

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 ORLEANS

(Continued)

"Shuffle Along" made its debut in New Orleans on a Sunday night, and I made my debut as an usher. It wasn't as easy as it had sounded.

We came early—at 2 o'clock—and studied the house, which was as quaint as New Orleans. Sometimes the rows were lettered and sometimes they weren't. As for the numbers, they were on the back of the seats, so that in order not to disturb every one in the row behind you had to count from the aisle every time—unless you knew the house.

Fortunately, the other girls knew the house as little as I did. It had been closed eighteen months and had recently opened very tentatively with a vaudeville show of Pantages.

"Shoulda seen it then," said the very Yankee New Orleans policeman, who chummed with us at the back of the house. "I had my hands full—used to be a fight over seats every night."

"Yuh havta take a lot when yuh is an usher, honey," the dark lady warned me when we retired for a little talk just before the performance.

"In-a-ulla!" said Evelyn. With her hat off, she had very flat, short, reddish hair, a mouth full of gold teeth and a face evenly divided between pink rouge and white powder.

"You sottenly havta take a lot o' insults! One time at the Orpheum I got into a fight wid a feller who had de wrong seat. He sez, 'Go to hell! I sez, 'Go yerself! I was goin' to hit him wid my light—dey carry great big ones at the Orpheum—you could most kill a feller wid one. De cop made him apologize."

Often they don't like seats.

"Some people don't like the seats the box office has sold them," added the dark lady, "an' they hold you to blame. Yuh gotta take a lot."

"Shows? They got sick of them—fourteen shows steady at the Orpheum. Say, I couldn't bear it no more."

"Ah used to curl up in a con-hah go to sleep afteh intermission at

the Tulane. One thing Ah did real enjoy, when the San Carlo Opera Company came—that sure was funny—the same people—the Italians—came every night an' they'd jabber, jabber, jabber—Ah didn't blame 'em—Ah could have listened to it an' other week."

There was no time for further discussion. We had to begin ushering and getting in-a-ulla. People divided into types—the people who followed you down the aisle like a guardian angel and turned on you when you made a mistake; the helpful people who butted in when you were trying to locate a seat and pointed out just where it was, not to be helpful but just to show they knew the business better than you did; the people who would clump down the aisle looking for their own seats and get stuck in the middle and stop all traffic and call for the usher.

But worst of all are the people who complain to the usher of the vagaries of the management. People do this everywhere, of course, in hotels and stores and on trains, but it is particularly noticeable in theaters. Men are the worst offenders. They get as peevish as babies chested of a bit of candy when their seats happen to be a bit farther from the stage than they expected, and they "show off" in front of their women relatives by berating the ushers.

"Thought 'I' was fourth row. There was the boy who held me to personal account in front of his best girl because, holding seats for row I. He had called up to find out whether they were the fourth row and been told yes, and behold they were in the ninth row! Why he should have thought I was the fourth letter in the alphabet I don't know. The best girl and I exchanged sympathetic glances over his frate figure. She pitied me. I pitied her."

A fat man ralled at me when for a few minutes I ran out of programmes for selling thousands of tickets and not printing enough programmes. A large man with a furious face clumped down the aisle,

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

kicking over everybody in his path, to see about this—some mistake in his tickets. To our great joy he had to clump right back again. Verily, man on pleasure bent can certainly turn and rend when anything goes the least wrong with the pleasure.

The former school teacher and I formed a fund, pooling our tips for the purpose of buying dummy ushers that people can punch when things go wrong. No theater should be without one.

The former school teacher had 26 cents in tips, pressed into her hand so fervently that she could not refuse. Personally I turned down two offers of fifteen cents each. I had no pockets. I felt for the people whose tips I turned down—they grew red with embarrassment, thus clinching my opinion that tipping has nothing to do with service rendered or pity for the inadequate wages of a poor working girl. It is simply a form of vanity, like buying jewels for one's vanity, to show the world that one can give away money without a practical return.

Ushers tell stories.

From 7.30 to 8.30 we raced madly up and down the aisle. Thereafter even, have to start the applause.

"They always tell yuh," said the former school teacher, "to start the applause if the house doesn't. The house did, however, and the numerous men connected with the management's friends, were much too busy that night to pay any attention to us. So we told each other our stories."

The former school teacher had been born and brought up in Louisiana, but evidently Southern womanhood has undergone considerable changes, for she said, "Mah husband's a six-footer, but he couldn't forbid me to do anything." In the next breath she confided he had forbidden her to take a house-to-house canvassing job by day. An easy job. All one had to do was to sell 72 cakes of soap every day at ten cents a cake to grocery stores in New Orleans, at \$2.50 a day and commission.

