

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?

NEW YORK.

The most difficult thing about looking for a job in New York is that, from the papers, there seem to be so many jobs to choose from. Where I had been used to half a column of ads yielding perhaps one or two possibilities, I found myself confronted by whole pages. By the time I got through reading, I was in such a daze of indecision that job hunting invariably was put off till another day.

Another difficulty—and I imagine this confronts all to whom the city is strange—is the New York inhibition, an awe of its vastness. One doesn't know where to begin. If you were to ask any homelbred New Yorker the outstanding industries of the city and the names of its factories, he would be stumped.

As a matter of fact, New York itself is a city of small shops. What ever big factories exist are in the northern parts of Brooklyn, Staten Island and Long Island, and being a true insular inhabitant of Manhattan, the most fondish torture of the inquisition is as nothing compared to an early morning trip to Brooklyn, Staten Island and Long Island.

Everybody eats candy.

Everybody eats candy. All Manhattan seemed to be making it, judging by the papers. And all Manhattan wanted to get jobs making it, judging by the line at Park & Tillary, whose factory was the first on my list. Mr. Park and Mr. Tillary started down haughtily from their gilt frames at a strange assortment of white and negro girls who were cooling their heels just inside the factory.

I had been thoroughly schooled, through reading other stories of working in New York. In the idea that jobs couldn't be got here except

before dawn on Monday. I was also prepared to receive with fortitude a painfully curt and callous reception. Wasn't this the cruel big city I had read so much about?

The man who separated the black from the white sheep, the experienced in the inexperience, treated us in the attitude in which we met him. I told the truth—that I had never worked in a candy factory before—always a fatal mistake—and I was rejected, but with sorrow and advice. There was a big candy factory a few blocks down. Why didn't I try that?

I wanted more than candy packing, though. I wanted to see it in its formative processes, and in that case a smaller factory seemed to be more suitable. I landed in the Chase Candy company.

"Lend me a lipstick,"

It was in one of the loft buildings typical of New York, which go quite uncare for so far as the landlord is concerned. While I waited for the freight elevator, along came Ruth and Naomi.

"Lend me a lipstick," demanded Naomi. She was an extremely pretty girl, with reddish brown bobbed hair and great green eyes, and very conscious of her prettiness, full of little airs and graces. Ruth was stout, downhearted looking and wore glasses.

The reason for the lipstick was that Naomi wanted to look older than her sixteen years. As we trotted up the stairs and waited to be hired, their pasts, experiences, ideas tumbled out of them without the least bit of probing on my part. They seemed to be glad to find somebody new to talk to about themselves. About me they lacked all curiosity. They didn't even ask my name.

They were both Jewish, and the factory to them was a distinct fall from grace.

"I'm a stenographer," said Ruth wistfully, but it's so hard to get a

position. I got cold feet when I walk into an office. Only way I get in is to turn the handle and hold my breath and shut my eyes and I'm in."

German girl was "just over."

"It's so nice to work in an office," added Naomi. "I'm ashamed to tell my friends what I do, honest! They're all teachers and stenographers and work in offices—and I'm down to this. Won't be for long, anyway. This is the kind of job you don't want to keep for long. I left school—for a spree—I'm going to Hunter college, but in a couple of weeks I'll go back again. I want to be a lawyer."

"This kid's a regular highflyer," said Ruth, admiringly.

"You ever go to Greenwich village? I have a lot of friends down there. Go dancing," began Naomi again.

"Did you see that letter in the paper today where it says all stenographers are cigarette smoking gold diggers?" interrupted Ruth.

"I don't see anything wrong in cigarette smoking. I smoke a cigarette

when I go out. Oh, you know, I take a puff when I'm with a crowd, in is to turn the handle and hold my breath and shut my eyes and I'm in."

This was Naomi. Ruth said she smoked, too, once in a while.

While we were in the throes of a discussion on millinery as a trade, two girls dressed alike in long gray coats, with gray hats perched on top of their placid German faces, came up in the elevator, followed by a collection of battered Irish girls. It was amazing, the number of girls New York could collect at any old hour of the day.

The two German girls were sisters, one had just come over and spoke about three words of English, and her sister was hunting a job for her. When we next saw them, after a boss with, as he said, a heart "as big as all outdoors," had hired us with an all-inclusive wave of his hand, they were preparing to dolefully retire. The German girl had been rejected because the boss was afraid she would not understand orders. We found we could talk German to her,

so, being hard-billed New Yorkers, we waylaid the boss again and prevailed on him to give her a chance.

Naomi, Ruth and I ate lunch in an automat, Ruth, the literary member of the group, having bought a copy of a love magazine to read between courses, while Naomi and I discussed work in general. They were thoroughly conscious, aware of their work—a strange phenomenon in the factory girl.

"It's not the kind of work you want to stay at," Naomi put it, "all you have a lot of fun in a factory. If I wasn't going back to school I'd learn millinery. That's a good trade. You start at \$9 or \$10, but they raise you and pretty soon you get \$15. And at the end of the season, when you're an experienced milliner, you belong to the union. I have an aunt who's a milliner. Weeks when she doesn't make \$60 she says, 'M'm! Business is rotten!'"

Starts making lollypops.

In the afternoon we went to work. The Chase Candy company made

College boys "too fresh."

"I love to dance," said Peggy. "How do they dance in New York?" And she dropped her work to describe some mystery of steps and shuffles. "In New Haven I used to go to dances every night in the week. I used to dance with the college boys, but I wouldn't go out with them. They're too fresh. Think they can get away with anything because they go to college. We can't go out here, we don't know any boys. We can't take up with anybody."

Later we were all put on piece work, which had the effect of encouraging us in the work. No more talk. My natural disposition to be a rotten twister and tear all the tissue papers was increased to such an extent that when the forelady next wandered around, she promptly put me to packing the pops, nine in a box.

