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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?

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.

PITTSBURGH (Continued).

The first day I became a bean packer in the Heinz works, spent a maddening nine hours with Emma and the twins, "Dawrathe-e-e" and Katherine, simply pasting stickers on boxes to contain tomato soup. We worked under Katie, the forelady, in a huge room filled with piles of boxes that reached nearly to the low ceiling and stacks of cans that reached half-way up. We sat on a truck and became covered and choked by the dust from the boxes. I did not mind that so much as the monotony of the work. But it suited the girls exactly.

"I don't like to put the new girls to bean packin' right away," rasped Katie. "I like they should have time to git acquainted."

Katie had been with the factory 26 years. She has the figure and face of a German hausfrau, hardened, with eyes of agate and the kind of a voice that you might expect to come from a Prussian lieutenant of the movies. When Katie shouts—but she does not shout so much as carry her voice—it goes to the outermost corners of the enormous room and smites you where you stand.

Real nice when young.

Elsie, her sapient English-Scotch assistant, says the final word on Katie:

"I think she was real nice when she was young. I like her, even if she's sorta hard to get along with sometimes."

However, Katie lets us alone and we certainly have time to get acquainted, more than enough time, for there is little to get acquainted with Emma, "Daw athee" and Katherine—three perfect types of the unskilled girl worker, before and after marriage—the "oddments and remainders" of a great city. From their talk one can trace the double odyssey, in search of work and marriage, on which they set forth from the age of adolescence. What work hasn't they done—Emma and Dawrathee and Katherine in their 29 and 13 years!

Dawrathe-e-e and Katherine were of German descent and came from a small town outside of Pittsburgh. They lived alone now in a light-housekeeping room, where they cooked their own meals. For this they paid $6 a week. "You won't get no room cheaper than that"—(I had found that out already)—they don't care how many room together. It's $6."

Worked in many plants.

They had always worked together—at candy packing, in a cork factory, in department stores and at housework. They had worked at Heinz's in the past.

"I got real sick and hadda go home," explains Katherine, because Heinz, they have concluded, is the best place to work.

"No kidding. This, believe me, I know," says Dorothy. "I done housework and I worked in stores and I worked in factories and I wor… here, and this is a pretty good place. …sik's (a candy factory) is a pretty good place too, but they have no positions for girls now."

Work, work, work—no talk of parties or shows, not even any mention of "fellers," except that Katherine acknowledges that she likes a "toll" man and Dorothy informs us that she intends to keep on working after she marries her "boy friend. It's no disgrace to work."

Emma has been working ever since she was married.

"If I didn't want a home so bad, I wouldn't be workin'. But my man, he makes small wages. He works for his pap in a barber shop, and they don't make out so good. Everything I make goes in the bank."

Before her marriage she worked in the cork factory. "Aw, I didn't like it, all that cork dust gits down yer throat an' it settles in a lump in yer stomach. I had to go docterin' for a year."

She has just come from a department store, where she got $13 a week, but she didn't like it—"too much red tape." Her favorite job is housework.

"I worked out when I was thirteen. I'd like to keep house for a widder man with children. He'd go off to work in the mornin' and the children go to school an' you'd have all day to do yer work an' no one to bawss you. If I wasn't married that's what I'd do."

With this, however, Dorothy and Katherine do not agree—they prefer factory work. On one thing, however, they are in perfect accord. "It's hard for a girl to get work in Pittsburgh."

Probe as I do, I come up again and again full against the stone wall of their unimagination. They do not like Pittsburgh, but they cannot imagine any other place, except for a faint glimmering on the subject of Ohio. "They say Ohio's nice and …, I'd like to go there," says Katherine vaguely.

Never ate in restaurant.

Emma has lived in Pittsburgh all her life and had never been in a restaurant until she began to "go with her man." Dorothy and Katherine have never been in restaurants. "… no, I'm ashamed," confessed … "When my friend wants to take me to dinner or somethin' I always say I ain't hungry, I don't care fer anything. I don't like to go in."

I had about despaired of the Pittsburgh factory girl as anything but a mechanism, when we were all four changed to bean stacking and I formed a friendship with Elsie.

Bean stacking meant both stooping and standing and swinging the arms constantly between the cauldron and the stack of cans. Emma developed a toothache and a cramp in her foot and fell by the wayside. After an hour the twins in violent excitement dashed upstairs to look for Katie. The work was too hard, it was noisy. It gave Dorothy a headache and a sore throat.

