

Women Get Into Grief By Talking

Case of American Held by Germans Cited as Proof.

BY HELEN WELSHIMER
NEA Service Staff Writer

I SOBEL LILLIAN STEELE, back home after being released from the German prison where she had been under guard for four months as a suspected spy, is the most recent well known example of the woman who has learned through harsh experience that words often rebound and hurt you.

Not that Miss Steele gossiped or spoke destructively. She merely expressed an unbiased opinion. But a man recognizing that the sign of the Swastika was a danger sign, might have held his tongue under the circumstances existing when Miss Steele spoke.

Certainly freedom of speech should be an automatic part of the birthright of any citizen in any land. A government that is afraid of the force of opposing words admits that its foundation is insecure. A house built upon sand will go down when a wind arises and smites its corners. One with solid foundations can laugh at the maneuvers of the elements. But when misguided leaders fail to understand this, it is the better part of wisdom for a spectator to be quiet. Not for one second do we condone cowardice. Those who believe in a given cause should speak for it, though the words they speak brand their names and bind their bodies. But idle, careless, destructive words which have nothing to do with crusading—and may get their speaker into a lot of trouble—had better remain unsaid.

Tongue Causes Woe

In general, we find that women are much more likely to talk themselves into trouble than are men. A man's brain may be more active than a woman's, but she wins in the babel of tongues. He that holdeth his tongue is greater than he that taketh a city, we are cautioned, yet the tongues are held and the cities are taken, for the most part, by men.

Not even the most valiant feminist can deny that while a man usually gets into trouble for something he does, a woman's woes are likely to come upon her for something she says. True, when a man does speak out of turn, he usually puts both feet into the trap. Women have a more subtle manner of being ensnared.

Personalize Talking

Our opinions are not nearly so important to any one else as they are to ourselves. If they aren't going to promote a worth-while venture we might as well not express them.

Gossip, that repetition of idle personal tales which makes faces flush and eyes widen, has long been attributed to women. There are men who are greater gossips than women can ever be. But we have to admit that for the most part gossip is a woman's word.

During the ages when women were confined to their particular neighborhood corners, when knights rode down the trails to battle and left their wives and daughters and sisters at home with nothing to do and nothing to read, feminine lives centered around the happenings in their immediate circle.

Of course women talked about these happenings. It became natural for women to personalize in their conversation. They had to—or keep still.

But men could chant of wars and storms and strange cities and new

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'LOVABLE'

BY MARY RAYMOND

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
Ann Hollister breaks her engagement to Kendall II, tells Valeria Bennett, his fiancée, that everything is over between them. Ann and Valeria are friends and Peter believes he still cares for Valeria but Valeria is not inclined to marry him. She agrees to let Peter ask Ann to marry him.

Florida and are happy there. Then Peter is recalled home. His family scolds Ann, and Valeria tries to make amends with Peter. She succeeds finally and Ann goes away.

Peter is deeply in love with Ann.

She has found work as governess in the home of Mrs. Tracy, an artist, and she is fond of Mr. Tracy's brother, is attentive to Ann.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

THERE is always more than one way to kill a cat," Valeria told herself on the night after Peter left her so abruptly. Parties were evidently not the way to bring him around. It had been a mistake to take him to Dirk's.

But there were ways! Every man has a weak spot in his armor. What was Peter's? Valeria must find out soon.

She invited Millicent over that afternoon for bridge. "The others are coming about 2:30," she said. "I wish you'd come early so we can have a good talk. It's been ages since I have seen you."

The half hour failed to reveal anything useful. But in the course of the afternoon, Valeria learned a piece of news. It was Leslie Wainwright who said, "I hear Peter may sell that darling place he bought from Ronnie Brent."

"I don't know anything about it," Millicent answered.

Valeria looked up. "So Peter bought the Brent place?"

"You should know."

"I didn't. Peter has never mentioned it to me."

"If I had been Peter I would have felt a little queer about buying the place. Ronnie was so much in love with Paula, and then to have her sue him for a divorce before the house was completed—" Sue broke off, a little confused as Millicent eyes met hers calmly.

Leslie, noting Sue's hesitation, said boldly, "I've heard Peter's wife is away. For long?"

"You'll have to ask Peter," Millicent answered shortly, "I believe it is your play, Sue."

