

Woman's Work in the World

From Mountain Top of Achievement She Dwells With Chosen Few

"A Girl Must Have a Receptive Mind, She Must Be Willing to Be Taught and Never Shirk Responsibility."

By PEGGY NATTINGER.

HIST! draw near, for we have a clue, or perhaps, more correctly, but inelegantly, a "hunch." We are sure that we have discovered just what the mystical "E" that stands alone between the Mary and the Sturgeon signifies. Efficiency! We know we are on the right trail, for we have talked to the young woman with the Emma McChesney smile who bears this name.

Peeping over a huge roll-top desk, we spied her, bounded on the north by portraits of those champions of democracy, General Pershing and Marshal Foch, and on the south by one of those snappy little mottoes, whose red letters fairly scream at you, "This is My Busy Day." But we were undaunted, for every day is a busy one for Mary E. Sturgeon, and rubbing elbows with the glue pot and a shrilling telephone, we listened to this genius of the advertising world tell us "just how it's done."

Success, that fickle goddess who smiles and beckons and then flits away just as we grasp the hem of her gleaming robe, flashed across the vision of a certain girl of the work-a-day world. Her thoughts would skip ahead of "yours of the 17th instant received," and rosy visions of the future filled the mind of the little brown-eyed stenographer who tapped the keys in a dingy office. It was not the scaring headlines or the news of the day that attracted Mary Sturgeon as much as the advertising pages. The willowy ladies wearing the season's smartest suits, the beautiful hats set above smiling faces and all the figures of the pen and ink world who dwell in the kingdom of advertising, fascinated her.

A kindly employer loaned this ambitious worker text books on advertising and the midnight oil was burned steadily while she pored over the volumes which were to be the "open sesame" to the promised land. Then followed a long and discouraging search for the position where the technical side of the advertising game might be learned. But the gods smiled and Mary Sturgeon began her training in a local store.

The rest has been easy, for since the intricacies of "layouts," "cuts" and other bewildering details were mastered she has become very friendly with the elusive goddess, Success.

But Mary E. Sturgeon has a message to all girls who have turned their footsteps in business paths. She entreats them to heed the clarion call of the busy world and not to be content with merely filling a small niche.

"A girl must have a receptive mind," this business woman says; "she must be willing to be taught and she must not shirk responsibility."

Every buyer in the huge establishment knows that he will find a friend and interested listener when he approaches the feminine advertising manager. It matters not whether it be cut steel buckles or green sweaters, she is deeply interested, and her quick mind immediately begins to plan and scheme just how these wares may be made most alluring to Millady when she would a-shopping go.

Every year Miss Sturgeon buys thousands of dollars of good will for her firm. Every line of her ads must attract a certain number, and hence her vocabulary is her stock-in-trade. The English language, which we handle so carelessly every day, becomes such a vital thing which we realize how much depends on the choice of words and how an author of ads must scheme and plan to make old expressions new.

"And you have to fight," said Mary Sturgeon, a glint in her brown eyes, "you have to be so strong and so sure of your ground." And we glanced beyond and our beloved warriors gave us a grim little look from their places on the wall, and we just wondered, all to ourselves, if Mary "Efficiency" Sturgeon didn't gain inspiration, and perhaps strength, to battle with the army of competitors from these two leaders of men.

Kindness and consideration for those whom she supervises is Miss Sturgeon's prime thought. In the hard days when she was toiling up the first rounds of the ladder of success it was her misfortune to work under the jurisdiction of an unpleasant personage of the feminine persuasion. As each trying day followed another one the stern determination was formed by Mary Sturgeon that she would always be kind to the girls whom she directed, if she ever attained a position of responsibility.

In fact, just to whisper a little secret, we believe that this advertising manager is partial to her own sex to the "nth degree, for she tells us very frankly that young business women are most efficient as a general thing and that they give strict attention to small details. In regard to the question of punctuality, which is being discussed by many employers, Miss Sturgeon voices her praises of the girls who write the letters of the world.

lubricated with the oil of co-operation of good-fellowship. Anyone who would learn the rules of the advertising game will find a willing teacher in this young woman who has reached a pinnacle in that line. But Mary Sturgeon tells us with a sad little shake of her head, that she finds few girls who are interested enough to forego pleasures and vanities and apply themselves to serious study. They may arrive on the dot in the morning and their letters may be works of art, but added responsibilities do not appeal and the average business girl is content with her little sphere, keeping one eye on the time clock and the other on Dan Cupid.

From the mountain top of Achievement, where she dwells with the chosen few who belong to the great fraternity of Things Accomplished, Mary Sturgeon reaches a helping hand to the timid ones who have just begun the perilous ascension, for her heart is warm and her sympathies boundless.

