

True Stories of Successful Women

By Edith Moriarty

Perhaps newspaper women would never name Helen Gilmore among the successful writers in their profession, but there is scarcely a housemaid who would not envy her, not only her salary, but her method of living and her leisure time.

Helen Gilmore, who is known to most people as Miss Gilmore, because of her greying hair and her reserved manner, started life in a small New England community about thirty-eight years ago. She is the type of New England woman that you read about in Books, straight and prim-looking, with a set mouth which indicates set ways, and a neatness about her which is severe.

Until she was eighteen she went to country schools and worked on her father's farm. Then for two years she worked in the village store and the next year she entered the services of the Conways, who had a summer home in New England near the Gilmore farm.

Miss Gilmore was their maid-of-all-work for two summers and finally she returned with them to the large western city where they lived in the winter. In their town house, Miss Gilmore was no longer maid of all work, but she was second girl, and as such answered the doorbell, dusted, helped with the dishes, made the beds, mended the linens and did other light work.

She had earned three dollars a week as maid of all work, which seemed a pitifully small amount in these days of twelve and fourteen dollar maids, "with no washing or cleaning." When she went to the city the family gave her five dollars a week.

Was Second Maid.

For twelve years Miss Gilmore was the second maid for the Conways. For twelve years she had helped with the dishes and dusted in the morning, and mended and answered the telephone and doorbell in the afternoon and took every Wednesday afternoon off because the cook had Thursday off. She had every other Sunday off in winter, and every third Sunday off in the summer, because the Conways had so many guests in the summer that they could not spare all of their help over week-ends.

After twelve years of this steady service Helen Gilmore took herself to task. She was thirty-two years old and only earning eight dollars a week. She could not call any of her time her own except her Wednesday afternoons, and she was always doing some kind of work she did not like, and the worst part of it was that she did not know how to do any thing else.

Would Keep on Working.

After casting about in her mind she finally decided that instead of leaving her place at the Conways, to hunt for some new kind of work, she would keep on working there, where she was sure of room and board, and then start to school again.

The cook and some of Helen's friends laughed at her. To them it seemed farcical for a second girl, thirty-two years old at that, to start to business school. Helen was determined, however, and she drew some of her savings out of the bank to pay her first three months' tuition.

She found the school work hard and dull, and after a day of housework it was not easy to concentrate upon dots and dashes and typewriting. In fact it was so difficult for her that it took her a year and a half to master both shorthand and typing while the school advertised it as a three months' course.

The very first position that Miss Gilmore took after finishing at the night school was in a newspaper office. It was a rather menial position and only paid twelve dollars a week. She acted as stenographer and general office girl for the Sunday editor of the paper. The girl who had had the place before was but sixteen years old and earned only eight dollars a week and so it was plain that her first job in the business world was not a golden adventure.



At the end of the second year she was handling all of the household department.

Miss Gilmore's duties included writing the personal answers to questions about housekeeping and advice to the lovelorn. The editor of those columns would dictate the answers to Miss Gilmore and she would see that they were sent off to the questioners. In this way she got her first insight into the realm of the woman's page.

Little by little she added new tasks to her daily routine. First she started to answer the phone for the society editor—she had a very low, pleasant and refined voice and so was finally given the job of taking all society notices which were given over the phone.

Her twelve years with the Conways helped her here, for she knew most of the society folk by sight and by name and she was never puzzled as to whether it was Mrs. J. C. Senior or Mrs. J. C. Junior who was giving a party or going out of town.

Then when the paper started its needlework contest all the specimens came in her mail. It was soon discovered by the editor that she was an expert at both embroidery and lace making and so she was given up the position and staid away from temptation.

Many women have tried "soul love"

and have found it a poor substitute for the steadfast love of a former husband which they so selfishly discarded.

The man who professes his love for you now is not compatible and too lacking in a sense of honor to make any woman happy.

Have you character enough to do the honorable thing? If you have, give up your position and remain at home, doing your housework, or else get a position at a place where you will not see the man you think you love.

At the end of the month if you both care for each other as much as you do now, tell your husband the truth and ask him to release you.

You seem to lack imagination, or you would not consider yourself "The Unhappiest Wife." It would do you good if you knew of a few really unhappy cases. Usually, however, a woman who has a great deal to bear, does so uncomplainingly.

Heart Problems

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a very unhappy wife. I have been married fourteen years. I have no children, and so I went back to the office where I was formerly employed. All went well until two years ago, when a man came into the employ whom I loved at first sight. We became good friends and now we truly love each other. He understands me as my husband never did.

My husband loves me all he is capable of, I know, but not as this other man does. I thought it all right to work until this man showed me that had my husband loved me as he did, he never would permit me to work.

He put his arms about me one day and apologized and said he could not help it. I have been in agony since. I can't bear my husband in sight since, for I received a glimpse of what real soul love is. It would break my husband's heart if he knew I am so unhappy.

If I had seen this man first, I never would have looked at my husband the second time. Please help me and tell me if I ought to go to my husband and tell him, as my friend wants me to, or should I keep on in this agony?

