

# 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?

**SAINT LOUIS**  
After the factory distances of Detroit and Chicago, I shore did love Saint Louis. "I'll say"—as they say. The factories, hats and shoes and pants and princess slips stand all in a row. They make the best apple pie—apple pie is filling for the working girl's breakfast, lunch and dinner, and cheap at only five cents the generous slice. And about 25 minutes after I got to Saint Louis I found myself placidly cementing strips of duck on the quarters of men's shoes in one of the seven factories of the International Shoe company.

The way of it was this: I mentioned at the Y. W., on my way from the station, that I was looking for work. Five minutes later I was proceeding northward on a street car with a card from the employment manager. Twenty minutes later I stood in a room the length of the block filled with the r-r-r-r-r of hundreds of stitching machines and the chatter of hundreds of the prettiest girls I have met thus far. I faced a short, square foreman, who betrayed some propensity to Cleveland cautiousness. For one narrowing moment I even thought he might ask me for "city refs."

Draws picture of career.  
Instead, he preferred to draw for me an impromptu, but touching, little picture of my career as a shoe worker through the ages, a career in which steadiness and promptness figured prominently at \$11 a week to start. After I was trained, he said, he did not say how long it would take to train me—it could make from \$15 to \$30 a week. My training period would last until I could do a fair day's work. From day to day I was expected to improve a little, and so, day by day, in every way I grew better and better, day by day in every way I would be given better and better work, till finally I would reach the acme of top stitch-

ing and the heights of piecework with the possibility of \$30 a week. I bowed my head. I blessed the International Shoe for that which I was about to receive and entered upon a short but sweet career of book staying.

The amount of youthful female pulchritude which I can report with assurance goes into the making of men's shoes ought to make them much more romantic objects hereafter. There were about 300 girls on that floor, the female quota of the factory. They wore to-boxers and side-drawers and hook-stayers. Some girls folded the narrow edges of the leather on the inside of the quarters—in layman's language, the upper portions of the shoes. Some girls sat at machines and stitched on the tiny squares of leather which reinforced the back seams at the top of the shoes. Some girls, beginners, trimmed the bits of reinforced duck that protruded over the edges.

Workers all Americans.

It took me much longer than it takes to tell to find out the various sundry odds and ends of the occupations. Coming as I did from Detroit and Chicago, where I had worked chiefly with foreign born girls or the American born daughters of foreign born parents, I put in most of the time marveling at the prettiness of these girls, their ravenly, their good humor and good spirits. They were mostly Americans of at least the second generation born in this country. The semi-Americanized girls of, say, the automobile factories, appeared to be so cramped within a tight boundary line of their work. These American girls took the day's labor with a pleasant indifference, like a necessary interval between two holidays.

They were working to earn their leisure. They came to the factory with their hair in curl papers under boudoir caps in preparation for their most important part of the day, the

**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**

evening, and during the factory day from 7.30 to 4.45, with half an hour for lunch, they talked of the evenings before and the evenings to come.

Poor teeth only defect.  
Sixteen to nineteen years old on an average, bob-haired almost to the last girl, showing the marks of poverty only in their teeth. Such dainty and charming clothes as they wore: The most beautiful little blonde girl with straight, short, corn-colored hair in a black satin skirt and white frilled waist. The seventeen-year-old with the bright red hair, the red pursed lips and very red, rouged cheeks. Rose, a fancy stitcher, slim and tall, delicately complexioned and perfectly gloved, with marcelled hair, whom I noticed particularly because she was the first girl I had seen who carried a magazine or a book to her work in the factory.

The child back of me, just out of school, with pale red hair, Dutch cut and a pale full face, and a sea-green middie blouse. The wan, languid girl who looked, at work, like an old fashioned picture, in a blue dotted

swiss dress with huge ruffled collar and cuffs and a little ruffled apron about her waist. The peppiest girl in the factory, all provocative eyes and enormous quantities of color, of whom the girls said, "she shore does lay the rouge on," romping about in a long, white sweater.