"I'd rather git my time than rush like that," says Dorothy, and Katherine protests vehemently that "I can't be worked hard. I can't stand it. Dawrath-e-e-e, you go tell her we want our time, we ain't used to it the noise an' bendin' over an' rushin' so."

Dorothy, as spokesman, sputters forth her troubles: "I'm troubled with sore throat, an' the leanin' over it breaks my back, an' we ain't used to the noise."

Every once in a while Dorothy chimes in with, "Yes, we ain't used to it."

Uses bonus as lure.

The foreman stands his ground, urging, "Well, you girls go to work now, and we'll see. We can't do nothin' right away. The noise! You oughta be in the can room! Why this here's the best payin' room in the factory, if you gotta work. I got golls make their $5, $6 a day, an' good bonus money."

"You have to go back an' talk to the girl what hired you," advises Katie. "We can't do nothin'. Everybody's got their own troubles. I don't know what's ailin' you."

Dorothy and Katherine finally did get transferred. I met them later and Dorothy was testing glasses in the peanut butter department, and Katherine was picking bad peanuts from the good, and they were both utterly happy and sure that Heinz was the best place in Pittsburgh to work.

I stacked alone, with some help from itinerant pieceworkers, who were stacking much too frantically for their 7½ cents a kettle to make conversation. The packers chattered at their machine, and fraternized with the boys and men who wheeled the cauldrons. And, of course, they sang the eternal "Girl That Men Forget," which is so popular, am sure because something in the weary monotony in the tune blends with the weary monotony of factory labor.

Noise drowns popular song.

Above "The Girl That Men Forget" came the clatter of the cans of beans, a faint z-z-z from a machine and the occasional call from some stacker for a new cauldron of cans. Originally this had been merely "all right." But varying German accents and temperaments had transformed it into a wierd soprano wail that floated on the air and lost itself among the stacks: "El-ri-i-l."

Then along came Elsie, dumpy, pretty Elsie, with her fresh English complexion and her bright gray eyes. She was nineteen and had worked for Heinz four years. Now she made her 29 cents an hour. But Elsie had imagination. She yearned—and she was lost to the factory. She announced to me that she "was thinking of quitting in the spring" and looking for a job in a department store.

"I want to be a telephone girl," she confided in her hard, brisk Pennsylvania voice, "but I can't hear good on one ear. I don't like Pittsburgh very well. My cousin, she don't get along so well with my gran'mother, she wants to run away to New York."

Evidently imagination ran in Elsie's family.

"Did you see that boy who gave you the 'oxes yesterday?" she asked, starting a subject obviously dear to her heart. "You musta seen him. He was real big built. Well, he's gone away to Detroit to work."

Elsie relates her romance.

I expressed concern: "Did you like him?" Love, I have found, is a word that has no place in the vocabulary of the factory. It sounds improper to the factory girl. It invariably makes her blush.

"Yeh, I liked him real well. I guess I liked him too well," says Elsie simply, and goes on to relate her romance unabashedly.

"There's a girl upstairs, she likes him real well, too. He didn't get no chance to say good-by to me yesterday; I was downstairs stackin', so last night, I remembered where he told me he lived, an' las' night I called him up. He sez he was gonna write to me, so I give him my address, but I wouldn't tell the girls because that other girl she might get jealous. She likes him real well, too. If you are here when he writes to me, I'll tell you.

"I ain't gone with a feller for a year, now. I ain't been to a dance in two years. Once I wrote to a feller in Cuba for three years. I met him out to a dance I went to with a lot of girls, an' we talked. He says he just joined up with the marines, I should write to him in Cuba, an' after that I did reg'lar, an' he wrote to me, an' he wrote to my mother an' at Christmas he sent my father a box of segars. I ain't heard from him in two weeks now, but if this other boy writes to me, I don't care. This boy, he's a real toll feller."

Bless Elsie! She was the one vivid flash of personality in the dull days at Heinz when we stacked patiently by electric light, and the dreary Pittsburgh daylight filtered in like smoke through the windows.

For the kind of work an idiot infant might do, Heinz seemed to pay marvelously well—until one came to spend the $13.60 per week.

Doors closed to women.

If Troy is a womans' town Pittsburgh is a man's town—as I found when I looked for a room. At house after house women stuck their heads out of second-story windows or slammed doors in my face, uttering these cryptic words: "Men only." Finally one very large and rosy woman showed me a room that was clean and warm and comfortable in a wide square near the factory. Rent, $9 a week. "Rooms are hard to get here," she said. "You might get one for $8. But I pay $90 for my five rooms."

