

Girl's Hunt for Job

Marie Kenyon in New York World: I want to tell you my experiences while seeking a position. I bought a Sunday edition of a paper noted for its columns of "help wanted" and read these through carefully, cut out the ones that seemed to fit my taste, and early on Monday I started to call.

The first advertisement called for "an attractive, well dressed woman, over twenty-five." I was the first, and as I entered a boy chewing gum looked up long enough to say: "Wish to see Mr. R., ma'am?" I nodded, and he invited me to "sit down, he's busy." I did so, and in a few moments a tall Gibsonsque girl entered, gave me a smile, displaying a faultless set of teeth and seated herself beside me. More followed until perhaps a dozen young women, all bright looking and well dressed, had arrived. After a long time I entered the private office. The first question put to me was: "What has been your business experience?" That floored me, but I replied: "None whatever, but I have come here to earn a livelihood at whatever I seem best adapted to." "Oh," he said, "you are a stranger in New York; well (hem), I could only take your name and address and will send for you if I need you." Then he bowed me out, without explaining anything about what the work might be.

The next was another attractive advertisement, concealing just what the work might be, and as I entered I noticed several faces of those who had been to see "Mr. R." The Gibson girl spoke to me this time and asked if I were a stranger. I replied in the affirmative, and she advised me not to tell that I had no business training if I could avoid it. It finally came my turn to interview the lady manager this time. She was very pleasant, described the work very attractively, and said it was to interview mothers, and she knew I would be a grand success. I had "such a pleasing personality," and I left with a radiant countenance, upon being told to call next day, when she would describe the work in detail and engage me. Out in the hall I found the whole roomful of women leaving in high dudgeon, among others the one who had preceded me and carried the news. "So it is book canvassing?" they said to me. "Oh, no," I replied, "it is only interviewing people." A good natured laugh greeted my innocent information. "Miss Gibson" said: "My dear, I would not try book canvassing upon my initial appearance among the breadwinners; it is very disheartening, and I fear you will become discouraged. Here is my card; I shall be very glad to hear from you and be of any assistance. Wouldn't you like to take luncheon with me, and we will talk things over?" I accepted her invitation, for I was anxious to know what cause had led her to be seeking a position.

We had a nice little luncheon in a place down town, crowded with a handsome, wholesome looking lot of girls. We had other advertisements to answer and agreed to go together, and left to visit a "firm 2 to 4 allurements." We were the first to arrive, and as in the other places, others followed, and several who had been at the former places. Finally the door opened and a little whippersnapper of a man entered with a cigarette in his mouth, and he kept it there and seated himself at a desk where we all were, and looked around and said: "Who's first?" They all looked at me, and I "arose and said I over" and tried to look business like.

You know, my friends have always complimented me upon my placid disposition, but this time my placidity failed me, and I was possessed of a hysterical desire to laugh. He asked me had I called in answer to his ad. All I could think of was, "What else could have brought me here?" and so I laughed—simply laughed, but managed to say "Yes." He talked a whole lot, I really could not tell what about, and I don't believe that he said very much, and handed me blank paper to read and fill out. Then he told me to call the next day.

As I turned to leave, Miss G. arose and, with a positively regal air and delicious one, said: "So this is an employment agency; you're not in the legitimate business and are using the columns of the newspapers to deceive ladies into paying car fare and wasting valuable time in answering an ad, which is entirely misleading." Then she added vindictively: "I shall expose you; I know a woman in Nassau street who was forced to give up just such business."

Well, he positively turned white, and before he could reply, she had gone, with me trailing after her. We waited in the lobby until the rest of the women arrived, for by this time we all felt quite well acquainted. One little woman, wearing black and a

look of anxiety, told us that she had been with a business house fifteen years, it failed and she, with all those years of experience, had been unable to procure a position. What hope for me?