"But, yuh know, men are funny—he don't mind mah working, but they don't like their wives goin' from house to house."

He was an electrical engineer and got \$47.80 a week, besides having a rich aunt who lived with them, took care of the house and the baby and had made a will leaving her money

to them. But the former school teacher worked because "Well, we're buildin', an' it's best to make your own money. Besides, I'd feel it was real lazy in me not to. We live in a light housekeeping apartment, an' his aunt does all the work." She got odd jobs for a week or so at a time, and then rested at home and went forth to another odd job. The long, rest she had ever worked was one month.

At 11 o'clock we were through. Thus, for about an hour's work, at each of ten performances, we got \$1, or \$10 a week. Shades of shoe-workers and life-shakers! I paid \$3 a week for a room and food is cheap in New Orleans.

There is a future, too, to this ushering business—several futures of sorts.

The night after the opening the various men connected with the show had recuperated sufficiently to favor us with their attention. I found Evelyn and the dark lady and the former school teacher in a secluded corner with two of the business managers. One was small and lean, with hard blue eyes, close care of the house and the baby and had made a will leaving her money

hair slicked debonairly.

They were talking about love. The dark man had been married three years.

"First time I married for love," said he; "second time I'll be for money. Ain't nothin' to this love!"

"Bams here," said Evelyn. "I want wrong, and third year it went broke."

"Ah put in nine years with that husband of mine!" interjected the dark lady. "Tonight she made no secret of the fact that she was living with some one whom she designated as 'that clown o' mine,' and who objected to her going on parties."

"Oh, well," conceded the blue-eyed man, "love's all right for five months—a year after that it palls, ah?"

"You ain't lookin' for another husband?" the dark man demanded of Evelyn.

"No, sir!" said Evelyn. "I'm tied for life. One's plenty."

"You got brains, approved the dark man.

Evelyn's future seemed to be thoroughly arranged by the time the lights went on and the dark man had to go to work. The man who owned the show had asked her to go along in the chorus of a white show he was also running. And, after a whispered colloquy with the dark man, it was also settled that she was to let him "walk some with her after the show."

"Honey, Ah'd say that girl was ugly!" said the former school teacher, "but she's bold—bold all over. She'll make a good show girl. She's the kind o' woman men like to see on the stage—men don't like to look at quiet girls on the stage."

The New Orleans bootleggers seemed to have done their utmost that afternoon.

"The men," announced the school teacher, "are terrible tonight."

They were that. It was an exciting night for us—temptation after temptation, just like the movies!

The first man I had to seat was terrifically drunk. He staggered down the aisle, holding out a handful of coins which he thrust out at me, calling hoarsely, "Lady, lady!" I ignored them. Thereafter, whenever I passed his seat, I would be stopped by an outretched hand full of nickels and a plaintive hoarse murmur, "Lady, lady!" Later he changed his tactics and every time the school teacher or I would pass he would beg pitifully for a programme. He had the whole pile the time the show was over.

Then the policeman came over to tell me he had a Ford and a Dodge and "if you want a pillow, I got one in my car." When I told him I was all alone in New Orleans he grew quite tense and grave. "Ain't you afraid some feller'll steal you, runnin' around like that? I know one

feller's goin' to steal you. I'm not tellin' tales out of school!"

The school teacher and I giggled over that.

A youngish showman.

A showman, youngish, brownish, with the marble-like blue eyes and close-mouthed face of the type, who said he owned another traveling show, settled himself at my side. Where did I go after the show, he finally inquired. I said home.

"Tonight, too?"

I said, tonight, too.

"How about lettin' we walk home with you tonight?"

I said no, not tonight—maybe tomorrow night.

No, tomorrow night he must be on his way. I said I was sorry. After a silence he capitulated.

"I'll make it my business to be here tomorrow night."

He was warm, but wary. He pressed my hand fervently. Suddenly he bethought himself.

"Are you married?" I said no.

Then he looked hither and thither and finally, under his breath, all in one word, he whispered:

"How about gettin' up a little party? You bring a friend, I'll bring a friend—huh?"

Talk about the poor, trapped working girl! Never was a man so scared to death, and never was a working girl so convulsed with laughter. The former school teacher was busy carrying on a tender romance with a man who felt sick in the last row and to whom she had to bring a cup of water.

I was at the villain's mercy. I said innocently I didn't know anyone to bring on a party.

"Well, then, just you and me. It's all on you. We do what you do. Anything in town? You'll feel all right after ten or twelve cocktails, eh?"

Giggles rout the villain.

