

## Women Lag in Progress During 1934

Men as Usual Credited With Major Advances in Past Year.

BY HELEN WELSHIMER  
NEA Service Staff Writer

THOSE persons who are determined to distinguish between the brains of the sexes, claiming superiority of accomplishment for the masculine mind, are delighted, no doubt, to see how few women figured actively in the progress of the world in 1934. Women weren't well represented in the front line of world-rocking events.

The crime conference is motivated by men.

The capture of Dilling and Baby Face Nelson were men's jobs.

Women had little to do with the billions of dollars voted for emergency funds.

We had no part in the invention of the stream-line train.

True, Sarah Wambaugh, as technical adviser and deputy commissioner of the Plebiscite commission, established by the League of Nations, has an important part in helping the Saar determine its own political fate.

Madame Curie's daughter is continuing her famous mother's radium experiments and adding new discoveries to the family lists.

Princess Marina of Greece married her prince. And that's pretty nearly the list.

Man's Mind More Active

But 1934 was a normal year of development. There is no reason why women should have done more or any reason why they should expect an equal race in industrial and political progress.

Measured by established standards of intellect, man's brain always has been more active than woman's. That is why he has made the laws, discovered new lands, painted pictures and written books.

Anything that is used repeatedly develops. Man's brain, having an outlet, grew in stature. Woman's being submerged, couldn't stretch far. Now that women are performing public services they may attain a more robust intellectual accomplishment, too. Our possibilities being untried, at first thought appear limitless.

But mind workers and psychologists explain that they are not. There are certain green fields which we'll probably never enter because not many of us can climb over the fences. The polite thing to do would be to stop crying because we can't, and see what we do amount to.

Woman Is Wisdom of Ages

Men and women, by the very biology of the thing, serve in two distinct fields. But our roots go deeper into the earth than those of men. Oswald Spengler tells us. Men are freer, more animal, more mobile, more awake, and more tense than women, he continues. They possess those qualities which make them doers.

Women look for values where men look for causes. Women personalize where men impersonalize. A woman narrows her vision, often, to her immediate circle. She must. She represents life, and she must continue it. A man has a wide range, a long view. He stands for progress.

A woman will invent something—for women do invent—which has a practical use with her own application. But a man brings his genius to the wind. What does he care that he himself may prob'ly never use a trans-Atlantic telephone? He's given the world a present.

We can't say a woman's mind is superior or inferior to a man's mind. It is different. But woman's mind can sway man's. History is a pageant, thousands of years old, in which men turned to women because of the deepness of the women's roots in the soil of the ages. She will go on. Her day is longer. Maybe her intellect has a different range. But man grants her always a more abiding, richer wisdom.

PARTY OF SORORITY HELD AT PITTSBORO

Several Indianapolis guests attended the annual dinner-bride party of Phi Tau Delta Sorority Friday night at the home of Miss Dorothy Julian, Pittsboro. Guests included Mesdames Clayton Adams, William Raye, Irwin Bohn, Noble Morgan, Edwin Driftmeyer, Edwin Fitch, John Cromie, John Yancey, Fred Joslin, Gene Wilcox, William Summers, Margaret Newell; Misses Estryl Adams, Margaret Benson and Marie Fehr.

A centerpiece of holly was lighted with red tapers and poinsettia holders were favors.

Club Elects Officers

Mrs. John Stettler will serve as president of the Ladies Federal Club as the result of an election held recently with Mrs. D. E. Fogue, hostess. Other officers are Mrs. J. C. Hervey, vice-president; Mrs. C. A. Shely, secretary, and Mrs. M. S. Higgins, treasurer.

## A Day's Menu

### Breakfast

Apple sauce, cereal, cream, broiled cottage ham, bran and raisin muffins, milk, coffee.

### Luncheon

Rice croquettes with cheese sauce, Chinese cabbage with French dressing, peach cottage pudding, milk, tea.

### Dinner

Veal stew with dumplings or baked trout creole with baked potatoes, creamed cauliflower, French endive, steamed date pudding with whipped cream, milk coffee.

## 'LOVABLE'

BY MARY RAYMOND

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BEGIN HERE TODAY  
Ann Hollister breaks her engagement to Tony Mickle the same day that Peter Kendall tells Valeria Bennett, his fiancee, that she's going to marry him. Ann thinks she still loves Tony and Peter believes he still cares for Valeria. The two men are friends together and Peter asks Ann to marry him she agrees.

Tony and Valeria are happy there. Then Peter is recalled home. His family snubs Ann and Valeria tries to make her feel bad about Peter. She succeeds and Ann goes away, leaving no hint of her whereabouts.

For a week Peter is worried. Ann has discovered his love for her and gone because she can not return it. His family is shocked. Peter goes to see him again. He goes to Tony's apartment, half expecting Ann may be there. Tony says he is.

Meanwhile Ann has been hired as a teacher in the children of Tracy, an artist.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR  
THE wide gates stood apart and the door swung open and two small children appeared so suddenly that it seemed as though they had sprung up like mushrooms.

"Hello, duckies," Mrs. Tracy called. "See who I've brought you a nice lady to teach you manners and spank you when you're naughty."

