

THE FEMMININE SLANT

THE LOVE STORY OF A BUSINESS GIRL

ILLUSTRATION
BY
WILLIAM
BROWN

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THE letter was well typed, crisply phrased, business-like, impersonal—but the postscript:

"... and the contract is thoroughly satisfactory. I shall arrive Friday the eighth, and if convenient should like to confer with you Saturday. I shall then be ready to go to work in earnest Monday morning.

"Thanking you for your courtesy and promptness, I am—

"Sincerely yours,
"S. A. MEADE."

"P. S.—It is only fair to tell you that I am a woman. If you don't want me on that account, please wire me right away. Yours truly,

"SUSAN ALICE MEADE."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" Mr. Miles Willard, president of the Maple Leaf Ice Cream company, looked over at Mr. Dan Mahoney, manager of the Maple Leaf plant. "Would you ever have thought that that young Chicago fellow who wrote those 'Don't keep a race horse on a pack mule's job' ads, and the 'Well, why not smoke tobacco for a change?' was a Susan Alice?"

"Susan Alice?" Dan turned to regard his employer with open-mouthed amazement. "I'd 'a' bet a dollar his first name was Sam. And we've hired a Susan Alice for an advertising man! Susan Alice!"

When Miss Meade arrived at the one-story, red-brick Maple Leaf plant on Saturday, however, she proved her right to both her names. She was Susan in the slim straightness of her dark suit, the smart plainness of her hat (which had doubtless cost five times as much as a mere man would have guessed), in the business-like directness of her approach.

But under the smart plain hat her hair was soft and wavy, and under her business-like phrases her voice trembled a little. Excitement sent a sudden hot, unbusiness-like wave of color sweeping down to the severe plainness of her collar.

It was Susan who assured Mr. Mahoney, impersonally, pleasantly, that anywhere he could find room for a desk for her was quite satisfactory. It was Susan, also, who listened with alert, intelligent respect to Mr. Miles Willard while he explained that the Maple Leaf company was an infant concern; that the ice cream could not be placed on the market for two months yet, although, of course, the advertising was to be begun at once; that the huge Wiley Ice Cream company would be their only competitor, and that, beyond her year's contract, he could promise her nothing; her future would depend upon the future of Maple Leaf ice cream.

It was Alice who fell in love with Mr. Miles Willard while he was still explaining the state ice cream laws, long before he had reached the requirements as to the percentage of butterfat. She would not have admitted this to herself, of course.

BUT Miss Susan Meade, starting work next Monday morning, was as pleasantly crisp and business-like as the white linen collar and cuffs on her well-tailored tricotine dress. Dan Mahoney, whose desk in the large, bare office room was only six feet from hers, liked her at once, and chuckled when he saw how she put the new Maple Leaf salesman—a fresh young man with a vaudeville quotation wit—in his proper niche.

But when Donaldson, this same salesman, suggested to Willard that the brick ice cream be made not in the customary layers but with a maple leaf of the contrasting flavor running through the brick and showing on each slice, Susan was his most enthusiastic supporter.

"If the molds don't make the process too expensive," she urged, "it would be wonderful advertising. Think of it,



IT WAS SUSAN WHO ASSURED MR. MAHONEY THAT ANYWHERE HE COULD FIND ROOM FOR A DESK FOR HER WAS QUITE SATISFACTORY. IT WAS ALICE WHO KEEL IN LOVE WITH MR. MILES WILLARD WHILE HE WAS STILL EXPLAINING THE STATE ICE CREAM LAWS.

your trade-mark on every piece that is served."

The idea became a Maple Leaf company fact.

THERE is no knowing just how much of the future of the company was really decided that rainy afternoon. For without this afternoon and a few others like it, Susan Alice might not have felt quite so intensely as she did when Frederick Ledder's offer came.

Susan met Ledder at the quarterly luncheon of the Advertising club. Carlyle, the advertising manager, introduced Ledder.

"This is your bloody rival, Miss Meade; Mr. Ledder is advertising manager for Wiley's ice cream."

DONALDSON came back late every afternoon with new orders, and three days before the day Maple Leaf was to be placed on the market the climax came. It was nearly closing time when Donaldson hurried in.