Dare factory to tame them.  
They dared the monotony of the factory to tame them. They wore high-heeled suede shoes and silk stockings to work, even if they had to take them off in the dressing room. My \$6 dress and practical oxfords, worn and torn by many of the roads that lead to jobs, shore did look shabby in the factory!

Beginners were started on lable work in a cozy corner away at the end of the room. A few new girls, straggled in every morning during the time I worked there. Not that so many girls left this factory, but it seemed to be unusual among factories in that girls could get fired here without too much difficulty. I had never yet heard of a case of actual firing. Girls quite, they get laid off, they ask for their time, but

they don't seem to be fired in factories. However, Clara, a naughty side-drawer, was fired during my time. It seems she remarked to one of the girls she would rather go home than do something or other that she had been ordered to do. Unfortunately, the foreman was standing behind her. He said: "Then you can go home and stay home." And Clara went home—fired.

From Virginia, who had been toe-boxing on a machine seven months, I learned, too, why the foreman had kept his eyes on the wall when he spoke of training and the wages after training. Virginia had been kept two or three months at \$11 a week. Now she got \$14 at a machine. She liked it, though she said she got a lot of bawling out when she first came on the machine.

Top stitchers well paid.  
"These top stitchers and them fancy stitchers," added her friend, "make good money. I guess they can make \$1 or \$5 a day. But once you get on toe-boxing you never get off and all you can make is \$14 a

week, day work. They'd put you on piecework any old time, but we wouldn't go—they don't pay enough—five cents a case (a case is 24 quarters or uppers of men's shoes). We only turn out 40 cases a day now. If we turned out about 60 cases piecework we'd make the same money."

The girl who sat in our corner, eagerly stitching small leather squares to reinforce the tops, was on piece work. She raised a glowing eye to mine. "I made \$10 for 2 1/2 days," she confided breathlessly. "I can make \$4 a day. I've only been on this about three months. It's about time I go this too—I was on day work for a long time."

She sat at one end of our secluded table. Next to her was Frances, who put on hooks, day work, and at intervals helped us to stay. Then came Josephine, then I, then Florence, a fat and older married woman, who had been here a month and had progressed to the point where she could stay, that is, paste on a narrow strip of duck to reinforce the part of a man's shoe where the hooks or buttons go, 45 cases, or 1,080 sep-

arate quarters, a day at five cents a case, the piecework wage for staying in. Florence could have made more than the \$11 a week meted out to us. Ann's married life unhappy.

Next to Florence sat Ann, a tiny, round little thing, with hair very much in curling papers under a boudoir cap, of whose unhappy married life I was to learn later. Over us all reigned Mary, one of those careworn older girls, doomed to grow up with the factories and give out the work. Mary was a marvel of sweet temper, especially to me, who, engaged in an animated discussion with Josephine, progressed at the rate of a case about every three-quarters of an hour.

"Step on it, honey," she would implore in passing. We wore all honeys to Mary. And Josephine and I did speed up—on the conversation.

Josephine had been here two months. She was seventeen, stout, with a large face and bobbed, wavy hair, and not an especially satisfied expression.

"You know what I was," said Josephine, "before I came here? I was a waitress."

I paused to admire. But waitressing is not all wheat cakes and honey.

Tired of rows in restaurant.  
"Sometimes," said Josephine, "you get good tips, but I didn't make out so good, and ooh—I didn't like it. You have to please the customers you know. I used to fight with the cooks right with everybody. And ooh—my land, I can't stand that."

So she had left for a biscuit factory at \$10 a week, and now she was here at \$11. "On the machines, if you do day work and are here a long time, you can make \$14 or \$15 a week. Did he preach to you when he hired you? He gave me a regular sermon. Ooh—I don't like that."

Did Josephine know any one who made \$30 a week here? Josephine had a sense of humor. She just laughed. She had ambition, too, thwarted ambition.

I'd like to work in a store or be a clerk or a stenographer. But there's none of us home, my father and mother, and my brother and I, work—and there's five little ones and there's so many dimes to wash—ooh, by the time I get through working around the house nights I'm so tired I couldn't do any more. My brother has a nice job—my father sent him to school. He's older than me, it's nice because he knows all the boys and tells me which girls are nice, you know. Ooh—we have parties at our house, my brother and I, and we have the best times. Ooh—my land, don't I like dancing? New Year's eve I'm going to dance at a dance hall. I'm going to dance at night and stay into the morning."