The next morning I went to an address I had copied, but had omitted to read carefully just what the advertisement said. "Yes, madam, I am S—; what can I do for you; would you like the chorus or the legit?" "Oh," I asked, "is this a church choir agency?" "No," he replied, "it's the other extreme, on the stage." "Well," I said, "I've made a mistake," and started for the door. "Couldn't you pose?" he called after me, "wait a moment, madam; you have a superb figure!" I hesitated—and to hesitate is to be lost; for I came back to learn all about this enchantment. "Let me see your foot, madam," he said. I directly stuck it out. He raved over it and then added: "Just step into my private office and unfasten your gown; I would like to see your neck and shoulders; you could make a fortune posing." But by that time I was nearly down the flight of stairs.

"Next I tried an 'assistant housekeeper.'" It was the address of a boarding house in the Seventies. A beautiful woman with gray hair answered the bell, and when I started to state my business, assigned me to the dungeon—no, basement, they call it down here, to interview the housekeeper. Yes, she wanted an assistant—one who could cut bread, serve food on the plates, arrange the fruits, etc. "But, madam," I said, "those were the duties of my second girl in my home; why do you advertise for a housekeeper?" "Well," she said, "I do it now, and all the marketing; but I need an assistant." "And what are the hours?" I asked. "From 7 the morning until 9 at night," she replied. "And the salary?" "Three dollars a week." Three dollars a week to live in a basement, and never see the light of day or breathe any of God's pure air! I breathed a lot of it happily when I reached the sidewalk, and hurried down town to answer my last ad. for the day.

The Printer

Indianapolis Star: A long time ago a man named Guttenberg whittled on pieces of wood. He had a knife and used it like modern loafers do, loungers who make a goods box the object of their artistic carving. The difference is that Mr. Guttenberg had a motive, while the modern carvers are simply passing the time away. The loafers of the present day give an example of subtraction as each shaving flies, but Guttenberg desired multiplication. The advent of printing meant that less scribes would have writer's cramp. Any number of quills used to be worn out every day by men who made copies of famous and infamous writings. After the invention of printing, however, quills were not so much in demand, and some of them were used for toothpicks. The quill toothpick was in general use until comparatively recently. Since printing was invented and newspapers have begun to circulate there are not nearly so many geese in the world.

The country printer in America was a very picturesque type until recently. There were thousands of them who wandered hither and yon, all over the country, stopping at this office and that, working all the way from an hour to several months, and then then proceeding on their way. They were literally journeymen, for they wended many a weary mile down dusty roads in summer, until a sound at first like the buzzing of a bee came nearer and nearer, louder and louder, until the buzz of a threshing machine along the roadside could be heard. They stopped at farm houses, often, obtaining a cup of water, or of cool sweet milk, perhaps a tinfal of fresh buttermilk as the buxom wife of the household finished her churning.

At the next town big enough to boast of a paper they were seldom refused work, or at least material assistance, for they were generally in need. There was something about their artistic temperament which made them forget to keep money and forget to buy shoes and clothing until there was immediate and pressing need for such commodities.

Whether justly or unjustly, they were also accused of having a fondness for intoxicants. From personal knowledge of a large number of the printers of the roads a few years ago

Mayer
Martha Washington
Comfort Shoes

are made for genuine comfort. It is a pleasure and relief to wear them. There are no buttons to button or laces to lace. You just slip them on and off at will.

The elastic at the sides expands and contracts with the natural motion of the foot, insuring perfect ease and comfort. Can be worn all year round.

Three styles, low, medium and high. Your dealer will supply you. If not, write to us. Look for the name and trade-mark on the sole.

We also make the popular "Western Lady" shoes.

FREE Send the name of a dealer who does not handle "Martha Washington" shoes and we will send you free, postpaid, a beautiful picture of "Martha Washington," size 15x20.

F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Co.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

it can be stated that whether they had a fondness for intoxicants, as hypothesized, or whether liquor was distasteful and they drank it against their will, many of them gave every evidence of concealing it about their persons. Who knows that such a habit resulted from brain storms after reading some of the copy of country editors? These brain storms are becoming very popular nowadays in excusing faults where leniency is to be shown.

The country printing office was a picturesque place, with its besplintered floor covered with dirt, paper, grease and ink; its walls on which were pasted clippings which had appealed to someone as very clever; its grimy old towel which could stand alone without the use of a crutch; its old sink, hovering about which were odors which might lead one to imagine some great chemist had been playing with all the aromatic compounds he could form from the elements; not forgetting the editor's sanctum, with its cuspidor, its scattered newspapers with rectangular holes in them and the incriminating exhibits of scissors and paste pot. Ah, it was indeed a picturesque spot.

