

# What Happens When a Girl Goes Job Hunting in a Strange City?

By CATHARINE BRODY

## Can a Girl, If Friendless and Alone, With Money Enough For One Week Only, Find a Job and Live On Her Wages?

### SALT LAKE CITY

ONCE upon a time, it is common with a good many other people used to say when they read these stories of starving girls "But why can't they go into domestic service?" I used to say it triumphantly, even querulously. Why not? Look at the seductive advertisements with offers of "good homes, good homes. Good home-cooked food treatment like unto Berres vases by leaping housewives. Wages clear at the end of the month. No slack times, no holidays cutting into pay envelopes. Very little danger of "firing." And such a swell chance of marrying the lovelorn or the grocery man, even the policeman on the beat and, as plaintive housewives have wept, "when she got married, she got married from their house, and they gave her her outfit. She was a good worker. They don't make such now days."

With such glowing futures before them, why can't they go into domestic service. Instead of brazenly starving or throwing themselves into lakes or "selling their souls" where all good comfortable people can read about it and take a bite less roll at breakfast?

Well, they can't. They'd much rather starve or sell their souls—and I for one don't blame them. I too have "assisted with the housework in small family" for "good home more than wages," and the wonder of it is to me not that so many girls will go into domestic service, but that so many still do.

**Housework or starve.**

Before I managed to "assist" in Salt Lake City, I unburdened myself of another illusion—that is, that any starving girl, any girl, could walk into an employment agency, ask for domestic service, and, after an of fusive reception, find herself presto! domestic-service bound. In Cleveland, Kansas City and Denver, I trembled on the verge of domestic service and announced my willingness. Not with enthusiasm was I received, but with questions. Did I have any training? Did I have any city references? When I confessed to neither, the almost pber cooled even further. Absolutely untrained domestic workers are by no means at a premium, for the reason that many women who va-servants do not themselves know

enough about the work to train the untrained. And, of course, city references are a just and wise precaution. But it doesn't make house-work easier to get.

However, in Salt Lake, a city of 118,000, I had to get housework or starve. There is nothing else for the untrained girl, and wisely the untrained girl stays away. The Y. W. residence where I lived till I began to "assist" was small and filled with girls of the skilled trades, stenographers, milliners, a beauty parlor operator, a few waitresses.

My roommate tried hard to rescue me from domestic service, even to the point of urging me to wait until she went back to her home town, Twin Falls, Idaho, where she felt sure she could get me a job as a waitress. She was a tall, pale Swedish girl with city, blonde hair, a direct descendant of the Western pioneers about whom Willa Cather writes. Work on her father's ranch had set its mark on her, so that she looked much older than her 21 years. She was a milliner and had come here, under a sort of exchange system with the wholesale house in Salt Lake from which her employers bought their goods, to work for a few weeks and get ideas.

Glad she has a trade.

She was an intelligent and steady girl, making a baseline from the farm. Her star was Portland, Ore. She was saving her money so as to go there in the spring.

"At first my people didn't like me to be away from home, but I can see they're glad I have a trade now. Many's the time, in summer, when I was working at millinery in town, I'd go out to the ranch, 30 miles away, and my brother and I would help with the hay. That's dreadfully hard work in the fields, and I used to be sick all the time.

"The first time I went away from home I did housework. It wasn't bad because it was a family of grown men and a grandmother, and I was treated just like a member of the family. I'd not have stayed, otherwise, I didn't have any heavy work. The boys always helped with the laundry and dishes, and grandma would help with the cooking, preparing the vegetables. All I had to do

**MISS Brody, an Able and Experienced Reporter, Started Out With \$10 in Her Purse, With a Frock That Cost \$6, and With a Small Handbag as Her Only Luggage—She Visited Cities, With One Exception, Strange to Her—The Comedy and the Tragedy, the Lesson and the Promise to Her Experiences are Vividly and Enlighteningly Told in This Series of Articles**

was to put the dishes on the stove and take them off. But I got very tired of it, and one of the boys was getting too sentimental, anyhow.

"Then I went to town and worked in the millinery store. I got \$7 a week. I think they give an apprentice \$6 here. I worked in the house where I lived after hours and got my board that way, so on the \$5 I managed to clothe and feed myself and keep up with my music.

"It takes two seasons to learn the trade, about 40 weeks. The retail millinery season is from fourteen to twenty weeks, but in between you can go to work in the wholesale houses. The stores used to send you out on jobs. After you learn, you can make from \$15 to \$17 a week at first.

More money in it, but—

"I only came here because I wanted to see a little of the world, but I haven't the least desire to stay. Work is scarce, I guess, all but domestic service. My sister always said you could make more money here doing housework than you could in millinery.

And yet, and yet, she was loath to advise me to go into service, and urged me to look for something else or go back with her to her home town, whose cleanliness and friendliness she painted in glowing colors.

dence were out of work. There was one girl in particular, a thin girl with a large nose, who slipped in and out at table and ate slyly. She had been here for two weeks looking for work as a stenographer and had managed to get only a few days at a temporary job. She had come from San Francisco on a round trip vacation ticket which included Denver and Yellowstone park, had overstay ed her ticket and had no money to go back with. She had looked for work in Denver, but she said, "work was awfully scarce there." Finally, she had managed to scrape enough money to get to Salt Lake, only to find work just as scarce.

