

# 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?

## BALTIMORE

I had crossed Mason and Dixon's line. Heads of bobbed hair were few, and a policeman studied me intently when I ignored his suggestion to wait ten minutes for a street car to take me to an address eight blocks away.

But let no one think I underrate the Baltimore police force, for I was a night worker in Baltimore, and the two people I looked forward most to meeting as I walked down the long and deserted stretch of Charles street each night were policemen.

No sooner had I set foot in Baltimore, a Baltimore where it rained, it poured, it drizzled, than I harkened to the call of the Federal Tin company. "Girls and Young Women. Experienced and Inexperienced. For Night Work." After being conducted up many stairs and through many doors, which my guide booted immediately we had passed them, enveloped by a pungent steam and a not specially agreeable smell of hot tin. I was told to report for work at 8 p. m.

### Becomes a tinworker.

The Federal Tin company, according to the time clocks, employs about 800 people. At night there were about 78 of us, men and women. The women were mostly widows and orphans of assorted types. There were half a dozen young girls, a pretty Irish girl, a very young, reedy child with ash-blond hair who worked with her widowed mother; a girl with curly bobbed hair and tortoise-shell glasses and torn stockings, who used good grammar and kept sukkily to herself. The rest were women of 40 and 50, Irish-American and German, dressed in weird, old-fashioned clothes, some with flat hats perched on their heads, others with their straggly hair frankly covered by a shawl.

The "old hands" took account at once of the newcomers. The old hands were those who had worked here two weeks.

"There ain't but four old hands here," said one widow, but she underestimated. There were six. "The foreman says they work long enough to get a pair of new shoes and then they don't show up."

The foreman, a youthful, blond

Irish boy, visibly uneasy among the women and looking like a Norman peasant in his blue blouse, arrived at 8.30 and sorted us out. Thereafter we climbed some flights of very dirty wooden stairs, peeping in at doors where men worked foot presses amid a clatter and clatter of machinery in ill-lit, low-ceilinged, unkempt rooms. Up another flight of stairs we felt our way in absolute darkness and so into our room.

It is long, wide, with a low wooden ceiling. The machines and tables are grouped in the center, far away from the row of small and grimy windows. The floor is black and littered with tin pins, tin backs and covers of the cigarette boxes we are to hook up. At the other end men are cutting out the round tops of red cigar boxes from sheets of tin. Their machine makes a slashing noise. The foot presses hum. Splash! Hmmm. Splash! The room is encumbered with boxes and baskets and paper boxes and large wooden cases of finished cigarette boxes and hampers of backs and tin tops, from which, with much clatter of tin, we gather the food for our fingers. Hampers of tin waste in this, round strips glitter under the dim lights.

### Quickly finds a friend.

Oh, the friendliness of the factory! I am taken under Maggie's wing. "I know when I was new I wanted people to show me," says Maggie, so she shows me and tells me all there is to know.

Hooking up is an absolutely unskilled trade without past or future. We get a flat rate of 25 cents an hour, or \$2 a night for eight hours' work, from 9.30 p. m. to 5 a. m., half an hour for lunch. "You'll see—we all ride up to the lunchroom and you can have hot coffee, all the hot coffee you want for nothing."

There had been an attempt to put the women on piece work recently, but they had all threatened to walk out. "You'd have to work in a team, and the girls is allus leaving and there's allus lots of new hands, so you wouldn't make nothin' piece work."

We are supposed to work five days a week, but those who care may also work from 4 p. m. to 12 p. m. on Sat-

urday and from 12.01 to 7 on Monday mornings and make \$4 extra. Maggie is slightly exhilarated. She had gone around to a friend's house who gave her a big schooner of beer to get her up for the night and keep her awake. She is about 60, with exceedingly trim, silk-clad ankles, a good figure, an air of indomitable youth and bobbed, dyed hair. Her face is round and withered and wrinkled in multitudinous fine lines.

Maggie gets her started. Lapsurately, with the aplomb of an expert, I take a back, insert the pin, take a front, hook up, lay face down; and take another back, insert another pin, take another front, hook up, lay face down. Bill, a little Italian boy who looks fifteen and says he is eighteen, clamps 'em down. Once in a while I rise in a trance, fetch a new box of tin backs or fronts and empty it raucously onto the table.

"You're fast," cries the poor woman with Saint Vitus dance, above the machinery. "You'll do well on piece work. They tried to put me on piece work, and I made 45 cents a night, and so I said I wouldn't work except on day work." The way I figure it, anyway, we're all gonna get the grand bounce before Christmas.

### Lunch time an event.

For hours, however, we do not talk, not because of moroseness, but because the effort of raising our voices is too much for our drowsy selves, because our heads are numb in the thick gray hair, under the smoky lights; because we are conscious of the black and sleeping city outside as we hook up, one after another, between the Acts cigarette boxes.

The spell is broken at lunch time. The lunchroom is raftered, icy cold, dim, walls painted a sickly blue. The furniture consists of a counter at one end, and long, rough wooden benches and tables across the rest of it. About 40 men occupy one end and 30 women the other.