Never saw the country.  
Josephine was born and reared in Saint Louis and has never been out of it. And Josephine, a daughter of the Middle West, thus born and reared in the center of a huge farming region, had no conception of a farm. In fact, Josephine had never been to the country.

"The only place I ever see the country, I guess, is in the movies. An the houses in that country far apart! Ooh, my land, I wouldn't like to live in the country if the houses are far apart. I'd stay right here, I thought; they were close together, like Saint Louis. What do they do Sunday in the country? Only one movie house? Ooh, my land, I don't like the movie houses. I like to go to the big movies, even if I have to get more. Do they have boy friends there? I have a boy friend, but I wouldn't be engaged, you can't have any more fun. Have to stick to me. Do I like a lot? I'll say. No, I guess the girls in the country don't like boozers. Do they go out with boys alone? My mother don't like me to, but that ain't saying I do; go out with them. When I get married I'll work. You save a little. (Continued on sixth page.)"

# BAYNES ST. WOMAN WINS FIRST PRIZE IN TITLE-WRITING CONTEST

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



From one of the longest list of good titles that have been received in this attractive contest since it started more than two years ago the title of Mrs. Martha Hodgson of No. 9 Baynes street was adjudged the most appropriate for the picture of last Sunday. Choosing the \$10 winner and the five \$1 winners was most difficult owing to the general excellence of the titles submitted.

For this Sunday we have another good picture, which should bring in many new recruits to the army of title writers. One can almost think of a title at a glance. Try it yourself and see if you cannot win the \$10 or one of the \$1 prizes.

Five title writers submitted their answers in envelopes last week. This is a violation of the rules and, of course, the titles so submitted received no consideration. This probably was an oversight on the part of the writers and we hope to hear from them this week on postcards.

- The rules are:
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.
6. No employees of the J. N. Matthews company or members of their families may enter contest.

## Last Week's Picture and Winning Title



THE DRAGON, THE PRINTS AND THE FLOUR GIRL, A GRIM FAIRY TALE  
—Mrs. Martha Hodgson, No. 9 Baynes street

### WINNERS OF \$1 EACH

- BACK ON THE JOB AFTER THE GRIP. —F. B. Holzer, No. 7 Irving place
THE CLINGING VINE THAT FLOWERED ON FATHER'S BACK. —R. B. Sheridan, No. 400 Vulcan street
HIS FLOWERY ELOQUENCE MAY WIN IF SHE MISSES THE FLOURY EVIDENCE. —Mrs. A. J. Winter, No. 24 South Putnam street
A LEAP YEAR GIRL WITH CRUST MAKES AN IMPRESSION. —William Gropp, No. 105 East Parade avenue
WIFEY SEEMED SUSPICIOUS WHEN HE TOLD HER COOK PRESSED HIS COAT. —Mrs. Amber Randall, Castile, N. Y.

## Little Chats With Title-Writers

John J. Short of Corning, one of the winners in the 117th contest, writes The Express: "Received your check for \$1 awarded me for one of the best titles submitted. I think the way you have divided your prizes is giving better satisfaction among the contestants." Mrs. H. Brownowsky of No. 7 Irving place writes: "Have found it a pleasant pastime studying these picture puzzles, and when we get the paper on Sunday the Title Contest is the first thing we turn to. Have got honorable mention once, so, of course, I shall keep coming till I get a prize. Best wishes for your paper." Mrs. Brownowsky contributed several good titles, among them: "Wife told him to fire cook, but her floury appeal won him." "Thank you for giving me honorable mention in the issue of January 6th," writes George W. Lyon of Pittsburgh, a faithful title writer. Among his contributions last week was: "An impression that will produce an expression." "I surely look forward for the Title Contest each Sunday. The pictures alone are so good," writes Mrs. R. J. Schreiber of No. 143 Stockbridge avenue. "Wife will soon consult The Express want ads for a new cook," is the title submitted by Edward M. Doepf of No. 16 Cambridge avenue. That's the way to get results. And, says a title of F. E. Baker, No. 332 Bissell avenue: "For the facts read The Sunday Express." Among other good titles were: "This May Be the Prints of Walle—H. W. Young, No. 116 Forest avenue. Here's Where Wife Cans a Peach and Hubby Gets Pickled—Mary Elizabeth Purcell, No. 72 Riley street. Flour-de-Liz—F. E. Rolfe, Albion, N. Y.

