. 36, 2 yds. 44 in. wide, with 1/2 yd. 30 in. wide for vest, collar and cuffs.

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