

PROMENADE DECK

by Ishbel Ross

again—a waltz this time. She clung to him more confidently now, and he smiled down at her as if she were the only woman in the glittering salon. He took her back to her seat and made his adieux, covering her embarrassment with his protective air. Should she go on sitting where he had left her, or should she slip back to her quiet place by the wall? The chief officer was dancing now with Miss Foster. Her lovely arms were twined around his neck. Nevertheless, he remembered Miss Mudge, sitting alone in her corner, and tossed her a scarlet balloon. She held it aloft for a moment and smiled at him. Then she let out the air and put the deflated bauble in the black satin bag that Agatha had given her for evening wear. Her first souvenir!

MODERN WOMEN



CHARL ORMOND WILLIAMS
President of National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Inc.

Mary E. Hamilton, the first woman member of the police force of the City of New York, recently issued practical instructions to mothers to protect their children from kidnappers. 1—Never leave your child unprotected. 2—Be certain that you can identify your baby if it should be stolen by preserving a photograph of his footprint. Good advice to all mothers from Policeman Hamilton.

When Congress assembles in January there will be six women in the House of Representatives: Mrs. Isabella Greenway, Arizona; Mrs. Florence P. Kahn, California; Mrs. Virginia E. Jenckes, Indiana; Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers, Massachusetts; Mrs. Mary T. Norton, New Jersey, and Mrs. Caroline O'Day, New York. After fifteen years of federal woman suffrage, there are only six women in the Congress, a real challenge to feminists!

Miss Elizabeth Knowlton, a Vassar graduate, holds the record for having achieved the highest altitude in mountain climbing by a woman. She has climbed the Canadian Rockies, the Selkirks and the Alps.

To manufacture a suit of man's clothing requires about 62 ounces of wool, or a little less than four pounds.

Miss May Anderson, director of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, has announced that her Bureau is studying the servant problem. The study shows that the domestic worker has suffered more during the depression than any other class of women workers. A reading list of publications on household employment for both mistresses and maids has been prepared by the Bureau.

By special invitation 300 women visited the Chamber of Commerce on State Street, New York, recently, the third time in 167 years that their sex had been asked to have tea with the officials. Mrs. Thomas I. Parkinson, wife of the Chamber's president, assisted in receiving. The women were specially interested in the Chamber's exhibit of priceless documents, among them a yellowed parchment dated 1699, a quitclaim deed to property adjoining the Chamber.

In 1840, Miss Harriet Martineau, British Journalist, visited the United States, and found that women had seven occupations, five in the home and two outside, bookbinding and typesetting. As 1940 nears, American women are found employed in 500 occupations. Surely a Century of Progress for women.

The Public Works Administration has allotted \$20,218,000 for carrying out 613 projects for women in forty one states. Types of work in which women will be employed include: library work, Braille transcription, art, music, clerical work, research, landscape beautification and community service.

Many women who study law do not practice it. The Law School of the University of California has reported that about 7 to 8% of the students are women; that of 70 women graduates from the school since 1906, only 23 are engaged in legal work. Perhaps the reason lies in the honest opinion of the Dean of the Berkeley Law School, "It is clear that women graduates in law from our School have much less opportunity to succeed in their profession than men."

The three oldest in Congressional service are Mesdames Kahn, Norton and Rogers, all of whom have served since 1925.

One lone woman will sit in the Senate of the United States during the next session. Mrs. Hattie Caraway of Jonesboro, Arkansas.

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Mrs. Lindbergh Bought One Dress For Her Voyage

New York—Anne Morrow Lindbergh, wife of the flyer, entered a New York department store shortly before the Lindbergh's left for England, and told a saleswoman, "I want one new dress."

"I am going on a trip, and cannot take much baggage." She bought a simple black wool dress, untrimmed, and several collars and belts to transform it into different costumes.

The dress, the saleswoman said, had been one of its best sellers to working girls.

THEY COULDN'T GET MARRIED

An interesting illustrated article which discusses the looney love life of an aristocrat and a beauty who have been trying to get married in almost every country for seven years. Read this article in the January 19 issue of the American Weekly, the big magazine which comes regularly with the BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN. Your newsdealer has your copy.

"Don't you approve of tight skirts?"
"No, I think women should let liquor alone."

THIRD INSTALMENT

Miss Mudge seemed uncertain of herself and shot a birdlike glance along the table, but no one was paying any attention, except to push her out of the way. As soon as she felt the pressure of bodies around her, Miss Mudge took hold of herself and produced a handful of counters from her bag. She'd show Monte Carlo.