## MOTHER!

Clean Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"

## TELLS OF DRUNKENNESS NOW IN SOVIET RUSSIA

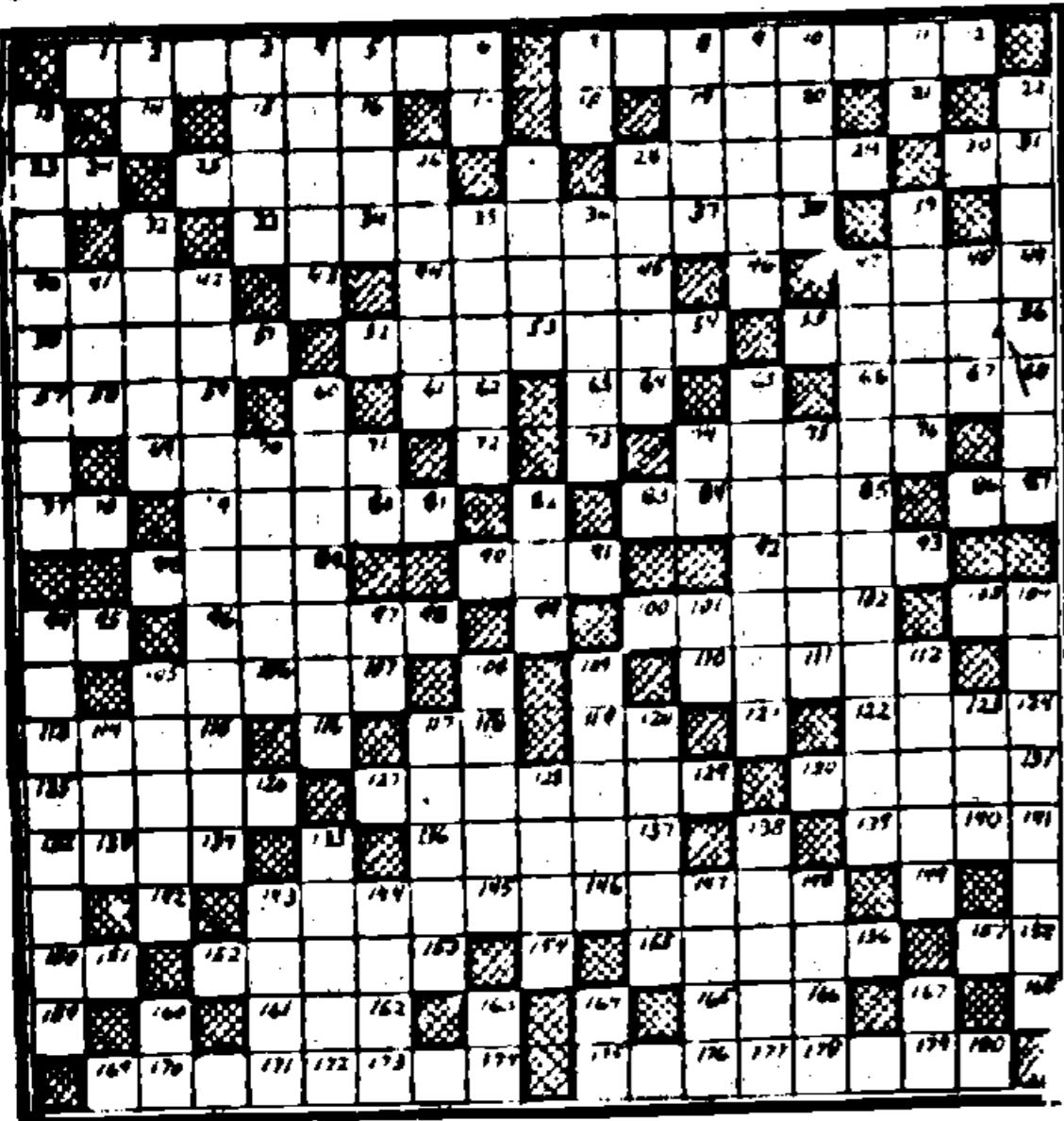
It is true that the prohibition of vodka originally been enacted by the Czarist government, but the soviet authorities are at least entitled to the credit that they maintained the prohibition. So far as the sale of vodka is concerned, Russia is still today a dry country. It is true that there are very few drunkards visible in the streets. I was struck, however, by the enormous numbers of public houses. I am told that there are more than 2,000 of them in Moscow. In some streets every other house was a pivoaria or beer house. Foreign tourists are reluctant to cross the threshold of those places, for the surroundings are repellent and the atmosphere nauseous. I tried to overcome my repugnance, and I was a frequent visitor in the pivoarias, as nowhere else could one have a better opportunity of observing the Russian proletariat. I never saw so much drunkenness in my life. The drunkards are wise enough, however, to stay in the beer house until they have worked off the effects of drink and until they can face the policemen with impunity. That is the reason why one sees so little drunkenness in the streets. When one considers that hundreds of thousands of workmen are visiting those places every day, that beer is more expensive in Moscow than in London, one glass of strong beer costing from eightpence to shillings in British money, one begins to understand why so many thousands of children and women line the streets