This was not only unsocial, but exasperating. I, having always been near the deadline on arithmetic, I got bewildered by the rapid succession of pops and boxes, 10 boxes to a case, for which the piecework price was twenty cents. You could make good money at this, too, so the forelady said. One of the new girls—also a stenographer out of a job—packed 1,200 boxes or twelve cases, one day, making \$2.40.

One needed a New England conscience to pack the boxes, for the commonest trick of packers, even in the large chocolate factories, where a stricter watch is kept on the girls, seem to be to put fewer than the required number of candies to a box. In this way they speed up the work and make more money. So, what with conscience versus poor arithmetic, I was a wreck by that night.

Next day, having proved myself a rotten twister and a worse packer in the lollypop factory, I was permitted to join the "popstickers" club. Into each life a gleam of sunshine must fall. My gleam came when I learned I was a good sticker. We were nine, four on each side of the table, and a girl who took off the candy from the machine and slammed it down in the groove in front of each of us.

The candy came out of the machine in strings of translucent balls. The next machine cut each ball from the string and the girl who took off poured us each out a hot dipperful of shining colored balls. "They look like stones for a ring," said the elderly woman in black, whose mother was married at fourteen and had nine children. (I mention it because it seemed to be her one mark of distinction.)

At this table we got \$15 a week and we talked—how we talked—and laughed so raucously that the boss had to come out every once in a while to assure us he wasn't running a playground. We grabbed each ball, and swore at the blisters on our fingers, we dug a stick into the plastic dough and tossed them on the table, lollypops to be raked off and cooled under two electric fans.

Freedom of speech prevailed.

"This is some club, ain't it?" laughed the large fat Irishwoman opposite me, who never worked on Paddy's day. Good we got no plous girls around. We'd shock them sure. We used to have two, they'd have a fit every time we swore."

The free conversation ranged from the off-color stories whispered by the man who ran the machine to an ingenious folk song of New York. If our young intellectuals had only concocted it, it would be hailed as a work of artful insinuation.

And the girl who raked in the 'pops and cooled them off—what a model of the Rabelaisian art she would have made for the young intellectuals. These girls weren't merely round and coarse like the girls in the packing house. They were ribald, especially the girl who raked in.

She was very young, very artistically red and white-faced, with bobbed curly black hair, reticent about everything but her father named Harry, who "sure threw a fine line o'bull. He oughta be a salesman."

Her language is pungent.

She spoke in unmentionable figures of speech. They just tumbled out of her lips so naturally, so simply, so innocently, with such effect. How the young intellectuals who have to take pains to get their books suppressed would envy her!

Nobody else could vie with her in pungency of language, though most of them tried at lunch time, when the German girl studied an English grammar, and the rest of us talked gin with the girl from Hell's Kitchen.

None of these New York girls had ever heard of Hell's Kitchen, in the first place. Why did they call it Hell's Kitchen?

"M'm," said the girl who came from there proudly, "because it's a pretty tough place."

She told us she could get as much gin as she liked. But drinking, somehow, was not looked on so casually or with so much favor as smoking.

And in the evening there were

Hell's Kitchen, "but it's terrible when a woman drinks."

Perhaps, it was the sense of being at home in the city which made me feel so thoroughly at home in the candy factory. But I think it was largely the girls. They were the most conscious of the world about them of any I had yet met. They actually walked about with their eyes open—a phenomenon for the American working girl.

And—most surprising thing of all—only once did I hear mention of a letter. The Italian under-forelady remarked casually, apropos of Saint Patrick's day, that she was going to marry an Irishman soon—and probably keep on working.

"I've been working for seven-eight years now. And I never had it easy. You oughta be ashamed of yourself—tired—a young girl like you (this, to me, who had demurred against doing some odd job on the ground that I was tired). What'll you do when you hafta keep on working a couple of years?"

Of course there were disadvantages to this attitude of worldly knowledge and savoir faire. None of the peace and good nature and orderliness of the Western factories prevailed. Nobody took anything from anybody, even from the boss, who was regarded with the semi-contemptuousness of children toward an indulgent parent.

One never hears good, etc.

The super-forelady and the under-forelady, who was newer, especially, both had good ears and constantly overheard things about each other. Then the under-forelady would scurry and the super-forelady would scurry, over whitening to conciliate her.

"Did some one say something, dear? Was it one of the girls? You have to take so many things, dear; don't get upset, will you, dear?"

To all of which the under-forelady replied in monosyllables, until her superior withers away.

"I got good ears," mutters the under-forelady. "I heard what he said about me."

Another amazing thing about the New York factory girls, as compared to her out of town sister, is her almost entire lack of curiosity. I used to be subjected to intensive cross-examinations and for every answer I got out of them, they got one out of me. Question for question, answer for answer. Here, while, on occasion, the girls were ready enough to furnish information, everybody more or less took everybody else for granted.

Only \$12 a week to start.

I only had \$12 a week to count on as yet, because I was only being tried out at sticking the sticks in the lollypops. At that I was more fortunate than the pieceworkers who twisted the tissue paper. Their average was 68 pounds a day, or about \$11 a week, if they kept up the pace, and goodness knows how long it would take them to reach the pinnacle of twelve pounds an hour. Very few of them, by their talk, would stick it out for so long. They were restless even after 8 1/2 hours of twisting tissue papers.

Out West I used to rave at the habits of a contiguous agricultural country which made me go to work at 7 and 7.30 in the morning. But this has its advantages. Even when the forenoon is half an hour shorter than the afternoon, the afternoon becomes that much more bearable.

