

## THE WOMAN'S DAY

BY ALLENE SUMNER

Today's unmarried woman takes her independence, her privileges her conceded "right to her own life," so much for granted that she forgets occasionally the quite different lot of the unmarried woman of a generation ago. One of the most perfect pictures of the rebellious old maid of the 80's is Ellen Dacy, heroine of Helen Hull's new novel, "Islanders." The title comes from a line of Matthew Arnold—"Yes; in the sea of life enticed— Ellen Dacy feels herself "enticed" because of the selfishness of "men folks," because of the universal acceptance of their belief that women should wait for what men give them and carve out no life for themselves.

### Ellen Was Typical

One may not at first think Ellen typical of her day. One may think that the rebellious "old maid" who did not take her lot for granted was the exception and not the rule. But I am inclined to think

that all the seemed placid, acceptive old maids of 500 years ago were in reality the same seething furnaces of revolt that was Ellen. Ellen was just a girl when he lover, her father and her brother "joined the gold rush." They talked much of "going for the women folks—coming back with piles of gold for you—making your lives easy," but Ellen was not fooled by their fine words. If her mother was, she knew that it was not unselfish love for their "women folks" that drove these men out across the plains and mountains, but the zest to "live their own lives," unfettered from family responsibilities, lives of adventure, romance, and drama.

### Pa Came Home

Eighteen years went on, while "women folks" ran the unyielding huge farm. They almost starved. They suffered from cold and the terrible loneliness of remote places. Ellen plowed and sowed and reaped, milked and cooked and

sewed, and, hardest of all, kept hope blooming in her mother's and sister-in-law's hearts, and kept her own corroding bitterness from showing through. Eighteen years later her father, worn out by too much freedom, too much adventure, too much unrewarded searching for the gold that was not out west but had been in his own farm if he had only stayed there to till it, came home.

### Wanted to Lord it

He resented Ellen's feeling of possession of the farm. Ellen tried to keep this feeling hidden, but could not always do so. She was bitter and irritable those days. Until she saw her father she thought she had long forgotten Matthew, her lover. But when she saw her father—

"Like flame, like the spring restlessness in the colt, hope that she had done with years ago, burst through the stones she had laid heavy over it, swept in a storm through her hard, strong body, so that she twisted her hands into the mane of the colt and clung there. Then she saw her mother's face, stern warning pity in the sunken eyes:

"Did you come alone?" she

asked.

"Rob has settled somewhere on the coast," Martha said. "Pa does not know where Matthew is now."

"Oh, fool, fool, to let hope trick her! Her knuckles scraped the rough wood and the smart gave her angry relief. The spring sun had done it, and the suddenness. What was Matthew, or any man to her? She was old and done with dreams."

### Injustice

Eighteen years of slavery to the farm, doing her father's and brother's work while they pillandered for adventure and gold, then her father announced that he had sold the farm. Thurston her younger brother, had urged him to. He needed cash and if Pa gave him the proceeds he would "give him and Ellen a good home always."

"Ellen stood motionless. Sell it, the land? Why, it was hers! Her life spread over the smooth acres.

"I'd have you know this is my land," said Ellen's father. "I settled it. I cleared it and made it a home."

years I've worked day in and day out. You didn't care then what I sowed or reaped."

### Brotherly Love

"Now, Ellen, it's not yours. It's his. And he sees eye to eye with me. This is the time to sell it. You can't work like a man all your life. I tell you I don't want you crashing around in men's boots, while I make the Dacy name mean something. You ought to be thankful there's a good home waiting for you."

"A good home until she died. They would give her that. Without these acres she was nothing. They would take her life, her job, her reason for being, away from her. Profoundly she knew that she had been less barren, living there, making the land yield. What could she do? Until she died. Soon she would be 40, then 50—60. Listening to the light voices of Thurston's wife making complaints. Her brother and father; they could do this. They were strong against her impotence, in wanton, male arrogance."

### Why We Are!

Well, they made her do it, and that's the rest of the story. But

such a reminder as this of a day when women's lives were products of male decision may answer some people who wonder what the modern "old maid" gets out of life. She gets the sweets of independence and the self-respect given only by an "ability to tell some managing male relatives to go to the dickens!"

### ALLEGED STRANGLER IS IDENTIFIED BY ALIAS

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)  
BUFFALO, N. Y., June 20.—Earle Nelson, 33, charged with the murder of two women recently at Winnipeg, Man., today was identified here from pictures and Bertillon measurements as the man who on May 30 murdered Mrs. Jennie Randolph, rooming house keeper. He was known here as Charles Harrison.

### Leave for Visit in Maine—

Mrs. E. L. Metzger and son, Donald, left recently for an extended visit with relatives in Maine. They will return via New York, where they will take a boat for New Orleans, thence by rail to Los Angeles, where they will visit with Mrs. Metzger's sister before returning home.

### A RECIPE FOR GENIUS

By Olive Roberts Barton  
We are told by Dr. Alfred Adler of Vienna that there is no such thing as genius.

"I must deny," says he, "that heredity has a great deal to do with accomplishment or performance. The great accomplishments, the really worth-while achievements have been made by individuals whose equipment was poor."

Like the chameleon who flapped his wings and crowed to the world, "Look! I have made the bun come up!" I feel like saying, "I told you so."

Now that we know there isn't such a thing, it gives us all a chance. Isn't it a comfort to discover that we can do quite as well as the world's outstanding geniuses ever pretended to do, if we begin young enough, work long enough, and try hard enough to do it.

Effort is the keynote. It seems to do something to us besides merely accomplishing the button-sewing or the pot-stirring we happen to be doing at the moment. But we cannot become Paul

Poirets or Mary Lewises by being too casual about our button-sewing or pot-stirring. For instance, speaking of cooks, George Rector, of the famous "Rector's" in New York, spent two years in Paris learning to make one of his famous sauces. He hired out as apprentice cook wherever he could get in until he worked his way up to the famous French cafes and restaurants. His teachers were of the best—but he surpassed his teachers. The son of a well-to-do restaurant proprietor himself, he was not satisfied. He out-Casared Caesar eventually. It was not genius but hard work.

And so we have a new equation. Courage plus patience plus work minus easy discouragement equals genius.

### AERIAL TRAMWAY TO MT. HOOD SUITS HOTELMEN

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)  
PORTLAND, Ore., June 20.—The proposal of the Cascade Development company to build an aerial tramway from Cooper Spur near Cloud Cap Inn to the summit of Mt. Hood received the indorsement today of committees representing the Oregon and Washington State Hotelmen's associations.



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