I broke into loud giggles. The school teacher came along. I nudged her and she broke into loud giggles. Now, one poor working girl may have a hard time in this world, but two giggling working girls can rout an army of men. He retired from the fray, sore puzzled, but hoping to the last.

Along came the box office man who had acquired a crush on the school teacher. He called her a good kid and honey for short, and said she reminded him of his kid sister. Working in unison, we got another job out of him. He promised, after a week's layoff, when Shuffle Along went off, he would let us usher for Bringing Up Father.

"Ah won't go," said the school teacher, "unless you go; we go together."

We sealed the Ruth and Naomi pact with giggles and dismissed the box office man.

The last temptation was the newspaper man from the Item, who laughed so loud the whole house turned around. Standing at the back of the house he insisted on sharing the funny lines in the show with me. During intermission he was dragged out by several business managers to be entertained, but assured me he would see me later.

Much later he came back to make the standard query: "Where you going after the show?" To which I returned the standard reply: "Home."

"Doncha wanna go out somewhere have a lit bit to eat?" he managed to inquire.

I shook my head. He gave me a stare of pathetic bewilderment and repeated the question to the school teacher. She said "No."

He moaned, "Don't any o' you wanna go out somewhere have a lit bite to eat?"

We giggled in chorus: "No!"

He said suspiciously, "Goth' notha date a ready?"

We howled.

He straightened with dignity. He announced: "Then I'm offa you both!" and turned disgustedly away. Congratulating each other on having foiled all the tempters with giggles we slipped out of the side door during the exit rush that night and parted, alas! never to giggle side by side again. When I think that I have left her alone to face the wolves—

you any smaller corks?" "Are chair seats thirteen inches?" "Sweetest words in the lexicon are five and ten-cent store girls are really, 'No,' and 'We're all out.'"

Even in Alabama, which is a state flowing with verbal honey as sugah, behind the counter, Kress's we looked on customers by the heights of boredom and disapproval. My roommate added to the inertia of a recent conversation from typhoid. I couldn't hope compete with her. But I did my best to flatter myself that when I let was well on the way toward wishing my spurs in the languid order five and ten-cent store clerks.

Rare Y. W. cordiality.

He was a wise post, who was "Don't cry, Susannah, don't you for me, I'm going to Alabama with banjo on my knee." If he didn't have a little dirt, there would have been no need to cry for him.

Birmingham met me with such a duality, that, having come from a supposedly open-hearted West, I left gaping. In the first place, Y. W. actually seemed to feel no responsibility toward me as a girl alone in Birmingham looking for job and a room. They had no place for me.

"But we'll take care of you right," the matron assured me. "A girl goes out of here without be taken care of."

Which is an extraordinary thing, come out of the Y. Most matrons of these institutions meet you in a manner calculated to assure you not only that they are not responsible for you, but that no power earth can hold them responsible.

Not only did she call up a boy and make arrangements for a room for me with two other girls at a week (including board), but she sent one of her girls with me to help carry my bag and show me the way.

So I followed, wide-eyed amazement, to the Esther Home. Was a really charming looking home, outside, red, with an enormous porch and pillars holding up a coney. Inside—but that is another chapter.

Met Miss long lost child.

The matron of the Esther Home harassed widow in black, who have kissed me on the slightest occasion. As it was, she met me a long lost child, introduced me whoever happened to be about, her household duties where I never, mop in the middle of being room floor, and broom on stairs, and set herself to finding job for me.

"Come right in h'vay by the honey."

Something had happened to furnace, the result, I learned later, a romance between the negro man and the negro cook. Be disappointed in love, the negro man had absconded with, according to the cook, most of the coal.