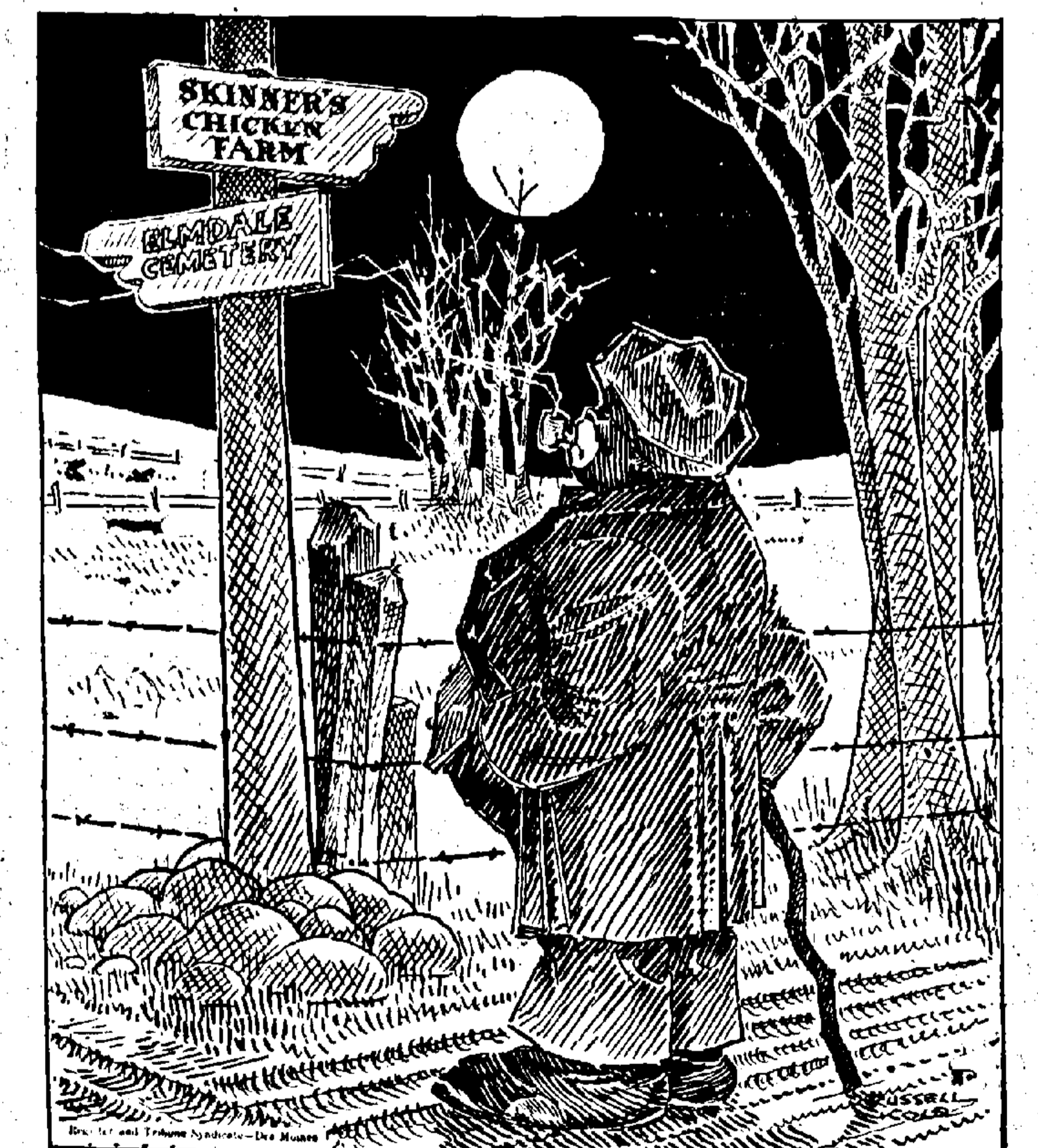
I welcomed even the appearance of the doctor on the first day coming to examine us for 50 cents a head and give us the certificate required by the law, because it wasted about six seconds of that extra half hour. What the working girl needs is a shorter afternoon. And there are shops in New York which work in.

(Continued on sixth page.)

TONAWANDA MAN WINS FIRST PRIZE IN TITLE-WRITING CONTEST

Picture for Title-Writers to Try Hand at This Week

Last Week's Picture and Winning Title



What title can you suggest for the above picture. Six prizes are awarded, \$10 for the best and \$1 each for the next best five.

E. M. Stratton of No. 267 Elmwood avenue, winner last week, writes: "I was agreeably surprised when I opened the Sunday Express and found that I was the winner in the Title Contest." Many thanks for the check which was promptly received.

Cornelia D. Wetter of No. 184 Best street writes "Thank you for the receipt of the money order. It was my first attempt at naming the pictures, so I have been encouraged to try again."

Mrs. O. Geyer of No. 118 Cottage street writes: "Your check for \$1 received and wish to thank you. I am a constant reader of the Buffalo Express but last week was my first attempt at the Title contest. Wishing you success in the future."

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.

No employees of the J. N. Matthews company or members of that company are eligible.

WINNERS OF \$1 EACH

MUTUAL DIFFICULTIES—A HARD TITLE FOR HER BUT HARDER FOR ME.
—Homer Gates No. 67 Hughes avenue.

PAGING MR. JONES.
—Mrs. Horace Le Seur Batavia, N. Y.

IT TAKES MANY LINES TO CATCH A POOR FISH.
—Nettie Fleishman, No. 927 Elmwood avenue.