## Comfort Tired Aching Feet With Cuticura

When your feet are tired, hot and burning, bathe them with warm water and Cuticura Soap and follow by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment. Cuticura Talcum dusted on the feet is cooling and soothing.



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

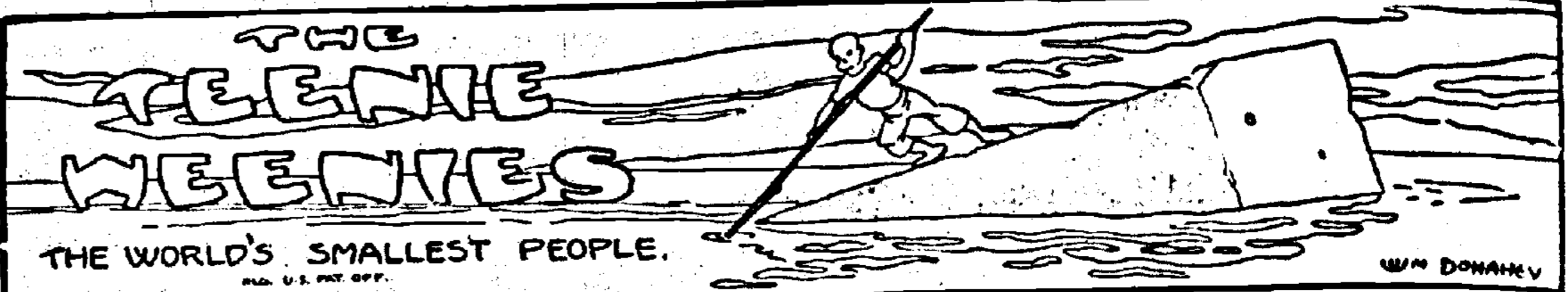


Horizontal words: 1-4—A limit or boundary. 7-13—Military officers. 16-16—A number. 18-20—Meaning tribe (in Arabian names). 22-24—Short name for a common disease. 25-26—Primitive people of Hindustan. 28-29—To graze cattle for hire. 30-31—A point of the compass. 32-33—Office of a director. 40-42—A singing voice. 44-45—A relative. 47-48—A planetary satellite. 50-51—Prefix meaning "nerve." 52-54—A French city. 57-59—A Chinese society. 61-62—Roman Catholic. 63-64—Rough surfaced lava, Hawaii. 66-69—An ocean tide. 70-71—Pies. 74-76—Pieces of heavy paper. 77-78—The element copper.