"One of the girls tried to get waitress work here. I think she looked around for two weeks, and finally she had to go to some small town near here. She couldn't get a thing in town. The Y. W. has no calls for stenographers at all, or they'd send me out. I'm trying to work my way back home, but it doesn't look as if I'll do it. If I pay my board I'm satisfied—that's all I can manage to do, and I wouldn't like to go to San Francisco penniless. At the club where I lived there my credit's good, but still you know how you feel without any money."

Unselfishness of Mormonism.

In spite of this girl's experience, my Swedish roommate and the little

curly headed Mormon beauty parlor operator, who also sat at table with us, were keen to "see a little of the world before settling down. The mecca for them was not the East but the farther West—Portland Ore, San Francisco and Los Angeles. The farthest East they could imagine was Denver.

The little Mormon girl had come from a small town near Salt Lake and had never been out of Utah. "That's why I'm learning the beauty shop business. Wait till I learn it good, then I'll go out and see the world."

Her grandfather had had two wives and there were 45 grandchildren. She was devoted to her church. Thus she stated her unselfish version of Mormonism:

"More than half of the men outside the church, I guess, have a wife and some woman besides, and I think it's kind of nice to have these women also recognized as their wives, don't you? Plural marriages are forbidden now because it was a commandment given to us when the country needed population, but the need for it is past now.

"Anyhow, people are too selfish for plural marriages now. It takes a lot of unselfishness to be a Mormon, don't you think? Women want everything for themselves now days."

The beauty shop business was a

good business—even in Salt Lake, such a good business that students had to pay to learn.

A city of good homes.

With the Swedish girl holding out for Twin Falls and the Mormon girl rooting for the beauty shop business, I tried me sore to announce that I could afford neither. By this time I had spent a week-end in the residence I was rather frightened by the tales of work hunting.

"Salt Lake City is distinctly a city of homes," said the lavish descriptive folders, after neatly circumlocuting around the details of its industrial life. So I was prepared to and received erect the employment bureau's announcement: "Nothing but domestic service."

I said in effect that "Barkis was willin'." The manager then looked over a stack of cards listing desires for domestic workers who couldn't cook. Every once in a while she would look up at me and shake her head. "Too much for you, I'm afraid. This is laundry, cooking and seven in the family." Employment managers themselves afford me much joyous study when I ask for domestic service. By the terms of their jobs they must counsel for it, but their nature is to warn me against it, and the struggle between God and Mammon shows in the next line between reserve and pity which is their man-

After some study a family with five children, washing required, but "not much cooking expected," was discovered at \$7 a week and kept. Alas! the mother of five had found some one. There was a lady, too, who "generally called for experienced help, but sometimes asked for a girl to train." She had gone to the hospital. So the choice narrowed to Mrs. Blank of such and such avenue. She wanted a girl to "assist" at \$6 a week and board.

The Blank family.

The Blank home was a two-story red brick house, comfortable, not fashionable, on a comfortable, not fashionable street. It had seven rooms, a kitchen, bath, front and back porch, sleeping porch, ample hall and stair space. The Blank family consisted of father, mother, a girl of ten a boy of nine, and the customary of about in the person of the wife's mother, who did everything but sleep there—in other words, the average American family. Mr. Blank sold something—steel, or perhaps it was four—and prospered at it, for he was paunchy and hearty, and the family had two cars, one a new runabout for Mr. Blank, and the older one for Mrs. Blank.

The children were well enough behaved youngsters, who had been trained to look after themselves, and who gave no trouble. Mrs. Blank was an excellent housewife, a devoted wife and good mother, not uninteresting and thoroughly well meaning, a "stylish stout" now, under the eternal delusion of "stylish stouts" that she ate nothing for breakfast, "just a cup of coffee."

I was installed that day, in the "girls' room," Mrs. Blank having called for me in the car, and asked me some little questions about my past. "There isn't really anything to go on," said Mrs. Blank (as I suppose from the depths of my domestic service pessimism, they all say) "I always send the laundry out"—(she forgot to mention that the rough dry, the largest part of the wash, had to be ironed). "I like to do the cooking myself"—(she did not take into account the incidentals of cooking, like putting on the coffee, keeping the cook and hot water stove fire burning, heating water for dishes, peeling potatoes, etc.) "My experience with

very wasteful. They don't have to pay the grocery bills, you see. We like to have a man come in to wax the floors and clean the outside of the windows—the inside, of course, are easy. There really isn't anything to do, really just keep the house as it is."

To keep the house as it was—simply clean, not at all immaculate—took the work of one woman, me, for at least twelve continuous hours a day, and the work of two women, Mrs. Blank and her mother, relieving each other for the cooking, ironing, supervision and incidentals. For they worked, too, and they were both thoroughly skilled cooks and housewives.

The "little to do."