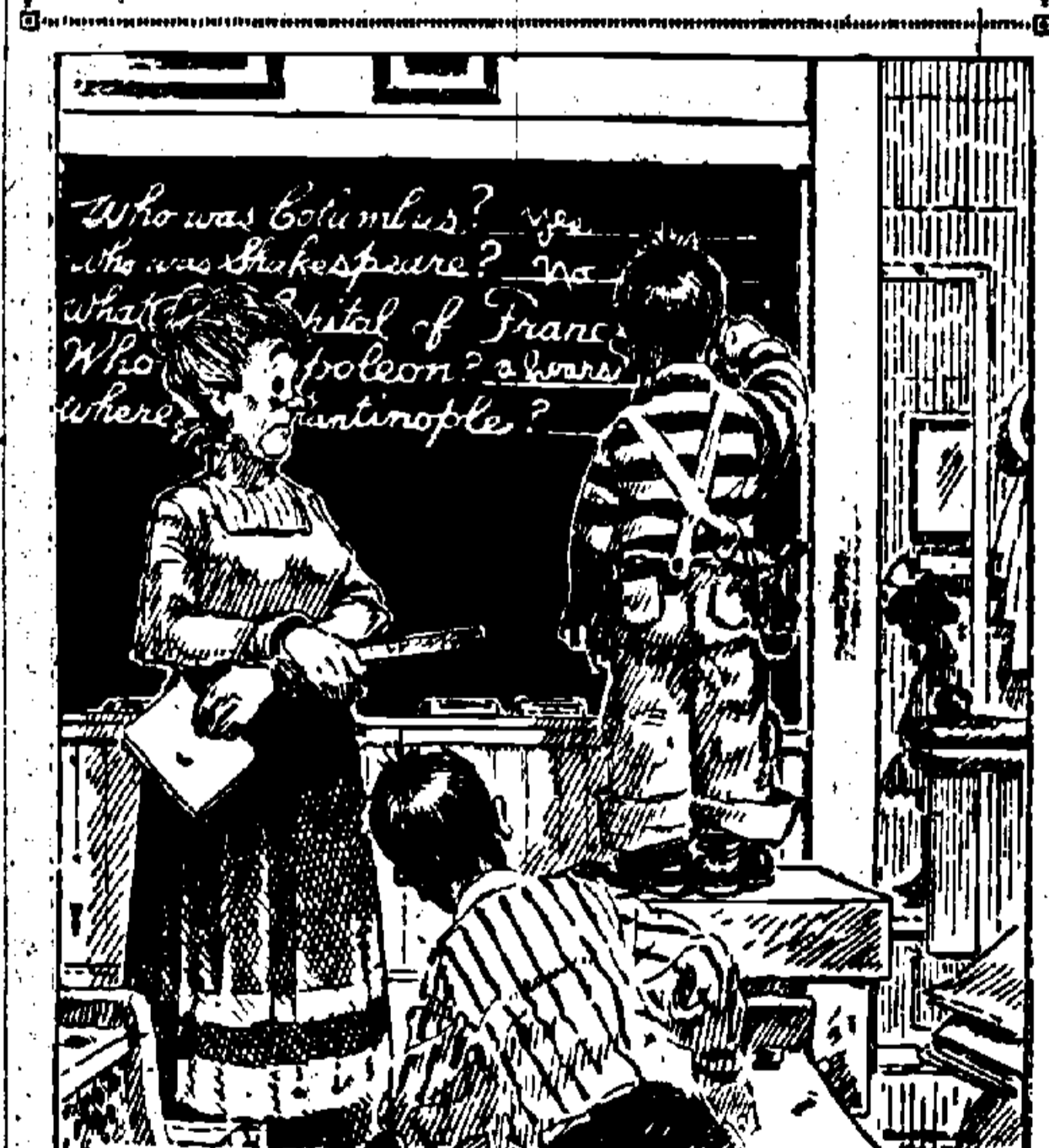
The house was as cold as a stone.

(Continued on sixth page.)

LEMON STREET WOMAN IS WINNER OF TITLE-WRITING CONTEST

Picture for Title-Writers to Try Hand at This Week

Last Week's Picture and Winning Title



HE May Have Forgotten His History, But He Will Remember Present Ruler.
—Mrs. L. Fischer, No. 83 Lemon street.

WINNERS OF \$1 EACH

HIS DEAREST WISH TO BE BANISHED TO THE HALL
—HENCE APPARENT DULLNESS.
—Mrs. Florence Short, Westfield, N. Y.

HIS STANDING IS FAR BELOW HIS ELEVATION.
—May E. Ensign, No. 184 South Elmwood avenue.

SHE WILL RULE AGAINST HIM.
—J. F. Groff, No. 142 Trowbridge street.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN DON'T REMIND HIM.
—C. L. Mouck, No. 74 Admiral road.

HE'LL SOON SEE STARS WITH HIS STRIPES.
—Mrs. Clarence Bouquin, Fredonia, N. Y.

Write a title for the above picture. The prizes are: For the best title, \$10; for the next five best titles, \$1 each.

Joseph Sheldon of Lackawanna writes The Express:

"Your check for \$10 received. Many thanks. I have been interested in your pictures for some time and take much pleasure in reading the titles. Have had honorable mentions several times, but this is the first time I hit the head. I knew you were giving fair decisions, but I didn't seem to get them just right."

Here are the contest 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.
6. No employees of the J. H. Matthews company or members of their families may enter contest.

MOTHER!