I did find one room for $7 a week in a shabbier house—light housekeeping privileges. The woman seemed to be much disappointed that I wasn't "a couple." Light housekeeping in one room seems to be the fashion in Pittsburgh. It was a decent room, furnished sparsely with a double bed, a chair and a small range. But after all, I couldn't take it because Heinz would not pay for another two weeks and the landlady wouldn't wait.

Food, however, did not seem to be expensive in Pittsburgh. My meals cost 75 cents a day, thanks to the lunchroom where ladies were invited.

I could have existed on $11.25 a week even with the enormous rent $8.25, if I had found a roommate. Even with only $2.35 left for et ceteras the work at Heinz was the best paid I had found so far.

Streets filled with girls.

During my Pittsburgh stay I clung unrestfully to the Y. W. One night I shared a room with two itinerant houseworkers—the room served in addition as a sort of storage for pillows. Another time I shared a room with a strange, wrinkled lady who woke me up at midnight to tell me a long, sad story about a purse which she had lost and found. I was chary of leaving the Y, for by this time I had found out why the Pittsburgh landladies were so suspicious of girls in search of rooms, and for the same reason I was chary of the Pittsburgh landladies.

Pittsburgh is full of streetwalkers. At 8 o'clock the downtown streets would each hold a quota of girls, very young, very painted. They just stood at the corners, in front of the postoffice and gathered in groups in badly lit side streets. With my propensity for getting lost I had often to ask them for directions, and they were very pleasant and courteous and thoroughly at ease. Nobody bothered them—I saw no signs of policemen—and in comfort they plied what seemed to be one of the chief feminine industries of Pittsburgh.

CLEVELAND

If anyone at this moment should say one word to me about the free, easy and open-hearted West as opposed to the close and suspicious East, I should say in the words of Telephone Nell, one of my roommates: "Kid, tell it to the marines."

It took me all of three days to get a job in Cleveland—and that not counting a Sunday when I tendered my services as usher to the biggest vaudeville house in town and to tell the motion picture houses.

"They're very particular here," I was told by the house mother of the Girls' Friendly club where, after various vicissitudes, I would shelter. She herself had stretched a long point in taking me in. I had no city references, and she was not supposed to take in girls who were not sure of a permanent stay.

"City references, city references!" And "What church do you belong to?" How often I was to hear these queries in Cleveland, and how often, after I had found out what Cleveland wanted, I was to lie and lie and lie in response to them. Heretofore I had always told the comparative truth in my wanderings—that I had always, though with some reluctance on the part of the employers, served.

To live or not to live, is problem.

In Cleveland I told the truth—and the truth set me free—to look for other jobs. It is a nice problem, if you have been brought up to believe that honesty is the best policy, to lie or not to lie. I should say at least 99% per cent. of job hunters who have only $10 between themselves and the world adjust their replies to questions asked so as to come as near as possible to the vision of the ideal working girl which each employer has in mind.

But when it is all over—when you have lied and lied your way past all barriers till you are not even sure the head on your shoulders belongs to you, when even your not immature age causes such suspicion that in self-defense you have to chop several years off—ah then, poor deluded Cleveland says "Come right into the parlor and cut yourself a piece of cake!" From all I gathered, Cleveland is particular, but, once hired, it treats its girl employees very decently.

The broad, matronly beauty of Cleveland, which is the kind of a town where one gets physically placed at once, was spoiled for me immediately at the Y. W.

"Have you any reservations?" said the girl at the desk in the supercilious fashion of all room clerks.

No reservations.

No rooms.

Recommends poor girl to hotel.

We can recommend you to a hotel. There's a hotel across the street," she said to me—me, a poor working girl, all alone in a big city, the kind of a girl that the Y. W. posters show, wide-eyed and afraid, gripping her umbrella (I even had the umbrella) silhouetted against the tall, dim buildings of the great city.

I replied: "I can't afford a hotel. Can you tell me a good rooming house near here? How about those houses across the street?"

She said: "We don't recommend any rooming houses this near town. We don't recommend the houses across the street. We might have something here after 6 tonight."

"But suppose you don't, what am I to do?"

"We'll recommend a hotel."

"But I can't afford a hotel—"

She went silently back to her work. I gaped, nonplussed. What would have happened to me if I had actually been a girl such as the Y. W. posters confused before a big city, I have no idea. As it was, I remembered that the Y. W. had a room registry.

