

# The Champion Marryers of Working Girls

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**I**T is up on the top floor of a Chicago office building, a long, light room, full of tables, papers, and busy workers. It is essentially a place of business, of hustle and bustle, of constant and severe application on the part of the workers and the powers that be. The air of a money-making establishment is apparent in every corner of the room; there is no dallying or waiting on the part of anybody; in fact, if the word "romance" were mentioned in the place it would seem curiously out of place on a more casual inspection of the room.

Yet here, in this busy room on the top floor of a downtown office building, is a place where Cupid has found it good and profitable to his ends to pause and linger. The room is the "reading room" of a press clipping bureau and the girl readers who sit at the long tables and read all the newspapers of the United States, as a class, are probably the champion "marryers" of all working girls.

"They never quit their jobs except to get married," says T. M. Wiese, manager of the clipping bureau. "And they get married with such frequency that it is actually impossible to keep a full force of experienced readers all the time. On one occasion I lost half of my force in two weeks through marriage."

This is prima facie evidence that those who argue that all working girls have small opportunity to get married are in the wrong. What social clique of whatever position or number can show a total of 50 per cent of the eligible young women married in two weeks? What college, seminary, or finishing school even out of a roll of several hundred names can show that 50 per cent of the members of any class trod the road of Hymen in the short space of a fortnight? Even the coeducational universities—is there one wherein Cupid has done so much business in two weeks as in the press clipping bureau? If there is, then modesty has been a prominent characteristic with it and no mention of such facts has been made in the public prints.

## Half of Them Marry in Two Weeks.

There were fifty girls, fifty girls who were making their own livings by reading newspapers in the press clipping bureau, and twenty-five of them were married within two weeks. Every other girl in the place, one-half of the total number, quit their work within this short space of time to step into the management of homes of their own. Cupid must have been more than satisfied with his work in this place.

Really, considering circumstances, the scantily clad archer should be given much credit for his success in bringing these girls and twenty-five young men together. He had to work against many disadvantages. In the first place his field lay in a business house. It is a notorious fact that a business house is not a place where one may look with much success for romance or anything that bears its kinship. The marts of trade furnish poor lovers' lanes; the god of the business world and the god of love are not on speaking terms. Love affairs interfere with business. Consequently love in a business office is sternly frowned upon everywhere.

Of course, there are instances where the employer has married his stenographer, but these instances are scarcely numerous enough to make a good case for argument. Even did this custom universally prevail it would not apply to more than one employe and the boss. The remainder of the people of an office must eschew love and romance if they are to make a success at their work, and if a business is to grow and prosper.

So Cupid, trying to get a foothold in a business institution of any kind, is up against a proposition akin to that of a spring poet trying to break into print. But if the business world is determined to keep Cupid out of its sanctuaries Cupid is equally determined to break in wherever and whenever his fancy sets upon a place of any kind as a fit field for his endeavors. He saw the press clipping bureau and the busy girls in it, and he knew that it was not well for these same girls to remain at their work. He would get them married.

## Business Attracts Pretty Girls.

When one has thoroughly and calmly inspected this place it is not difficult to determine why Cupid settled upon it. Cupid is partial to pretty girls. Even the most casual inspection will reveal the fact that the great majority of the readers are good looking. Many of them are beautiful. Added to the exceptionally high average of good looks that prevails among them it is easy to see that they are far above the average girls in the matter of intelligence in appearance. This is explained by the fact that their work is of such nature as to require an exceptionally high order of intelligence and in the prosecution of their duties they, according to Mr. Wiese, "learn more than any one in the world."

Minerva and love were never particularly intimate, but when Minerva and Venus are combined the result is irresistible.

At least this is what the penchant for marrying which the girls of the press clipping bureau suddenly developed after the advent of Cupid in their midst would lead one to believe. The first warning was when one of the older girls came down to work with a bright diamond shining on her finger. This is liable to happen in any place where fifty pretty girls are employed, so it occasioned but little comment. But soon afterward another, and then another of the girls came down with the telltale rings on their fingers and blushed upon their faces when the new jewels were commented upon. This went along until every other girl in the place was engaged to be married. Soon the manager came to know of the state of affairs in his office.

