

Edna Ferber, Author, Tells Why She Prefers Career to Marriage

A well-known critic, writing upon the captivating theme, "How They Live in the Author in Her Natural Habitat," summarizes the following:

EDNA FERBER.
Place: Central Park West, New York.
Type of Residence: Apartment.
Particulars: Three-year lease.
Linen closet in kitchen.
Properties at windows.
Mantelcases, Persian, candle sticks, Welsh sideboard.
Special details:
After twelve years of living in a hotel, say Miss Ferber, the thought of having a mattress that no else has slept on and six windows from which the park at night, "all purple and black with its little gold balls of light looks just like the sky upside down," fills Miss Ferber with delight. "I never want to move again," she says, "never. They'll have to wheel old 'Grammer Ferber' out when they tear the building down." The only drawback is the distracting view from the windows. Miss Ferber's study is in the back of the apartment. "It's very nice to look down and see two Jersey cows grazing in your own front yard," she comments, "but if I tried to work where I could watch them, I know I wouldn't write 200 words a day."



EDNA FERBER

One of the three or four highest-paid fiction writers in the country—Author of "So Big," "The Girls," "Dawn O'Hara," "Emma McChesney & Co.," "Half Portions," and many short stories.

The townspeople thought me mad, and probably they were right. I used to have to cover the court house, and the jail, and the college, and society, and the markets, and to interview such celebrities as came our Wisconsin way. There were almost six years of this work, first on the little Wisconsin paper, then on a live, yellow bulletin afternoon paper in Milwaukee, then doing some special features for a Chicago morning paper.

It was no part of my plan to become a writer of fiction. That I was the author of a successful novel at 23 was still another accident. Sent home, sick and nervous, I meant to go back to my desk after two weeks' rest. I never went back. In the year that followed I wrote the novel, though I didn't in the least seem to know that this thing I was writing was to be a novel. But writing—or pounding the keys of a rattle-tying typewriter—had become so much a part of my daily life that I found myself almost mechanically putting down words on a sheet of 8 1/2-inch paper slipped between the rubber roll of the crazy old machine which I had bought at second hand.

In those five and a half or six years of newspaper reporting I had done man's work. At 19, fresh from the little up-state town, I was covering the Milwaukee morning police courts where the dregs of the night streets are brought in to be judged. Here was an inexperienced and very young girl working daily among men and doing a man's work; writing in the feverish atmosphere of a somewhat sensational afternoon paper of the breathless type; encountering all sorts of people in every sort of situation; having to cope with these people and wrest from them something they usually did not wish to reveal; being obliged to see the truth behind the veil of pretense which most of her subjects covered themselves.

Pictures and Panoramas.
I shall never forget the shock of that first morning in police court. Huddled in the little ante-room outside the court room was a group of girls, hard-eyed, bedraggled, smeared with the paint of the night before. The bailiff called their names. "Come on now, you!" He consulted a list. "Mattie Kane; Belle Le Grand; Gertrude Fader; Stella Kassell; Minnie Harper." Shivering, bold, insolent, afraid, feigning bravado, they ranged themselves before the judge's bench. "How wretched they look!" I said. "How wretched they look!" they were fined. Twenty-five dollars. Twenty-five dollars. Twenty-five dollars.

"Oh, them!" said the bailiff, a comfortable family man, the corners of his mouth always stained with tobacco juice. "Oh, them! Don't worry about them. They earn it easy."
"Inside me something protested, 'Easy! No! No!'"
Well, there she was, that girl of 19, life was rich, full, busy, fascinating, terrible. Pictures! Panoramas! Work. Exhaustion. Illness.

When Others Were Thinking of Marriage.
Those years had gone whizzing by—leaping—tumbling over each other. When other girls were going to school, to college, dancing, playing, flirting, laughing, buying pretty clothes, thinking of marriage—and quite properly they should have been—I was interviewing, perhaps the Polish woman living near the West Allis machine shops and asking her why she had got up that night and killed her husband with a meat ax. Curiously enough, she always told why. I found out, in those years, that if you wait patiently enough, and silently enough, and receptively enough, almost anyone will tell you almost anything.

