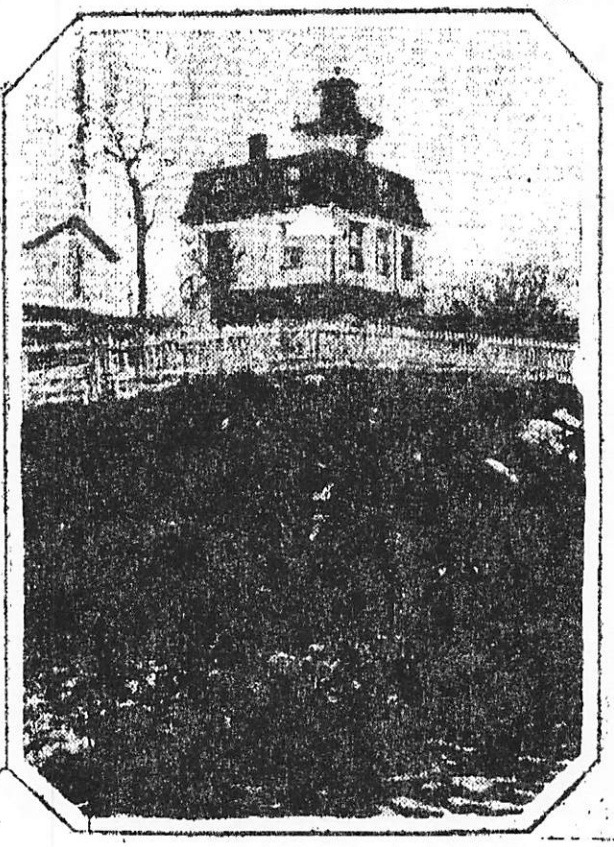




The Small Isolated Kingdom on Pomham Rock and the Woman Who Ruled It

When Mrs. Adolf Aronson's children were small, she had no need to worry for fear they might run out into the street although, if there had been no fence, she might have worried about their falling off the edge of the yard into the water. For all around the Aronson yard are the waters of Narragansett Bay. She has brought up her family at the lighthouse on Pomham Rock.

When Mrs. Aronson was a little girl, 11 years old, living at East Greenwich, she passed Pomham Light on an excursion boat and saw the house with its patch of green grass and trees up there on the rock, looking from a distance like one of those toy farms that you set up on top of a box. Childlike she was fascinated and wished that she might live there, never dreaming that the wish would be granted. Even when she married Adolf Aronson, who had followed the sea since he was twelve years old, she had no notion that she was to live at Pomham Rock. During the first few years of their married life, he was keeper of the light at Hog Island, where a man could not bring his family and so the children were born on the mainland. But when the youngest, Marjorie, was nine months old, Elmer four and Raymond seven, Adolf

The furniture was carried to the rock, bit by bit, on small boats. When they bought a piano, it was taken over on a two-masted schooner, swung on lines between the masts. When the boat drew up alongside the rock, the crew ran to one side, causing the schooner to tilt, so that the piano was deposited gently on the rock.

The Aronson children went to school and high school and the daughter, Marjorie, to business college from the rock, and in all that time none of them missed more than a week because of bad weather. Their father took them over to the mainland, sometimes by rowboat and sometimes by motor boat, and if the waves were high along the shore, he, in his rubber boots, carried them through the surf, for they objected to going to school all bundled up in rubber things, looking different from the other children. In winter time occasionally they crossed the strip of water between the rock and shore on the ice.

* * *

There are inconveniences in housekeeping on Pomham Rock. You cannot have electricity, although at night you can see the lights twinkling along the shore—seeming so near at hand. Mrs. Aronson says the only inconvenience that annoys her is the little dim "glow worm" oil lights.

You cannot have a telephone. You cannot have gas. You cannot have

shopping trip, and you cannot have city water. But there is a huge cistern under the house. It occupies half the cellar and holds 500 gallons of water, filtered so that it beats any drinking water you may obtain from a faucet on land.

But despite the lack of those things called "modern conveniences," an operation for appendicitis was performed on six-year-old Marjorie Aronson without her being removed to the mainland, where the doctor thought it unsafe to take her. Three doctors and a nurse went to the rock instead. One of the already spotless rooms was given an extra scrubbing, and converted into an operating room and the operation performed there.

But—speaking of the lack of conveniences—there are compensations. There is a marine view from every window. There is a winding stairway leading from the front hallway up to the tower where one may view the sweep of water across the bay instead of dust and the smell of gasoline and the noise of passing automobiles in front of the house, there are boats moving by.

There are flowerbeds. And once the Aronsons kept chickens out there in fact during one year of the war they made a hundred and thirty-two dollars on them.