I wondered at first how I could possibly earn my keep in a house in which, according to its mistress, there was so little to do. I found out—you bet I found out. Those two hours during and after every meal, when I washed the dishes, cleared away and put the kitchen in order, and the rest of the family ate or read or lounged in peace and comfort, were alone fully worth the \$6 a week and board. In fact, for eight hours work a day of just that nature, without any dishwashing, I got \$6 a month or almost twice as much with room and board, at the hotel in Chicago.

Need I say more about work in the home compared to work for a soulless corporation? I don't think so. But I will say more.

I timed myself on my routine every day. Always I began at 7.30 a. m., which was no worse than the factory.

"We always have dinner at 6 o'clock promptly," said Mrs. Blank (and undoubtedly, they all say this too), "and you can be all through with your work at 7.30."

That night her mother took the little girl to a movie. Half the family ate at 6, the other half at 7. Consequently I did not get through till 9. Then the family went out, so that I could not go to bed, but had to wait up to answer the telephone till 10.

"Ve always eats at six," said the grandmother, who was an imperial

very wasteful. They don't have to pay the grocery bills, you see. We like to have a man come in to wax the floors and clean the outside of the windows—the inside, of course, are easy. There really isn't anything to do, really just keep the house as it is."

To keep the house as it was—simply clean, not at all immaculate—took the work of one woman, me, for at least twelve continuous hours a day, and the work of two women, Mrs. Blank and her mother, relieving each other for the cooking, ironing, supervision and incidentals. For they worked, too, and they were both thoroughly skilled cooks and housewives.

The "little to do."

I wondered at first how I could possibly earn my keep in a house in which, according to its mistress, there was so little to do. I found out—you bet I found out. Those two hours during and after every meal, when I washed the dishes, cleared away and put the kitchen in order, and the rest of the family ate or read or lounged in peace and comfort, were alone fully worth the \$6 a week and board. In fact, for eight hours work a day of just that nature, without any dishwashing, I got \$6 a month or almost twice as much with room and board, at the hotel in Chicago.

Need I say more about work in the home compared to work for a soulless corporation? I don't think so. But I will say more.

I timed myself on my routine every day. Always I began at 7.30 a. m., which was no worse than the factory.

"We always have dinner at 6 o'clock promptly," said Mrs. Blank (and undoubtedly, they all say this too), "and you can be all through with your work at 7.30."

That night her mother took the little girl to a movie. Half the family ate at 6, the other half at 7. Consequently I did not get through till 9. Then the family went out, so that I could not go to bed, but had to wait up to answer the telephone till 10.

"Ve always eats at six," said the grandmother, who was an imperial

(Continued on sixth page.)

# MICHIGAN AVENUE WOMAN WINS FIRST PRIZE IN TITLE-WRITING CONTEST

## Picture for Title-Writers to Try Hand at This Week



The first prize of \$10 goes to Norma B. Underwood of 1464 Michigan avenue this week. The picture seemed to be difficult, but today we have one that tells much to the close reader. See what you can do in the way of writing a title.

- Here are the rules:
1. Titles must be written on a postcard and addressed to Title Editor, Sunday Express.
  2. They must not exceed twelve words in length.
  3. They must reach The Express office by Wednesday midnight.
  4. One person may send in as many titles as he or she wishes, but don't crowd too many on one postcard.
  5. Answers must not be enclosed in envelopes.

## Last Week's Picture and Winning Title



IT MAKES HIM HAPPY TO SEE HER CROSS  
—Norma B. Underwood, No. 1464 Michigan avenue.

**WINNERS OF \$1 EACH**

THE MAIL (MALE) THAT RECEIVES THE PREFERENCE.  
—Mrs. William Geyer, No. 43 Laurel street.

THE GENERAL, THE EX-PRIVATE AND THE MUFFLED DRUMS.  
—William Beveridge, No. 22 West Delavan avenue.

SHE SAYS IT WITH FLOWERS BECAUSE SHE KNOWS HE LOVES TULIPS.  
—Ruth E. Franklin, Fredonia, N. Y.

IF BABY FALLS, PAPA WILL WHIP.  
—E. Hill, East Aurora, N. Y.

SHE SAID A PAGE F

## Little Chats With Title-Writers

Here's a letter from F. E. Baker of No. 332 Bissell avenue, one of our most faithful title-writers:

"I desire at this time to inform you of the pleasure I get from your title contest. While I have not won a prize I am by no means discouraged. I intend to keep on writing titles and maybe some time I will win. The clever titles sent you by various title-writers afford me more enjoyment than words can express. The Express is my favorite newspaper."

Here's one from J. H. Flickinger, No. 26 Wakefield avenue: "Upon receiving honorable mention several times after being a title-writer for over two years I have at last come in for a prize. I now have more encouragement and ambition to go after the first prize and if the contest continues I may have the good luck to get it. Thank you very kindly for the check, which I received today. I enjoy the morning and Sunday paper very much and wish The Express every success."

George H. Camehl of No. 410 Elmwood avenue writes:

"I wish to acknowledge receipt of and thank you for your check for \$1 as prize money title contest February 2d. I was very much surprised to receive one of the prizes as this

is the first time I have offered any suggestions for titles, although I have been interested in the same since they first commenced."

Elinor Everts of Fredonia writes:

"Have had loads of fun and quite a few honorable mentions and am still trying for a prize."