There a gracious and helpful Southern woman sent me to the Girls' Friendly club. A room with another girl for $7.50 a week, two meals every day, three on Sunday, ten cents weekly extra for use of the laundry, rules only that I must get in at 10.30 o'clock every night but two, when I could stay out till midnight.

"The cheapest you can get board and room for here," I was told. At the Girls' League, you have to pay $12 a week."

Again references pop up.

"We don't like to take girls without references," explained the sweet, friendly woman who acted as house mother at the time. But she was also human—there was nothing to be done with me, she could see, but take me in, with some chance remarks anent the Y.

"They're funny at the Y. I've had girls tell me about it before. Sometimes they'll take you and sometimes they won't. They like to have references. Everywhere you go here they require references. I always thought that was what the Y was for—that any girl alone in town could walk in and get a room, but it's not so here."

After paying my board I had just $2.40 left with which to go job hunting.

Like most homes for working girls the Girls' Friendly took no real account of the factory worker, though one of my roommates did work in a clothing factory. It was a home for 25 or so low-salaried stenographers, a telephone girl, one or two saleswomen, Seena, who was an usher in the vaudeville theater that dominates Cleveland, and some clerical workers.

The meal hours, very naturally, accommodated these girls. Living with them, and eating with them, which I would have to do, I felt the urge within me to get a silk-stocking job also, one with silk-stocking hours.

Tries for telephone job.

Heretofore, I had been taking the first job I could get that seemed to be representative of a city's industry. In Cleveland I determined to try the experiment of an unusually optimistic and fearless girl who, coming to the city with only $10 between her and it, would be disposed to start from the top and try to get the best paid and choicest employment as to hours and conditions available.

The want ads didn't help me. They were divided equally between housework and the telephone company, which, the other girls in the house informed me—it was a dull time in the city and some of them were out of work too—was being "choicy." I wasn't down to housework yet, so I tried the local telephone company.

Here I told the comparative truth, that I had come from Pittsburgh and had done factory work there. What the employment managing girl wanted to know was why I didn't live with relatives. That I had none in Cleveland seemed to her so highly improbable that she said dubiously she would "let me know."

Revenge is sweet! I walked over to the long-distance operator's employment office and lied and lied and lied. A good-looking, shrewd girl, with green eyes and much hair, interviewed me. Other girls gave me application blanks. Other girls gave me tests, spelling, arithmetic and intelligence, where you put a dash on the dotted line if Tuesday comes after Monday, but a dot on the dash line if Tuesday comes after Saturday. To this my intelligence proved equal, and I got 100 per cent. in spelling, too.

Invents family, kin, reference.

The green-eyed girl then took me in tow to probe further into my hectic past. Here, too, my imagination proved adequate. Before the shrewd green eyes I drew a touching picture of an invalid father, not so badly off that I would have to depend only on my $14-a-week-to-start, but not so well off that I would be irregular in attendance or impatient with work—the ideal father of a telephone girl.

I invented a family and relatives and at large, references. Like many another liar I was carried away on the wings of fancy to such an extent that I hate to think of what that girl seemed to swallow. For a time, there was a deadlock on the question of church.

"What church do you belong to?" I said "none"—the truth. I said I never went to any—the truth. I should have remembered Cleveland's weak stomach for truth, for the green-eyed girl went goggle-eyed with suspicion and aghast with astonishment. It took me another half hour to lie my way out of that.

Finally I was on my way in tow of an office girl to take a physical examination. I was twenty pounds underweight, the nurse told me accusingly. Furthermore, my eyes did not measure up to the rigid standard of the telephone company, which was, at that time, being choicy. "Eyes and throat; we're very particular about eyes and throat."

She is, therefore, rejected.

As a specimen of mental, physical and moral perfection to begin at $14 a week with a maximum pay of $21, with evening, night and holiday duties that might add from $2 to $4 weekly to one's pay envelope, I was, therefore, rejected.

I applied as an usher in the biggest vaudeville house—at $14 a week—nothing at present. I went into several small shops that advertised for waitress and retired, daunted by these three little letters—Exp. I wasn't an Exp. waitress or even an Exp. saleswoman, and I had not city Ref. For clerical workers Cleveland required city Ref.

So I was down to the factories. There were just two factory advertisements in the morning paper—one for girls in the sample room of a paint company, one for girls to work in a tea warehouse. At both I applied, and at both they were full up.