The illness that had sent me home passed, but the habit of writing stuck. So, too, did the habit of trying to peer behind the veil of pretense. And this is true. Knowing what I know, having experienced what I have experienced, both pleasant and unpleasant, I am certain that if I could not get back the hands of the clock so as again to be that girl of 19, given the choice of such a life as I have had on one hand, and that of marriage without it on the other hand, I should choose the life I have had.

And I emphatically am not one of those who sneer at marriage. It would have been glorious to have both. Writing is, for me, the hardest kind of work. I slave at it. I drudge at it. But it has brought me years of great joy. This I know: if I were to die tomorrow (and sense it

a minute before it came) I'd say, with my last breath, that I died miles ahead of the game. I've had a grand time!
More Marriage for Congeniality.
It was inevitable that the girl who, from 17 to 23, watched life from the vantage point of a newspaper office, should have acquired the habit of curiosity in every phase of life about her. Certainly that institution known as marriage could not fail to receive from her some interest, if bewildered, attention. Yet from these observations she has derived only the same set of trite conclusions set down and uttered by thousands of others. Still, if there is nothing new to say about marriage itself certainly there is something new to be said about the angle from which it is being approached by young men and women today.

The reasons why men marry have never been numerous. It might roughly (too roughly, perhaps) be said that they marry because they love some girl, or because some girl has made up her mind to marry them. Men are not complex. The reasons why women marry are more varied and numerous. Women marry for love. They marry to get away from the family. They marry for what they call freedom (paradoxically enough). They marry for money. They marry for a living. They marry because all their friends are getting married. They marry because, from childhood, they have been brought up with the idea that marriage is their ultimate goal. They marry because they are lonely. They marry because some man asks them to.

In the last 10 years there has been a great shifting of proportions in this list of why-they-do-it. For the last 10 years the social and economic life of women in America, England, France and Germany has changed so vastly that now and then she must say to herself, like the old lady in the Mother Goose rhyme, "Can this be I!" Of course there still are girls who marry for a living, for freedom, because the other girls are marrying, for any one of a number of bad reasons. But the proportion of girls who marry because, with a clear, critical and appreciative eye, they see here a man whose mind marches with theirs, whose outlook on life is from much the same angle as theirs, whose ideals, whose mode of life, whose standards are in accord with theirs, is unquestionably greater than ever before.

But how about this thing called love? demands the romantic.
It's there. Only it isn't there alone, unprotected, exposed to all the bars and arrows with which life is so fully equipped for its murder. No. To sustain it, to protect it, to keep it alive, and warm, and fed, so that it develops and grows richer and fuller with the years, there are understanding, and humor and tolerance, and respect for personal liberty, and frankness and honesty.

Right here I quite shamelessly quote from a novel called "The Girls" by Edna Ferber. In it Charlotte Kemp, or "Charley" Kemp, as she is called, is trying to explain to her nuptials and tight-lipped grandmother why she is going to marry the impetuous man of her choice.
I quote:
"What is your reason?" snapped Mrs. Payson.
"Well," Charley replied, slowly, "the same thing strikes us funny at the same time. We like the same kind of book though we may disagree about it. We like to be outdoors a lot and we understand each other's language and we're not sentimental and we don't snarl if food is delayed and we don't demand explanations, and any one of these reasons would make marriage between two people a reasonably safe bet."

Mrs. Payson forced herself to a tremendous effort. "You haven't said you're—you're—in love with him!"
"I haven't said anything else."
Now this Charley of the story didn't in the least mean that she didn't get a 50,000-volt thrill when her sweet heart was near. She meant that she had the other things, plus the thrill, and that she was therefore on her way to a happy marriage. That Charley was supposed to be typical of today's younger generation about which there is so much to do. Every now and then, in the midst of the to-do, some one comes along who would have been glorious to have both. Writing is, for me, the hardest kind of work. I slave at it. I drudge at it. But it has brought me years of great joy. This I know: if I were to die tomorrow (and sense it

Orchard-Wilhelm

SIXTEENTH AND HOWARD STREETS

Cretonne Garden

"Of Brooks and Birds and Trees and Bowers,
Of April-May, of June and July Flowers"
—With apologies to the poet.

What a wealth of color and design doth the magic word cretonne conjure in the imagination. Surely no home or room is completely furnished without at least a few items made from this most desirable drapery material—and the spring season of all seasons is the most logical time to drape with cretonne.