"Just dropped in to tell you I've landed the Du Pre Caterers," he said. "Got 'em signed today. Say, Jenkins will tear his hair when he hears it. He's been hounding 'em to death for the order."

Jenkins was a Wiley salesman. Donaldson breezed out of the office, having told his news, and Susan and Willard faced each other across their desks. Du Pre was a smart French caterer just opening a big shop. They knew that Wiley's had been hard after his account.

"Miss Meade," said Willard, solemnly, "we've done it!"

"You don't mean just Du Pre?"

"No—Maple Leaf. We've put it over, before a quart has appeared on the market! We've got enough customers right now to swing the thing through the first summer, granted just average hot weather."

If we don't get another one from now till October we can make it. We'll get through the winter all right without a question. That is the harvest time for quality ice cream. Wiley's stuff doesn't go worth two bits then. If they weren't linked up with the Dalton creameries

they'd shut down in the winter altogether and make candy."

And Susan Alice, the young woman who never mixed her social and business life, went.

SUSAN ALICE reached her boarding house a little after 8, to find a telephone message. She was to call South 5297 if she came in before 8:30. Puzzled, she called the number. A crisp, feminine voice answered: "Just a moment, Miss Meade. Mr. Ledder would like to speak to you."

"I want to stop around this evening for a few minutes and talk to you," came his big, assured voice over the wire. "This is pure business."

"Very well," said Susan. "I'll be glad to see you."

Once Ledder arrived he went immediately to the purpose of his visit.

"Miss Meade," he said, "we want you in the Wiley company. I don't know what the Maple Leaf is paying you, but we'll double it."

Susan was quite as prompt, quite as direct.

"I couldn't, Mr. Ledder," she said. "Even if I wished to leave Maple Leaf, I am under contract for a year."

Ledder leaned back comfortably in his chair.

"You have a chance to leave it now," he outlined, "at double the salary they're paying you. Can you be sure of as good an opportunity, say, three months from now? You have a year's contract, but the Maple Leaf Ice Cream company"—he paused impressively—"may not last through the summer."

"Just what," Susan asked, "is going to happen to the Maple Leaf?"

Ledder hesitated a moment and then said:

"The day that Maple Leaf ice cream appears on the market—day after tomorrow—every dealer in the city and surrounding towns will be notified that Wiley ice cream is cut 20 cents a gallon. Some of your customers may last in spite of that, or Maple Leaf may be able to cut its price 20 cents, too, though the shoe will pinch—its manufacturing cost will be higher than ours. Suppose they make the cut, though. Very shortly there will be another. Wiley's will begin offering their dealers surprising discounts, large commissions. How much of this can Maple Leaf meet? Wiley could sell at a loss for a year, if necessary!"

Susan Alice rose, abruptly, ending the interview.

"I suppose you meant to be kind in making me your offer, so I thank you. But I don't care to consider it."

WHEN Susan reached the red-brick building at half-past eight the next morning something had gone wrong with one of the motor trucks, and the president of the Maple Leaf company, whistling, in his shirt sleeves, was experimenting with it himself. He waved a monkey wrench at Susan and raised a jovial face, streaked across one cheek with oil and grime.

Willard's very smile twisted at her heart; she could have run across the truckroom and put her arms about him in a vain, shielding, womanly way. Instead she said only:

"Just as soon as you have a moment to spare may I speak to you? It is something rather important."

The truck's engine began to throb evenly, and, wiping his hands on a piece of waste, Willard followed Susan into the office.

All the gayety had left the man's face long before she had finished. He nodded once or twice.

"So that's their game. That's why they have been keeping so quiet. They've simply been waiting to see whether we were going to be worth their while to crush. I suppose it's a sort of compliment that they consider us worth it." He laughed grimly.

"They consider us worth it," said Susan. "Mr. Ledder practically admitted that, but for this price cutting, nothing could stop us."

"I'm a fool," said Willard, "not to have foreseen this. Even Uncle Miles didn't, though—that's a minor consolation; he's a slick old business man himself, and I've checked up every point as it came along with him."

He sat staring at the edge of Susan's desk in silence. Finally he rose, washed

takes you in for a soda or a sundae, he is the kind of man who always buys a girl the best."