THE UNHAPPPIEST WIFE. It is not pleasant to scold someone, but I can do nothing else in your case. You need to be awakened in some way. Selfishness is back of all your trouble.

When you went back to the office to work didn't your husband consent to your going because he thought you would be happier there? You knew your husband's love for you when the other man came into your life; therefore you should have given up the position and staid away from temptation.

Many women have tried "soul love" and have found it a poor substitute for the steadfast love of a former husband which they so selfishly discarded.

The man who professes his love for you now is not compatible and too lacking in a sense of honor to make any woman happy.

Have you character enough to do the honorable thing? If you have, give up your position and remain at home, doing your housework, or else get a position at a place where you will not see the man you think you love.

At the end of the month if you both care for each other as much as you do now, tell your husband the truth and ask him to release you.

You seem to lack imagination, or you would not consider yourself "The Unhappiest Wife." It would do you good if you knew of a few really unhappy cases. Usually, however, a woman who has a great deal to bear, does so uncomplainingly.

BIG CROPS IN EUROPE

VIENNA, Aug. 19.—Banner crops are reported throughout Jugoslavia, the Ukraine, Austria, Bohemia and soviet Russia. Much grain, however, is rotting in Austria and elsewhere because of lack of coal for harvesting machinery.

She was earning thirty dollars a week and had written several special articles for the paper on various subjects, some of which were purely for entertainment or amusement. Had anyone even mentioned writing an article to her two years before she would have wondered what they were talking about.

Today she has increased her editorial duties until she handles almost

the entire woman's page on the large

daily paper for which she started out

as an office girl. She has been writing special articles for two years and aside from her special work she is now earning forty dollars a week. She is not a wonderful writer, but she is a wonderful worker and even though her newspaper friends might not call her a success, there is no doubt but that she is prosperous when compared with the friends of her servant-girl days, and far more contented.

ITALIANS accustomed to the best olive oil now prefer Mazola.

Your grocer sells Mazola at about half the cost of the best Olive Oil. And the most suspicious palate accepts Mazola as the very finest olive oil in dressings.

Prove this yourself. Follow your usual recipe for French Dressing, Mayonnaise or Cooked Mayonnaise.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
P. O. Box 161
New York

NATIONAL STARCH CO., Sales Representatives
712 Merchants Bank Building
Indianapolis, Ind.

FREE A real cook book. Sixty-eight pages of splendid, practical recipes. Write us today for the new Corn Products Cook Book.



MAZOLA
The perfect oil for cooking
and salads

A Chance to Live--By Zoe Beckley

THE REFUGE OF THE POOR

"Carroll, Carroll, see. J. Carroll, Patrick F. Carroll, Elizabeth, Manry—Bernard, that the name?" His finger stopped running down the list. "Yeah, kem in this mornin'." Ward 38, through the court and up them stairs to the left. You can't take the carriage, lady; wanner leave the kid here?" There was a half-hushful kindness in Annie's face evidently touched the case-hardened orderly.

Annie thanked him, but picked up Robbie, who was a substantial load now, and started off in the direction the man pointed out. At last she found the right building, the right floor, the right door, outside of which a fat scrubwoman was at work with a slopping pail and rag.

The hospital smell! The faint, sickish odor blended of carbolic and soapsuds, anesthetics, illness and the cooking foods. So slight in the corridors of expensive sanitarians, so grossly apparent where the "poor wards" are.

The whimsical thought struck Annie that a blind man might easily smell his way about the city through the streets where markets were, the various districts devoted to produce, or chemicals, or leather, or flowers—into the tenements, into churches, theatres and the scented homes of the rich.

Of them all, this hospital breath must be the most melancholy, she thought.

The ward distressed her with its too tidiness, its long row of beds along either wall, holding forlorn men, some pitifully prone, others propped with pillows and looking at her hungrily as she entered, hoping it was some friend.

She found Bernie near the end of a row. On one side of him was a colored man, his head grotesquely bandaged; on the other a poor fellow who kept turning and muttering and plucking at the coarse sheet.

There was no nurse around at the moment. Annie went close to Bernie, whose eyes were shut. He looked so ill that she could have sunk upon his knees and wept in terror.

"He's asleep," offered the negro in the next cot. "Doctor give him some thin." Says there ain't much to do except leave him rest jest lak that. Ah reckon he ain't so pow'ful bad off," he added comfortingly. "You can set on the bad an' wait while. Doctor'll be round to long."

Annie was grateful for the suggestion. The doctor would tell her about everything. She sat gently down on the foot of Bernie's bed, holding Robbie on her lap. The ward had a desolate look, and the patients in their unironed, unbleached muslin gowns, their faces haggard and un-

kempt, seemed neglected and miserable enough.

The sloppy scrubwoman came in and began her floor-swabbings down the middle of the room, with a slap-dash wipe here and there under the cots. At the far end of the ward was a male nurse in blemished white duck, sitting at a small table. A sick man with a cheap blanket bathrobe thrown round him came through a side door, moved slowly to his bed and sank into it heavily. Another sat up suddenly, looked up and down the ward and called loudly for a drink of water. No one paid any attention. He kept on calling.

(To be continued.)