Baby's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"

When baby is constipated, has wind-colic, feverish breath, coated tongue, or diarrhoea, a half teaspoonful of genuine "California Fig Syrup" promptly moves the poison, gases, bile, souring food and waste right out. Never cramps or overacts. Babies love its delicious taste.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup," which has full directions for infants in German and children of all ages, plainly printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

So many things become clear to you after a course in job getting and keeping all over the United States—the hot temper of the salesgirl, the cynicism of the theater usher, and finally the languid indifference of the five and ten-cent store clerk.

In a five and ten-cent store the customer is always a nuisance. In a five, ten, 25, 50, 75 cents and \$1 store, such as Kress's in Birmingham, the customer is even more of a nuisance. The languor through which clerks in such stores move is an instinctive defense against the terrific waste of energy in making a five or ten-cent sale, first watching the customer rummage through the stock, then ringing up the purchase and making change, wrapping up the purchase and answering questions.

"Do you sell a brush just like this only with stiffer bristles?" "Have

Beauty

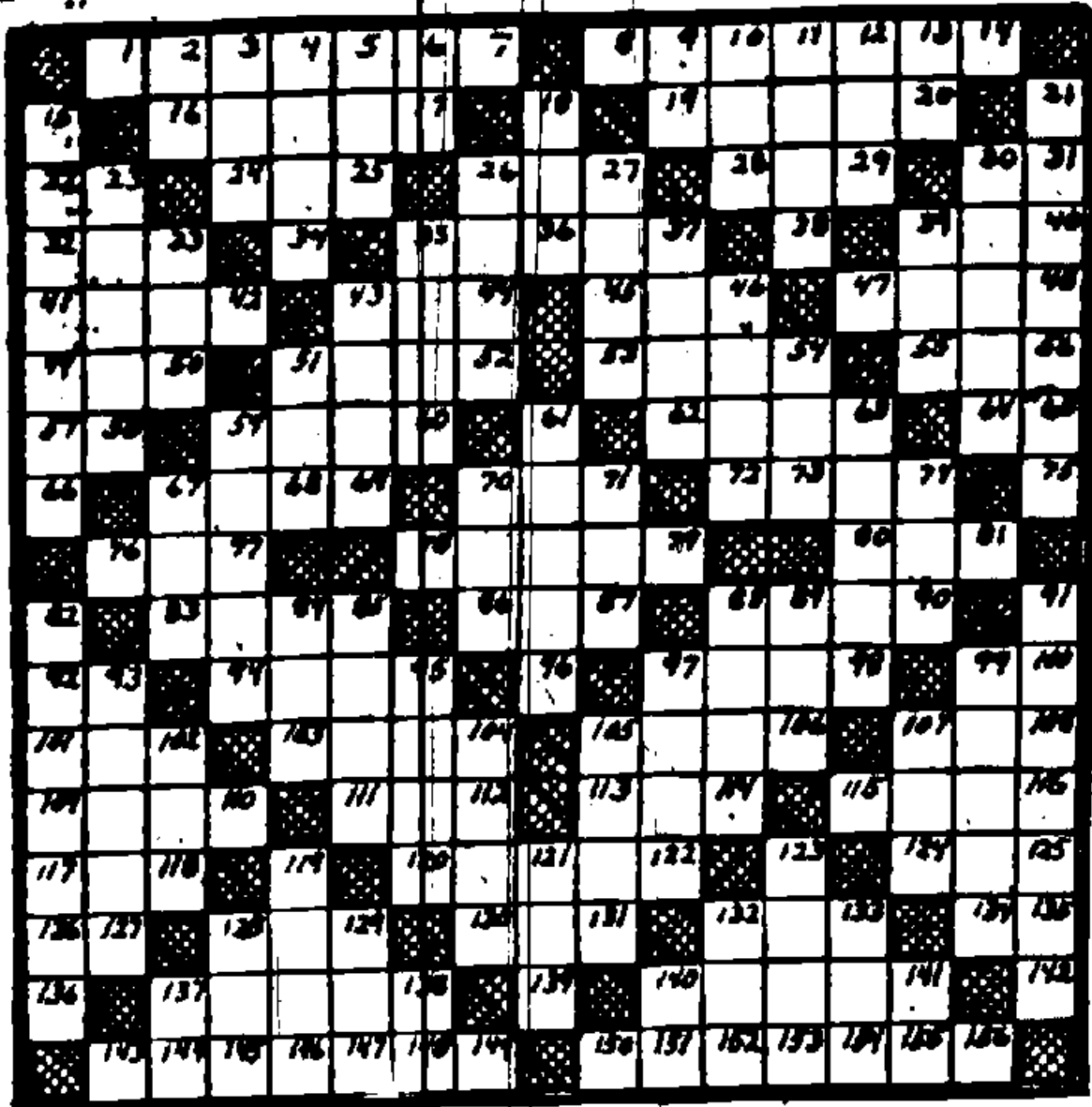
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! Wash your hair and dress your hair. Just comb your hair brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling. You can do your hair up immediately. It will appear twice as thick, heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling and dandruff disappears. Get a little of this delightful, refreshing "Danderine" at any drug or toilet store and just see how healthy and full your hair becomes.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



For today's puzzle we had several to select from. All but one were ruled out for faults such as use of obsolete words, absurd or combination of letters that formed no words at all. Many otherwise excellent puzzles are spoiled by just such avoidable defects.