Macduff wondered how long she had been playing this game. He could see from the expression on her face that she had decided her counters were as good as anyone else's. She picked her numbers with care and distributed them defiantly. The wheel spun, and she watched it with a puckered, myopic gaze. The counters disappeared with amazing speed and left no trace. Miss Mudge dived into her purse, then shook her head. Her grey straw hat was slipping over one ear from all the pushing and shoving, but she seemed in hilarious spirits, excited by her surroundings.

She suddenly spied Macduff and recognized him for some one from the Marenia. That was enough for her. In a moment she was standing in front of him, twinkling owlishly through her glasses.

"Just think, I've been losing all my money," she announced, as if that were an everyday occurrence in her life.

"Well, what of it?" said Macduff ungraciously.
"Oh, I beg your pardon."

Miss Mudge stepped back and he felt impelled to make grumpy amends. "Do you want a lift to the boat? I have a car."
She looked at him questioningly for a moment, then brightened up. "That would be kind of you," she said.

For Bad Feeling Due to Constipation

Get rid of constipation by taking Black-Draught as soon as you notice that bowel activity has slowed up or you begin to feel sluggish. Thousands prefer Black-Draught for the refreshing relief it has brought them. Mrs. Ray Mullins, of Lape, Ark., writes: "My husband and I both take Theoford's Black-Draught and find it splendid for constipation, biliousness, and the disagreeable, aching, tired feeling that comes from this condition." With reference to Syrup of Black-Draught, which this mother gives her children, she says: "They like the taste and it gave such good results."

BLACK-DRAUGHT



I Can't Sleep



YES -you can

Are you one of these nervous people who lie awake half the night and get up feeling "all in"? Why don't you do as other light sleepers have been doing for more than two generations—take Dr. Miles Nerveine?

One or two pleasant effervescent Nerveine Tablets or two or three teaspoonfuls of liquid Nerveine will generally assure a night of restful sleep. Perhaps you will have to take Nerveine two or three times a day just at first.

Nervous people have been using Dr. Miles Nerveine for Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Irritability, Restlessness, Nervous Indigestion, Nervous Headache, Travel Sickness, for more than fifty years.

Dr. Miles NERVEINE Liquid and Effervescent Tablets

"You save and scrimp for years and years, and then you spend twenty-five dollars at Maderia for a Spanish shawl, and lose forty dollars at Monte Carlo as if you were an heir."

From now on she would have to be economical. Too much of her money was gone and she was only beginning the cruise.

Miss Mudge took out her diary and proceeded to record her impressions of the day.

The Marenia was easing out of the harbour and the lights were flickering like a forest of lighted candles. The coast line was slowly engulfed in the night, and the boat began to toss in a Mediterranean storm. In a stateroom amidships on C deck, Jenny and Peter Rufford were unpacking their things. Jenny stopped every few minutes to look a little tremulously at Peter, whose attention was all on what he was doing.

"Well, we're off." His voice had a note of relief. "Perhaps you won't worry so much now, Jenny. There's nothing like the lift of a ship's anchor to lighten the heart."

Jenny moved to his side and slipped her hand beneath his chin. Her voice was beseeching. "Peter! You'll never let me regret what I've done. Your love will justify everything. You'll never let me down—not now, after what I've done." She clung to him, panic in her voice.

"Angel!" said Peter in his most convincing tones. "I shouldn't be running away with you if I weren't prepared to spend the rest of my life in making you happy."

He tightened his hold and his head drooped over hers. Her fears were lulled and her heart sang with sudden melody. She closed her eyes and sank limply in the circle of his arms. She dimly remembered the starved months of her marriage, and she hated her husband.

There was nothing to regret where he was concerned. Her baby was another matter.

"Darling," he said, what are you thinking of?
"Quite a lot, Peter." She dragged her thoughts back to the present. "I'm seeing myself as a small and selfish worm. In fact, I'm seeing myself as I am."

Peter could detect the fright in her voice. He laughed at her.

"Morbid again! I wish you wouldn't analyse yourself so much. You know, if you keep it up, I shall regard you as a little egotist. Women all are, or they wouldn't think

on the little teacher from Cabin 454. She was sitting by herself in a corner, enveloped in a Spanish shawl, with poppies too large for her size.

The handsome officer she had seen about the boat was moving in her direction.

"Won't you dance with me?" asked Dick, bowing formally over her.

She snatched at the fringe of her shawl and looked at him in confusion. She was much too nervous to rise to her feet.

"Oh, do come on," he urged her. "This is a good tune."

A flock of nervous fears went chasing one another across Miss Mudge's sensitive face; then something propelled her to her feet.

Miraculously Miss Mudge's step was suddenly in tune with the chief officer's, and he had her firmly clasped by the Spanish shawl, whirling her around with such speed that she soon forgot about her feet. Her head swam with excitement and she caught a whiff of tobacco that made her faint. She had never been clutched to a man's chest like this before. Her head brushed his sleeve and she shivered with joy.