AFTER MARRIAGE SHE WILL NOT BE SO PARTICULAR.
—Mrs. J. Keller, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

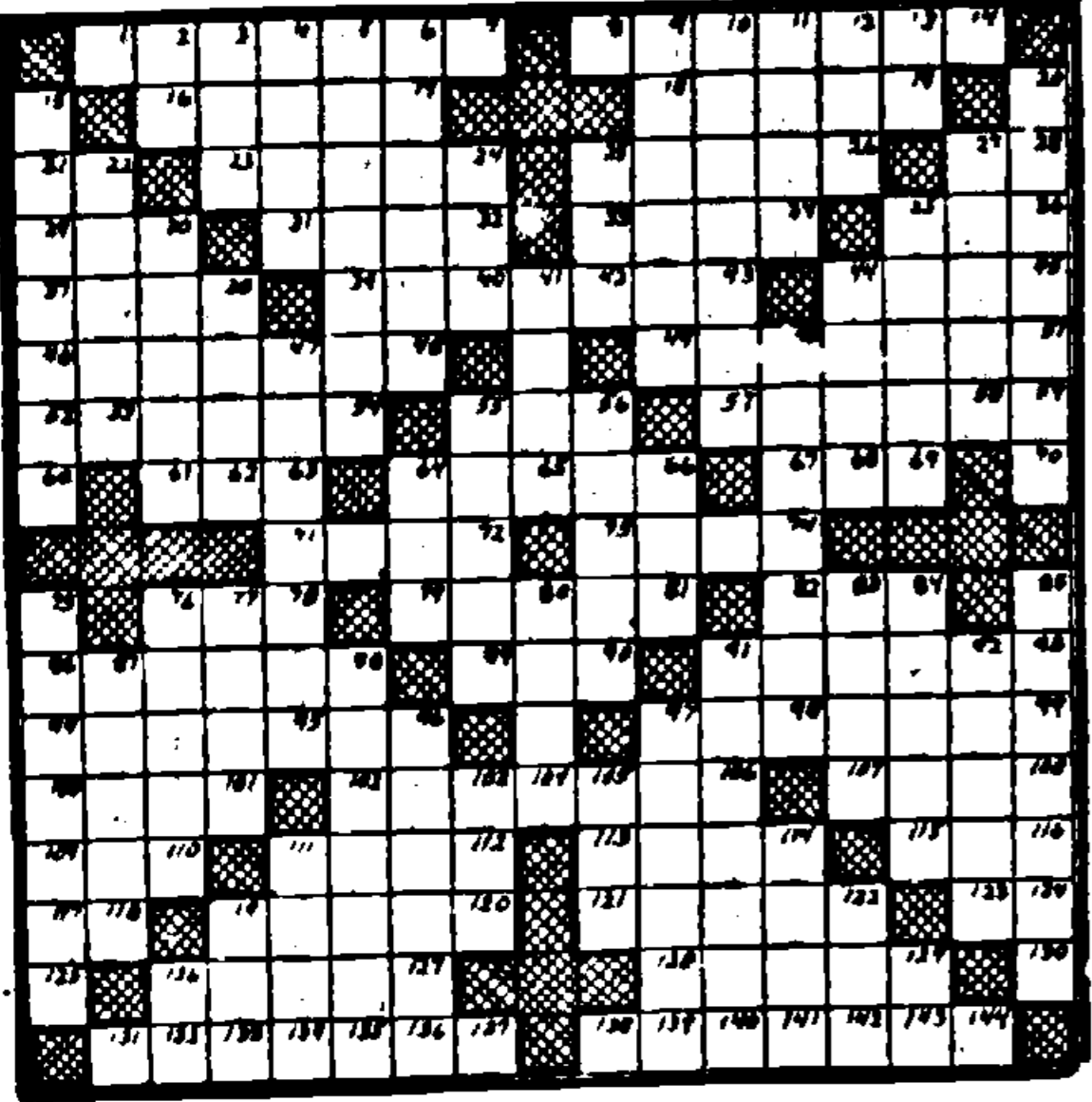
AN AMERICAN GIRL HUNTING FOR A TITLE.
—James [Name], No. 958 Kensington avenue

CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, constantly by your corn stops hurting, then shortly by your lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a day bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn,

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



- 41-45—European mountains.
44-49—Center of a plant-stem.
47-48—A water bird.
50-55—Record of events.
56-59—Used for grinding.
60-61—Formed into a dome.
64-78—A domesticated animal.
68-81—To incline the head.
78-125—To attribute to.
78-110—A primitive shelter.
80-104—A garment.
83-107—Repetition.
84-115—A kind of flagon or pitcher.
85-120—Working or shaping with the back of a hammer.
87-118—A duct or channel.
83-135—A communication.
91-140—Word of opposite meaning.
92-123—A facial expression.
96-136—An idle person.
97-139—Discerning or foresighted.
103-12—A scrap from a feast.
105-121—Suffix indicating the superlative degree.
111-124—To march or migrate.
114-141—Used by smokers.
119-123—An alcoholic beverage.
122-142—A vehicle.
126-122—A Southern state.
129-143—Island along the Atlantic seaboard.

In composing today's puzzle, Mrs. May Johnson, of Cleveland, O., has been careful to have no part of it isolated, with the result that a good start in one part should lead to the discovery of all the words needed to complete the puzzle and agree with the definitions given below. It will be noted also that the figure, or pattern, is perfectly symmetrical, a good feature.

94-96—A passageway.
97-98—An indefinite time.
100-101—An oxide of iron.
102-108—In the shortest time.
107-108—A part of the British Isles.
109-110—Suffix meaning follower.

- CLUES AND DEFINITIONS.
Horizontal Words.
1-7—An insurmountable obstacle.
14—Detected by the sense of smell.
16-17—A city of Italy.
18-19—A love affair.
21-22—The sun god of Egypt.
23-24—A river in Italy.
25-26—To have confidence in.
27-31—Prefix meaning down.
29-30—A vase or jar.
31-32—A genus of bees.
33-34—An architectural molding near the top of a column.
35-36—Cry of a bird.
37-38—A facial expression.
39-43—A cultivated flower.
44-45—A piece of glass.
46-48—Part of a defensive wall.
49-51—Pertaining to morals.
52-54—Covered the possession of.
55-56—Jasans.
57-58—One of two.
61-63—A unit of cloth measure.
64-65—Mark used in punctuation.
67-69—A pronoun.
71-72—An enemy of worship.
73-74—In the highest degree.
76-78—And so on.
78-81—Carried over.
83-85—A spherical body.
86-88—A loud cry.
89-90—A measure of length.
91-92—To stir to activity.