Why, of course. Our club was planning a party and was selling tickets for it, which I considered unwarranted.

One evening my new roommate, who knew nothing of this, said to me, "Don't forget the party on Friday night."

I answered, "Yes, and you've got to pay for the tickets."

As soon as I saw the look of blank surprise on her face as she answered "Why, of course, I invited you and fully expected to," I realized she was speaking of a trip to the movies she had planned to celebrate a certain event. Mutual explanations followed.

Such is life. I invited my fiancee of one day to dine with us at home one evening and to make a good impression I did most of the cooking and was in the kitchen when he called so he could see what a good cook I was. I had the kitchen spic and span and myself as neat as possible. I reached for something on a high shelf in the pantry and as I was reaching I fell and as I fell I fell on my face in the meantime, the meat burned to a crisp and the potatoes also.

Change for June.

While working in a downtown office I seldom carried more than enough change for lunch. One noon I discovered I had only 27 cents. I decided to eat at a cafeteria. Thinking I had chosen wisely, I was surprised to find my check was 24

"Your contest is equally fair to all contributors," writes Henry R. Heberlein of No. 230 Linden street.

William A. Russell of Batavia writes:

"Many thanks for your check received for winning title in last week's contest. The title contest is very interesting."

## Embarrassing Moments

Why, of course. Our club was planning a party and was selling tickets for it, which I considered unwarranted.

One evening my new roommate, who knew nothing of this, said to me, "Don't forget the party on Friday night."

I answered, "Yes, and you've got to pay for the tickets."

As soon as I saw the look of blank surprise on her face as she answered "Why, of course, I invited you and fully expected to," I realized she was speaking of a trip to the movies she had planned to celebrate a certain event. Mutual explanations followed.

Such is life. I invited my fiancee of one day to dine with us at home one evening and to make a good impression I did most of the cooking and was in the kitchen when he called so he could see what a good cook I was. I had the kitchen spic and span and myself as neat as possible. I reached for something on a high shelf in the pantry and as I was reaching I fell and as I fell I fell on my face in the meantime, the meat burned to a crisp and the potatoes also.

Change for June.

While working in a downtown office I seldom carried more than enough change for lunch. One noon I discovered I had only 27 cents. I decided to eat at a cafeteria. Thinking I had chosen wisely, I was surprised to find my check was 24

its proper place and then asked the checker to give me a new check. To my embarrassment I encountered the amazed glance of a client at our office.

B. G.

## RUN-DOWN WEAK, NERVOUS

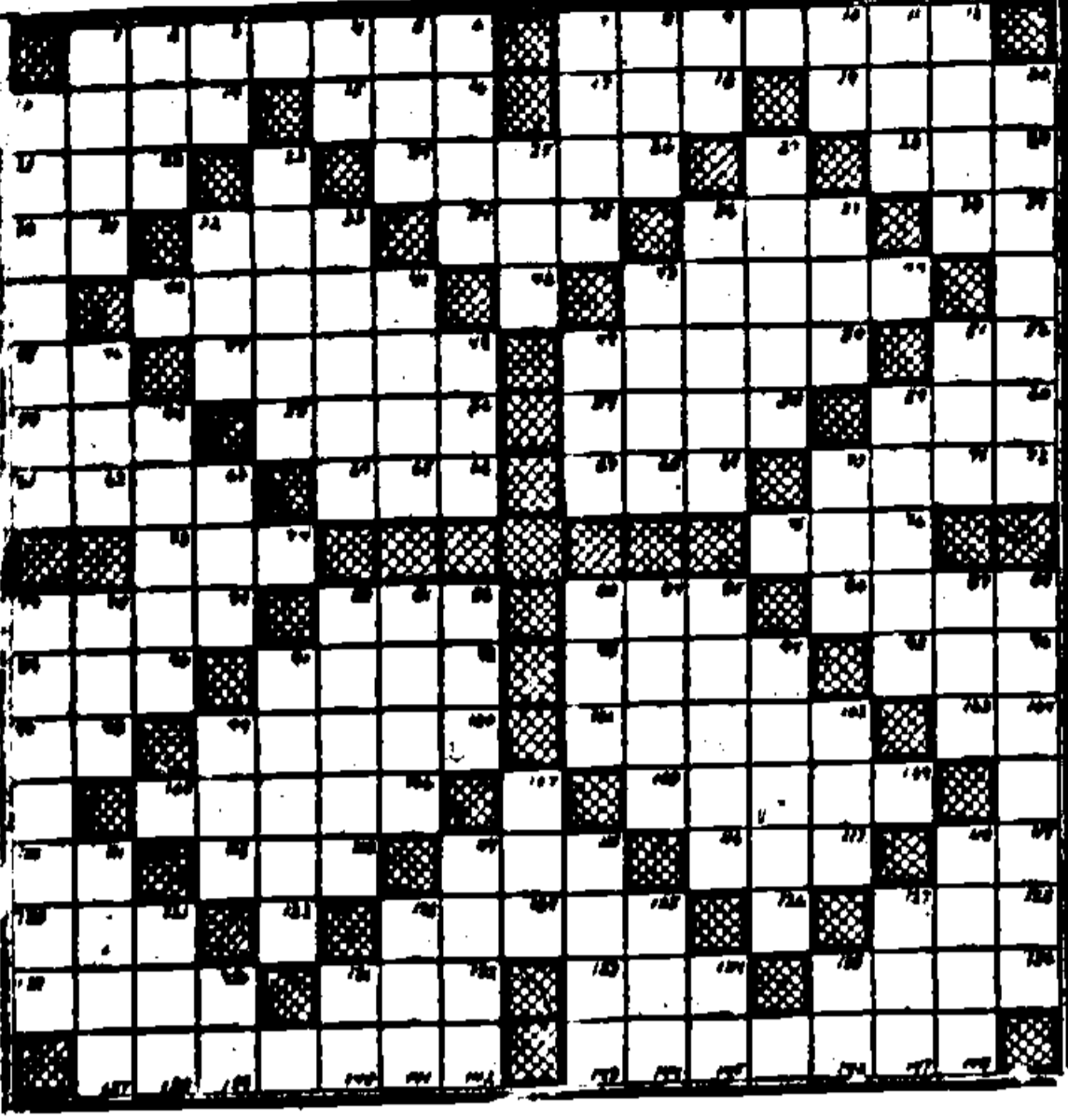
Benefited by First Bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lancaster, Pa.—"After I was married I became terribly run-down and was weak and nervous. My sister-in-law told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My husband got me a bottle at once, and it did me so much good that I began taking it. I began to feel well and strong again and was able to do my housework up to the time my baby was born a nice fat little girl in the heat of health. As they indicate some form of female trouble, I have tried it with my friends and I am perfectly willing for you to use these facts as a testimonial. Mrs. FRANK H. GRIMM, 533 Locust Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Women should heed such symptoms as pains, backache, nervousness, run-down condition and irregularity, as they indicate some form of female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



