

MARRON—A STORY OF PIONEER WOMEN AND A NEW LAND

Sabra's Quick Strategy Beats Her Political Enemies in Washington

emotional response, copied throughout the Southwest, the Far West, the Mid-West states, and it won her the election and gained her fame that was nation wide.

PERHAPS it was not altogether what Sabra Cravat said that counted in her favor. Her appearance must have had something to do with it. A slim, straight, dignified woman, yet touchingly feminine. Her voice not loud, but clear. Her white hair was shingled and beautifully waved and beneath this her soft dark eyes took on an added depth and brilliance. Her eyebrows had remained black and thick, still further enhancing her finest feature. Her dress was always dark, becoming, smart and her silken ankles above the slim slippers with their cut-steel buckles were those of a young girl. The aristocratic Marcy feet and ankles.

Her speeches were not altogether romantic, by any means. She knew her state. Its politics were notoriously rotten. Governor after governor was impeached with musical comedy and even the Senate. The opposition party tried to blackmail her with publicity about certain unproved items in the life of her dead (or missing) husband Yancey Cravat: a two-gun man and a regularity, a killer, a drunkard, a squaw man. Then they started on young Jim and his Osage Indian wife, but Sabra and Donna were too quick for them.

DONNA WYATT leased a handsome Washington house in Dupont Circle, started it, brought Tracy Wyatt's vast wealth and influence to bear, and planned a coup so brilliant that it routed the enemy forever. She brought her handsome, sleepy-eyed brother, Jim, and his wife Ruby Big Elk, and the youngsters, Felice and Yancey, to the house in Dupont Circle, and together she and Sabra gave a reception for them to which they invited a group so precious that it actually came.

Sabra and Donna, exquisitely dressed, stood in line at the head of the magnificent room, and between them stood Ruby Big Elk in her Indian dress of creamy white, doekin all embroidered in beads from shoulder to hem. She was an imposing figure, massive but not oppressively fat as were many of the older, more portly women of the city, but saluted, true, very much, except when Congress was in session.

My daughter-in-law, Mrs. Cimarron Cravat, of the Osage Indian tribe.

My son's wife, Ruby Big Elk—Mrs. Cimarron Cravat.

My sister-in-law—Mrs. Cimarron Cravat. A full-blooded Osage Indian. Yes, indeed, we think so, too.

And, "How do you do?" said Ruby, in her calm, insolent way.

For the benefit of those who had not quite been able to encompass the Indian woman in her native dress, Ruby's next public appearance was made in a Paris gown of white. She became the rage, was considered picturesque, and left Washington in disgust, her work done. No one but her husband, whom she loved with a doglike devotion, could have induced her to go through this ceremony.

The opposition retired, vanquished.

DONNA AND TRACY WYATT then hired a special train in which they took 50 Western potentates on a tour of Oklahoma. White and not very bright Washingtonian, of great social prestige, impressed with what she saw, voiced her opinion to young Yancey Cravat quite contemptuously as to his identity. But the sunburnt and very handsome young man seated beside her at a country club luncheon.

"I had no idea Oklahoma was like this. I thought it was all oil and dirt Indians."

"There is quite a lot of oil, but we're not all dirty."

"We?"

"I'm an Indian," Osage, Oklahoma, was now just as much like New York as Osage could manage to make it. They built 30-story office buildings in a city that had hundreds of miles of prairie to spread in. Tracy Wyatt

PROVING THEIR SUCCESS IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS



MRS. JESSIE OLMS. MISS MABEL NELSON. MRS. NELLE W. GOSHELL AND MELISSA AND GEORGINA LUDWIG. MISS ETHEL CAMPBELL. MISS LOLA B. ZACHARIAS.

The Story of Six Women Who Built Their Lives After Their Own Ideals of Happiness and Service

By ESTHER BECK McINTYRE.

AROUND half a dozen women who figure prominently in five Detroit organizations, affiliated with the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, to sponsor the fourth annual observance of National Business Women's Week, March 6-14, are woven stories of achievement that serve as fairly adequate reasons for the success of their sex in a world that, only a couple of decades ago, was run almost entirely by men.

About that time, women stopped asking men to support them, and when they shrugged themselves free of their cotton wool wrappings, they cast a shadow that was formidable to change the entire social order.

If you wish this fact impressively re-established, go out to the millinery of Farmington, climb the steps of a demure, wide-board cottage, and knock at the white colonial door before you. If she happens to be at home, Miss Emily Butterfield will invite you into a long, low-raftered living room. It has her floors, scattered with woven and homespun rugs, some real antiques in the way of chair tables, arched ladder-back chairs, and elegant iron

player piano. Music hungry. There he lived, alone, in luxury, of town, yet no part of it. At sunset, in the early morning, late of a star-spangled night he might have been seen leaning over the parapet of his sky house, a lonely little figure, lean, ivory, black, like a garouille brooding over the ridiculous city sprawled below; over the oil rigs that straggled like giant Martian guards holding it in their power; beyond to where the sky, in a veil of gray that shimmered with wrought, scooped, to meet the debauched red prairie.