- Vertical Words.
2-16—A written document.
2-23—Food of infants.
4-31—An operatic selection.
5-54—Broken apart suddenly.
6-48—A Russian political unit.
9-49—A girl's name.
10-57—To strive to equal.
11-84—Part of the head.
12-28—Word of mild reproof.
11-84—Part of the head.
13-19—Suffix meaning one who does.
15-60—A horn.
20-70—Articles of personal adornment.
22-53—One of an early Christian sect.
24-46—Suffix meaning most.
25-42—A weight.
27-55—Mother of Perseus (mythology).
30-61—Courage.
35-49—A board or store.
33-42—Part of the finger.

KEY TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE



BOOK OF HOUSE PLANS

The Express has prepared a book of 48 pages presenting small house plans and illustrations, also articles on keeping down costs; real advice about home-plans, materials and how to use them and where savings can be made.

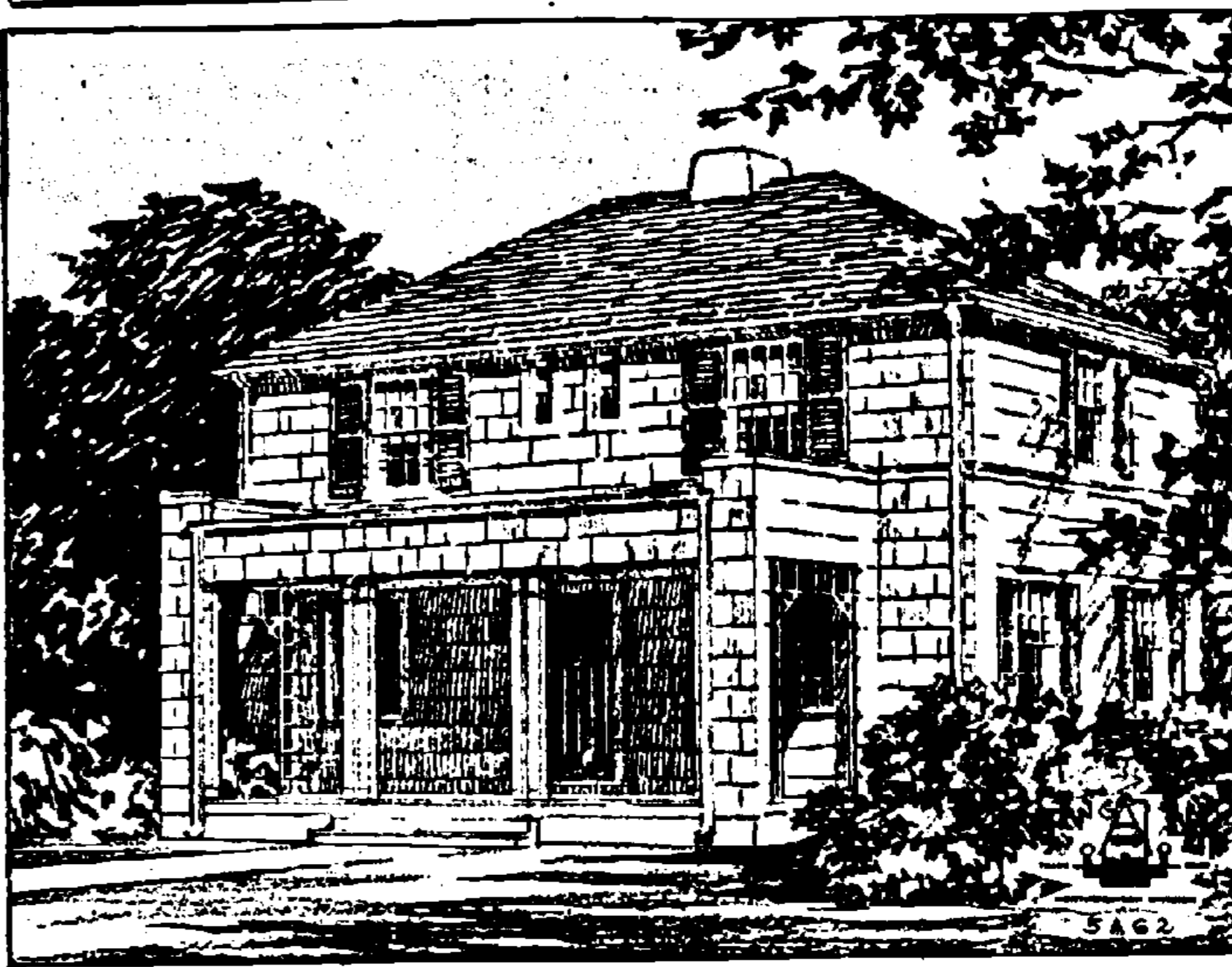
Price 25 Cents
Mail to
Name
Address
Cut this coupon and send to Buffalo Express, Buffalo, N. Y.