Then again—

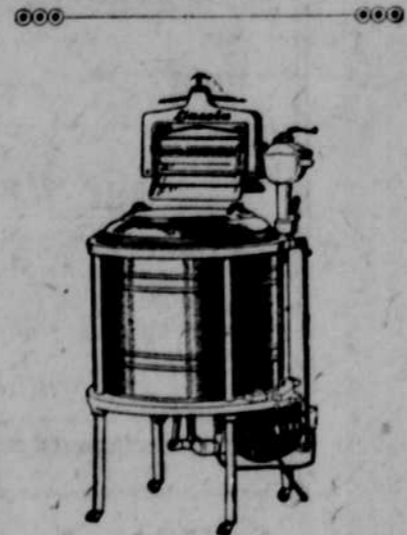
We have patterns to show you and things to tell you about cretonne that far surpass in interest any previous attempt, for instance:

We have guaranteed sunfast and washable cretonnes—the supreme accomplishment that manufacturers have been striving after for many years.

Then we have cretonne that will not fade in the sun, but that manufacturers hesitate to guarantee against injudicious washing. You will be interested in seeing our "Town and Country," "Kingsington" Prints, "Kewwick" Prints, "Ullswater." Cretonnes (printed on the banks of the Ullswater river, England, known for the peculiar properties of its waters in setting colors), "Canterbury" Prints and Glazed Chintz.

Cretonnes are grouped and marketed to sell at
25c 38c 55c 68c 75c
-95c 1.00 1.50
and 2.00

Main Floor



Lincoln Ring-Vac Electric Washers

The sheerest, most delicate fabrics are washed with no possibility of the slightest wear or tear. The "Vacuum Gusher" action cascades hot, sudsy water and powerful waves of air through and through each fabric being washed. All embedded dirt—even in soft collars and shirt cuffs—is loosened and dissolved quickly and safely.

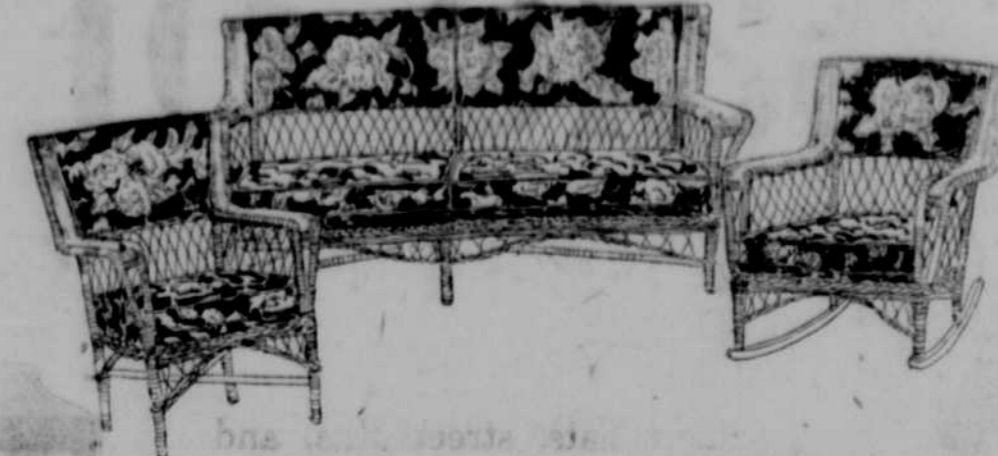
This efficient washing principle can be found only in the Lincoln Ring-Vac. Its attractive appearance, its gleaming copper tub, its compactness and mechanical simplicity will please you as much as its greatly improved washing qualities.

American Beauty Iron and Ironing Board FREE

with every Ring-Vac sold this week. This is absolutely FREE to all who get their orders in this coming week.

TERMS We feel that Lincoln Ring-Vacs are necessities that pay for themselves, so we are willing to let you have them on terms equivalent to the amount of your weekly laundry bill, in other words, pay as you save.

KALTEX—"The furniture with a heart of iron"—so called because of the wire that runs through the center of the fiber from which it is woven; has an unusually strong appeal because it is shown in most attractive designs, finishes and upholsteries as well as being very sturdy and serviceable, while the low prices at which we sell it brings it within the reach of all. We are showing the following finishes: Fawn, Sepia, Baronial Brown, Frosted Mahogany, Forest Green and others.