Mrs. Aronson is on the mainland now in a house facing the Rock, but she plans to return as soon as possible to the rock. She is homesick for it she says. And one cannot

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You cannot have a telephone. You cannot have gas. You cannot have your mail delivered at the door. There is always the boat ride between you and the movie show or shopping trip, and you cannot have city water. But there is a huge cistern under the house. It occupies half the cellar and holds 600 gallons of water, filtered so that it beats any drinking water you may obtain from a faucet on land.

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Mrs. Aronson is on the mainland now in a house facing the Rock, but she plans to return as soon as possible to the rock. She is homesick for it she says. And one cannot blame her. It is a small isolated kingdom.

man who, though nearly 70 years old, was game enough to try her skill again because "the boys" had asked her to. As proprietress of "Helen's Boarding House" in adjacent Wyoming, she had for the past three decades become one of them, well-known for her generosity to the "down and out" who came her way and for her genuine interest in people and for the meals she served. They were prepared to applaud her, no matter what kind of a performance she put on. Not even the younger fry, to whom fencing is a lost art, wanted to snicker.

But the first few minutes after the two fencers had donned their masks, assumed the "on guard" position, with left hand raised above the head and right hand holding the slender foil extended and, with the whistle of Timekeeper Robert Mitchell lunged into the opening attack and defence manoeuvres, proved that here still was a champion woman fencer. From then on she won the plaudits of her audience for her skill as well as for her sportsmanship.

THREE BOUTS

There were three two-minute bouts with one-minute rests between. When they were over, Mr. Mitchell declared the first two to be draws and conceded the last to Miss Englehart. But as a

"She said she was out for blood and she got it!" Mr. Tillinghast laughed, holding up his bleeding hand.

Coming to this country in 1884 at the age of 19 from her native Switzerland, Miss Englehart started on a career of fencing which led her onto the stage in all parts of this country, in Mexico and Cuba. Her first appearance in Providence was in the old Westminster Theatre in 1887. She also won the Toronto Fencing Club medal in 1891. Not only was she adept at fencing as it is known today, but with Japanese fencing, in which weapons somewhat like billiard cues are used. She also was skilled with broadswords. Although her last appearance was in 1908, she still keeps up her interest in the sport through teaching it to two young Hope Valley-ites, "one of whom is getting pretty good," she said last night. After the match, she asked Mr. Tillinghast if she might have their masks for her proteges to use.

FLOWERS PRESENTED

They gave her a bunch of carnations last night, those friends of hers in Hope Valley. It was presented by Mrs. Roy Rawlings, wife of former Speaker of the House of Representatives, who acted as chairman of last night festivities. The card which came with them read that the flowers were given in acknowledgment of her "character, spirit and vision in old age and in appreciation of work well done."

"I am an old woman," she said when, against her will, she was pushed out onto the stage again. "I only wish you could have seen me 35 years ago."

But they were well enough satisfied with things as they were. It had been a good fight. It was a grand come-back.

SONNYSAYINGS

BY FANNY Y. CORY



Them hollyhocks I planted the other day don't seem to be comin' up, so I'll dest toss in a bunch ob these here spitoonies——

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Good Manners in Business

By Elizabeth Gregg MacGibbon

"THAT'S NOT MY WORK"

The "That's Not My Work" people are so prevalent in business life that while they certainly don't deserve it, they are going to receive special attention in this column. They are what the fly is to the ointment, the rift to the lute, and in business life what the monkey wrench is to machinery. With one little phrase they throw the whole order of the things out of gear.

When a well-organized office is running smoothly these people pass unnoticed, but when an extra piece of work comes in, how they do stand out from the crowd. For instance, say, in an emergency labels need to be typed to expedite the posting of a thousand pieces of mail. Naturally each and every stenographer has regular work, but each and every one's devotion to her own task becomes positively edifying at the moment this extra request for an out-of-the-routine task is made.

The least busy stenographer in the office will say with maddening indifference, "That's not my work," thereby making the girl who finally has to take it appear to be the office goat.

This attitude will never get you far in business. I know, because, reversing the process, I once made a position for myself out of a skimpy, almost part-time job by deliberately doing things that were "not my work." Where I might have faked industry and kept the powers that were from noticing my lack of occupation, I looked around for extra work and literally squirmed my way into a responsible position.

Doing extra work that is not on your schedule may prove to be the opportunity for whose knock you have long been waiting. Also the point of view expressed by the phrase, "that's not my work" won't help you get a promotion. And it won't help you to get a husband—at least not out of the office force—if there be any possible ones around. For an eligible male might fear you'd up and say "that's not my work" some breakfast time.