These proofs had looked so interesting, so promising to her and Willard only yesterday!

Willard came in at noon, looking drawn and worried. He and Mahoney had a long talk, in which there was much shaking of heads. Willard dictated two letters to the stenographer.

"I may be late this afternoon," he told her, "but I'll be in to sign them. Just leave them on my desk."

And just as Susan came in from luncheon, he was off again.

AT 6 O'CLOCK promptly the book-keeper and stenographer cleared their desks and left. Donaldson blew in for a breezy moment, then out again to catch the lake car. Dan had an appointment with his wife, and after waiting uneasily for 10 minutes, scribbled a note which he left on Willard's desk, and took a hurried departure. One of the trucks was still out; Susan was alone in the red-brick building. She knew with an uncanny feminine instinct that Willard would come back beaten. And she did not wish him to come back alone to a deserted building.

And then, suddenly, coming as amazingly as a miracle, she saw a way out. She sat staring at the faded hyacinth, her lips parted, her arms crinkling to the very fingertips with excitement. For a brief instant she forgot Willard entirely in the thrill of it.

The idea was so simple that she wondered she had not thought of it before, wondered that Willard had not thought of it, or Ledder himself. Willard, of course, might not approve. But she would be ready in case he did. With a nervous glance at her desk clock, she telephoned the Journal. Carlyle, fortunately, was still there.

"Is there still time," she asked, eagerly, "to add a line to our big advertisement?"

There was a little pause while Carlyle called the composing room. Then:

"Plenty," he assured her, "if you can get it in the first thing in the morning."

"Just the same," Susan assured him: "And if we want to run it, I'll have it ready before 8:30 tomorrow."

Then she called the other two newspaper offices. She had just hung up the receiver after having received the third assurance, when Willard came in. One glance at his face was enough to tell her the truth.

He sat down at his desk, staring dully before him. He glanced up sharply as Susan spoke.

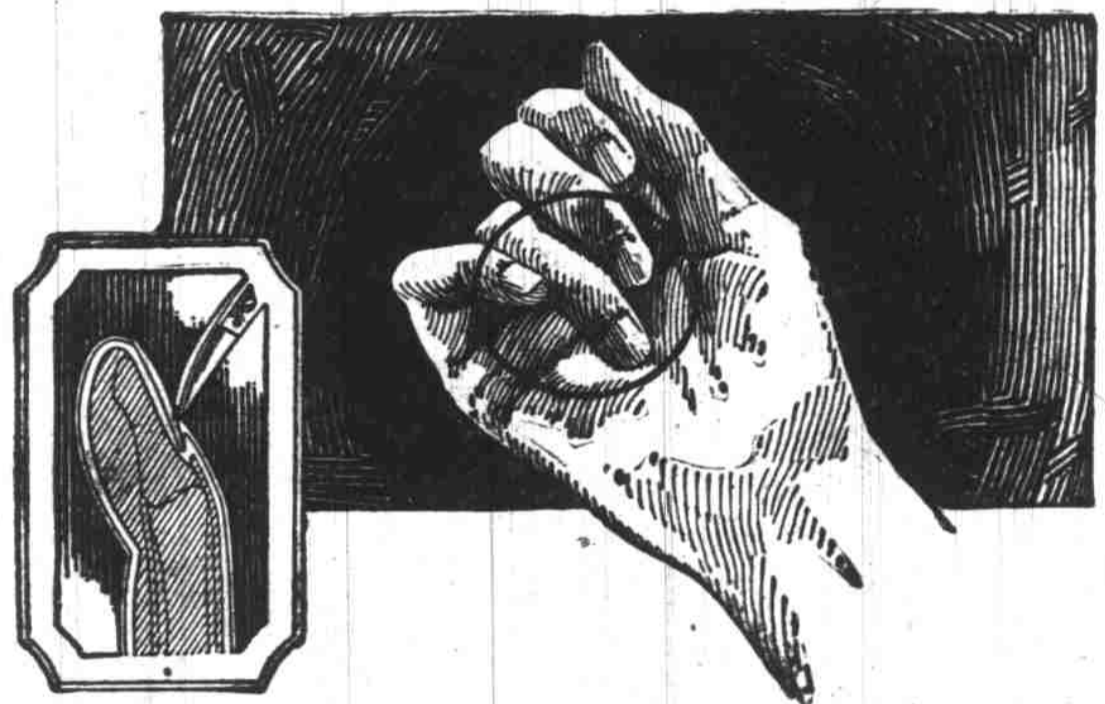
"I've thought of something," she said.

off the grime and donned his coat. "If anyone needs me," he told the stenographer, "I'll be back by noon. I'm going to see how much more money I can raise."

