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THE OMAHA GUIDE

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BLUE RIBBON FICTION IS FOUND EVERY WEEK IN
THE FEATURE SECTION

BRIGHT LIGHTS

Here's a Black-eyed Maryland Farm Girl Who Says Life Owes Her Something. She Starts Out to Get It by Learning How to "Run" a Typewriter. Then things happen.

A New Love Serial
By Ted Haviland

There never were many pretty girls in Cream Ridge, and that was what set Ellen Young apart from all the rest. For Ellen Young was undeniably, radiantly, beautiful. She was tall; her face was smooth and olive-tinted, her hair long and dark, her eyes deep and coal-black. And even beyond her beauty there was a certain charm, a hint of strong personality, which made her stand out wherever she happened to be.

The youngest of a family of five, she was born and brought up in one of those little tumble-down, frame houses which so abound in Cream Ridge. And for eighteen years she lived in the squalid, poverty-stricken atmosphere of this place she called home, looking out at the life about her with longing eyes, with the firm hope and conviction that some day, in some manner, she would be able to make something great and wonderful out of herself.

One by one, she had seen her brothers and sisters leave the little house to get married and settle down elsewhere, and enviously at first, she had watched them. But that envy had changed to sullen disappointment as she came to a better understanding of what their marriages had really meant, as she discovered that instead of freeing the shackled brothers and sisters of her, had chained them unreluctantly to a life of dreary, unrelieved monotony, had killed within them whatever ambition, whatever hopes for the future, they might ever have possessed.

Then marriage was certainly not for her. But what other course could a girl take? She ran down the list of her closest friends, and asked herself what each one of them was doing.

First, there was Dora Parker. Dora had run away when she was fifteen, had found herself a job in the home of some rich woman. She was treated decently and paid good wages, and that, for her, had meant success. But after all, her job was only a menial one—she cooked and washed and ironed and straightened up about the house—and that was not the kind of occupation which Ellen sought for herself.

Then there was Jean Fisher, a fine, almost beautiful young girl, who had spent four years in a Maryland boarding school for girls. At the end of these four years she had been graduated with honors, a capable dietitian. But what had all this meant, after all? And what was she doing now? Why, she had practically the same kind of job which Dora held—working in somebody's kitchen.

And there were countless examples of the same thing—girls who had started out with ambition, with great intentions, only to end up in the same old way. Certainly there must be some way for a girl, with all her life ahead of her, to rise out of this menial, this servant class.

Ellen thought the matter over time and again, but each time the problem seemed only the more baffling. She had gone as far, at eighteen, as the poorly equipped schools of Cream Ridge would allow, but what, actually, had she learned? Had she been taught to do any one thing which would, in the future, contribute either directly or indirectly to her support, which would eventually enable her to lift the heavy burden of pov-

erty from the worn shoulders of her mother and her father? No, she suddenly discovered, she had not. All these things which had been taught her, which she had learned with such pathetic eagerness—history, arithmetic, geography, Latin—of what earthly use were they to her now?

The more she contemplated the matter of her future, the firmer became her conviction that she must find some way to cross the unkind fate which, seemed to have dogged the footsteps of those about her. She, if not they, would make something of herself.

Yet what was there that she could do? Searching about for some means of reaching that elusive goal which she had set for herself, her mind at first struck a snag. But finally a brilliant idea came to her. She remembered suddenly that there was a business college in the great city of which Cream Ridge was so infinitesimal a part, and she remembered that once, long ago, a young colored girl had graduated from it with honors. Then why couldn't she? Stenography struck her as being the kind of work she would enjoy.

She applied to the college and after several weeks of consideration was finally admitted. But her expenses—who was to pay them? She had almost no money of her own, and certainly she couldn't ask her parents to take over this added burden. Could she possibly get work? She tried. And after about three weeks she found a job, cooking, in a tiny tea room. It was kitchen work but she didn't mind it now, for she thought of it only as a means to an end. And what a glorious end!

After six long months she graduated, having mastered thoroughly the intricacies of shorthand and typewriting. That was a happy day for her, for it meant that she was finally getting somewhere, accomplishing something.