CROSSWORD PUZZLE



A follow-up of this series of puzzles... Your puzzles are not only entertaining, but instructive.

CLUES AN DEFINITIONS.

- Horizontal Words. 14-A radio wire. 17-19-Short stems of cut hay. 18-14-A butter substitute.

- 61-42-A kind of poetry. 64-46-Word of mild reproach. 67-49-An edible tuber.

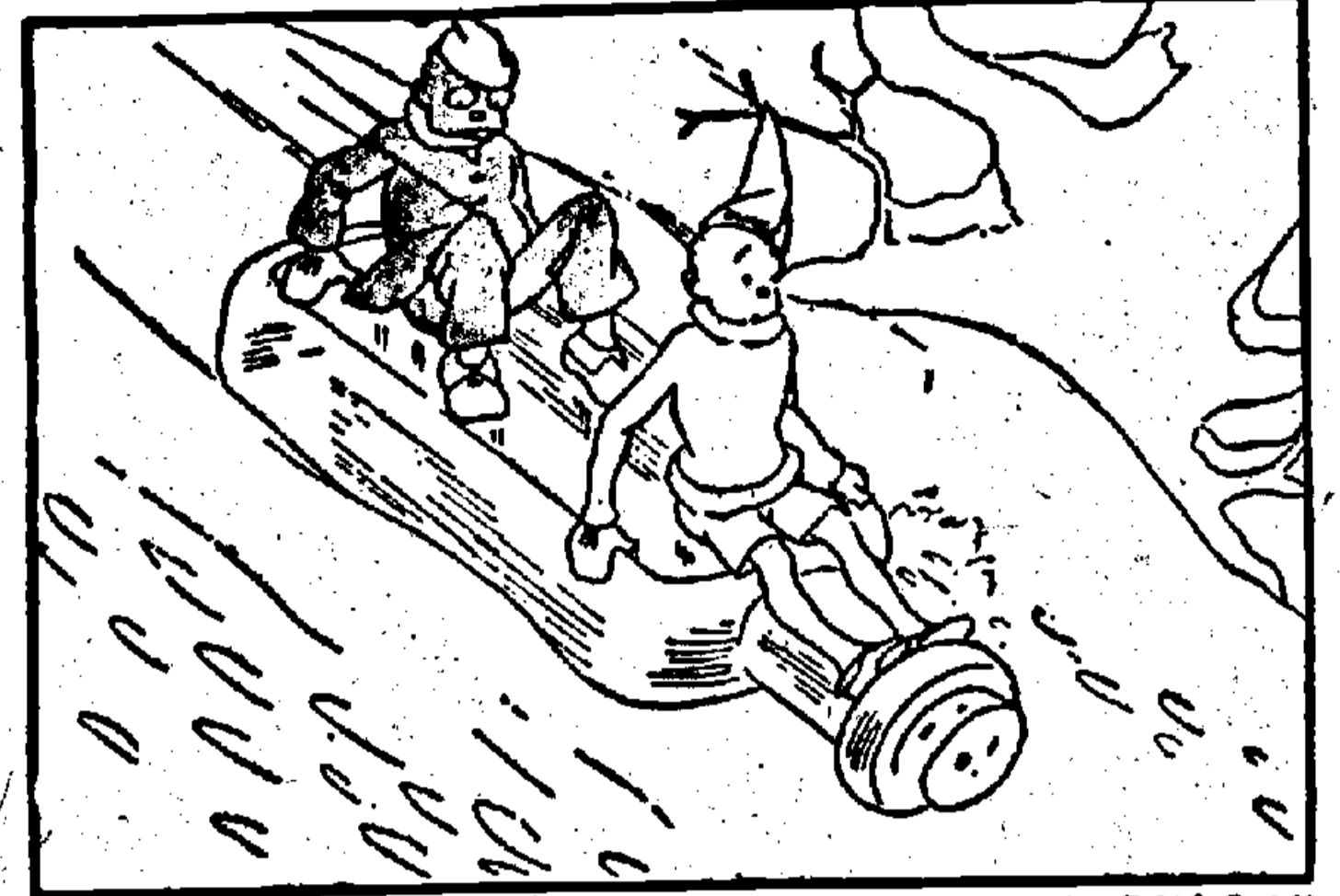
Vertical Words.