Sure enough, there is the free coffee, all we want of it—bitter, black, lukewarm stuff, without sugar or milk. Two girls behind the counter sell unhealthy looking pies and sandwiches. Before her is a small pile of cold codfish cakes and another small pile of cold hamburger steak cakes and a dish of thick slices of white bread. "Cornish or steak?" says she to you. "Steak." She grabs a piece of bread, grabs a steak cake with her not immaculate fingers and thrusts the other piece of bread on top. There was my sandwich. Seven cents. Without ceremony I ate it from my tin-dusted hands.

We eat in silence, the men frankly putting their heads on the table for a few minutes' nap. But the girls have energy enough left to start a

## 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

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whesey old phonograph and dance to its cracked tunes.

Back to our room, where the bright tin backs now begin to flash unbearably before our tired eyes, and the shadows outside the dirty windows get imperceptibly lighter and lighter. We work on, more and more stupefied. Splash! Hmmm. Splash! Bill's eyes are pasted together with sleep and every ten minutes he asks me for the time. Everybody wants to know the time.

### Night hours hang heavy.

We work in utter silence. The foreman comes to watch us from time to time. Our hands move, our lips are relaxed and our eyes half shut. Poor Bill, you can see his lids closing up until there is only a slit of eyes left in each socket, and that is thickly rimmed. A boy in the one white shirt in the room works apart from others. He is ghostly white. We are all beginning to turn yellow or white, all but the foreman, and even he is a shade less ruddy.

The length of that last half hour! It seems as if we will drop right out of the factory into our beds and sleep forever. "What time is it?" asks Bill. "Twenty-five past five." Five minutes later he asks again, and learning that it is only five minutes later, he rages against my slow watch.

At 6 a. m. we do not bother to clean up, except for a few passes with a broom. The machine stops. We don't stop to wash. We grope our way down three flights of pitch dark steps—they have no fire department inspectors in Baltimore—and out into the ghostly city, on whose silent streets footsteps resound. The shades trickle out, a group of rather darker shadows, and quickly become black dots in various directions. The air is a gentle, damp cold. It is still drizzling. The pavements shine like smooth seas under the street lamps, which are beginning to flicker, and when I am halfway home the lamps go out altogether, leaving the city wan, but fresh and quiet like a sick person after the crisis.

Trials or room hunting.

After all, however, it is not my nights of work and dawns of homecoming that I remember about Baltimore. I remember most pointedly my hours of room-hunting in Baltimore, and finally my room. I suppose I don't need to tell the world that room-hunting in an unknown, large city is a frightening thing. In Philadelphia I had been fortunate—I had happened to see a room, very small, advertised near the store. Here in Baltimore I had not only the problem of getting a decent room near the factory, but the added complication of night work. I applied to the Y. W.

"We have nothing in South Baltimore," said the room registry girl decidedly. She gave me the names of several boarding houses in the pretty, trim section near the Y. W., and, seduced by their low rates, \$5 and \$6 a week, I thought that I might prevail upon the landladies.

A personal survey of the Baltimore boarding house situation convinces me that there are still a great many sweet and condescending and attractive Southern gentlemen in reduced circumstances left over from the Civil war, and such of them as have not gone to New York to start Southern tearooms have stayed in Baltimore to keep boarding houses. At the first address, a lovely, old fashioned house with polished staircases, I was received in state by one of the above genus, who questioned me not like a landlady, but like an institution. She had 26 girls at \$6 a week, they were clerical workers, like one big family, they roomed together, some had stayed with her ten or fifteen years and she had no vacancy. I did not dare to tell her I worked in a factory.

I sneaked over to the next house, a very pretty red brick with white trimmings, where also I was favored by Southern gentility and where also they had no vacancies. I then passed on to some of the working girls' homes. Baltimore is full of them and they are full up. The Casa Regina, where one pays board

according to one's wages; the Margaret Bennett home, where the \$5 a week charge includes everything, and "It's just like home," according to the woman with white hair who questioned me and various others.

### Dingiest and dearest.

In desperation I finally chose the dingiest house that advertised rooms. The door was opened by a mannish, scrawny female in bonneted shoes. "Are you a business girl?" she asked, scrutinizing my clothing with obvious suspicion. "Yes, what price rooms?"

"The average," said she, "is \$12 a week without board."

I faint and make a quick getaway. Finally I trudged down to South Baltimore and in that dingy and slushy section, trailing around the factories, I found numbers of cheap red brick houses, each with a "Room to Let." I had no way of knowing, however, whether there were rooms to let for negroes or white people. Nothing about the houses, which were clean and cold-looking and not too clean, told me until I spied a little boy playing beneath a sign. He was a dirty little boy with a running nose, but he was a white little boy. I applied at the house to which he belonged and a skinny woman, smelling of tall, opened a door into a stuffy and grimy interior. She was full up, but she told me to apply around the corner. I obeyed, speaking to every variety of hard-worked tin dingy woman and looking at \$5 a week, heat from downstairs and hot water that must be warmed on the kitchen stove.