The dark-haired, dark-eyed little girl stepped forward confidently and slipped a chubby, tanned hand into Ann's. The blond, serious-eyed little boy stood aside. Something caught in Ann's throat. Peter's son, who would be born some day, would be like Sonny. Sturdy, serious-eyed like Peter, he must be won.

She was sorry for this little boy. Sonny had a mother who filled her life with pictures, and books and music that crowded these small ones out.

"I'm going to stay here a long time, Sonny," Ann said. "Let's get acquainted now."

She smiled at him and suddenly he was by her side. "Where are your parents?"

"We'll use the old ones until you and Sissy and I go to town and get new ones," Ann said.

"May I?" His voice was breathless.

"With lots of pictures," piped Sissy.

"All pictures," promised Ann.

The artist mother's swinging stride had carried her up the slope to the bungalow spreading out among the trees. Ann, holding Sissy's hand, followed. But her eyes were on the fair-haired boy trudging along on the other side.

"The other member of the household will be in around six," Mrs. Tracy told Ann later. They were sitting in the attractive bedroom that had been assigned to Ann.

"My brother, Allan Vincent," Mrs. Tracy explained. She got up and walked over to the window, walked restlessly back and sat down again. "I'm quite proud of him and just as worried about him."

"What I mean is that he's gone far in his profession. He's at the top. But it isn't what he'd like to be doing and it has made him bitter. Am I boring you?"

"No, I'm interested."

Mrs. Tracy continued. "He intended to be an artist. We had a small inheritance from our father and Allan went abroad at 16. For nearly four years he gave himself to his studies. At the end of that time an honest and very blunt instructor told him he could never do anything really worth while. Allan's sense of color is extraordinary, but he lacks something."

Ann said softly, "What a shame. Perhaps the professor was wrong."

"No, Mrs. Tracy shook her head. "He was quite right. For six months he was—he's only 24 now—worn out. Drank heavily and about with a terrible crowd, lost himself entirely. One day he met a former classmate, who is rich and insisted on lending Allan some money. He was furnishing a new home and asked Allan to help him.

"It ended by Allan doing the whole thing. The house was a sensation and contracts for others poured in. I gave my brother a new interest. He began to study again. He's been in France and England and only a few months ago opened an interior decoration studio here. He's made money, but it hasn't brought him happiness. He has a suite of rooms in town, but spends most of his time here. He tries out his color schemes in really charming paintings. Quaint idea. But it works."

Here it was dark when Allan Vincent arrived. He was slender, dark-haired, boyish-looking. Ann met his dark, discontented eyes. "I'm glad you're here," was the way he acknowledged the introduction. "For two reasons. The kids need discipline."

"I'm off to get into a hot bath and then into pajamas," Mrs. Tracy said. "I'm dead!"

"You look tired," Allan Vincent said to Ann. "Wouldn't you like to have dinner in bed, too? Don't hesitate, if you'd like to. This is the original Liberty Hall. Very frequently, the children are the only ones at the table."

Ann was tempted. She felt tired, lonely, sick at heart. But, thinking of two children sitting alone at the table, she said, "No. I'd prefer having dinner with the children. It will be a good time to get acquainted."

"I'd prefer having dinner with the children, too," the young man said.

It was a queer meal, Ann thought. The strange young man with the intelligent, restless eyes at one end of the table, a child on each side. The children were quiet, their fascinated eyes fixed on Ann. Occasionally, under her coaxing, they broke into excited conversation.

"My mother doesn't know any stories, but Miss Lane told us some. About Rumpelstiltskin."

"Stilts," prompted Sonny.

"Skin," finished Sissy.

Ann knew about Rumpelstiltskin, too. And after dinner she told the story with many embellishments.

She led her admiring charges off to bed, tucked them in, and then returned to the hall. Allan Vincent was there, sitting by a reading light. He laid his book on the table.

"Good night," Ann said.

"Turning in so soon?"

"Yes. I'm a little tired."

"Won't you come into the living room with me while I smoke a couple of cigarettes? Or better, will you smoke one with me?"

"I don't smoke."

"Well, come in for a moment anyway."

THEY sat down on a comfortable divan before the fire.

"The little beggars will be bothering you to death now," he said. "You're the first person to pay any attention to them, Miss Jones. What is your other name?"

"Ann."

"I like that better. I shall call you Ann."

Sam smiled a little. He was extremely cocksure, almost arrogant. But she liked him in spite of it. Perhaps, she thought, it is because he is lonely and unhappy, too.

"I suspect," he said, "you've picked up a job for life—until you get ready to marry. That won't be any time soon."

After a moment, Ann answered.

"No."

He leaned over, knocking the ashes from his cigarette. "That's good news. I should hate to see you leave. The children need you, and it's damned lonesome here sometimes."

"Why don't you live in town?" Ann queried.

"It would be lonelier there," he answered moodily. After a moment he burst out impatiently. "My sister probably dramatized me to you. It's only a picture. The truth is I'm a sorry sketch."

"The only thing I know is woman's work, like getting a home in shape—curtains, rugs, mirrors!"

Ann said, "The way you do it, it is art."

"You really think so?" His voice had a wistful note.

"I know it."

"It isn't what I want to do."

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