Vertical words: 1-2—In such manner. 7-16—To proceed. 9-17—A Hindu beggar. 9-18—To select few. 10-38—To ascend. 11-21—A Southern state. 13-77—An ocean. 22-87—A county in Minnesota. 26-61—A Spanish title. 27-63—Let it stand. 29-64—A place of contest. 32-69—A feat. 35-72—A sure grip. 36-73—A body of water. 39-76—Pigeon like birds. 41-58—A boy's name. 42-121—As regards organization. 47-139—Chinese officials collectively. 49-67—Mouths. 60-116—Assaults. 65-121—Photographic instruments. 70-108—Used in shaving. 71-80—A thoroughfare. 74-84—The element calcium. 75-111—Highways. 82-99—To rear apart. 94-159—A place of happiness. 97-107—The element osmium. 101-110—Exclamation of inquiry. 104-168—Household. 105-142—An Eastern state. 108-145—A girl's name. 109-146—To be painful. 112-149—A leather strip. 114-133—A point of the compass. 117-153—A genus of insects. 129-155—To impress. 133-140—To connect. 138-154—A Scandinavian. 138-172—To fish with hook and line. 138-177—Lithographs. 143-171—Periods of history. 144-173—A garment. 147-176—An English title. 148-178—Obligations. 160-170—A parent. 163-174—A state of the Union. 164-175—A mountain. 167-179—A college degree.

KEY TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Horizontal words: 1-4—A limit or boundary. 7-13—Military officers. 16-16—A number. 18-20—Meaning tribe (in Arabian names). 22-24—Short name for a common disease. 25-26—Primitive people of Hindustan. 28-29—To graze cattle for hire. 30-31—A point of the compass. 32-33—Office of a director. 40-42—A singing voice. 44-45—A relative. 47-48—A planetary satellite. 50-51—Prefix meaning "nerve." 52-54—A French city. 57-59—A Chinese society. 61-62—Roman Catholic. 63-64—Rough surfaced lava, Hawaii. 66-69—An ocean tide. 70-71—Pies. 74-76—Pieces of heavy paper. 77-78—The element copper.



A series of comic panels for 'The Teenie Weenies'. The characters are small people in a kitchen. The dialogue includes: 'Say Chuck, you're good at figures here's a problem for you to work out.', 'If a pound of water weighs a pound and a half how many pounds will it take to float a brick?', 'No that's a hard one - it's better than any of your Chinese puzzles you kiddo me?', 'That dunce he all time talkin' foolish like that, he thinkie me foolish like him.', 'How muchie water take to make slick swim.', 'Why a pound of waters heavy like plound and half? Maybe he mean soapy waters.', 'If a plound of soapy waters heavy like a plound and a half.', 'How many soapy water keep a slick up!', 'Slick heavy like iron he no swim.', 'He think the answer to problem is that slick he get drowned anyhow he let him sink.'

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

(Continued from second page.) When you're young for when you're old. Do you wonder that by noon, in spite of Mary's imploring, "Honey, stop on it; honey, I must have those cases," I had only four cases done? Full meal for nineteen cents. We had half an hour for lunch which we ordered in this ingenious fashion: In the morning Mary gave us small envelopes with menus printed on the back. We marked the dishes we wanted, put the exact change in the envelopes and our time card on them and turned them in at the desk. At noon the pie woman, who also appeared regularly at 10 o'clock, installed herself at a table and trays and consulting the envelopes, gave us the food to which we were entitled. It was good food—roastie soup, baked beans, a roll, apple pie and coffee, all for seventeen cents. Next morning, in spite of the cold waves and the necessity of getting up at 6 o'clock, I fared forth as joyously as possible under the circumstances, to staying and to Josephine. There was Josephine, but no staying. "There ain't no soement," explained Frances gaily. Frances was of German descent. "Ain't that divine!" In fact, it looked as if we might not have enough work for a whole day—and of course, that meant a corresponding deflation in our wages. I couldn't find that any of the girls were oppressed by this, however. They lived at home. They welcomed a chance for a holiday. "I stayed at home two days last week," confided one girl, "and I shore did enjoy myself." "I'm meanin' to stay a way a couple of days myself," said another. Frances, round and roly-poly, with a pudgy complexion under a pink silk bouffant cap—she was going to a party that night—wasn't worrying either. Frances lived at home. She was eighteen, had come to this factory straight from school, and had been here three years. She made \$16 a week, day work. "They don't raise you much here, but I think I made good. I don't want to get on piece work any more—\$15 is good, don't you think? I'm going dancing tonight at a place where they charge \$1.50 just to dance—they have a nerve to charge that much, don't you think? But I'm going just the same. You goin' out, Ann?" "Hobbed by a two-year-old. Ann, my extreme right hand felt low worker, also wore a pink silk bouffant cap—the sign of a bright evening ahead. No, Ann was just havin' a crowd out to the house. How could she go out, she wanted to know. She had a two-year-old baby boy. She was 24 years old, she told us. Immediately we all exclaimed, "My lan' you shore don't look it," according to Missouri etiquette. "You don't look more's sixteen."

