Health Hints -:- Fashions -:- Woman's Work -:- Household Topics

Girl Workers Who Win Out

Seamstress Finds that Money and Idleness Are Not Everything

By JANE M'LEAN.

She wasn't a fashionable dressmaker. Not at all. But she made little children's dresses if they had to be made very plainly indeed, and she mended innumerable tears in fine lace, and she freshened jaded frills, but, most of all, she darned stockings. She was a plain little woman of an indefinite age. She might have been young, but her patient air of long endurance made her look years older than she was.

In her dreams, woven out of the hours when she was free and might peruse an occasional novel, she imagined herself possessing the name of Mannering, or something as musical and pretty. But she answered to the name of Miss Jane, and her last name was just Brown.

Miss Brown had several families on her list. She sewed a day or two a week in each place. Sometimes she was given a silken evening gown to mend, and on that day she was sublimely happy and her fingers would stroke the silk lovingly. And on other days she sewed long seams all day long or hemmed table napkins or did hundreds of odd jobs that no one else enjoyed doing at all.

At the Van Deventer home there was a debutante of this season. Miss Brown had seen her flit about the halls and had heard through the servants tales of her long string of admirers. Miss Brown spent three days of her week keeping Miss Gladys Van Deventer's clothes in order. There had been a poetry about doing this that plain Miss Brown loved. She wished that the girl might come into the room some time to ask her about her gown or the bit of torn chiffon on her petticoat.

One rainy day when Miss Brown sat sewing, the door of the room opened and a girl looked in. She had auburn hair and a sweet, high bred face. Her mouth was petulant, and she said:

"Are you the seamstress?"

Miss Brown's hands beneath the spotless white cuffs trembled a little and she looked up and smiled.

"Yes. Are you in a hurry for your dress? I hoped you would come and ask me for it."

The girl came in and shut the door. She stared a little curiously at the plain little dressmaker, who was very different from the bustling Madame Julie, who fitted her more fashionable raiment.

"You did?" she queried. "Why?"

"Because I have always wanted to talk to you," Miss Brown explained simply. "I thought it might give me lots to think about when I go home at night."

She raised her eyes and met the clear blue eyes of the girl. "I thought perhaps you might tell me of your parties," she continued. "I hope you won't think me impertinent."

The girl crossed over impulsively and sat down in a low chair near the little dressmaker.

"I don't suppose you have much in life, do you?" she said, thoughtlessly. "Of course, I will talk to you. I'll try to come in for a moment every day. It will be such fun. I'll talk and you can sew. I shall just love to look at you, you seem so peaceful. And, Miss Brown, how would you like to have that brown dress you fixed yesterday? It doesn't suit me at all. I get so bored wtih life sometimes, you just can't imagine how much so."

And Miss Brown lifted her eyes to the girl's charming face and smiled a little dubiously. She could hardly believe that, and yet she realized that perhaps she filled a place in the scheme of things after all.