### Finally find a room.

I found one for \$3.50. The door was opened by a plump girl in a blue dress, who led me through the smelly dining room into a mors or less dirty kitchen where sat her mother, a bedraggled woman in a grimy house dress, dirt about and below her. She was doubtful about the night work, but finally allowed her daughter to show me the room, which was smelly and not overclean. There was a large imitation mahogany bed and a floor covered with blue and white oilcloth, and it was lavishly furnished with two dressers and two chairs.

"We didn't have anywhere else to put them," the girl told me.

The bathroom was an immense cold room, partly used as a bath, partly as a storeroom, with a tiny washstand and a hideous tub of I presume, painted tin from which the paint had peeled.

"It isn't a very nice bath," remarked the girl, "but the baths in all these houses are not nice, and we will heat water for you any time you want."

I took it. I even slept in it for two days, about five hours each day. For I had a vague suspicion about that bed, and when it came near confirming I threw my conscientiousness about the living conditions of the working girl to the four winds and fled the field of battle. I admit to defeat in Baltimore. I cannot live in its \$3.50 rooms.

It was a long way from before Christmas slush and rain when I came back to Baltimore to try, try again, but the same advertisements filled the paper. The B. V. D. Company, Inc. still needed girls for sewing and examining. Several tin companies still called for night workers, who are an all-year-round feature of the Baltimore working world. And I presume in my old \$3.50 room some one still woke to insistent suspicion of the bed.

There were at least four large-type ads. in the paper of the kind that mean always room for one more, and I knew with the now well-defined instinct of the job-hunter, that it didn't matter what clothes I wore of how much intelligence I showed. I am sure to get work in Baltimore. It is a city whose industrial development still seems to be a stride ahead of its young girl laboring population.

At the B. V. D. company I asked to examine, not to sew, my idea of a power sewing machine being that of a roaring dragon, which would rush toward me at full speed at my lightest touch on the treadle.

But the employment manager was a most persuasive young man. He gave me to understand that I would miss my destiny if I did not sew. Examined, he said, began at \$10 a week and it took them a long time to earn more, but if I would only learn to sew, and if I would only be steady at it till I learned to handle my work, I would in due course of time make from \$15 to \$24 a week on piece work. The sewing apprentices were started at from \$9 to \$10 while they learned.

### Frank and fair employer.

He was a frank and fair employment manager. He warned me it would be rather tedious to get used to the machine, but think of the reward in store for me right here on earth, too. After such an impassioned appeal to my better nature, I could not but consent to sew.

The hours were from 8 to 5.15. I took him literally when he told me to come at 8, because there is always

a crowd of girls there in the morning. Put not your faith in employment managers!

When I hurried with hated breath into the drab, worn-looking building next morning at a quarter of eight, I found: Item—One old woman with a brown, square face which might have been of any sex, and a blue cloth scarf wrapped around her head. Later a tall woman girl joined us. She had what are known as liquid eyes and bobbed, curly dark hair. We sat impudently sealed in that sultry absorption which distinguishes even the working girls of the large Eastern cities.

In the West, conversations begin naturally and logically, as our foreman being to another. In the East, there is a pause as of a number of strange dogs sniffing each other, and then either a rush of friendliness or a withdrawal into reticence.

### Old woman quits sewing.

The old woman was going to sweep up.

"No more sewing for me. I sewed for ten years. It makes my back ache."

Ten years was only a drop in the vast factory experience of this old woman of the working world. Her memory ever went back to the days long before B. V. D.'s existed.

"Thirty years ago," she boasted, "I worked for this very firm when they was making overalls."

Thereafter she recalled carnal seasons and summers passed in the various mills and factories round about, as one recalls seasons and summers passed in Paris or Florida. She had begun to work in a coat mill when she was fifteen.

"I got \$10 a month. Seven of it I paid for board. We worked from 6 in the morning to 6 at night, half an hour for dinner. Ah, yes, they has it easier now."

For this reason she contended that laws to prevent children from working never hurt nobody. "Witness her, alive, strong and about to become a sweeper!"

Recently she had been sewing on middies—65 to 70 cents a dozen, but the machine had been poor—it broke all the time and you can't make out that way.

### Preferred young girls.

She had been at the Crown Cork and Seal for a time, and remembered with pleasure their real nice lunchroom, but they really didn't want old women there, they preferred girls of sixteen. "Lots of pieces want only sixteen-year-old girls."

"Yes," interjected the buxom girl. "He (the employment manager) told me the younger girls get along better than the older ones."

This girl knew all about power machines—she had sewed shirts and nightgowns, but she had abandoned the machine to work in a lunchroom. She liked this, only "you hafta use everybody's line. You hafta take it."

(Continued on sixth page.)