In seven weeks, I'm going to stay here—they don't pay so well, but one thing I like about it, they never lay you off. I was laid off for seven weeks. She had worked for a firm that made silk and broadie slippers and theatrical shoes. Girls dressed well. "They were always layin' off, but we sure did have a good crowd out there—girls dressed awfully, too, and we laughed and we talked and we ate any time we pleased. We sure did have a swell forelady, too; she was just ready for a good time like everybody. They paid \$11 to start, but they put you on piecework right away, and the lowest price for foiding was \$5.60 a hundred, and there was prices over \$7 a hundred, too. I made \$20 a week. Here they pay you six cents a case of 24 for folding—nuthin' at all—you can't make anything on piecework. But they were awful particular where a work-ed, on women's shoes they are—it's harder, but it's awful nice. I had to fold down those satins and broadie!" "If I hadn't lived home, I sure would have been out of luck being laid off like that, but oh, well, I guess I'd done housework. I did that once. I like it, like to cook. I don't think it's hard to get a job for any one that wants to work. Might be before Christmas, though, it was hard, because I looked, went to the laundry and the shoe factories, but they were slow. The men's shoe factories don't any of them pay very well. "Another thing I like about this place," she concluded emphatically. "You don't have to answer a million questions the way you do the other places. Where I worked you had to make out an application, and in kind stores they want to know all about you from the day you was born." Work, however, formed the incorrect filigree of the conversation. Childy, we talked about parties, dates, where you had been last night, where you were going tomorrow night, "what was your favorite moving picture theater, where you liked to dance. And, of course, future husbands. One fat, bob haired girl came over especially to tell her friends in our corner about someone who had just got married—her husband is an old feller, he's 50, and they have the sweetest bungalow! That's the kind of a man I like. Give me an old feller. Anyhow I don't care, wh, or what he is if he has lots of money, and I can have my own car." Desirable, but scarce. "Yes!" called out the pretty red head, "but where do you get such rich old men?" "Honey, step on it!" Mary begged of us. "I made thirteen cases that day with good toll and trouble. If I had been working on piece work I should have earned all of 65 cents. The energy which I had saved up in finding a job at once I expended in hunting for a room in Saint Louis. I did find one—I found a beautiful room for \$3 a week in the house of one of those ladies in reduced circumstances who keep up their homes by taking in a few refined boarding guests. It was a lovely room, too, not a working girl's room at all, because it had a huge bed, and a real