MONEY was now the only standard. If Pat Leary had 62 million dollars on Tuesday he was Oklahoma's leading citizen. If Tracy Wyatt had 78 million dollars on Wednesday then Tracy Wyatt was Oklahoma's leading citizen.

Osage had those fascinating little specialty shops and interior decorating shops on Farmington just like those you see on Madison avenue, whose owners are the daughters of despised Eastern aristocracy on the make. The head of the shop happened only to special clients and then with a hat on. She wore the hat from morning until night, her badge of revolt against this position of service. "I am a lady," the hat said. "Make no mistake about that. Just because I am a shoekeeper don't think you can patronize me. I am not working. I am playing at work. This is my hat. At any moment I can walk out of here, just like any of you."

Feminine Osage's hat, by the way, was cut and fitted right on the head, just like Paris.

Sabra probably was the only woman of her own generation and social position in Osage who still wore on the third finger of her left hand the plain broad gold band of a long-ago day, synchronous with the permanent wave and the requisite diet, the oil-rich Osage mansions of Sabra's age cast sentiments aside, by fashion, quietly placed the chunky gold band in a bureau drawer and appeared with a slim platinum circlet bearing, perhaps, the engraved anachronism, "M. D. - K. L. 1884." Certainly

lanterns of Revolutionary War days, transformed into smart studio lamps.

A WOOD FIRE crackles and pops out embers cheerfully on the hearthstone. The wide fireplace, with its polished brass fireirons and smoldering green hearth-broom, is made of field stones that built the church which originally stood on the site of Miss Butterfield's studio. The beautiful dull reds and sapphires and deep blue-grays of the roughly cut blocks were deepened in color by the fire that eventually destroyed the church, which has been built by farmers from the surrounding countryside. Each hauled stones from his own farm as his particular contribution to the structure in which he was to worship.

"This stone is named for my little nephew," Miss Butterfield remarked, and told of the pleasant whim that prompted some friend to choose a stone from the fireplace and name it for himself. Other friends and relatives dropped in to tea in the early days of the cottage-studio, and each named a stone for himself, a blue one, a greenish-gray one, or a sparkling white block. It's a friendly fireplace, conducive to story-telling and reminiscences. There's even a sister-in-law named there.

OF the living room is Miss Butterfield's work room, where her work table and architect's tools are placed comfortably before windows which command an eye-appealing stretch of hill and valley and winding roadway.

And all this because one woman decided to build a life entirely after her own ideals of happiness and service. She stepped out of her father's comfortable house one fine day and built her white studio-home just across the driveway, after her own carefully drawn plans. She is a member of the firm of Butterfield & Butterfield, architects, who for many years occupied offices in Detroit. The offices are now in Pontiac, and Miss Butterfield spends a great deal of her time at work there, and her father, Wells Duane Butterfield, designed the Farmington Methodist Church and two Highland Park High Schools, among other important structures. She is a graduate of Central High School and Syracuse University.

When Emily Helen Butterfield was a little girl, in her early teens, she had a chance to do something which many little girls of her talent would have given their eyes for, almost.

business and professional life of the city contend that membership in the business women's clubs and the national federation has been a prop and stimulation during the first baffling years of effort to achieve.

THERE is Miss Ethel Campbell, president of Polygon, who holds a supervisory position in the Signal department of the Michigan Central Railroad. She is directly responsible for all clerical work in that department.

Miss Lola B. Zacharias, past president of Argus, owns her own business, which features the fitting of surgical and orthopedic garments used as corrective and post-operative measures.

Miss Lena Connor, of Argus, is passenger division clerk for the Grand Trunk Railway, the only one in the state employing a woman of this capacity. Miss Connor's job is the checking of fares against the proper tariffs in connection with tickets sold by the Grand Trunk Western Railway Agents, and allowing revenue to the different railroads over which the passenger travels, all of which requires the most complicated mass of information.

Dr. Bernadine Schoepfecker, of Polygon, is president of the Michigan Branch of the Osteopathic Women's National Association and chairman for the Bureau of Clinics of the Osteopathic State Association. She has been giving her services to the Cosmic Center Clinic twice a week this winter, where she gives free attention to children.

MISS MARION McCLEREN, of Ann Arbor, National Federation president, sends this message as a part of her business gospel: "Keep physically fit, then you will not have to fear the fatal forlites."

"Women cannot purify business alone. The responsibility to make American business life better belongs just as much to John Smith as to Jennie Jones."