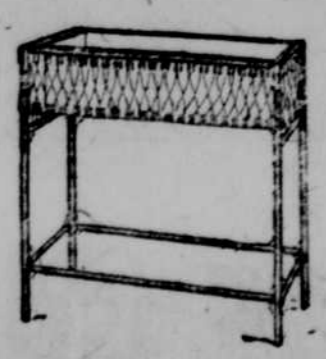
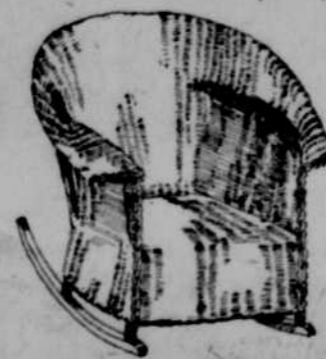


3 Pc. Baronial Brown Living Room Suite

An ideal suite for the apartment or small home. The davenport is 68 inches in length and fitted with loose, spring filled cushions and upholstered backs. Chair and rocker are roomy and comfortable. Finished in Baronial Brown. Upholstered in good quality verdure tapestry. 3-piece suite complete...

81⁶⁵

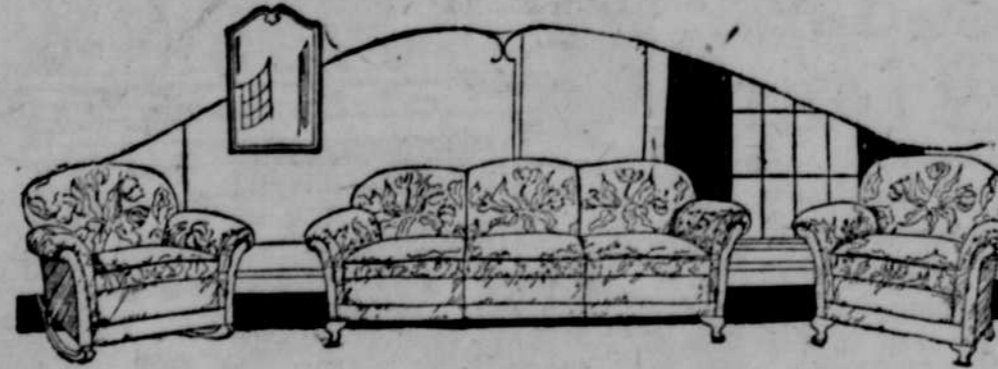
Separate Davenport . . . 44.75 Rocker 18.45 Chair 18.45



3-Pc. Lloyd Loom Living Room Suite—Including large, roomy arm rocker as pictured, with chair and 6-foot settee to match. Three pieces, complete 59.45
Separately: Davenport, 29.75
Chair or rocker 14.85

Kaltex Spring Seat Arm Rocker—An attractive roomy, medium size rocker of winsome beauty and utility. Shown in Baronial Brown with spring seat, upholstered in tapestry 17.85
Also shown in sepia with high grade cretonne upholstery. Separately: Davenport, 21.00
And frosted mahogany with tapestry upholstery at 22.00

Kaltex Fernery is 12 inches wide, 29 inches long, 20 inches high. Complete with heavy galvanized pan; in Baronial Brown finish. Extra special value 5.75



3 Piece Living Room Suite SPECIAL

A full-length Davenport, Chair and Rocker, as pictured, upholstered in

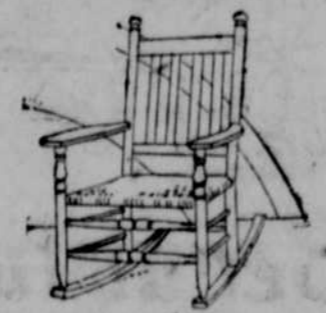
125⁰⁰

Blue and Taupe Velour—MONDAY ONLY

Orders will be accepted on the above subject to limited number of frames and quantity of upholstery in the factory. Delivery in one week.