HELP FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS TO BUILD

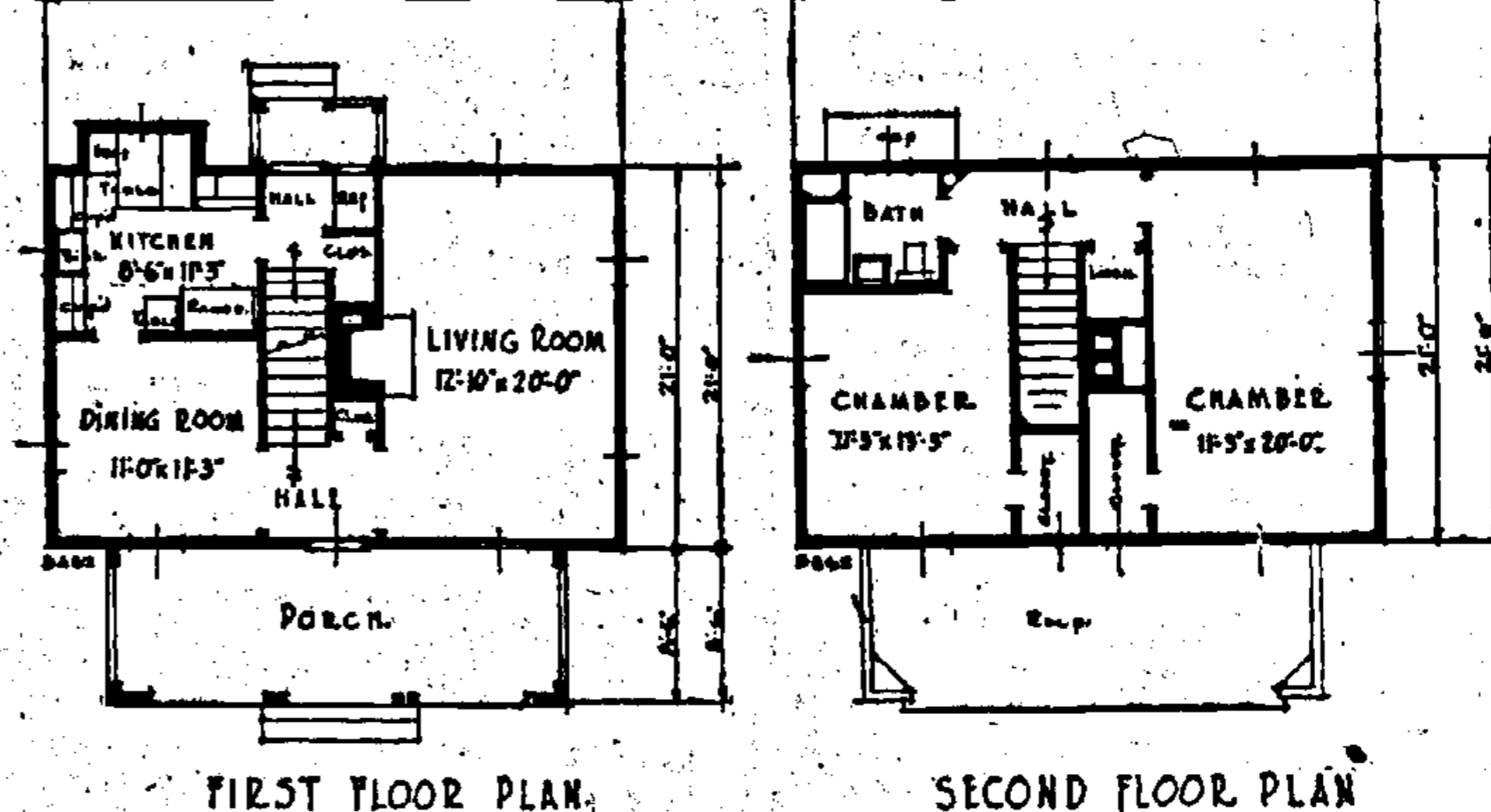
KEEPING DOWN BUILDING COSTS OF YOUR HOME

This is the fourth of a number of articles to appear in this column on "Keeping Down the Building Costs of Your Home" by The Architects' Small House Service Bureau of the United States, Inc.
You, Mr. Homebuilder, cannot be an expert in the matters of materials and quality. You cannot season the wood. You cannot burn the brick. You cannot even know much about the distinction between a wall composed of wood and wall burned brick. You have no way of testing the cement to see if it is of the best quality. You must, therefore, rely on the intelligence and integrity of someone else to insure you the best building at the least expense. If your home building is in the hands of an architect, you are doubly insured against disappointment, but if you do not employ an architect your best protection will lie in the use of materials that are well known. If a manufacturer in the course of his material stamp his name upon it and to supply you with a guaranty that it will give you the performance you have the right to expect, you may use his material with confidence.

FRAME HOUSE IN WESTERN STYLE



Copyright, 1924—Architects' Small House Service Bureau. Plan No. 5422.



THIS home might be called western in style, due to the marked horizontal lines. However, it is adaptable to any section of the country. It meets the present demand for a compact, conveniently arranged interior. It can be erected on a 40 to 45 foot lot, and is designed to face west or north. It can be reversed for other facings.
The large open front porch is a feature. There are practically no hallways to waste room. There is no space that is not useful space. This house can have an attic if desired, reached by a stairway in the closet of the larger bedroom.
The house is planned to be built of frame with exterior finish of shingle or wide siding. There is a full basement.
Cubic contents of the house are approximately 29,000 feet, and the cost to build this house, including heating, plumbing, lighting, painting, ready to live in, but not including wall decorations, should range between \$5,000 and \$7,000. In certain localities where costs are high, the highest figure quoted would be too low. In other localities, the lowest figure quoted would be more than sufficient. The range of \$1,000 is given to cover differences in the way the house is built and how thoroughly it is equipped and completed.