Heart Beats

By A. K.

One Monday morning
Right after a
Sunday morning
We began tapping
Out reams of
Copy for
The afternoon edition
When we saw
A man come in
Whom we recognized
As the husband of
The woman whose
Picture
We had used
In the Sunday sheet
We started
We turned cold
We turned hot
We grew angry
We began a mental
Defense
And we tried to
Remember what
We had said in
Our story about his wife
That this man
Should come to
Attack us
So early
In the morning
We watched him
Go through the
Door to
The colonel's office
Then come back
Accompanied by
The colonel
They both disappeared
Behind the swinging
Door which separates
Us from our
Editor in chief
Who is we admit
The Court
Of Last Appeals
But no matter what
This man might say
We counted on
A square deal
From the Judge
In this Court
Of Last Appeals
So we braced ourselves
For what might come
And were determined
To fight like fiends
If we must.
Then the door opened
And the two men
Stepped out
And came up smiling
And the man we thought
We would have to fight
Said these kind words:
"I wish to express my
Appreciation of the
Beautiful story you
Wrote about my wife."

(Pause, gulp, giggle
green spots and a
dizzy sensation)
We wanted to say
All sorts of nice
Things to this man
Because we felt them
But the shock was too
Great and we were
Speechless
And stuttered
And blushed
Just like we were
Used to expressions
Of appreciation
But we are NOT
And that is why
We couldn't say
What we wished we had
Said a few minutes
Later when we recovered
From our senseless state
Here is a secret:
We have two pages
On our mental Ledger
Of folks—and folks
And we etched
His name
On the credit side
Where he has a small
And very select
Group of friends
The opposite side
Is stamped full of
Names of the other
Kind who never chirp
Unless they wish
To kick
Or tell the "Judge"
How ignorant we are
Although the "Judge"
Doesn't believe them.
Now you know
Why we say
Hurrah!
For the select few
Whose names are etched
With the human soot.



Miss Mary E. Sturgeon

PHOTO BY LUMIERE

Royalty's List of Eligibles is Dwindling and Poor Prince May Have to Marry Beneath Him

By NABOTH HEDIN.
Paris, Feb. 22.—The Italian queen and her two daughters, the Princesses Yolande and Mafalda, arrived in Paris incognito a few days ago. For three weeks the prince of Wales lived in Paris—also incognito—until recently he made a tour of the American army centers with General Pershing. The prince is expected to return to Paris shortly.

The coincidence revives the old report that Queen Mary desired an Italian daughter-in-law as the future English queen, a prospect which is understood also to have pleased the Italian court.

Since Russian princesses are not available, both for family reasons—they being related to the English

royal family—and political grounds, and since the very thought of an alliance with one of the German princesses is out of the way, there remains for choice the Scandinavian and Italian princesses for the prospective British queen. Against the Scandinavian possibilities there is the objection of German sympathies, so that the question simmers down to the Italian candidates, which, furthermore, would keep the match within the entente and avoid a union between relatives.

Of General Interest to Women

A fire screen of black enameled metal will charm all open fire lovers.

Hot cornmeal-mush can be improved by a grating of cheese over it.

Never stir rice, as it causes it to fall to the bottom of the vessel and burn.

Eggs are one of the best meat substitutes.

Corn oysters are served with powdered sugar, honey, syrup or chili sauce.

Just Between Ourselves and Gabby Detayls Secrets Will Out

"Estaters" From the Country Are Giving Us Competition and It Behooves Us to Come Out of Our Comas to Compete

By GABBY DETAYLS.

CITY sisters! I would a word with thee! For verily it is time for us to wake up—come out of our take-it-for-granted coma and notice the women from the farms. Our city has been abronch with outsiders this week. We have had more conventions to the square block than any place in the country outside of New York and Chicago. Naturally when the men come in for a week of business-and-pleasure, many of the women of these families take advantage of the opportunity to enjoy our hospitality also.

There has been, for some time, a debate going on as to whether women should use rouge and powder. It was about 30-50 so far as we can learn from the public press; one 50 denouncing the custom as belonging to wild women; the other 50 giving rhymes and reasons why the fair sex should, by the use of certain cosmetics, become fairer. We sat back, laughed, agreed and disagreed, and continued to use or not to use, rouge and powder, according to our habits of other days.

But one day this week we rushed into a quick lunch affair in self-defense, (one of those days when we must lunch quickly or not at all), and found the place crowded with strangers. The men were well dressed, good looking, straight-forward appearing souls; but their complexions were a little weather-beaten, which led us to suspect that they were farmers. We listened and were sure of it because they were talking markets, government and international problems.