"The Day of the Girl" -o- No. 1 -o- By Nell Brinkley

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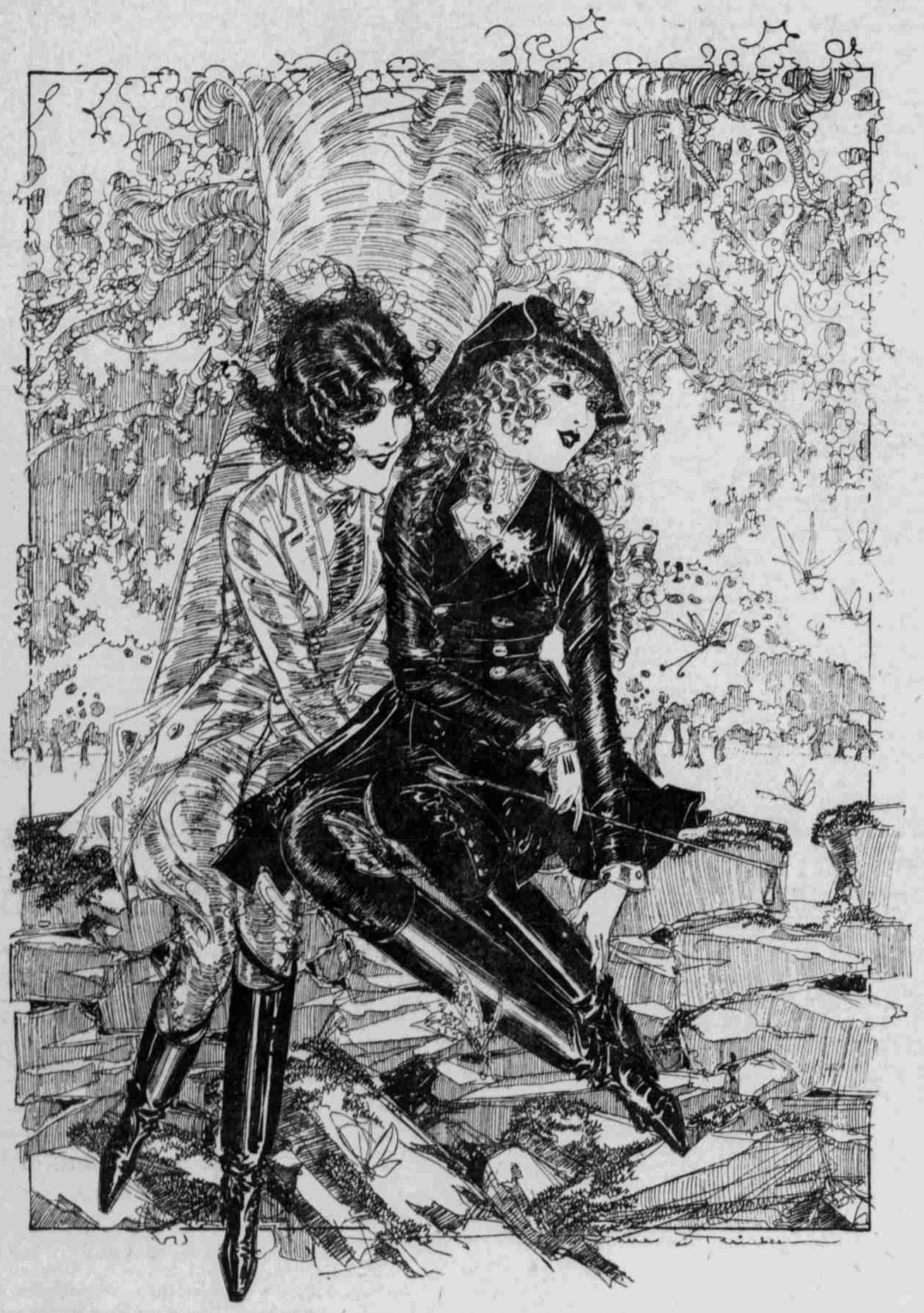

She rides sensibly, cross-saddle, in the boots and breeches

THIS is the day of the girl, when a girl may exercise her body as the maidens of ancient Sparta did, free-limbed, with mind and face open to the clean air and the sun. She wears no shrouding dusty veil; nor yet a "bashful bonnet" of her great-granddame's time when a maid could neither hear—to be mischievous—nor see; her riding habit is not weighted with lead and her back is not twisted in a wicked question mark when she rides her little gray. Thanks be! So say the horse and the girl. NELL BRINKLEY.

A Big Dividend Payer

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Most of us are valued about as highly as we value ourselves. That is a simple truth which applies to every type of human being in any walk of life.

The clerk who feels that he is capable of big things is likely to work toward accomplishment and to convince his employer of his value in the process.

Faith in yourself is a wonderful asset, and in no circumstance is it a better aid than in the fight of an individual who wants to win success and affection without sacrificing moral integrity.

The girl who feels that she has something more to offer her men friends than the mere fact she is a girl may not yet have groups of enthusiastic and flattering admirers, but she is sure to win the honest regard of every decent chap with whom she comes in contact.

The boy who has the gumption to refuse to smoke cigarettes or loaf around street corners or proceed from there to the "corner saloon," may not be popular with the "gang"—but he is guaranteed to win the admiration of his employer, the liking of any fine girl who knows him, and ultimately a place in the world.

Standards of morality differ the world over—but there are basic principles of decency which any of us can feel and work out. The girl who is willing to exchange a good night kiss in payment for a little attention from almost any boy who will take her out cheapens the value of her kisses. They simply become depreciated currency, following the law of supply and demand. Things that are too easy to get never have a high value.

The boy who will make a little light and facile love to every girl he meets comes to stand as a gay Lothario, whom many flirtatious girls can temporarily attract. So there is no demand for his affections in high circles, and no worth while girl feels complimented by his regard.

The clerk or stenographer who does not feel that her work is serious and should be taken seriously, and that she must carry herself with dignity in her business relations may be facetiously greeted in seeming affection, "Oh, you kid!" by every office boy and fellow worker, but she is never going to be looked at by authority with the respect it would give her if she went quietly about her task with the feeling that she was above cheapening herself in her work relationships.

Between snobbery of a conceited sort and dignity that is modest even while it values itself properly there is a wide gap. It would pay most of us to examine the gap and the positions on either side of it.