Into such a place came the wandering artist, the man who was supposed to know how to spell every word in the dictionary, correct every error in composition of all the vast corps of writers on a small paper, put up with the prattle of the dirty-faced boy known as the "printer's devil," whose ambition was none less than to become president some day. The wandering artist usually got a dime or so in real money first, then returned, sometimes, and worked. Sometimes at the conclusion of his visit he would get paid in real money and sometimes take an order on a merchant advertising in the paper, to provide himself with new wearing apparel.

Most of them were silent men, and on that account appeared to be possessed of a magnitude of wisdom. They were men usually very well informed. Many of them were ripe scholars. Some could set type all day, meet with congenial companions of the village at night, stand on a pool table and recite Shakespeare by the hour, taking only sufficient time occasionally to give a scene copied after Falstaff.

But in those days their services were in demand everywhere, their wages in cities good and they indulged in their spirit of what the Germans call the wanderlust. They were happy. Many of them lived to trudge down the country roads after passing the three score mark and even after becoming octogenarians.

If they did wish to push on to the next town and the next newspaper they were perhaps forced to do so after their artistic temperament had been jarred by facing the country "communications," which consisted of many homely "items of interest." Following are a few samples:

"William H. So-and-so is visiting in our midst.

"Samuel W. So-and-so went to Jerkwater Sunday to visit friends.

"Mr. and Mrs. George So-and-so have been entertaining relatives from Jerkwater the past week.

"Charley So-and-so has got a new rubber-tired rig and all the girls have got their eyes open. Watch out, Charley!

"There was quite a rowdy party outside our meeting house Sunday night and threw a stone threw the window, but they got away. Such a

thing is awful bad and ought to be stopped. Some folks has no sense of decency.

"Wheat is looking prosperous.

"The weather is not to be complained about in these parts.

"The new ditch at the east end is nearing completion, and a good thing. There is no flies on our new bridge, to use slang.

"Measles is in our town.

"Health is generally good hereabouts."

The itinerant printer learned only at the conclusion of the epistle that members of the So-and-so family were mentioned frequently because Miss Sallie So-and-so was the correspondent. That disclosure was sufficient to cause him to recite three more of Shakespeare's plays that night and to move to the next town on the morrow.

But the country editor was forced to remain on that selfsame newspaper because of the prominence of his social standing. He was a man to whom all classes looked as a fount of wisdom, a man of courage who attacked iniquity in the high places and said only good things about the departed. A retrospective view of the worst town loafer and his life showed him to be an admirable man, even though he made visits to the township trustee with such weekly regularity that he had the gout as an excuse for the bestowal of public charity.

But where the country editor, who was usually a graduate from the ranks of country printers, did shine was on the editorial page. He invested all his bold utterances with a personality scarcely possible nowadays. When his paper said anything it was known that he was speaking. His readers knew his words. Some of them were a little too big, but his subscribers knew what he meant in a general way. He had to be "on the square." Roosevelt has later paraphrased the expression into "a square deal." The country editor was approached by the preacher and the saloon keeper. He had to talk honestly to both. He had to talk to the school superintendent and blacksmith. He had to deal with matters of interest in his little community and also keep his readers in touch with the thought of the entire world, not omitting the snake story, annually published, about the big serpent in Georgia, who swallowed a post auger and hatched enough corkscrews to supply a camp meeting. He had to do fire insurance some times to make a living. The country editor was a hero and he doubtless gained incentive from communication with the outside world through the wise itinerant printer.

They trod the roads
And here their "loads,"
Itinerant "prints,"
Each was a man
And a better than
A tin-arrayed prince.

"Sculpture is the simplest thing in the world," says a rustic; "all you have to do is to take a big chunk of marble and a hammer and chisel, make up your mind what you are about to create, and then chip off all the marble you don't want."

The under dog may be deserving of our sympathy, but don't forget that the small potatoes are always at the bottom of the heap.

Tomorrow is only yesterday two days off.