But the women! Mercy me! Such pretty, well-dressed-right-in-style women! Why, girls dear! their hats were "models" and their gowns were "fashioned" after something. And the way they wore them! Pardon, please, for all these breathless exclamations, but it was an awakening to us. They were perfectly at ease; they performed no gymnastics with the silver; they ordered casually without embarrassment and were quite as much at home as we who trot around the streets of the cities every day—and they looked as though they had a lot more money.

At last, we have come to the question of cosmetics. These women were not only adepts in the art of powder, rouge and cream make-up but so skillfully had they applied the lip sticks and mascara that it made some of us city sisters look like daubs of paint. Since our shock we admit that we have a great deal more respect for rouge and lip-sticks after we gazed admiringly at our friends from the country.

Now girls, it's just like this! We've got to spruce up a bit, be more careful about our heels, our coiffures, the angle of our hats and the length of our skirts if we do not wish our sisters from the farms to put us to shame.

Western farms and farmers should be modern in every way, therefore we shall speak of them hereafter, not as farms and farmers but as estates and estaters. We are game and have no sour grapes.

Our "millionaire" club members are still on the fence as to whether their dues shall be \$200, or \$2,000 a year. They have so much money that they care nothing about expenses, but several of them being substantial business men, are "arguing" and it seems to be something about a hold-up. We cannot understand this, since we are all so accustomed to being "held up" that we take it as a part of the routine.

If the dues go up to \$2,000 (please don't take our word for the figures because we have poor memories) there will be an exclusive few privileged to gather at this club. But casting our finger over the list of the ultra-ultra wealthy, we have

our doubts as to the congeniality of this select few if they are forced (by the exclusion of many good, jolly souls, who have spent more than they have frowned) to mingle intimately.

Well, we should worry. It isn't our affair, or our club, but it is our gossip column.

Coming events cast their sparkles before and our minds immediately run along the lines of orange blossoms and tulle when a pretty girl wears a solitaire. But this time we have the same sparkles from a new angle, for you see it's not an engagement ring! Everyone knows the girl, for her charming personality has won her many friends, but the man in the case, who is overseas, is not so familiar to us. But the ring wherewith we speak is worn on the little finger—instead of the fourth—and is a tiny band set with diamonds. It came from overseas and was wrapped with clusters of mistletoe and holly, for it was a yuletide remembrance, you see. Many friends have admired the beautiful gift, but not one has discovered the identity of the donor.

We hear on good authority that this attractive maiden gave a very informal little tea not long ago when she told her intimate girl friends of her engagement, but the formal announcement has not yet been made. However, we are waiting eagerly for the next sparkle, as we are confident it will radiate from the fourth finger of milady's left hand.

With all these scents, we conclude that there will be matrimony to follow and so we wish to give our bit to the bride—our bit of advice, we mean. The seven-hundredth wife of Solomon (we said before that we are no good at figures) confesses that matrimony is a colossal job and that all one needs to know, to be a perfect wife is to be angelic of disposition, a proficient cook, an expert in dietetics, hygienics and engineering, trained nursing and domestic service, plain sewing, interior decorations; she must have a gossiping knowledge of literature, art, history, life everlasting, mental science and above all domestic economy. This comes in the elemental stage with more—much more to follow. But weep not, dear girls, for matrimony is a life job and you will have plenty of time to complete the course if you wish to become a perfect wife.

Oh, mother! May I go out to swim?

Yes, but stay out of the water and hang your furs on a hickory limb.

While waiting for Neptune's daughter.

This is one of the little parodies "kind friends" are singing to a group of society women who went to the Athletic club to "be present" when the sea nymph arrived at the matatorium of said club. But many of these enthusiastic ladies who were eager to learn the secret of flesh-reduction, of physical fitness and, most of all, to see what a close-up of Annette would really look like, came swathed in furs and winter togs.

But the heat! My, oh my! The thermometer registered a suitable temperature for swimmers, and while the ladies waited and waited complexions grew more streaked until sighs and tappings of feet filled every corner of the place.

And then, too, many of our fair maids and matrons sat on the edge of the pool waiting for Annette until steam of protest burst forth. So the school of little fishes fretted and swam and waited some more for the beautiful nymph who did not appear—and her reason was "BECAUSE."

NOT UNDERSTOOD

- Not understood, we move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep,
Along the years we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life? And then we fall asleep—
Not understood.
- Not understood, we gather false impressions
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions,
And thus men rise and fall and live and die—
Not understood.
- Not understood—how trifles often change us.
The thoughtless sentence of the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight—
Not understood.
- How many cheerless, lonely hearts are aching
For lack of sympathy—Ah, day by day
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking,
How many noble spirits pass away—
Not understood.
- Oh God! That men could see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see—
Oh God! That men would draw a little nearer
One another, they'd be nearer Three—
And understood. —Selected.