## ELMWOOD AVENUE MAN IS WINNER OF TITLE-WRITING CONTEST

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



E. M. Stratton of No. 267 Elmwood avenue is awarded the \$10 prize for the best title to last Sunday's picture.

C. L. Houch of No. 74 Admiral road writes: "I acknowledge with thanks receipt of your money order. The picture and varied titles have been a source of amusement to me for a long time."

What do you think is the best title for today's picture? There is a chance to win one of six prizes. Here are the rules:

1. Titles must be written on a postcard and addressed to Title Editor, Sunday Express.
2. They must not exceed twelve words in length.
3. They must reach The Express office by Wednesday midnight.
4. One person may send in as many titles as he or she wishes, but don't crowd too many on one postcard.
5. Answers must not be enclosed in envelopes.
6. No employees of the J. M. Matthews company or members of their families may enter contest.

### Last Week's Picture and Winning Title



EARNING THEIR SALT BUT GETTING THEIR VEGETABLES FREE. —E. M. Stratton, No. 267 Elmwood avenue.

### WINNERS OF \$1 EACH

- BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM. —Miss Fallman, No. 42 Pembroke avenue.
- THE SPRING SONG BROUGHT FORTH FRUITS FROM THE GARDEN. —Mrs. T. D. Lunt, No. 88 West Fourth street, Dunkirk, N. Y.
- ILLUSTRATED SONG, "THERE'S AN OLD FASHIONED GARDEN." —Mrs. A. J. Barrett, Mayville, N. Y.
- BEETS AND CARROTS FOR A LUCRATIVE PEER. —Cornelia D. Wetter, No. 194 East street.
- THEIR SINGING CAREER WAS FRUITLESS. —Mrs. O. Goyer, No. 118 Cottage street.

## Beauty

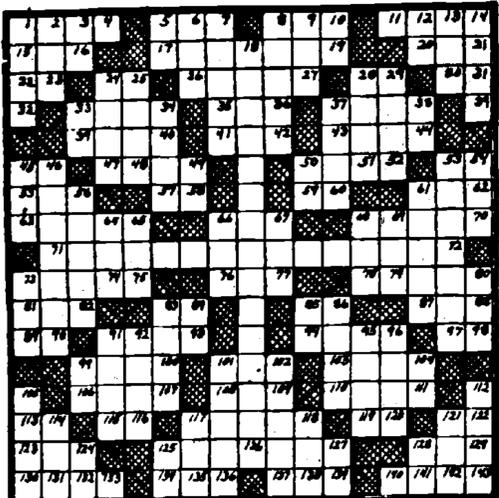
### A Gleamy Mass of Hair

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



Girls! Try this! When combed and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling. You can do your hair up immediately as it will appear twice as thick and 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. It is also tonic and stimulates each single hair to grow thick, soft and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. "Danderine" is a delightful, refreshing "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and young your hair becomes.

# CROSSWORD PUZZLE



In today's puzzle, composed by Miss Julia Burke, of St. Louis, Mo., the word used for space 47-73, "ari," is not in the editor's dictionary, so we shall tell you what it is. Our puzzle fans should be able to supply the others without much difficulty.

### CLUES AND DEFINITIONS.

#### Horizontal Words.

- 1. —A conversation.
- 7. —Employment.
- 10. —A college degree.
- 11. —A musical instrument.
- 15. —Trade name of a well known brand of soap.
- 17. —Paralyzed.
- 20. —Prefix meaning "recent".
- 23. —A Siberian river.
- 24. —A point of the compass.
- 27. —A celebrated singer.
- 28. —Prefix meaning "down".
- 31. —To perform.
- 34. —Part of the head.
- 36. —A sailor.
- 37. —A hide.
- 40. —A river of France.
- 41. —A point of the compass.
- 44. —Contentment.
- 45. —A conjunction.
- 47. —Tastefully arranged.
- 50. —A wind.
- 54. —A postoffice official.
- 56. —To rot from moisture.
- 57. —A public carrier.
- 59. —A preposition.
- 61. —A state.
- 65. —Bated with pleasure.
- 66. —A Southern state.
- 70. —To quiet.
- 71. —Unusually.
- 75. —To elevate.
- 77. —A metal.
- 78. —Objects of worship.
- 82. —A domesticated animal.
- 84. —Exclamation of triumph.
- 86. —A state.
- 88. —Up to the present time.
- 90. —A direction.
- 91. —A small hump.

- 94. —A species of fish.
- 97. —Suffix meaning "quality".
- 99. —To post a letter.
- 101. —Small Siamese colony.
- 103. —A projecting tooth.
- 104. —An associate.
- 108. —A letter of the Greek alphabet.
- 110. —To destroy life.
- 113. —A college degree.
- 115. —A land elevation.
- 117. —A stock of goods.
- 119. —A letter of the Greek alphabet.
- 121. —A parent.
- 123. —A small taste of liquid food.
- 125. —A form of bondage.
- 128. —The legal profession.
- 130. —To prepare copy for the printer.
- 134. —To be possessed of.
- 137. —Over there.
- 140. —A chemical compound found in the sea.