- 1-31-A compound of aluminum and potassium. 2-22-To trap or to ensnare. 3-14-In the direction of.

- 63-4-A district of Southeastern Asia. 8-26-In addition. 9-18-To a higher place.

- 127-125-A German noble title. 127-128-To feel illness. 129-130-Portion of a burlesque show.

THE TEENIE WEEENIES THE WORLD'S SMALLEST PEOPLE.



ONE DAY THE DUNCE AND GOGO FOUND A NICE SLIDING PLACE. "JIMMIE CRICKETS!" EXCLAIMED THE DUNCE. "IF WE JUST HAD A SLED WE COULD HAVE GREAT COASTING."



"MAYBE WE ALL CAN FIGURE OUT A PLAN TO GET DAT BOTTLE UP DE HILL EASIER," SUGGESTED GOGO. "LET'S ALL SQUAT DOWN AND THINK - NOT HARD, BUT JUS' SLOW AND EASY SORT OF LIKE. IS A FIRM BELIEVER IN MEDITATION, ESPECIALLY IF IT'S GWINE TO FACILITATION LABAN!"

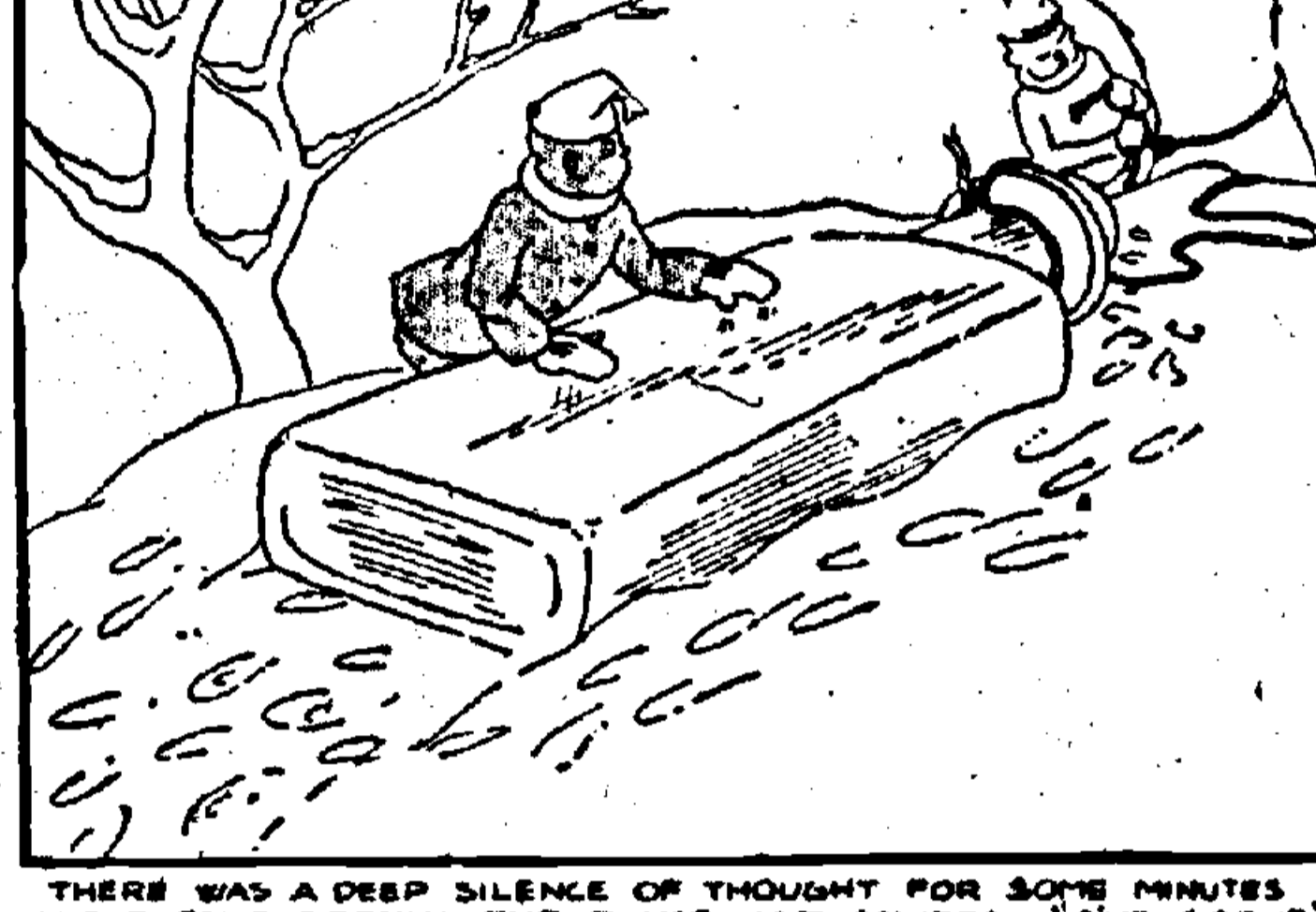


THEY TIED THE OTHER END OF THE STRING TO A BUSH AND JUMPING ONTO THE BOTTLE THEY PUSHED OFF. THE IDEA OF THE STRING WAS ALL RIGHT, BUT THE STRING WAS TOO SHORT AND THAT'S WHERE THE TROUBLE STARTED.

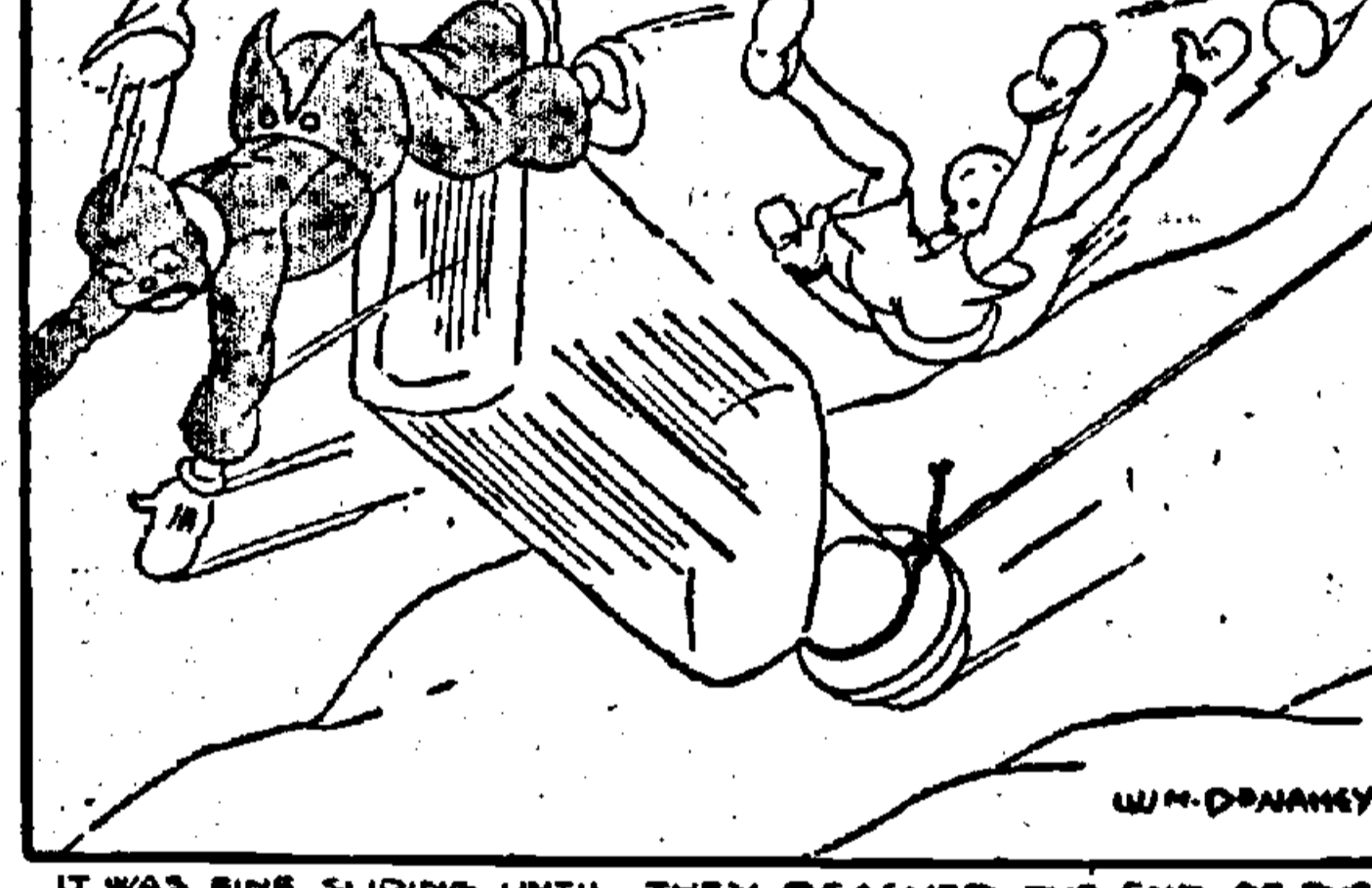
TEENIE WEEENIE GOSSIP THE OLD SOLDIER WAS A BLACK EYE. HE WAS CUTTING A LIME FROM A LEAD PENCIL ONE DAY LAST WEEK, WHEN A CHIP FLEW UP AND STRUCK HIM IN THE EYE.