CLUES AND DEFINITIONS.

Horizontal Words.

1-7—A city of Florida.

8-14—Native of a European country.

16-17—Type of Grecian architecture.

19-20—Cessation of vital functions.

21-23—Higher.

24-25—A call of the Union.

26-27—A state for help.

28-29—Article of men's clothing.

30-31—A title of address.

32-33—To bend down.

35-37—A state.

38-40—Western Indian tribe.

41-42—A European potentate.

43-44—A beverage.

45-46—A jar or vase.

47-48—A winged insect.

49-50—A small Siamese cat.

51-52—A blow.

53-54—A place of incarceration.

55-56—Grassy land.

57-58—Prefix meaning again.

59-60—To place dependence.

61-62—Stolen goods.

64-65—A medical man.

67-68—Covered with dew.

70-71—Not many.

72-74—A partly enclosed space.

77—Mist.

78-79—A species of English gull.

80-81—A metal.

83-85—Deduction from weight to allow for container.

88-87—Openwork fabric.

88-90—To interpret writing.

92-93—A preposition.

94-95—One of the emotions.

97-98—A business transaction.

99-100—Exclamation of surprise.

101-102—To prepare leather from skin.

103-104—Swelling resulting from a blow.

105-106—A college officer.

107-108—A Southern state.

109-110—Astringent medicine.

111-112—A chest.

113-114—A some organ.

115-116—A minute portion.

117-118—A cooking utensil.

120-122—A river of Africa.

124-125—To decompose.

128-127—Indefinite article.

129-129—A small, mean house.

130-131—Piled surface of cloth.

132-1333—An excavation.

134-135—A negative mood.

137-138—Skeleton of small tropical sea animal.

140-141—To desire greatly.

142-143—A boarding house.

150-156—The Mexican parrot fish.

Vertical Words.

2-18—Prefix meaning toward.

3-24—To incline the head.

4-84—Unincumbered.

5-35—A combustible liquid substance.

6-17—A religious organization (Initials).

9-19—A man's name, short form.

10-26—To cause to decay from weakness.

11-38—A bucket.

12-29—Suffix meaning native of.

13-20—Exclamation of surprise.

15-46—A common pungent plant.

18-38—A descendant.

21-76—A collection of fruit trees.

23-58—An adhesive substance.

26-52—To ooze out.

27-53—Cozy and comfortable.

30-44—Defeated in a chess game.

33-50—A passage from shore inland.

35-40—To engage in sport.

37-62—Large lake in Western Asia.

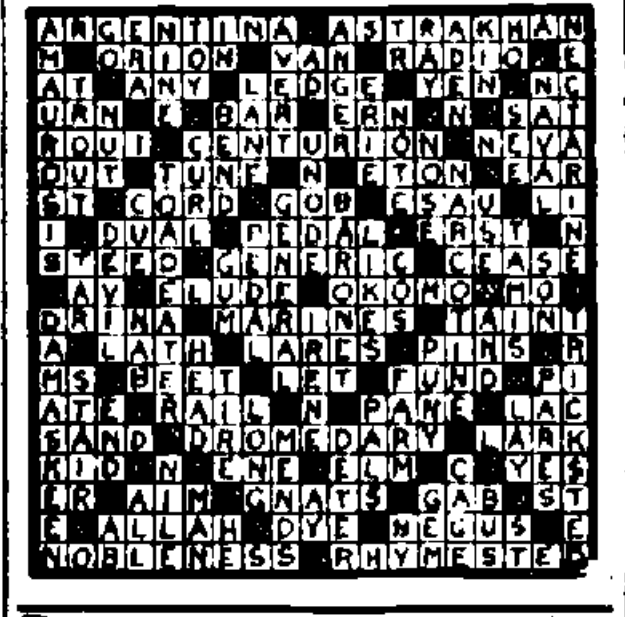
39-55—The sun.

43-69—Associate in a contest.

46-72—Point of time in a day.