The next step was to find a job, and this was no easy task. There was not a single business in Cream Ridge, it seemed, large enough, or progressive enough, to require the services of a first-class stenographer. And the business men of the downtown district took one look at the fair olive of her skin and informed her with bare politeness that no extra help was needed. She thought finally of giving up the tea-room job and leaving for some other city, but just at that time her mother became ill and her little income was sorely needed to help out at home.

So she stayed on at the tea-room, working hard, saving what little she could. There was only one em-



A life of dreary, unrelieved monotony



Working in somebody's kitchen

ployer. Jerry was a smart, up-standing chap, and he was ambitious just as Ellen was. He had worked in the tea-shop for several years, had studied on the quiet every phase of its operation. And some day, he told Ellen, he would have a similar one of his own, serving only the best in food and drink, catering to the highest class of society. Oh, he had it all worked out. For hours, sometimes, when they were not too busy with customers, he would regale Ellen with his plans. And she would smile and compliment him upon them. She came, in time, to like Jerry for a great many reasons. After all, he was not bad-looking; he was reasonably intelligent, and he had broad vision. She could not help feeling that his venture, whatever it turned out to be, would not end up a failure. She helped him plan the exact location of the proposed shop, helped him originate new and tasty dishes to be featured, helped him arrange imaginary menus.

One day he said, "Ellen, I've got pretty nearly enough to get that tea-shop started right now. I'm going to rent that old white house out on the road—the one that looks so much like a plantation house—and I'm going to get a typical old Southern furniture to furnish it. All I need now is a couple of hundred dollars—I can borrow that—and a swell little cook like you."

Cook! The very mention of her occupation cut Ellen to the quick. But she smiled, knowing that Jerry had meant nothing by his reference. "Jerry," she said, "I think you've got a great idea, and I think you'll be successful at it. I'd like to work with you—but I wouldn't like to leave this job for something that's not just a little bit higher. I studied stenography, and I want to get into that sort of work just as soon as I get a chance."

"But couldn't you cook for my place just until you got your new job? I wouldn't want to hold you down if you actually had something better, but after all, you haven't, you know."

She turned the matter over in her mind for a few moments. Finally she said, "You'd better give me time, Jerry. Let me think the whole thing over."

He said, "All right, and you let me know tomorrow what your answer is."

All that evening and late at night she continued to think the matter over. She liked Jerry, of course—she admitted that—but was that any reason why she should give up her present job for one which seemed so uncertain, so extremely hazardous? Her mind wavered back and forth, and when the following morning came she still had not come to any definite decision.

But that morning brought news which precluded the necessity for any conclusion. She heard from a friend, as she was on her way to work, that a new young man,

Harold Stern, had just come into Cream Ridge and had taken over an office suite in the Elite Hotel, a local hotel. He was a representative of one of the great political parties, and his business here was to get the people of Cream Ridge out to vote for the man whom his party was sponsoring in the forthcoming election. But the most important act of all was—that he needed a stenographer.

Ellen forgot about her work in her anxiety to get to the hotel and see the man. She found him alone in the little suite of office rooms, a tall, dark, slender, well-dressed young fellow of about twenty-four years. He seemed very much surprised when she entered.

"I heard," she told him bluntly, "you needed a stenographer."

He smiled a little as he looked her over. "Gee," he said with a grin, "news certainly does get around fast in this town. I was just about to put an ad in the paper when suddenly, at of a blue-sky, you walked in."

"You won't need to advertise now," Ellen informed him, returning his smile.

"Oh!" He laughed out loud. "Say, you're a pretty fast one, aren't you? Well, let's see what you can do."

He tested her briefly with a bit of dictation, watched her as she typed it neatly on a typewriter which she found on one of the desks. "That's O.K., sweetie," he approved. "I guess you'll do all right."

Ellen revolted involuntarily under the touch of familiarity which she found in his voice, but in her happiness at finding a new job, this was soon forgotten. She said, "When do you want me to get started?"