By various devious street car ways I then went to the exceedingly pretentious branch of the National Lamp company, which is part of the General Electric company in East 45th street. I had heard they employed many girls—and sure enough they needed girls, but I got no farther than Miss Wells, the employment manager.

Miss Wells began to fill out a blank for me. Name? Address? Nationality?

"I'm American Jewish."

Miss Wells's pencil paused and she started to tear up the card.

Ban on Jewish girls bared.

"I'm sorry," she said pleasantly enough, "but we don't take Jewish girls in this division. We have none here. Now, at the other division they take them. You'd best apply there."

Down the street I went to the "other division," where they make Mazda lamps, and here, after waiting an hour or so in a resplendent rest room, with a lamp to every inch, I told the truth to a foreman, and the truth—that I wasn't a Clevelander—again made me free.

I still had the Nela Park division of the lamp company. On the way, to its grounds on a hill—it was the handsomest factory I had yet seen, much more like a suburban hotel with outbuildings—I met Abbie, a pretty, plump, giggling Bohemian-American of seventeen. She, too, was lamp-company bound, and in between street cars she chatted away—about the bakery store she had worked in, and the office, and how she was an errand girl for a real estate office.

"It rains all the time," she complained, "an' I can't go out when it rains. I hafta stay home."

For this reason she wanted a new job, but "Kid," she said, "they gotta give me at least $14 a week here or I don't work. I get more where I am now."

Eyesight again balks her.

The lamp company's work requires extremely good eyesight and once again I failed to meet the test. Abbie, however, succeeded, and was told to report at 7.30 a.m. to work till 5 and 11 a.m. on Saturdays—wages 32 cents an hour, or about $15 a week, assembling lamp parts. On the way down the hill Abbie figured out that to get to Nela Park at 7.30 from her home outside the city in the opposite direction she would have to get up at 5 o'clock.

"Hoh, kid," she giggled, "I don't think I'll go work at that place."

I left her, off lightheartedly to do some shopping.

Cleveland has two other important industries—clothing and printing. Clothing was slack, and as there is nothing slacker than the clothing industry when it is slack I had to count that out. I tried some of the printing establishments along West Third street. They used few women. Some used none at all, because, one man told me, the men wouldn't work at all with women."

It looked, then, as if I should have to do housework. I applied in that capacity to the woman at the United States employment office in city hall. She looked me over.

"Any city references?"

Alas, I had no city references.

But that woman couldn't have come from Cleveland—she didn't stop to look at me with a wild surmise when I told her I was a stranger in Cleveland's midst. She merely remarked that I had come at a bad time and gave me a card to the International Displays company.

The International Displays company of Cleveland, printers and lithographers, makers of calendars, transparencies and other advertising trifles, the first small firm I had worked for, employed a number of men and only about a dozen girls and women. It was the pleasantest if not the most interesting place in my experience so far.

The superintendent, eye-glassed and kindly, told me the hours, 7.30 to 5, three-quarters of an hour for lunch, 11.45 Saturdays, wages $12 a week, and asked me when I would come to work. I was so overwhelmed by the fact that I did not have to rack my imagination any further to make an employer's holiday that I exclaimed, "right away." He called Helen, a sharp-lipped girl with the aloofness of many years of service, and right away it was.

I pasted and helped to stitch calendars, and I tore sticky slip-sheets off transparencies, which are the signs urging one to buy Delaware punch, et al., pasted up in grocery stores. It was not quite as maddening as bean packing, for at least my work was not subject to demolition. All I did was to put three dabs of glue on a sheet and paste it on the back of the calendar and paste a strip of cardboard over that, and put three dabs of glue on a sheet and so on, and so on.

At another time I fed finished calendars into a small stitcher run by Bertha. Bertha slid the calendars along the machine all day, and stitch slide, stitch-slide, stitch-slide, pause; stitch-slide, stitch-slide, stitch-slide, pause.

"Doesn't it disgust you?" was the first thing she said to me. She made a face over the tiresomeness of her work.

She was twenty years old and married for six months. She had a thin, homely face, a transparent complexion and dark brown hair plastered under a net in many oily dabs. Her husband, an electrician, made good wages and didn't want her to work, but she was working "all the same," monotony and everything.

Bertha's marriage solution.