No. 1 Special Mattress

is made of a combination of 50 pounds of cotton felt and wood wool, covered with fancy art ticking, securely tufted and tailored with a roll edge. A comfortable mattress at a very low price—
—in any size. 9.85



Boston Special Kaltex Rocker

An extra large, extremely comfortable high back, spring seat arm rocker, upholstered in pleasing tapestries, finished in Baronial Brown 19.75
Also on sale in frosted mahogany at 23.50

Maple Porch Rockers—Natural maple color; double, hand-woven cane seats make them very comfortable; while the stretcher arrangement makes them very strong. 3.95



Coffee Tables—Exactly as pictured in antique brown mahogany. A special value, 7.50

Your Porch Needs a New Hammock

Splendid hammocks in plain brown duck, complete with mattress and chains for hanging at—
13.75 21.50 25.00
27.50 29.75 32.00
39.50 and 42.50
Standards 5.00, 6.50, 8.50
Awnings to match—
6.50 to 12.50



A Unique Book Rack, 21 inches long, 23 inches high. For the arm of a chair or davenport. This is a new and sturdy design that has character and beauty of line. Finished antique brown mahogany 11.75

Medicine Cabinet—In white enamel, 4.00, 5.75, 6.00, 8.00 and up to 15.75.

We have selected and grouped about two hundred bargains in

RUGS

that will appeal to the woman who is anxious to own a good rug at a very small outlay.

Lot 1—
9x12 Axminster rugs in a good assortment of desirable patterns, some slightly mismatched, but otherwise perfect, are offered. Regularly these rugs sell as high as \$37.50. Special price,

\$25

A few 8-3x10-6 Axminsters in the above.

Lot 2—
9x12 Velvet and Axminster Rugs, many of them seamless, in copies of the Chinese rugs and tapestry designs. These are all of excellent quality, but some are slightly shaded. Values up to \$47.50.

\$35

Lot 3—
9x12 Extra Heavy Axminster and Wilton Velvet Rugs in a large assortment of colors and designs. \$69.50 values.

\$50

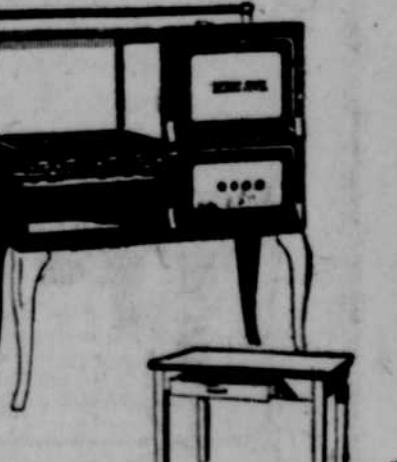
Crex Grass Rugs for Spring and Summer—the cottage home, porches, bedrooms or for use instead of heavy wool rugs throughout the summer in any room of your home.

4-6x7-6 Summer Rugs . . . 5.75
6x9 Summer Rugs 8.50
8x10 Summer Rugs 12.00
9x12 Summer Rugs 12.75

Rattania Fiber Rugs
in the newest, gayest spring patterns for sun parlor or bedrooms.
3x6 Rattania 3.50
4-6x7-6 Rattania 7.50
6x9 Rattania 12.00
7-8x10-6 Rattania 17.00
9x12 Rattania 18.50

Guaranteed Congoleum "Gold Seal" Rugs

We are showing a complete line of these beautiful rugs. The fact that they are absolutely GUARANTEED (replacement without question if you are not satisfied) recommends them to housewives everywhere.
9x12 Guaranteed Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs 18.00
9x10-6 Guaranteed Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs 15.75
6x9 Guaranteed Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs 9.00
3x6 Guaranteed Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs 2.50
3x4 1/2 Guaranteed Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs 1.95
Other Sizes in Proportion.



All This Week the 62.50 Range illustrated will be sold at 49.50

And White Porcelain Top Table illustrated will be given FREE.

FEATURES—White porcelain parts as shown. Oven large enough for WEAR-EVER turkey roaster.

Detroit Jewel Gas Range and Oil Stoves
Offer a size and kind to fit your kitchen, your household and your purse.

TERMS
Accounts opened for those who wish to defer payments to the first of May and thereafter you may pay as little as, per month 500
FREE
Every woman who purchases a Detroit Jewel Gas Range this coming week will receive a White Porcelain Top Kitchen Table.
Fuel line and connections FREE. A liberal allowance made on your old stove.