From Emily Newell Blair, for eight years vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, comes this message: "American women must develop a new kind of feminism in the next 10 years. Thus far, they have accomplished very little with the new freedom that came to them through the ballot, or with that greater economic freedom which is theirs in the business world. They have been content to do things in a man's way. The obligation rests upon them to develop a new technique, a feminine technique—to think and act together as women."

Our Skill on Crossword Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60

(Solution tomorrow.)

DOWN.

1—Drank deeply.

2—Mexican rubber tree.

3—Dove.

31—Body of water.

Witty Kitty.

And so, Mr. Husband, if your wife keeps pushing bright colors at you when you pine for faded grays—draw your own conclusions.

REARRANGE the letters in the

Anagrams

Now we have a full time boys' and girls' worker, and a family service worker. All Brightmoor organizations, churches, fraternities, schools, clubs and the like have representatives in the center. We sponsor home and garden contests. All the Christmas relief work of the community is done here—in fact it functions as a sort of godparent for its beneficiaries. The little girls flock in after school for their sewing and cooking classes and the boys follow their own pursuits with equal energy.

Any number of Detroit women who have made their mark in the

Listening in on Detroit

By H. C. L. JACKSON.

WHETHER this item is of any interest to you depends on whether you are Memorial-Minded. If you're not, spin past it to the further fruits of our research listed below.

He who is Memorial-Minded won't mind a discussion of monuments, memorials and tombstones, for the memorial-minded man, we learn from Oscar Eurich, expert, instead of shunning such unpleasant subjects, thinks upon them seriously and, long ere he shuffles off his well-known mortal coil, he has selected and personally seen put in place the tombstone, monument or memorial which is to memorialize his memory.

"The Memorial-Minded," Mr. Eurich says, "think it's better to attend to their memorial themselves. Then they know it will be done right."—A perfectly sound philosophy in this vale of instability.

"What persons are more and more learning," went on Mr. Eurich, "is that the memorial should be appropriate; artistic; fitted to the surroundings in which it is to be erected."

There are three memorials in Detroit's cemeteries that cost more than \$100,000 each. And plenty that cost around \$50,000.

RECENTLY we stepped jauntily into the Music and Drama room at the Main Library and casually asked for three rather common contact plays.

A bit baffled we were when we found that only one was at hand. The other two were out.

Miffed we were until we had a bit of a chat with Miss Elizabeth Stone, head of the department. Then, despite our disappointment we were pleased...

We discovered that Detroit has discovered the Music and Drama section—in the last several months, nearly 25 per cent more requests have come in for books about the drama, and for the music which the library loans.

This 25 per cent increase (to be exact) is small compared to the increase during the last five years—46 per cent.

Nor are these advanced demands the results of hard times, in the opinion of the authorities. They simply indicate that Detroiters have an increased interest in the drama, and have learned how wide a selection of standard music they can borrow.

The total of the music section is 29,467 pieces. Of the books about drama, or of the dramas themselves, 8,502.

HARDLY CAN WE BLAME THE wrath of the elderly Windsor woman who was stopped at the U. S. border on the suspicion of bootlegging.

Courteously the inspector requested her to remove her opium fur coat. Discourteously she refused.

Courteously the inspector explained that more women have been caught bootlegging of late. Indignantly the elderly woman disclosed any idea of bootlegging. Insisted she is an implacable foe of the Demon Rum.

Firmly the inspector steered her to a woman inspector for search. Loudly the woman complained. But that had nothing to do with anything as illicit as bootlegging.

Of course it WAS a bit embarrassing, when her fur coat was removed to have the woman inspect discover she wasn't wearing a dress. But that had nothing to do with anything as illicit as bootlegging.

The subject of the search merely was planning to buy a dress on this side of the line and amass it home.

MAYBE IN YOUR WANDERINGS you've seen some mere Man, Osage, secured in daisy garbments the might be highly decorative to a screen idol, but screamingly incongruous to the citizen wearing them.

Maybe you have even seen on the face of this citizen a slightly frightened, meekly protesting look, as though the owner of the face knew the world had done something unkind to him.

Well, it wasn't the world that did something unkind to him; it was his wife—if we accept the testimony of the head of one of our local haberdashery shops as highbrow it is practically a shoppie.

Women have the final word in 50 per cent of the clothes men wear," he affirms. "What wife likes, hubby wears."

"And here's the strange thing about it—Wife will spend hours, days and weeks selecting dresses to fit her individual type. But when it comes to her husband—she dresses him, not according to his type, but according to the type she wishes he were."

"Hubby may be long and lean, short and fat; he may be round-faced or mule-faced. That makes no difference. Wife will see to it by wears what would go well on him if he were the type she secretly most prefers."

And so, Mr. Husband, if your wife keeps pushing bright colors at you when you pine for faded grays—draw your own conclusions.

REAROUND AROUND—Saw MAC (A. H.) MCKEOWN wearing