

MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT PREDICTS WOMAN'S PARTY CAN ELECT FUTURE PRESIDENTS

Woman's Party Head
Says Housecleaning
Rests With New Voters

BY MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT,
President of the Woman's Party.
BEACON TOWERS, Port Washington,
L. I., May 18.—Women are the national
housekeepers of the world. We have
been kept out of political housekeeping,
and we need a party of our own to ac-
complish the political work awaiting us.

The work we are doing (May
21) in Washington is a new one. It
is the first and only political wom-
an's parliament in the world. We are
to deal simply with political matters.

To be able to influence existing condi-
tions we cannot afford to wait until we
get sufficiently strong within an existing
party. To carry weight we must act
alone.

We have no idea of antagonizing the
men—no idea of sex antagonism. We
simply wish to change certain condi-
tions, to accomplish certain things and
to bring the women's point of view into
the political world.

To do this we had to have the wom-
an's party. Now we have headquarters in
the national capital. Soon we shall have
headquarters in every State capital and
in every town and village.

There is no sense in our getting the
vote and doing nothing with it.

It is a mistaken idea that we mean

Party Head.



MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT.

DID YOU
KNOW—

You should let your escort pass
through the swinging door first and
hold it open for you.
You should let your escort descend
the steps of the street car first in
order to assist you down.
You should ascend stairs ahead of
your escort, but descend them behind
him, so that in case you fall he can
assist you.

dent as her overbearing that morning's
troublous. And she had tried so hard
to win him back, only to learn he had
gone from her arms to telephone, with
lips warm from hers, to another woman,
to change a place of assignation because
he had meanly ferreted out the fact that
his wife was intending to lunch at the
restaurant of their first choice!

The coach was filled with indignation—
and blazed still more warmly when she
discovered that she had been staring
squarely at Richard Daubener, who was
lunching with friends at a nearby table.

But Dobbin bowed and smiled in such a
way that Lucinda's confusion and her
sense of grievance were drowned under
a wave of blushing and blushing brightly.

Good old Dobbin. One had to ap-
preciate how much she was missing him
till he had turned up again last night
and offered to take his old place in her
life.

What a pity!

But was it? Would she have been hap-
pier married to Dobbin? Was it reasonable
to assume that Dobbin would not have
developed in the forcing atmosphere of
matrimony traits quite as difficult to
deal with as a Bell's?

Wasn't the fault, then, more with the
institution than with the individuals? Was
marriage ever anything but a failure?

Funny caught Lucinda eying her and
smiled.

What under the sun are you thinking
about so solemnly, Cindy?"

"You, dear, I was you and your bus-
iness to deal with us—say next Thurs-
day?"

"I don't know. That's one of the ex-
citing things about being married to
Harry Lontaine, one never knows what
tomorrow will bring forth. We've got to
go to Chicago soon, because father re-
lented enough to leave me a little legacy,
nothing to brag about, but nothing people
in our position can afford to despise
either."

"I do want to meet your husband."

"You will, soon enough. He's lunch-
ing with some men down in the grill, a
business luncheon, American cinema pe-
ople."

"He's interested in the motion picture
business, then?"

"In a way. He has secured options on
the American rights to some Swedish
productions."

Lucinda turned round to the waiter.
"You may bring coffee to us in the Palm
Room."

Fanny's husband came in shortly after
Lucinda and her guests had settled down
to coffee and cigarettes in a Palm Room.

"I am not a Lontaine," he said. "A
good color of men who care enough for
their bodies to keep them clean of the
rust that comes of indoor sloth. The
plump and closely razored face seems per-
haps a shade oversize for features delicately
formed. He affected a niggardly
mustache, and when he spoke full lips
framed his words noticeably. His habit
was that of a man at ease in any company,
who sets a good value on himself and
confidently looks for its general acceptance.

He talked well, with assurance, some
humor, and a fair amount of information.
He had lived several years in the
States on and on, and on the whole
approved of them. He had potted a
bit with the cinema at home, and he
might hope to do so in Los Angeles, too.
What was to be seen in that capital of
the world's motion picture industry,
England, he didn't mind admitting, had
a goodish bit to learn from America in

the way of the Raggedy Ann and Andy

and Raggedy Ann and Andy.

BY JOHNNY GRUELLE

Growing beside the Looking glass
brook, where the tinkling waters giggled
about their feet, meandering at each other
in the sunshine, stood a great rose of yel-
lowish red lilies, commonly called Tiger
lilies.

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy stopped
to the pretty lilies and stopped to
watch them bowing to each other. The
gentle breeze blew upon them and made
the lilies' green dresses rustle like
grandmother's old sunken skirt and waited
for the Raggedy sound of as fairies
whispering.

"How lovely they are!" Raggedy Ann
softly said, "I hope to make you like
them, too, and up to date, to make you
to be ever and ever so quiet, like
when you wish to hear lovely music
coming from far, far away."

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy stopped
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gentle breeze blew upon them and made
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"Oh, you, you be!" the cunning little
brownie replied. "That's why I know the
perfume is the singing of flowers."

"And do you leave a brown spot whenever
you touch anything?" Raggedy Andy
asked.

"Indeed, the scent of flowers is part of
nature's music," a tiny voice said to the
Raggedy Dolls. And the two saw a cun-
ning little creature spring from the
grass and run up to the nodding lilies.
Each lily received a touch from the
cunning little creature, and it seemed to
the two Raggedys as if the lily nodded
when it was touched.

"Yes," the cunning little creature laughed
in the cutest little tickly laugh. "Honest
and truly, truly, the perfume of flowers
is the singing of flowers."

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