#### Vertical Words.

- 1. —To surfeit.
- 2. —Part of a wheel.
- 3. —A wood-working tool.
- 6. —Higher.
- 8. —To undermine or weaken.
- 7. —To exhilarate.
- 8. —A liquid measure.
- 9. —Romanian coins.
- 10. —A university degree.
- 12. —A preposition.
- 13. —A color.
- 14. —A time of the day.
- 15. —Making to conform to any adopted standard.
- 24. —Part of the leg.
- 25. —Possessing good judgment.
- 26. —A transaction.
- 29. —Otherwise.
- 33. —Prefix meaning "together".
- 34. —Approximate.
- 37. —A kind of fuel.
- 38. —The element tellurium.
- 46. —A round thing.
- 49. —To set free.
- 49. —Initials of a president.
- 53. —A short drama.
- 59. —A state.

### KEY TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE.



### BOOK OF HOUSE PLANS

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

**Price 25 Cents**

Mail to  
Address.....

Cut this coupon and send to Buffalo Express, Buffalo, N. Y.

# HELP FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS TO BUILD

## KEEPING DOWN BUILDING COSTS OF YOUR HOME

This is the third of a number of articles to appear in this column on "Keeping Down Construction Costs of Your Home" by The Architects Small House Service Bureau of the United States, Inc.

Good houses and poor houses stand side by side in all the streets of our cities. The well built in which materials have been used wisely, is the kind of house you want as security for your hard earned savings.

A house built of good materials in the first place and kept in absolute repair for a 10 year period, should be available normally at the price which it originally cost. The repairs during this time should not exceed 20 per cent of the original investment, or 2 per cent a year.

### Well Built House Good Security

An architect recently addressed a gathering composed of builders and students of architecture, and talked upon the importance of having wood well seasoned. He showed that unseasoned wood was most likely to rot, that such wood used in building was sure to crack the plaster, and that the floors would be uneven. He explained why unseasoned wood makes windows that will not open, and close easily, and doors that will not fit their openings. He showed how wood shrinks and twists as it dries or seasons and how this seasoning has to be carried out slowly and carefully in order to avoid dangerous cracks in the timbers. He showed many examples of bad building that come from using poorly prepared wood.

### Wood That Warps

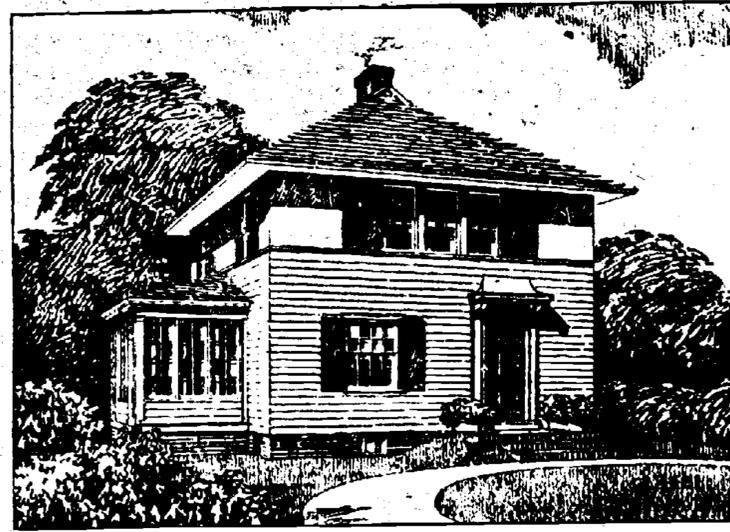
When he had finished a student in the audience rose and objected to his statements. He said he had lived in the forest, sawed at once into planks, and immediately framed into buildings. He said this was done because if the wood was allowed to stand to season it warped badly, the floors became twisted and, perhaps, pulled apart so that it was hard to make a straight frame with it, and it was, therefore, necessary to put these timbers into the building before they warped badly.

It is easy to see what happened to houses built from this wood. You could follow that builder around the town by the houses he had built. The timbers used in the walls and floors of his houses dried out after they were put in place, and all the strains of twisting and warping were thrown onto the nailings in the studs, joists, lath, wood casings and doors. The houses built by this man are of the kind that go to pieces. They are the kind of house you cannot afford no matter how cheap they may be.