To be worth something and to be quietly sure of it is a guarantee of getting somewhere in the world of love—or the world of work. But no one will value you beyond your own valuation of yourself and the high principles of manhood.

Story of One Good Woman's Life Work

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Our daily life teems with tales of sad, bad and foolish women who make mistakes and do evil deeds, and spoil their own lives and the lives of others.

But in spite of these o'er-true dark tales, the world is starred with beautiful souls, doing beautiful work in the vineyard of the Lord. Here is the story of one woman who consecrated her life to God through service to humanity. Her name is Lucy M. Burd, and she has an industrial school in Bedminster, Pa.

To a friend who asked her for an account of her undertakings she wrote the following interesting letter. It will be an inspiration to all who are striving against difficulties to accomplish some worthy purpose:

"Twelve years ago I left Philadelphia with a boy of 13, who had not slept in a bed or eaten at a table for two years. My object was to start a home for unfortunate and misunderstood children. I had neither money nor interested friends to help me.

"We arrived at the farm on a cold day, followed by a colder night. The conditions were what most people would have thought well-nigh impossible for the making of a home. I had invested $50 in furniture, and soon we had the coziest room I think I ever saw.

"There was neither rich carpet nor costly furniture—just plain things which meant home.

"A man and his wife lived in one end of the farm house, but vacated it in a few weeks. This left the entire house to us. The owner lived in Doylestown. He loaned me the house, a portion of ground and left some stock at the barn for us. The little fellow took a vital interest in everything; but neither of us knew how to milk, so we were obliged to hire a girl from a neighboring farm to teach us. He soon learned to milk quite well and do the work at the barn.

"At first our home was open only to juvenile court boys. It only took a few weeks before we numbered seventeen, and then twenty, which was all we could care for. We learned to economize in every possible way. I remember one little fellow, who did the milking and thought we were using more milk than he could afford to let us have, suggested that we do without milk on our oatmeal for a week. Strange to say, every boy was willing. At the same time he insisted on the cats having their full share. This little fellow has since graduated from the Philadelphia Trades School as an electrician.

"The first year was a hard financial struggle. All we had to depend on was a little money that a few of the boys could pay, with a small amount of my own, to provide food and clothing, besides furnishing the house. The boys became interested in all the farm work and were anxious to see how much they could do.

"At the beginning of the second year we had the entire farm of 120 acres. By this time we had made a few friends, who contributed something. While we did not have the means to provide teachers, we found it most difficult, at times, to do the work and keep the boys interested. Occasional runaways would result, but they were always anxious to get back, and would describe their trips with the greatest interest. We have now bought the farm and have the privilege of paying for it.

"I know you would like to know more about the success of the work. There are two ways of measuring success. The one, Making a Life; the other, Making a Living. Today, with shrewd business ideas, one can make a living and accumulate great wealth. To make a life requires finer workmanship. When the sun goes down we have no bookkeeper able to balance the profit and loss sheet. If there is a deficit it cannot be made up by shaving a little here and a little there. It is lost forever.

"Only the other day I heard a man say: 'If I had my time to go over, how differently I would do!' Showing us that a deficit when the day closes means a deficit when life ends.

"Seven years ago a little blue-eyed, light-haired girl came to live with me. She has been a great help in making our home pleasant. We had a great deal to learn to know how to live together and be happy. She was able to throw sunshine across the path of many a little child. Tonight she is writing this letter to you on the typewriter. Tomorrow morning she goes to West Chester to enter the Normal school. We hope to have her come back as a teacher for our school."

Surey this true story is more interesting than many a great work of fiction. I wish it might go straight to the heart of some millionaire philanthropist and bring to Lucy M. Burd the strong financial support which her spendid work deserves.

"We can be what we will to be. We can do what we will to do."

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Make the First Advances.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going about with a young man two years, off alone for eight months. Recently he invited me to a place of which I did not approve, so I refused.

He did not accept my excuse and stopped calling. Kindly advise me what to do.

ANXIOUS.

Your dignified stand was admirable. And why not a man whose self-appreciation is so exaggerated that he wants a girl to let him intimate over her caught to like you all the better for it. But some cynic has said: "Conceit is as natural to the manly human nature as the center to a circle." Make due allowance for this and write your friend a little note asking him to come to see you on a stated evening. Suggest that you miss his friendship and that you hope the little misunderstanding between you can be cleared up. When you see him tell him that you weren't questioning his good judgment or his desire to treat you courtly, but that girls have certain standards which the wisest men sometimes fail to grasp and that you know he is too sincere a friend to want you to change yours. If he is not generous enough to feel humbly grateful to you for all this be assured that you are very well rid of him.