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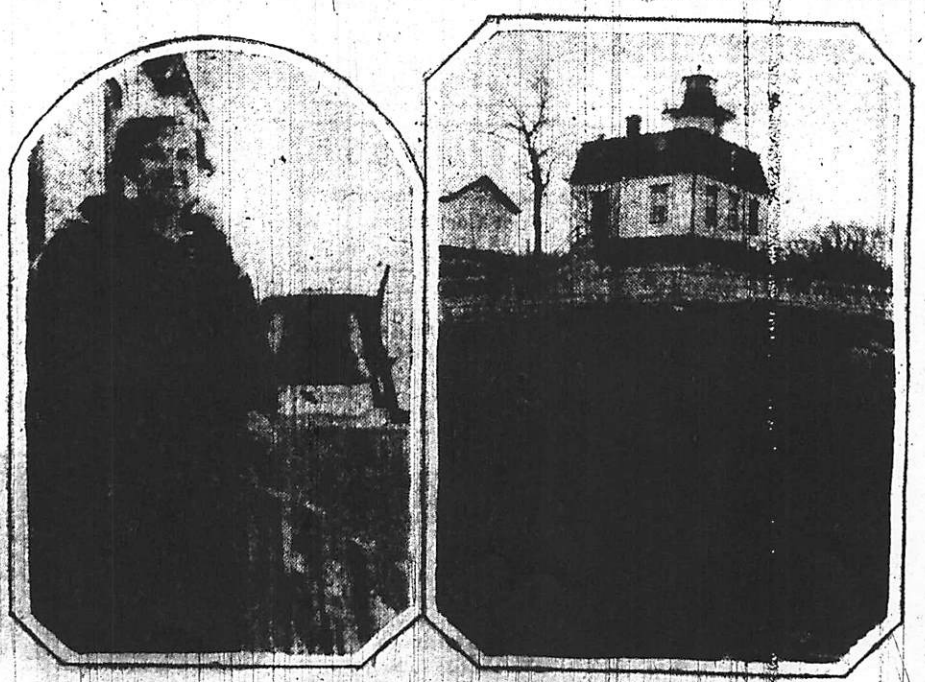
P. T. A. LEADERS AT HEARING

Mrs. Simon S. Lapham, State president of the Rhode Island Congress of Parents and Teachers, will head a delegation representing that organization at a hearing on the bill providing increased State aid for education tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock at the State House. The P. T. A. organization renewed its endorsement of the principle of increased aid to public schools in Rhode Island at its January meeting. At the last meeting of the executive committee, the Congress offered specific endorsement of the Vanderbilt bill.

PIN-TUCK FEATURES BLUE WOOL FROCK

Mrs. Mary Hartman Rumsey of the consumers' advisory board wears a smart daytime frock of soft blue wool trimmed with a pin-tuck sunburst effect about the shoulders. Two tiny fox heads trim the ends of a long Ascot tie. She wears a hat of darker blue with the frock, trimmed with a bright feather.

Mrs. Adolph Aronson and Her Lighthouse Home



R. I. Cou… of Girl … Elects…

Mrs. F. Welli… Is Again … Commis…

Rhode Island M… Girl Scouts elected … a budget on a new … for the member cou… activities for a year … be laid on increasing … annual meeting in … Benefit street, yester…

Dr. Lillian Gilbret… personnel division of … organization, talke… "Skills and Satisfact… meeting which bega… with the customary r… ings and was resume…

MRS. MILLIKE…

Mrs. F. Wellman … elected State commi… year. These officer… mously elected: Dep… Miss Elizabeth J. W… Barker, Mrs. Thom… retary, Miss Martha … Mrs. Donald C. Nort… urer, Mrs. Charles W…

The delegate bod… member councils, a… ity for a budget of … the former method … State organization, … cent. per capita le… membership, each c… into the organizatio… largest amount, will… tributed by the Pro… $350 as the city org… to a Scout enrollme… tire present enrollm… State Council.

From outside sou… tribution from a m… porting Girl Scouti… Englets, the high… among Scouts, whic… corded recognition i… tion with represent… tive committee, a… cookies the budget … $2898.20, the amoun… ation of the State … year.

Indorsement by t… budget for which th… cils will hold themse… included responsibil… raising of other re… $2898.20 mark.

DELEGATES R…

Characterizing th… "difficult" financiall… terday renewed their… date Council for an… cussed ways of incr… In the past year t… socket and Pawtu… withdrew from the …

Activities of the … various branches of … indoor and outdoor … viewed from several … the course of the … and chairmen repor…

Miss Marie Gaud… stressed, in her detai… in the immediate fu… emphasis on buildi…

Exhi…

Open daily …

P…