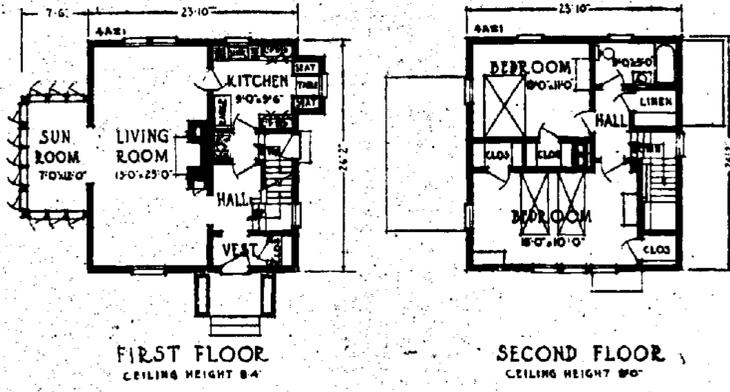
### Use Standard Materials

Practically every one of the materials used in building gains its final properties from the way it is made and handled. You cannot afford to take the chance of using materials from the inferior grades. Brick, tile, cement, slate and wood and all the other materials that are used in building are obtainable in the medium or "standard" grades. They do not, perhaps, have the quality of texture and finish that the highest grades have. At the same time they are much superior to the low grades, and they may be obtained at a considerable saving. In the interest of sound building, do not use the cheap grades you can buy. In the interests of substantial savings do not require the use of the most expensive grade of materials for the average size pocketbook.

## NEW ENGLAND COLONIAL AND WESTERN COMBINED



Plan No. 1421 Copyright, 1924—Architects' Small House Service Bureau.



THIS HOUSE is a combination of New England Colonial and Prairie style. It is a full two story type. It will require a lot 40 to 45 feet in width. It is planned to be built of frame construction upon masonry foundation, brick base course. Wide clapboards are used for the first story, smooth siding for second story, and shingle roof.

There are four main rooms, dining alcove, bathroom and five closets. A full bathroom under the entire house contains laundry, heating room and fuel bins.

This home is practically a square plan in type and one that builds economically. The approach is a feature; also the inside fireplace. Here is economy, comfort, convenience at reasonable building cost.

Cubic contents of the house are approximately 18,000 feet, and the cost to build this house, including heating, plumbing, lighting, painting, ready to live in but not including wall decorations, should

range between \$5,500 and \$6,500. In certain localities where costs are high, the highest figure quoted would be too low. In other localities, the lowest figure quoted would be more than sufficient. The range of \$1,000 is given to cover differences in the way the house is built and how thoroughly it is equipped and completed.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The plans for small homes are furnished by the Regional Bureaus of the Architects' Small House Service Bureau of the United States, Inc., an organization of the registered and practicing architects from leading architectural offices throughout the United States. This bureau is controlled by the American Institute of Architects, and has the endorsement of the Department of Commerce, United States government. It is practically a non-profit making public service, and has for its purpose the furnishing of a very complete and dependable small house plan service at moderate cost. For information regarding the big list of specifications, address the Home Building Editor of this paper. The United States Bureau maintains an Information Department to answer home builders' questions at no charge. Enclose stamped addressed envelope.

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## WHAT YOU MAY WANT TO KNOW ABOUT BUILDING

Questions addressed to the general editor by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau of the United States, Inc., are answered by the American Institute of Architects and the United States government. Enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

**Q—What precautions should be taken to prevent heating of foundations in winter?**  
A—Heating of foundation walls comes from expansion in the soil under the wall. In residential construction freezing is almost always the cause of this. If the foundations run below the frost level they will not freeze. Be sure you distinguish between heating and thawing. The latter comes from uneven soils under the foundations walls or improperly designed foundations or both.

**Q—How can I tell my house will be heated? I want to have enough radiation but not too much.**  
A—This is not a matter of guesswork. The amount of radiation required by a room can be definitely determined by using certain formulae which engineers have worked out. These formulae are based on the kind of construction of the outside walls, the height of ceilings, the amount of glass area, the size of the room that is to be heated, and the condition of the building—whether it is in good or bad repair. When these are known, the engineer can say how great the heat loss will be, and he can tell how much radiation to put in the room to counteract these losses. If these things are figured out by an expert, the heating contractor will ordinarily guarantee that your building can be heated to 70 degrees at minimum winter temperature without forcing your furnace or heater to run for certain periods. Do not guess about these things.

**Q—I have a leaky collar and desire to seal it. The collar has three concrete blocks with asphalt between each floor, and the walls are brick with asphalt between the brick and wall of the collar. The steps leading into the collar are treated the same as the walls, and yet the water seeps through.**  
A—It is impossible to tell exactly what causes your collar to leak and exactly what you should do to remedy it without making a personal investigation of the premises. It is quite evident that you have a pressure of water and that the waterproofing is either not continuous or else not heavy enough to withstand the pressure exerted on it. If you desire, we shall give you the name of a high grade waterproofing company to whom you can write, giving complete details, and from whom you will receive proper directions.

**Q—I have a house and lot in Ohio and wish to borrow money on this to build another house on a lot which I own in Illinois. How shall I go about this?**  
A—If your Ohio property is a satisfactory risk, financing companies in Ohio will lend you money on a first mortgage on it. You can then use the money in the way you have suggested.

**Q—What do you think of using metal lath on the ceilings of large rooms. Is this necessary?**  
A—We think this is a very good practice, and we recommend it. The increase in cost is very slight.

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

(Continued from second page.)

as a joke; if you don't, you won't get any tips; I need to get so mad. Everybody has something to say; all the fellows try to make dates."