The largest tannery in the world will be built near Binghamton, N. Y.

Why My Baby Sleeps So Well

AT ten o'clock I wake him up just enough to get that warm bottle into his chubby hands—and I have to watch him to see that he doesn't slip back sound asleep over it—and then not a sound out of him except his soft breathing until seven next morning!

Some other babies I have heard of wake up and cry during the night—but not mine, because his little stomach has no trouble with his food.

You see, it's Nestlé's Milk Food. Just a form of milk easier to digest than ordinary milk, because it's in powder form and that breaks up the hard to digest curds. And more nourishing for him, too—because it has in just the right amount of sugar and cereal.

Nestlé's pure milk in powder form that is already modified and does not require the further addition of milk. Always pure and safe, always uniform, and free from the dangers of home modification, Nestlé's has stood the test of three generations and has today the largest sale of any baby food in the world.

FREE! Enough Nestlé's for 12 feedings. Send the coupon!

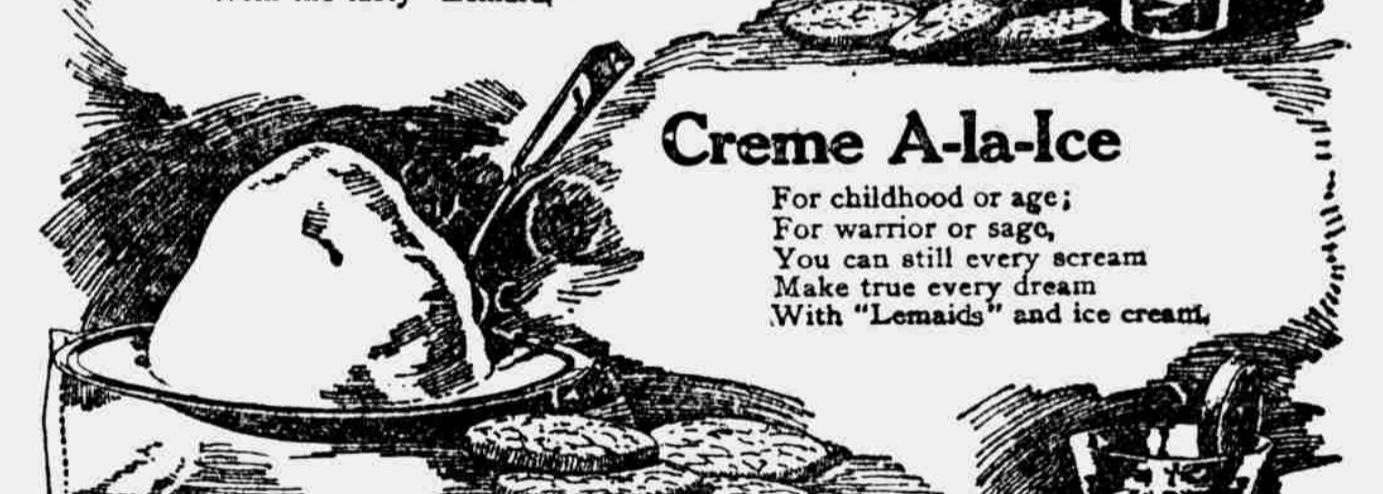
NESTLÉ'S
MILK
FOOD

Nestlé's FOOD COMPANY, Inc., Dept. 214
1320 Williams St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me free your book and trial package.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Lemonade

Time tried and tested,
The prince of thirst quenchers.
Serve in the shade
With the tasty "Lemaid."



Creme A-la-Ice

For childhood or age;
For warrior or sage,
You can still every scream
Make true every dream
With "Lemaid" and ice cream.

Ou La Lemaid

The scorchingest day
Of the oncoming summer,
Will eat from your hand,
Lie down and roll over,
If you'll hunt the cool shade
An ice tea and "Lemaid."



"Lemaid"—a dainty little lemon flavored sugar cookie. Serve with Ice Cream, Lemonade or Iced Tea.

THE GREEN & GREEN CO.
EDGEMONT - DAYTON

Refer To Monday's Palladium
FOR
Wednesday Bargains
BOSTON STORE
H. C. Hasemeier Co.

Reduced to Figures This Is What These Tires Save

Maintenance with The Motor Haulage Company, Inc., of New York, one of the largest cartage concerns in the country, is a singularly fine science—every penny in upkeep and depreciation being carefully tabulated.

Read now why the great fleet of The Motor Haulage Company rides only on the sleek, burly treads of Goodrich De Luxe Truck Tires, as told by the books of this concern.

Our yearly record shows the following tire economies:

Average mileage, front wheels, 15,000 miles
Average mileage, rear wheels, 12,300 miles
Gasoline consumption reduced . . . 10%
Oil consumption reduced . . . 10%
Repairs, maintenance, etc. . . . 15%

Why not reduce your high cost of haulage? Here are figures to show you the solution—buy De Luxe Tires, made only by Goodrich.

10,000 Miles Adjustment

We Sell and Apply
De Luxe Tires

Rodefeld's Garage

96 W. Main Street
Phone 3077

GOODRICH
DE LUXE
TRUCK TIRES

Best in the Long Run