- 51-62—To join with thread.
54-72—A game of cards.
59-64—With king's splendor.
61-62—A small bird.
63-65—including all.
67-63—A small spot.
70-64—A shaded, marabey place.
71-87—Clever, humorous remarks.
74-86—A small goat.
82-125—A cape of the Greek coast.
84-103—A quarrel.
85-111—At any time.
88-114—Posterior.
89-105—To beget young, as sheep.
91-142—A vehicle.
92-127—Claw of an eagle.
95-120—Artistic enthusiasm.
97-122—Relatively high in cost.
99-124—A city of Illinois.
102-118—An eccentric person.
104-130—Having very little of one of the three dimensions.
106-181—Far down into.
107-124—A harmless gas mixture.
118-146—Animal skins.
121-132—To choke off.
124-145—A mendacious person.
128-145—Title given to a man in high public office.
139-147—Language stock of Indo-China.
139-152—Through.
139-154—Prefix meaning three.
137-144—A college degree.
138-149—Behold.
140-151—A pronoun.
141-155—A Southern state.

KEY TAO-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: Names, Address, Buffalo Express, Buffalo, N. Y.

HELP FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS TO BUILD

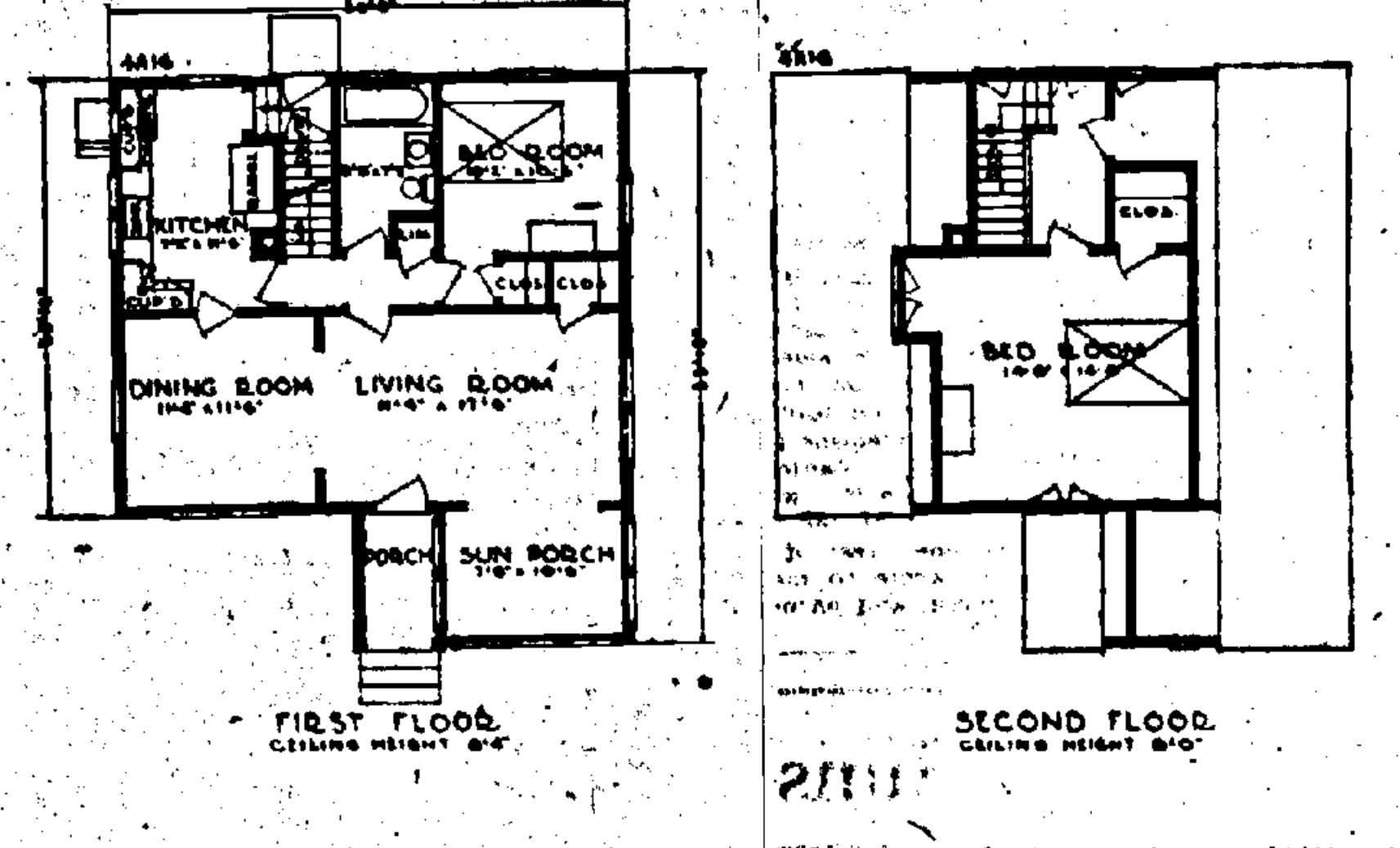
KEEPING DOWN BUILDING COSTS OF YOUR HOME