That, to the factory girl, seems to be one of the principal disadvantages of outside work. You must take the tip of the whole world and its wife; you must get accustomed to various moods and whims. In the factory you are only actually dependent on the idiosyncrasies of your immediate foreman; otherwise you are as good as anyone else, even the employment manager. In fact, much better than him in Baltimore, where we know we were needed.

### Employs 3,000 women.

"He asked me," laughed the buxom girl, "if I worked every day. I said no, I didn't work every day."

"Well," said the old woman, "I'm just going to work here as long as I please and then I'll quit and go out to the country. I got a little house there. It's waiting for me, looked up, when I want to go out there. With a few dollars I can live all summer."

### The B. V. D. company employs about 2,000 girls in its various plants in Baltimore.

There were about 500 in this particular branch. They were the least lively and the least pretty group I had yet seen. Young Irish girls, with meagre chests, sawtooth skirts and oily hair. They sat in double rows, facing each other before the machines, which were really like continuous planks divided by hangars for the finished garments and with machine heads poking out at regular intervals. Each group worked at a separate process of the garment.

### The owners, about 30, had a table of their learn. They worked on a piece-work system, too, except that if their earnings came below \$10 the company made up the difference till such time as they were expert. With so many processes at so many different prices per bundle, it seemed impossible to compare earnings. The girl next to me, for instance, was learning how to stitch one particular seam at \$1.90 a bundle of ten dozen. I had to sew on the inch-square patches for the button. My buxom friend worked on a fold.

### Machines do not rear.

The machines did not even rear like dragons. They trilled tamely in a very large, square room, whose windows of three sides still did not

furnish quite enough light. Nor did the machines jump at one. The secret of running a power sewing machine lies not in learning how to run it, but how to stop it. To stop it you only have to take your foot off the treadle, and there seems to be a magnetism in the machine that glues it to the treadle always a little bit longer than you had expected.

After I had practiced on rags all morning under the tutelage of an extraordinarily patient, waxy faced Irish woman, I could announce to the buxom girl at lunch that I was to start real work as a patcher that afternoon.

### The lunchroom was large, dingy and dark, filled completely with brown armchairs of the kind used in cheap lunch places. Even the sandwiches partook of the same general effect of dinginess. "Gladys, give 'er a ham sandwich"—and Gladys pokes it out of a drawer.

### As for the coffee, it was still two cents per, served in battered tin cups and evidently made on the same system as the vile coffee at the Federal Tin company.

### Half an hour for lunch.

We had half an hour for lunch, long enough for the buxom girl to confide that she had never worked more than a few months at a place—a couple months, then I quit. This firm, she thought, would be an easy one to get along with.

### "Why, they kept a girl on rags for five days. So they can't be so hard to get on with. The place I worked on shirts in, if a girl wasn't through with rags in the morning they'd send her home in the afternoon. But if I couldn't get through with rags in five days—I'd quit before they laid me off."

### We were both "through with rags" the first day, even I, with my awe of the power machine. In fact, I got very nechalant with it and swung it round the inch square patches with poise and indifference to which it reacted quite in the masculine manner by being much easier to manage. I got to the point where I even kept an ear on the conversation, but this was not exhilarating in my case, and at 3 o'clock fell off completely.

### "I know a feller—"

### "Is there a feller that lives?"

### "I don't go out with fellers. I haven't found one I liked and I don't believe in going out except with one you like. Some girls go out with a feller for his money, and get all he's got and then they give him the air—but I never cared to do that."

"After 3 o'clock I don't know what happened. I was stupefied with the tediousness. Ten dozen little patches waiting to be put on—put on a dozen and then there are nine—nine dozen little patches—day in, day out. In Baltimore fashion I hardly bothered to conceal my tedium from my teacher and the forelady who came over to pat me on the back, to beg me not to worry about the money I would make.

"We all gotta learn what's new and how to handle new things, ain't that so?" Poor things, they sensed I was not long for the B. V. D.'s.

When we picked the cotton threads off our coats and dashed for the door that night my buxom friend drew me apart and whispered in my ear: "I wanta ask you something. You coming back tomorrow?"

Personally, I didn't know. She didn't know either. Baltimore factories seem to affect one that way, adding another great problem to the working girl's pack: "Should I come back tomorrow?"

### Airship entices bees from hives.

An army aviator in Florida recently carried a bouquet of magnetic blossoms to a friendly wedding, going by airplane. He flew over one place and the odor of the blossoms attracted a swarm of bees. The entire swarm took up pursuit and has never returned to the hives, much to the annoyance and loss of the original owner of the bees.

### Maryland keeps old law.

The state of Maryland is the only state in the Union which still requires a religious ceremony for marriage. Other states are satisfied with a civil ceremony. Maryland, with Virginia, Kentucky, Louisiana and Mississippi permits marriage of a girl at twelve years of age, while New Hampshire makes the age thirteen years.