SO WILLARD went out after capital, and Dan into the freezer room to check up on production. Production and capital at work, advertising waiting. As Susan sat down at her dark-wood desk it seemed suddenly as though she were linked with the whole feminine slant on life—waiting for men.

Then there was the page in the Daily Gazette, the newspaper which reached the shop people, the mill workers. This had to advertise the bulk ice cream, and showed the quaintly dashing counter sign which had been given to every druggist or confectioner serving Maple Leaf. Under it appeared the words:

A SWEETHEART TEST
"If you see this little sign when he



Why cutting gives you ragged nail rims

WHEN you attempt to trim off the hard, dry cuticle about the base of the nail, you cannot help snipping through in places to the delicate nail root lying less than one-twelfth of an inch below the surface.

To heal these wounds, Nature immediately covers them with new tissue that is coarser than the rest of the cuticle, and this creates the ugly, jagged edge you are so anxious to do away with.

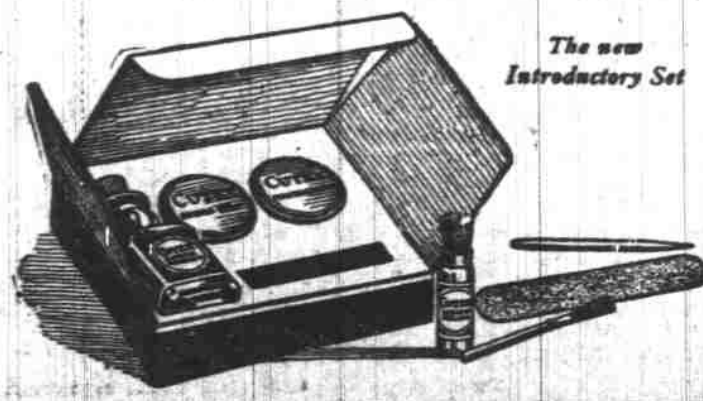
The surplus cuticle can be removed easily, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. In all Cutex Sets you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Carefully work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then rinse the fingers and the dead surplus skin will simply wipe away. Then for the gleaming

luster, try the two new polishes that Cutex now offers you. Cutex Powder Polish is practically instantaneous and gives you the highest, most lasting luster obtainable. Cutex Liquid Polish dries instantly, and leaves a delightful luster that keeps its even brilliance for at least a week.

Cutex Sets come in four sizes, at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—now only 12c

Send 12c in coin or stamps today for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish and the new Powder Polish, with orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 3786, 114 W. 17th St., New York.



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Name
Street
City and State



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Let us show you how Bewitching and Fascinating your skin can be made—how pure and youthful it should be. These three Gouraud's preparations will do this.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

gives instantly an appearance of wondrous beauty. That smooth, delicate, refined complexion it gives will render enchanting beauty even to the most perfect of natural skins. Does not rub off or give that "made up look." 80 years in use. Made in White—Flesh—Brunette.

Gouraud's Oriental Cold Cream

A delightfully scented Cream that cleanses the pores of hidden dust and dirt. Softens and soothes roughness and irritations. Stimulates and invigorates sluggish skins and brings back the soft healthy glow of youthful Beauty.

Gouraud's Medicated Soap

keeps away skin troubles. Its use is every essential to cleanse the skin before applying Gouraud's Oriental Cream to secure the best results. It gives a creamy lather and has a fragrant odor.

For Sale at Drug and Department Stores

Here is your opportunity to possess this combination of Beauty Requisites. Send us your name and address with 25c and we will send you Gouraud's Oriental Cream—white—flesh—brunette, a tube of Gouraud's Oriental Cold Cream and a large cake of Gouraud's Medicated Soap.

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York