"There'll be nothing to do just now," he informed her. "By noon I'll have things in working order and there'll be some letters I'll have to get out right away. But until then I'll just have to spend my time straightening out this mess." He indicated the upset office rooms. "If you want to, you may go and come back."

"I'll do that, then." She turned and hurried out of the office, then walked briskly through the narrow streets to the tea-house in which she had worked for so many months. She found the proprietor absent, so she sought out Jerry. He seemed particularly glad to see her.

"Where've you been?" he asked. "I thought maybe you were sick; I was getting real worried. And what about that idea of mine, the tea-room—did you decide to go through with that?"

His boyish eagerness saddened her. She shook her head slowly. "No, Jerry," she said. "I just couldn't bring myself to it."

"But Ellen—" he cried. "I'd love to help you, Jerry—you know it. But right now I'm just sick of cooking and washing dishes and all that. I want to get out of the kitchen. It's gotten on my nerves..."

Jerry gulped hard. "Maybe you didn't understand," he hastened to explain. "I didn't want you to be just a cook—I wanted you to be my partner. Just as soon as we could afford to hire somebody else to do the cooking—" He stopped short, gulped again. "Y'see, Ellen, I was sort of figuring on you marrying me soon's we got the thing going. Course I never said nothing about it but I had it all planned out. We could live together in the upstairs part of that old house—"

Ellen wavered. But the thrill of her newly found job overcame her, she could not let so wonderful an opportunity slip through her fingers. She said, "I'm sorry, Jerry. Gee, I'm awfully sorry. But it just won't work out that way. You see, I've got another job."

"A job! Doing what?" "I'm going to be a stenographer

—really this time."

"Whose stenographer?" "I'm working for Harold Stern."

"I heard he was a cheap politician—a bum. A theatrical man."

"He's not a bum, Jerry. He's a very nice man. I didn't see anything wrong with him. I rather liked him."

The admission seemed to cut deep into Jerry's heart. "Oh, all right," he muttered brokenly, "I guess—I guess you just haven't got any more use for a guy like me..."

"Oh, Jerry—" she cried. But it was too late. He had disappeared into the kitchen. She watched the door as it swung to a close behind him. Then slowly she turned and left the shop.

The story of Ellen Young will be continued in this paper next week. Don't miss it.

Tempting to the Taste and Easy to Prepare

SWEET POTATO SOUFFLE

5 medium sized sweet potatoes, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon Rumford Baking Powder, 3 tablespoons butter, dash of white pepper, cream.

Boil potatoes and put through ricer. Add baking powder, salt, pepper and butter. Add cream to make quite moist and beat vigorously. Put into a greased baking dish and bake in a hot oven, about 400 degrees F. until mixture is puffed and browned. Marshmallows may be added to top and browned if desired.

POTATO CROQUETTES

2 cups hot riced potatoes, 1 teaspoon Rumford Baking Powder, dash of cayenne, yolk of 1 egg, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons minced onion, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons butter.

Beat all together and cool on platter. When cool, shape into balls, dip in beaten egg, then roll in fine crumbs and fry in deep, hot fat. Drain. Serve with a relish accompaniment.

FUDGE SQUARES

3 squares chocolate, 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup butter, 3 eggs, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon Rumford Baking Powder.

Melt chocolate with butter, over hot water. Beat eggs well, add sugar. Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Add vanilla, nuts and melted chocolate and butter. Beat well. Spread ¼ inch thick in greased pan. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in oven 325 to 350 degrees F. Cut in squares.

RASPBERRY PUFFS

2½ cups flour, 2½ teaspoons Rumford Baking Powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, separated, 1 tablespoon melted butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 cups raspberries.

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Beat yolks of egg with sugar. Add milk. Add melted butter. Add flour, beaten white and berries. If canned berries are used, drain well. Fill greased cups partly full and bake 12 to 15 minutes in moderate oven, 350 to 375 degrees F. Serve with hard sauce.

Household Hints

To clean kid gloves and make them look like new, first clean them thoroughly, then rub them with the white of an egg.

Experience has taught that steamed vegetables hold their flavor much longer, and are more healthful than cooked in any other way.