### To build highest aerial trolley.

The Caracoles Tin company of Bolivia will construct an aerial trolley six miles long and rising 3,700 feet. At its highest point it will be 16,000 feet above sea level and will be the highest trolley of its kind in the world. Wayne Graham and Byron Riblet of Spokane are the engineers doing the work.

### Many Arabs becoming tired of sitting cross legged in the sand, are now buying folding chairs, according to reports from the manufacturers of these articles in Austria.

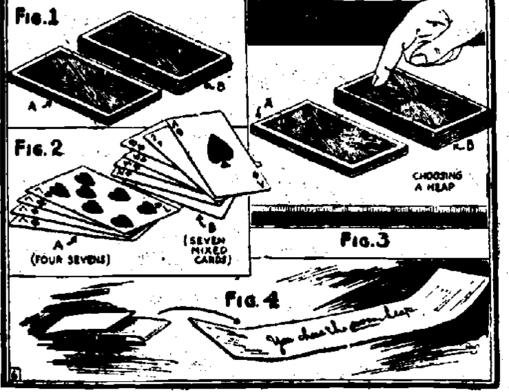
## LESSONS IN MAGIC

By HOWARD THURSTON

### No. 6—THE MAGIC PREDICTION

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It has often been said that the simplest tricks are the best, and this statement is not hard to prove. For this reason the beginner often underestimates the value of a good trick, merely because he thinks it is "too simple" when he has first learned the secret; whereas simplicity is the keynote of mystery.



In performing a trick do not talk too much about what is going to happen; do not repeat the trick before the same audience; and, above all, do not tell how you do it. All of the interest and admiration that you have created with a well-performed trick will fade away if you commit the error of revealing the secret.

As an example of how an absurdly simple trick may be made into a real mystery, I will explain.

**THE MAGIC PREDICTION.**

Two heaps of cards are laid on the table.

Heap A is composed of the four sevens; B contains seven cards. The cards are laid face down (Fig. 1) and a heap is chosen (Fig. 2). Now as soon as the prediction has been read (Fig. 4), you pick up the chosen heap. If it is heap A triumphantly lay it face upward (Fig. 2) and reveal the fact that it contains the four sevens. In other words, it is "the seven heap." Your prediction was correct! Also lay heap B face up, and show that it contains no sevens at all.

Suppose, however, heap B was chosen. In this case do not under any circumstances show the faces of the cards. Pick up heap B and show that the cards face down. It contains just seven cards! It was "the

## Answers to Love Problems

Always the way.

"Dear Miss Blake—I love a boy three years my senior, and I think he loved me. We were friendly and my friends used to tell him how I cared for him. He has changed; hardly talks and I have heard he takes other girls out. Do you think he loves me any more? Shall I love him just the same? I am seventeen.

"C. D."

### Are they not the variant young sex, C. D.?

As soon as they hear a girl cares for them—they feel the urge to wander off to fields uncontrolled. Since they are like that, you girls should be chary of imparting the status of your affection until the other sex personally begs to know it from your own lips. That is just a little secret I am imparting to you for future direction. It is better to keep them in doubt—if you would hold their interest.

### They may be right.

"Dear Miss Blake—I am eighteen and in love with a fellow one year my senior. He tells me he loves me, and I love him, but my parents object to his company. Kindly give me advice.

"BOBBY"

### What reason do they offer for their objections to the boy, Bobby?

Do they think he is not the boy whose companionship would be a credit to you? I suppose, because you are in love with him, you will not listen to a criticism against him. And, yet, sometimes it would be so much better if a young girl would take advantage of the wisdom of an older head in estimating desirable qualities in a young man. Of course, this is surmise purely, but I suspect there may be something not in the young man's favor.

### Speak right up.

"Dear Miss Blake—I am seventeen and in love with a girl who works in the same office with me. I would like to take her out. She says she is leaving at the end of this month.

"ANXIOUS."

### A Dollar's Worth Free

Send 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing and we will send you by return mail a full dollar's worth of our improved Postpaid Treatment for skin and complexion. No matter how severe or chronic your case is—no matter how many treatments you have tried without result. SEND FOR THIS FREE POSTPAID TREATMENT, Dr. G. C. Jones, 300 E. 12th St., Toledo, Ohio.

## Answers to Love Problems

Wait for introduction.

"Dear Doris Blake—I am seventeen. There is a young man who lives across the street from me, and his friends tell me he is fond of me. I have not spoken to him and would like to know if you think I should speak to him first or should he speak to me first.

JENNIE"

### No, Jennie, I would not speak to him.

You have friends in common who could introduce you, and it would be wiser to have him make the request of them, you might see off-handedly some day you would like to meet the boy. But do not meet him that way.

### Ans. can tell more about it in proportion to their weight than in a veteran drunkard, asserts a veteran professor.

## MOTHER!

Child's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"

Harry Mother! Even a fretful peevish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels and prevent all today may prevent a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for "California Fig Syrup" which has 24 different rectifications for babies and children of all ages printed on bottles. You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