"Mr. Wiese, I'm going to quit week after next," was the first intimation that he received of the inroads Cupid had made in the ranks of his employes.

"What—what are you going to quit for?" asked the manager, appalled at the prospect of losing an old and valued employe. "Don't you like your work, doesn't the place suit you, or aren't your wages high enough?" "Speak up. If it is only a question of wages, why, I guess we can stand a raise of a couple of dollars a week all right."

"It isn't the work, nor the place, nor the pay," said the maiden fair. "They are all suitable. But—but—the fact is, Mr. Wiese, I'm going to get married."

## Employer Must Yield to Cupid.

Mr. Wiese, being a wise man and knowing that affairs of the heart are apt to come to any young woman, congratulated the first girl and bade her godspeed in her new "position."

"A good girl," he commented, "but we won't miss one much." But the next day there came another girl with the same tale on her lips. And the next day another, and another, and so on until twenty-five girls had stepped up to the manager's desk and shyly told that they were going to get married.

"We like the work, and the place, and the wages all right," they all said. "We wouldn't leave for any ordinary reason—but it's different when you're going to get married. It really is."

The manager was aghast at the proposition that confronted him. It takes at least a year to make a good "reader" in a clipping bureau; and there is trouble and woe for the man who has the job of "breaking them in." Mr. Wiese strived his ablest to stem the tide. As well might one policeman try to stop a Christmas shopping rush on State street. Cupid wanted the girls of the bureau to become wives and he had his own way about it. Where he got the boys from does not matter, but he got them, and one by one the twenty-five laid down their pencils for the last time and left to become wives. It was, of course, Cupid's work, there can be no doubt of it. They were all love matches, love matches where the love was strong and all conquering, for when a girl has worked long enough in a clipping bureau to be rated an expert reader she is invariably so in love with her work that she will leave it for but one other thing, and that is the love of a man. And somehow, in all the hurry and bustle of the office, love managed to get its hold on the fair readers.

And this truth still holds good, for they are marrying so frequently that the bureau has to keep a "help wanted" ad running nearly all the time in order to supply the deficiencies in the force caused by weddings. The girl who is verging near to the matrimony danger line in years and has been un-

successful in finding a husband might, as a last resort, go to work in a clipping bureau, for if she is at all like the girls who have hitherto found employment in these places it will not be long before the god of love looks upon her with favor and gives some eligible young man the tip that she would make a good wife.

## Why They Get Husbands Quickly.

The manager of this particular bureau gives explicit reasons as to why the readers should have no trouble in finding a husband.

"In the first place, they are all good looking," says he. "But there are other girls who are good looking among whom the percentage of marriages does not run so high as it does among these. But these girls are far smarter than most girls. In fact, they are an exception. The work requires that they have a high school education to begin with. This does not necessarily mean that they shall be attractive, but it

Cupid is the Chief Cause of the Employers' Worries



Lillian Harter



Nellie Brown



Florence Dinsdale



Egan Johnson



Elizabeth Johnson



Edith Smith



Miss M. Stave

"There's a man in the room"

undoubtedly adds considerable to the natural intelligence of a girl's expression and bearing.

"A great many of the girls, in fact half of them, who are employed here are from the country, often having the fine complexions which are sometimes lacking among city girls. Then the work of a reader is such as to make her more intelligent the longer she stays at it.

"This having something of interest constantly in their daily lives is what gives the girls in a bureau a live, vivacious and attractive expression. They don't grow old early. They get to be better informed on the things of this world and on life in general than are most men. They are most of them excellent conversationalists and they understand men better than do their less reading sisters. A man likes a woman who can carry on her end of a conversation.

So, furthermore, if a woman feels that she is growing old and blasé, that life holds nothing of interest for her, she should seek work in a clipping bureau. There she will find her interest in life speedily reviving, the dark circles of ennui will disappear from under her eyes, and she will be just as attractive and stand just as good a show of getting a husband as the other girls of this much marrying profession.