"What'd I do home? I hate to hang around the house," she explained. "Huh! I can do all my housework in an hour. I get supper when I come home, but if he gets home first he gets it. Last night I came home and found the table set and supper ready. All I have to do is wash the dishes and put the house to rights and get dressed—it don't take me more than two hours—then maybe we'll go to a dance. I'm crazy about dancing. I like to work. I like this place, but the wages is so low. Why, one of the new girls, she only gets $11 a week."

The In Again, Out Again Berthas! With their husbands as background, they work two months before Christmas, leave at Christmas, stay out for a few months, go back in the spring, out again for the summer and back again in October, when candy factories and department stores begin to advertise.

At lunch, Anna, one of those women of indefinite age, with leathery skin and bobbed, curled hair, which every factory seems to possess, starts the phonograph. A very dirty seventeen-year-old and an older woman come up from the floor below to eat lunch with us, and the men who run the presses improve the flying minutes with a card game, or with talk about their cars.

It was all very cozy, very clean and easy going. The room we worked in looked out on the lake through a wall of windows, and if I were a hypocrite I would say that the marvelous rainbow sunrises which broke the dimness and wanness of the lake compensated me for getting up at 6 o'clock in the morning.

But I am not a hypocrite. It was freezing cold at 6 o'clock, as well as pitch dark, and because breakfast at the Girls' Friendly was at 7 o'clock and it took me a whole half hour to get to work, I had to cut out breakfast or bother the cook, either alternative not to be sneezed at.

I did appreciate the Girls' Friendly club. It occupied an old-fashioned three-story house, comfortably dingy and really and truly homelike. The food, as in most women's institutions, was at first indifferent and not too plentiful. But during my stay the house mother changed and the food took a turn for the better.

The girls were mostly of that interesting and curious class whose imagination and energy have been released, but who have no definite objective or ambition. They had come chiefly from small towns near Cleveland, and the mere fact that they had made their way beyond home, mother and the small town showed a measure of initiative which set them at once apart. The highest salary in the house was $135 a month. The girl who got it was a stenographer, and, I believe, a college graduate. The average salary was from $18 to $30 for stenographic work and for the telephone operator, who was highly "exp." The lowest wages were mine and my roommate, Seena's—$13 and $14.00.

Seena, the $14-a-week.

I met Seena indirectly through a conversation with Ethel and Jennie. We were sitting in the library—which consisted most of Beverly of Graustark, The Ways of Gods and some social service books published in 1897. We talked about ourselves, about the Y. W., about girls in general.

Ethel, a short, pug-nosed girl, with skimpy brownish hair, came from a small town near Pittsburgh.

"I'm just crazy about traveling," said Ethel. "That's all I want to do."

To that end she had studied stenography, had come to Cleveland with a girl friend and landed a temporary job in a week. This had led to a permanent one at $20 a week, hours 8 to 4.

"But I don't know if I'll stay. I'd like to travel some more. If I had a good girl friend, someone I could trust not to desert me, I'd go to Chicago. I'd like to go to New Mexico."

Jennie, who was a Russian Jewish girl, a transient guest like me—tall, sturdy and mature, with the countenance of a practical nature and a great deal of chestnut hair twisted into a heavy knot at the back of her head—had had an experience somewhat like mine with the Y. W.

"They make me so mad," stormed Jennie. "If you go there with a pocket full o' money, if you want to belong to their clubs, why they're so nice, they can't do too much for you. But just come there with a hard-luck story, say you can't affodre (sic) and they give you the cold looks. And if a girl does anything wrong, she's a bum, and they won't have nothing to do with her."

Jennie preferred nursing.

Jennie had been brought up in New York. Sewing was her line, she said, but she had left New York for the West, where she had done housework. Recently she had found a job as a sort of nursemaid in training in a hospital for crippled children; $30 a month and keep, work from 7 to 7, two hours off during the day and half a day off each week. Jennie liked it very much.

"I love children—I know just how to go on with them. And then the experience."

"Experience!" interpolated Ethel. "I'm just crazy about experience. I'd just love to do it. Think of all you learn."

"Yes, you learn so much; and the more you learn the more you realize how much you don't know. Now I can sew—that's my line—and housework—I just despise housework—but here I got this training and now I have a new job—I'm going to take care of a seventeen-month-old baby boy—I don't have to do nothing else and I get $55 a month, room and board. Now when could I save up $55 a month? And I have two rooms and a bath all by myself on the top

(Continued on seventh page.)

Imitations may be dangerous
Demand
BAYER
ASPIRIN
SAY "BAYER" when you buy—Genuine
Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 23 years for
Colds Headache Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism
Genuine→ Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

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