When the music ended, he led her back to a little table. She looked about with an elated air.

"What will you have to drink?" asked Dick, disentangling himself from the fringes of her shawl and spying her pink chiffon dress.

Miss Mudge blushed. "Thank you," she said, "but I never drink. You see, I'm a White Ribboner."

"A what?" echoed Dick. "A White Ribboned—teetotaler, you know."

"Oh, I see. Band of Hope." He looked at her with a rising gleam of interest. She was really unique—her spirit twinkled brightly through the faded shell of her flesh. It would be fun to tease her a little.

"But you can't possibly go round the world without having a drink," he protested. "It wouldn't be decent. Let me order you something gentle that won't bite."

Miss Mudge was half-persuaded. Lights leaped in her eyes; she nodded her head. Dick decided to get her a creme de menthe. She sat very straight in her chair, with her hands folded nervously under her shawl. At times she shot timid glances at her companion, not quite sure what he might be going to do next. The drinks came, and Dick toasted her.

"Happy days on the Marenia!"

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"Happy days on the Marenia!"

He put down his book, snapped off the light, stole to the door and through the curtain that flapped as the ship rode noisily on her way. Two dark eyes caught his jubilant small-boy air as he slipped past the shaft of light. Angela turned to the wall and burning tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

Continued Next Issue

Adulterated or watered milk may be detected by comparing its weight with the weight of an equal quantity of pure milk.

NO UPSETS

The proper treatment for a bilious child

THREE STEPS TO RELIEVING CONSTIPATION

A cleansing dose today; a smaller quantity tomorrow; less each time, until bowels need no help at all.

ANY mother knows the reason when her child stops playing, eats little, is hard to manage. Constipation. But what a pity so few know the sensible way to set things right!

The ordinary laxatives, of even ordinary strength, destroy all hopes of restoring regularity.

A liquid laxative is the answer, mothers. The answer to all your worries over constipation. A liquid can be measured. The dose can be exactly suited to any age or need. Just reduce the dose each time, until the bowels are moving of their own accord and need no help.

This treatment will succeed with any child and with any adult. Doctors use a liquid laxative. Hospitals use the liquid form. If it is best for their use, it is best for home use. The liquid laxative they generally use is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Any druggist has it.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Any druggist has it.



"You must shake off fears," said Peter.

that what they do matters so much.

He leaned over her absorbed face kissed it to a healthy glow. "Be gay, my child, and forget about yourself," he implored her. "We're only beginning, and you mustn't feel like this. Let's go out and look at our shipmates. They're sure to be terrible."

The ship was en fete. Chinese lanterns swung on the after-deck, the orchestra played an old Viennese waltz and the sky was powdered with yellow stars four evenings later as the Marenia neared Stromboli. The moon hung low in the sky, like a golden guinea. It was an old story to Dick, leaning against the rail, smoking a cigarette and watching with cynical interest.

His attention wandered over the dancing couples. He wasn't interested in pretty girls at the moment, but he supposed he had to dance with some one. Men were so scarce. His glance came to rest

Milestones of American Genius



Memorial to the Great Emancipator, at Wabash, Ind.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NO other American is so deeply revered as Abraham Lincoln and that reverence finds symbolic expression in scores of monuments to his memory throughout the land. The impress of his personality is deeply graven on the heart of the nation. The sobriquets under which he is still known to all of America—Honest Abe, The Rail Splitter, the Great Emancipator—are a measure of the love which informs that reverence.

Abe Lincoln was humbly born at Hodgenville, Kentucky, in 1809—on February 12, which is now a national holiday in commemoration of that event. In spite of poverty and misfortune, he educated himself for the law, studying avidly what books he could borrow. After years of grubbing at ill-paid jobs as store clerk, rail splitter and handyman, he qualified for the bar.

He remained obscure for a long time. Nationwide prominence came to him, however, through his debates with the gifted and cultured Stephen Douglas on the slavery question. The country discovered Lincoln and in a period of extreme sectional tensions, elected him President of the United States in 1861.

The perilous Civil War years followed, lighted by Lincoln's wisdom and kindness while the nation sought "a new birth of freedom" in the words of the immortal Gettysburg address. He was preparing for the task of reconstruction when destiny intervened. Lincoln was assassinated on April 14, 1865, only four days after the cessation of hostilities.

His martyrdom put an edge of pathos to his fame. Outstanding poets, sculptors and architects have given their finest talents to enshrining his memory in words and in stone.

The best known of these tokens are at Springfield, Illinois, where Lincoln is buried, and at Washington, D. C., in the magnificent Lincoln Memorial. The recent monument erected at Wabash, Indiana, in 1932, (shown above) is proof that the present generation is not remiss in doing honor to the Rail Splitter.

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