knocky chest and even knock-knocks of pottery and lace. It was just exactly an hour's cold ride on two street cars and an icy walk from there to the factory! Of course, as the landlady said, I could feel perfectly sure I was safe there, which was a consolation, and the neighborhood near the factory was perfectly terrible, and looked it. But an hour's ride! At length, having called the Y. W. into conference, I compromised on part of a room in their building near the center of town, for the, to me, enormous sum of 75 cents a night! It was assured that I could not get any kind of a decent room for less than \$5 within a possible distance of the factory. On \$11 a week, which goes to an agent must come down on food but in Saint Louis, God has tempered at least the cost of food to the purse of the poor working girl. I cost me just half as much to eat as I had anywhere else. In Saint Louis I ate on 42 cents a day. It goes without saying that since I took half an hour to get to the factory, I rose later and went without breakfast. At 10 o'clock, however, the pie-woman carted her wares through our floor. Breakfast then consisted of one slice of apple pie, one sandwich, and an apple—twelve cents. Dinner at the Y. W., 25 cents—meat croquettes and mashed potatoes or a vegetable dinner, coffee, cake, a roll, and sometimes soup. 7 at on 42 cents a day. My account stood this wise: Forty-two cents a day for food for five days ..... \$2.10 Food for Saturday ..... .80 Food on Sunday (even working girls are entitled to a Sunday dinner) ..... 1.00 Carfare, six days ..... .84 Room rent ..... 5.25 Total ..... \$9.99 Surplus ..... 5.01 Having accomplished this miracle of high finance I felt that I was entitled to see the wonders of Saint Louis. I counted it one of the w

HOW TO KEEP WELL By Dr. W. A. Evans. Questions pertinent to illness, sanitation and prevention of disease, and matters of general interest, will be answered in this column. Where space will not permit, or the subject is not suitable, letters will be personally answered, subject to proper limitation, and where a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnoses or prescribe for individual diseases. Requests for such service cannot be answered. Copyright 1933, by Dr. W. A. Evans. LIME AS A MEDICINE. For a long time a great many people have had faith in preparations of lime of one sort or another for a variety of ailments. They have used some of these preparations and have been convinced that they were benefited. Beyond that, they have no proof. I know one man whose wife recovered from consumption after a tedious illness characterized by many relapses. At the time she made the grade she was taking a calcium or lime salt. Since then she takes this calcium salt on slight provocation and when any other member of the family develops a cough, the bottle of lime tablets is brought at once into use. For a long time some salt of lime has been used in hay fever. Maybe those who have used it did not know just how it did good, but many of them thought it did. Recently a good deal of scientific basis for the use of salts of calcium, or lime, has been forthcoming. It has been found that the store of lime in the body not infrequently runs low. Lime is one of the few minerals which seem to be present in rather sufficient quantity in our diet, part of the time for all of us and all of the time for some of us. It has been found that in various disorders the amount of lime in the blood falls well below the normal. When the parathyroid glands are removed the animal operated on dies in spasms. If, however, calcium lactate is injected into the blood stream, convulsions do not develop. This may be the explanation of the frequently observed benefit from the use of lime in the treatment of my fever, asthma and spasmodic dyspnea. It has been suggested that calcium lactate or some other form of calcium be given in paralysis agitans and in epilepsy. It may be a year or two before any one can be certain that lime salts will or will not help cases of epilepsy and paralysis agitans. There are those who do not expect much from ordinary lime salts, but who say the mineral must be combined with extract of parathyroid or ironized. Their view is that when lime is taken in the form of inorganic calcium, most of it passes through the intestine unabsorbed. That which is absorbed, they say, will be promptly excreted. That may be so, and again, it may not be. Nobody knows. If I had a winter cough which hung on, I think I would be disposed to take some salt of lime. It would do no harm. If I had hay fever and could not be vaccinated, or could not find the cause, I would be disposed to take lime on the same theory. If I had a chronic spasmodic disorder I would want to find some one who knew something about the parathyroid glands and the use of lime salts. Having found him, I would be disposed to let him try his hand on me. "I gave him a date," said the peppiest girl, "to get rid of him. But that ain't saying I showed up. So that is how they do it in Missouri!" Copyright, (New York World) Press.

Beauty A Gleamy Mass of Hair 35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair. Girls! Try this! What comb and dressing your hair, just imagine your hair brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleaming, sparkling, lustrous hair. While beautifying the hair, "Danderine" is also toning and strengthening each single hair to grow thicker and stronger. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. Get a bottle of delightful, refreshing "Danderine" at any drug or toilet store and just see how healthy and youthful your hair becomes. Over 3,000 persons were killed by wild animals in the jungles of India.