WHAT YOU MAY WANT TO KNOW ABOUT BUILDING

Questions addressed to the page will be answered by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau of the United States, Inc., located at the American Institute of Architects and Interior Decorators, 1700 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. Enclosed is a card for the reader to send to the editor of this paper for a reply.
Q—Kindly tell me what thickness of foundation walls is required for a story and a half cottage built of boulders, also what size and depth of footing and thickness of concrete floor to be laid in the basement.
A—Boulder walls are not easily built in section. Some city ordinances define how this material may be used in foundations. We do not in any case make a stone wall less than 16 inches in thickness. A boulder wall should be thicker. Much depends on the character of the stone and the workmanship. The basement floor should be three inches thick with three-fourths of an inch topping in addition. Footings should extend six inches on either side of the wall and should be from 8 to 10 inches deep.
Q—We built a new house and moved into it. During a severe driving rain, the water beat in around the glass in the recessed sash and damaged the curtains. The glass was removed and put in a second time and afterward did not leak. Is not the contractor liable for the damage to my curtains?
A—If you accepted the house and moved into it on that basis, it does not seem that the contractor could be held responsible for damage to the curtains. He is responsible for defective workmanship, however, and should not charge you for repairs made on the sash.
Q—I would like to build a house at an approximate cost of \$5,000. I have a steady position such that I can save from \$30 to \$35 a week. How may I finance building of my home?
A—If you build your home save without any cash to pay down as first payment, you must be prepared to pay rather heavy interest charges. Your contractor will also charge you an extra price to protect himself if he should desire to sell the contract which you give him. Such a discount is ordinarily very high. It ranges anywhere between 15 per cent and 30 per cent of the normal cost of the house. The more cash you can pay down as first payment the less will be your contract for land and the greater the decrease in the discount. You will probably get your house for considerably less money if you will postpone your building operations for a year and save your money rigorously in the meantime.
Q—Kindly let me know what will take place during all new walls that were painted a year ago.
A—A common method is to wash the walls with a hot solution of soda in water. This should be rather strong, in about the proportion of five tablespoons to a half a gallon of hot water.

INSIDE STUFF ABOUT NEW YORK

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON
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How burglars work.
A New York woman the other day entered a delicatessen shop on Broadway to make some purchases. She was wearing a large diamond pin and several costly rings. A young man loitering there heard the name and address she gave.
The next day he appeared with a companion at the apartment house where the woman lived. They each were carrying a small parcel and when they asked for the elevator man unhesitatingly took them to the floor on which the woman lived. They waited until the car descended and rang the bell.
As the woman opened the door she faced two drawn revolvers. The men bowed and gagged the woman and her maid without the attention of any of the other tenants being aroused. They looted the apartment leisurely, taking several thousand dollars worth of jewels and departed.
That's the way the apartment burglar works in New York.
The meeting place.
In several parts of New York there are meeting places where young men and women meet. In these days when girls as well as boys have jobs, and when cramped living conditions leave little place in the average New York home for a girl to receive her beau, much of the courting is done on the way to and from work. Near the entrance of Brooklyn bridge, in front of Perry's drug store on Park Row, is one of the favorite spots where girls line up to wait for their fellows.
As it is the good-looking girls who always get the beau, about 5 every evening there is always a regular line of beauties there.
Bicycle's use increasing.
Maybe I'm wrong about it, but the use of the bicycle seems to be increasing in New York. On Sundays the streets are thronged with youngsters of both sexes, who whirl on their way among the autos and taxis apparently unconcerned by their almost constant peril.
On a recent Sunday 50 bicyclists crossed the Brooklyn bridge headed for Coney Island and on the Grand Concourse in The Bronx there were many girl riders in knickerbockers.
Open air opera in June.
New York visitors drawn to the metropolis in June by the Democratic national convention will find a musical novelty awaiting them—open-air opera at the Polo grounds.
Carman on June 15th will open the season and on June 24th the night convention opens, there will be a great performance of Aida. A total of 2,500 seats are to be offered at \$1 each, though the choice seats will cost considerably more.
Spotlights on a taxi man.
I was riding downtown in a taxi. The driver had picked me up several times before and hailed me as an old friend. He's a tough-looking chap.

NEW FUNNY SONG

New York is not only the art center, the financial center, but also the music center of America. One of the results of this is that at social gatherings you are always running into pianists, composers and song writers, most of whom can be led to the piano with little persuasion.
One day or two ago I attended a party where George Gershwin was one of the guests. He is a pianist of talent, of whom some one said that he has done to the piano the same sort of thing that Paul Whiteman has done to orchestra music.
The two compositions by which Gershwin is best known are Swanee and a song made popular by Irene Gordon, Do It Again. On this occasion Gershwin was induced to sing a song about four Russian fiddlers who came to America—Nitscha, Sascha, Toscha and Yescha, the burden of the song being that there were better money names than Isaac and Jakey and Moe and Abe. It's funny.
Business is business.
Some of the methods of getting business, if the truth were told in print about them, would not speak very well for certain captains of industry—for example, this tale I heard the other evening.
A certain New York advertising man had been trying to land a big account from an Indian manufacturer or without success. Knowing that the manufacturer liked feminine society, the advertising man on one of the manufacturer's visits to New York, introduced him to a charming young woman. An exchange of letters followed and presently the manufacturer found himself threatened with a \$25,000 breach of promise suit. He was married and had a high reputation in his home town. Terrified at the prospect of publicity he sought the advertising man who had introduced him to the girl.
"Leave it to me," said the advertising man, "I'll settle it for you."
He settled the matter, which he had arranged in advance, for \$2,500 and very soon after got a \$10,000 account. Business is business.
They will leave it out.
Everybody likes to see his name spelled right. I'm always having trouble getting people to spell Johnston with a J and half the time they insist on sending a final E. Even my publishers sent out a circular advertising Webster's Bridge, a little book on which H. T. Webster, the humorist cartoonist and I collaborated, spelling my name Johnson.
To get even I wrote Fred Stokes, the head of the firm, a letter addressing him as Frederick A. Stokes, publisher of Webster's Bridge.
The United States postoffice department's plan of airplane mail service is being tried at Newark, N. J. It is a two-day service by dog team down to a four-hour