IT WAS LOVELY TO COAST DOWN THE HILL AND FEEL THE COLD AIR WHISTLE BY, BUT IT WASN'T QUITE SO MUCH FUN TO PULL THE HEAVY BOTTLE BACK UP THE HILL FOR THE NEXT SLIDE DOWN.



THERE WAS A DEEP SILENCE OF THOUGHT FOR SOME MINUTES, AND THEN SUDDENLY THE DUNCE HAD AN IDEA. "I'VE GOT IT," HE SHOUTED. "WE CAN TIE A STRING TO THE BOTTLE, FASTEN THE OTHER END TO A BUSH AND WHEN WE SLIDE DOWN ALL WE'LL HAVE TO DO IS TO WALK BACK UP THE HILL AND THEN PULL UP THE BOTTLE." THEY FOUND SOME STRING AND TIED IT TO THE BOTTLE.



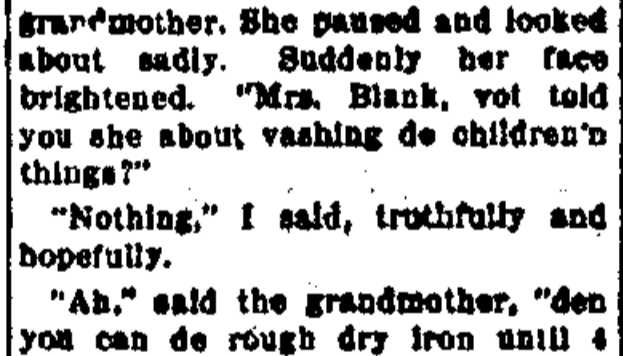
IT WAS FINE SLIDING UNTIL THEY REACHED THE END OF THE STRING AND THEN THE BOTTLE STOPPED WITH A BANG, SHOWING THE TWO TEENIE WEEENIES HEAD OVER HEELS INTO THE AIR. THEY HAD STOPPED RIDING ON BOTTLES.

What Happens When a G'rl Goes Job Hunting in a Strange City?

(Continued from second page.)

erman woman with an imperial accent, bent over as she prepared her dinner. "You can always rough it all at seven o'clock." But Mr. and Mrs. Blank had gone coloring in the afternoon. They did not appear till quarter of seven, consequently it was 8.30 before I was through. So it went.

KEY TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE.



"It was now 'tree o'clock," said grand-mother. She paused and looked about sadly. Suddenly her face brightened. "Mrs. Blank, you told you she about washing de children's things?" "Nothing," I said, truthfully and hopefully.

one of the reasons for the unpopularity of domestic work—women's insistence on molding their workers to their pattern—their insistence on methods as well as results. And, of course, the interminable supervision. There are times when a factory foreman has to turn his back and a slight slip of method or result goes unnoted. Never in the home. Mrs. Blank would be gentle about it, but none the less infuriating. I would round red-hot the piano and show me triumphantly any dust she had found on the rag.

As for the food, by a very generous estimate, perhaps I cost the Blanks \$3 extra a week. I doubt it. I was not planned for. The food was bought generously for a family of five (mother ate dinner here every night) and while in general I ate the same food the family did, my portion was "managed" from the generous portions of the rest. When the portions did not quite permit of this, when for instance, some one wanted an extra cup of coffee or there was not quite enough fruit to go round at breakfast, I got none. It is a housewife's saying that in a family there is always room for one extra.

But it's worth the extra dollars Beard and lodging that is "earned" hasn't nearly the taste and savor of board and lodging that one buys with one's own money. "Then—the hours. My whole day and evening belonged to the house. I put in at least eleven hours of continuous work five days a week—it was twelve hours really, often thirteen and fourteen, but I am generous. From 7.30 till at least 7.30. My routine was unchangeable except in slight details. When there was no rough dry to be ironed—there were children's clothes to wash. When there were no clothes to be washed the bathroom or kitchen needed scrubbing. When those failed there was always mending and darning.

factory, where you would reply eagerly and ask right back. It is hardly possible with one's employer. Otherwise grandmother's conversation: "It is hard ven you earn if you know not how to do, but vit intelligence and persever-ance, or can learn and please the Leopic and, haf a good home. A girl can haf a very good home here—if you please de people, vot you tink?" If she had only known what I thought! At breakfast and lunch I ate with the children, when I didn't finish first "to get a start with the dishes." At dinner, I ate alone, Mrs. Blank, who, as I have said, was a well-meaning and by no means inconsiderate woman, having explained to me with some embarrassment that Mr. Blank preferred the family to eat alone. I didn't blame Mr. Blank. A family can't generally take the "girl" into its intimacy—their lives, ideas, habits are too different. But it does not make domestic service any the less lonely; it does not make the "girl" any the less isolated in the midst of a social group all day and every day.

Beauty A Gleamy Mass of Hair 35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair. Includes an illustration of a woman's face.