This is the second of a number of articles to appear in this column on "Keeping Down Construction Costs of Your Home" by the authors of Small House Service Bureau of the United States, Inc.
If you take an oak timber and cut it straight in toward the center of the tree, you obtain a facing which is of peculiar beauty. This is known as the quarter sawed face.

NEW ENGLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA COLONIAL



Copyright, 1924—Architects' Small House Service Bureau.



NEW ENGLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA. A Dutchman understood the art of combining comfort with economy. This home is both comfortable to live in, and attractive in appearance. Each room is carefully planned to give maximum service.
It is story and one-half type, frame construction on masonry foundations, cement base course. Exterior finish is wood clapboard walls, shingle roof. There are four main rooms, one unfinished room in attic, bathroom and three closets. The grouping of the entrance porch and sunporch in one unit adds interest to the exterior. It would be difficult to find a simpler, more direct economical small home.

WHAT YOU MAY WANT TO KNOW ABOUT BUILDING

- Q—Is a house I recently bought...
Q—What is being done by the...
Q—Would it be better to have a driveway...
Q—Would I have to draw up...
Q—Will you please let me know...
Q—Will it be cheaper to build now...

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

(Continued from second page.)

in the attic regions, and I was glad enough to sit in the dining room, a large, dark, untidy room, with two straggling tables on each side, and hug the fire, and listen to the matron's advice about jobs.
"Yuh sho'ly can git on at Kress's," she said. Furthermore, she went to the foot of the stairs and called upon a flowerly named one—Dorine approximates it—which was dressing, to go down town. Dorine, she said, would go along with me and show me the way.

"Ah don't like to go to work at \$8 a week. Ah made twenty-five an' twenty-eight in the weave room." She rather liked the mill, except that the girls "cussed." There was an interval at fourteen, when she had been imported with several other weavers to work in a cotton mill in New Orleans. After that she mentioned Pennsylvania, Fla., where I gathered she had been "canvassed." She had resumed Birmingham, selling cards of darning thread at 50 cents per pair. She was quite enthusiastic about the merits of the darning thread. She made money canvassing. "Ah work two or three days an' make moah money than ah git at Kress's, but the weathah got so col' in the spring, when it gets real wahm, maybe Ah'll take it up again. Ah'm real glad to know how. Ah wouldn't know half Ah do of Ah hadn't canvassed—of Ah had jes' stayed in a stoah. Lots o' times when Ah was little an' couldn't git into stoahs, Ah could always canvass."

ty odd other verbotens. We were to work from 8.30 to 6, with an hour for...
"Ah like dancin', but ah nevah did go to pub'ic dancin'; mah poppah nevah did let me. Ah might like it if I did."

was the only girl who had a bed to herself, paying 60 cents extra for the privilege. Board and room cost the others \$4.50 a week. They slept two by two in the two dormitories upstairs—long, narrow rooms, overcrowded, with four beds each.
Once we talked during the night on adventure, and I heard how it had moved the destiny of the nicest girl in the house from a minister's home in a North Alabama town all the way to Birmingham, a business course and a position with one of the bureaus of the city government. There had been thirteen children and none of the girls worked "bofoh de wah."

ECZEMA IN ITCHY BLISTERS
On Children's Faces and Heads, Cuticura Heals.
"Cuticura broke out in vesicular, itchy blisters and bled so much as to cause discomfort. They were treated with cuticura and the blisters healed so badly that we were obliged to put gloves on their hands. Large scales would form as big as a half dollar and the children were a sight to behold."

CORNS
Lift Off—No Pain!
FREEZONE
Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an itching corn, instantly that corn stops itching; then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

If Ruptured Try This Free
Apply to Any Rupture, Old or Large or Small—You are the Only Trust Has Convinced Thousands
Sent Free to Prove
Anyone ruptured, man or child, should write once to RICH, 1803 Main St., Auburn, N. Y. A free trial of his medicine is given. Application should be made at once. The medicine is a cure for ruptures, hernias, and the need of a support is obviated. It is a relief for all who have ruptures, hernias, and the need of a support is obviated. It is a relief for all who have ruptures, hernias, and the need of a support is obviated. It is a relief for all who have ruptures, hernias, and the need of a support is obviated.