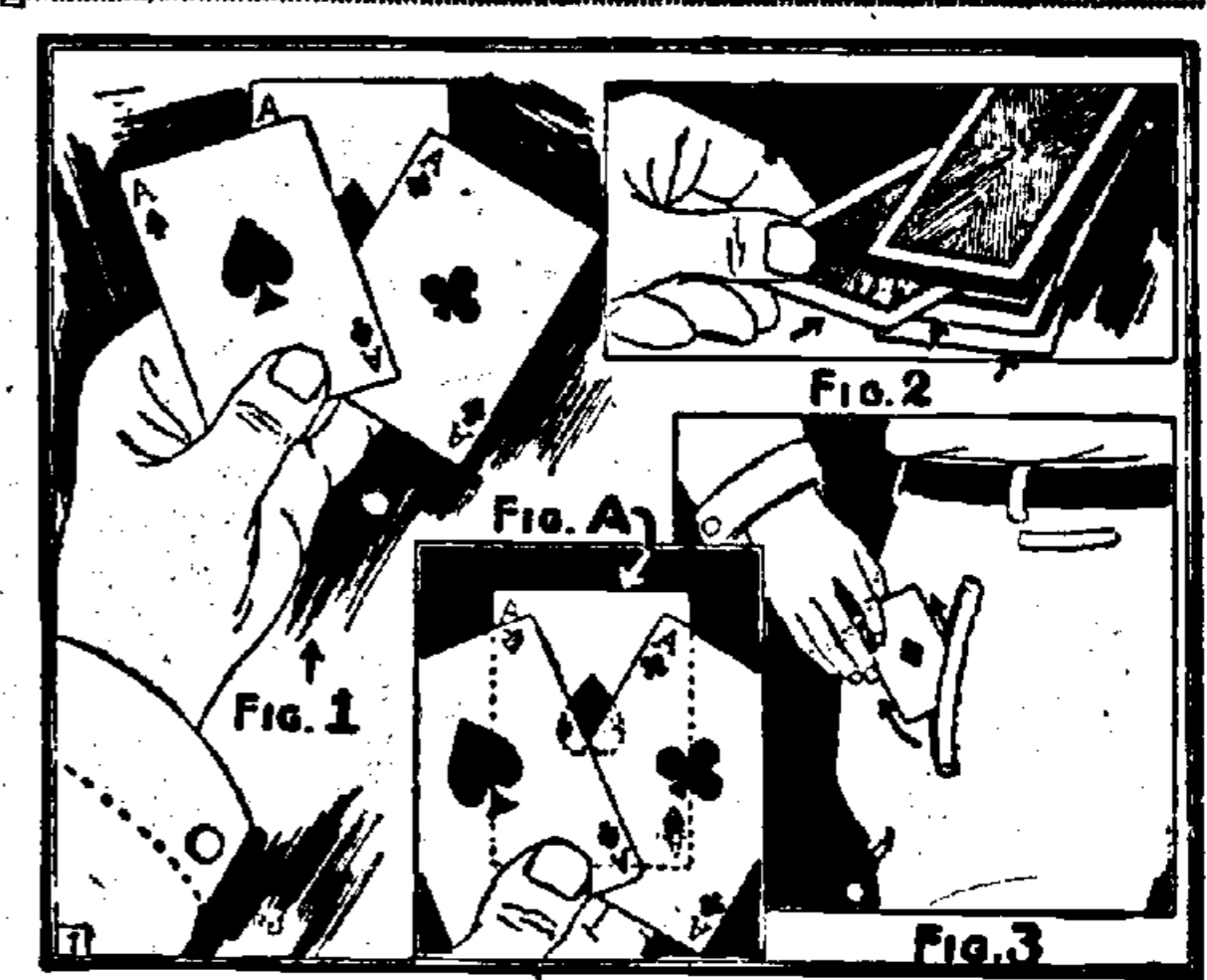
Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman

By JANE DOE
WHEN LOVE MUST DIE
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One of the most distressing duties a girl can be called upon to face, is that of having to shut love out; to turn her back on a man who, for months perhaps, has been the pivot around which her world and her dreams has revolved; to dismiss him not only from her daily life, which is comparatively easy, but from her thoughts, which is not so easy.
A correspondent of mine has been forced, after many vain attempts to right matters, to do this.
And she tells me she feels broken-hearted.
I can well believe it.
"It is so hard," she writes, "to do it, but I fear it is the only way. My disillusionment has been slow and painful. I adore this man, but for me he has only the kindest feelings of mere friendship.
"Therefore, I am saying goodbye—it is hard, but as you once said before, Jane Doe, better a little heart-break now than a lifetime of regrets."
This young woman, you see, is taking the sensible and only course, unhappy and wretched though it may be for a time. She is determined not to fool herself with that vision which so many girls try to hug to their aching hearts—the possibility that like may turn to love, friendship to an adoration which compares with theirs.
Rarely does this happen.
Sometimes, it is the case when a wife, who married confessing only a quiet fondness for her husband, has found in some wonderful fashion that love, strong and sure and tender is gradually warming her heart, brought to life there by the unfolding love, care and enthusiasm of her man.
But rarely, I say.
And scarcely ever does it happen to a husband. Therefore, so one but a willfully blind and rather selfish girl would willingly link a man to her whose affections for her were only of the lukewarm order.
This, however, is but one reason why it is sometimes necessary for love die out.
There are others.

LESSONS IN MAGIC

By HOWARD THURSTON
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As far as the audience is concerned, only three aces are used; hence the title of the trick must not be disclosed. The three aces are spades, diamonds and clubs. (Figure one). These are shown to the spectators; then each ace is pushed into the pack at different places, the ace of diamonds going in between the other two (figure two).
Then you say, "although the ace of diamonds is in the center of the pack, with one black ace above and the other below, I will cause it to leave the pack instantly." You give the cards to a spectator; he looks through the pack and the ace of diamonds is not there! Then, as a climax to the trick, you draw the ace of diamonds from your pocket! (See figure three).
A study of figure one, compared with figure 2, will explain the trick. The ace of diamonds, which you exhibit at the beginning of the trick, is not the ace of diamonds at all; it is the ace of hearts. But by holding it behind the other two aces, it

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(Continued from second page.)
6:45 and 6 o'clock, which is practically unheard of in the West.
To my utter surprise found one compensation, anyhow, in earning