Millicent was first to leave. When the door had closed behind her, Leslie said, "The Kendalls! Aren't they funny? So passionately loyal, if you know what I mean. Daring people to discuss their affairs. As if they could stop tongues wagging when Peter goes out and marries some girl he scarcely knew and Carol closes with the chauffeur."

"Well, of course, he wasn't a real chauffeur but a terribly good-looking college boy," Sue said.

"It would have been the same to Carol. That girl gets what she wants and doesn't care what any one thinks."

"When you are as rich as Carol you can get by with anything," Sue said.

"Everybody knows Peter's new wife has pulled out." This from Leslie. "Although nobody—except you, perhaps Valeria—knows why."

"Why should I know?" Valeria lit a cigarette coolly.

No one expected Peter's marriage to stick. Every one knew he loved you. Peter was a darn fool to go out and pick up that girl in a fit of pique. He's evidently come to his senses. It's commendable of him, I think."

Valeria was silent. She knew it was a becoming silence. Everybody would be saying, "Valeria's sweet not to crow when Peter walked out on her. He tried to do the decent thing by the girl he married, but of course they simply could make a

silence. Don't blame us if we talk too much! We are trying to baffle our tongues.

History proves, too, that men have excelled in oratory. Again we plead for a stay of sentence. Men have always addressed public gatherings, but until recent years to speak out in public meetings was a privilege denied women. No wonder the combination art came to be ours!"

But now that women have grown up the time has come to put away childish things. Maybe we still see in a glass darkly and only know in part what our ultimate place in the world's work shall be. But an excellent 1935 resolution would be to practice addition—or repeat the multiplication tables—before we spoke unnecessarily.

This also goes for verbose men!

go of it, with Peter still in love with Valeria."

That was what people would think. Not one of her crowd dreamed that Peter had fallen for Ann.

LATER, alone with her thoughts, Valeria was conscious of failure. She remembered the sarcasm in Millicent's "You ought to know."

It was always that way whenever Peter's affairs were being discussed.

Well, she would play her cards more carefully in the future—and not as she had played bridge this afternoon. She had played really dreadful bridge. Once Millicent's voice had broken through her abstraction. "Come back to the game, Valeria."

Mrs. Wainwright was amazed to hear Valeria call off her date for the evening, pleading a headache.

"Not sick, are you?" she asked, as Valeria passed through the living room on her way back from the telephone.

"No. Just tired. I think I'll go to bed right after dinner."

"A very good idea."

About nine her niece went to her room. Drawing the Venetian blinds to the window ledge, Valeria began stripping off her clothes. Her bath was running. That was what she needed. A warm bath and a good night's sleep. This constant going and getting nowhere was getting on her nerves. With her vivid velvet robe about her, Valeria sat down at her dressing table, studying the mirrored face.

Yes, she was lovely. The ashen blond hair rippling away from her face, her big blue eyes and soft, red lips. Why didn't Peter love her? The answer was Ann.

To be honest, Valeria had to admit the girl was attractive. Very attractive. Valeria hated her. Absent, Ann was dominating Peter's every thought.

She lifted a hand and brushed back her hair, moving closer to the mirror. There were tiny tracings near her eyes, little hard lines forming near her mouth.

"All I need," Valeria said to herself, "is a little more sleep and fewer cocktails."

She had been fighting a desperate knowledge, but all barriers were down tonight. More than Peter's money, position, and power, she wanted Peter, the man. She wanted to take him away from Ann more than she had ever wanted anything in her life. The combination—jealous rage and yearning—brought pain that was almost more than she could bear.

The warm, fragrant bath quieted her nerves and after a while she slept. Her last waking thought was, "Whatever it takes, I'm ready for it. I'll make any sacrifice if I can have him back again."

As the days passed Mrs. Wainwright became aware of what she called a "changed Valeria."

The restless girl who had opened sleepy eyes about noon was gone. In her place was a freshly groomed niece, ready for breakfast at the conservative hour of nine, prepared to plunge with zest into her day's program.

The program itself amazed her aunt even more. Valeria, who had shirked similar tasks throughout her girlhood, had volunteered to aid in a half dozen worthless enterprises. She had become actively interested in her guild's welfare work. She spent most of the days for one entire week collecting garments for the needy. She had accepted the chairmanship of a group that was doing valiant work in the Community Chest drive. She had inspired the sponsorship of a new free clinic for children. Her picture had appeared in the papers frequently, but never in any studied pose.

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