WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

ELLEN ADAIR HAS TRYING ORDEAL IN BIG OFFICE BUILDING

Recovering From Disappointment in Employment Office, She Makes Futile Effort to Answer Telephone.

XIII.

I think that disappointment makes one feel so old! So many sorrows have come suddenly to me—I wonder why? I gaze down vistas of long years to come and see just loneliness. Those years may bring dull resignation in their train.

[illegible]

I want to live, live hard, and thrive and learn, and do! I have the memory of pain and poverty! Since mother died all the old loneliness that I thought long since were crushed, all the old, vague desires have come up to mock a lonely handful. Those restless strivings for a full deep life are here again. O, Moon of my Desire! Is happiness for us poor like that poor moon are always beyond this earthly horizon, too?

Why are we [illegible] so strange, restless things, with vague desires that melt like snow before the heat of selfishness? Why are we given souls to soar over our own sad failings and our pain? We struggle on like children in the dark—

Light half-believers of our casual creed,
Who never doubt but neither know nor heed,
Whose insight never has to pierce the veil
Whose vague resolves never have been put to the test.

This sadness must be spoken off tonight. Yet in the telling of a sample tale like mine I still must write in all sincerity.

ALMOST ENVIOUS.

After my interview in that employment place I walked in Philadelphia's streets for quite an hour. I thought the shops in Market street held lovely things. The girls who passed me on the street struck me as having such a fresh look of their clothes seemed just in the height of style. The woman there here was dressed was most severe, [illegible] tightly back over a coarse, [illegible] jeweled pin peeping at the side. I thought they looked so pretty, we some had an artificial air—the color in their cheeks seemed sometimes hard and fixed, so different from an allow that cool winds and sea breezes bring. How wonderful this must be to dress like that, I thought, and almost envied them.

I walked through Chestnut street and saw the hurrying crowds go by. How narrow that street seemed to me! Long lines of motorcars crowded the traffic everywhere.

In Wanamaker's cool department store I lingered, hoping to hear the organ play. At length some chord of music like the sound of a great Amen" pang out and it seemed to give me courage to face these noisy, sun-scorched streets again. I loved to hear that organ play.

AN UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY.

After an hour of wandering I saw a notice in a window, "Employment Bureau." It was a large typewriting office and rows of girls and men clicked busily at different machines. All seemed so competent, so capable, so self-assured. I felt too shy to risk another rebuff such as the last, so stood just inside close to the door, and as far from the "Employment" desk as possible. Two girls were talking close to me and I could not help hearing what they said.

"We need a girl in our office between at once," said one, "just to do all the odd jobs, answer the telephone and do all the things no one else wants to do. Aren't you just doing to apply?"

"Gee—not for mine! Was I to propose? I guess I have a dandy job already, thanks. Besides, the sound of it isn't good enough."

This was my chance. I screwed up courage, and I spoke.

"Would I be good enough for this particular post of which you speak?" I queried. "I have had no experience, of course, but still I want to start in life's battle."

The girls turned round and stared, amazed.

"I guess no particular experience is needed, just some common sense," said the one who had spoken first, looking me curiously. "I know we want a girl immediately; go right up now and see the boss."

She handed me an office card and I set. I passed a great clicking building that seemed to me to mean right to the heavens, a real skyscraper. The elevator shot me like a rocket to the 17th floor. I entered the office, and perceived "the boss" to be a stern looking, worried little man, who seemed to preside over a score of scurrying pit girls. He glanced around me like a nervous hen search the surface point at home, who found her brood with double lines and could not [illegible].

"Miss Smith, Miss Smith, give Adkins over there not so much air, [illegible] work!" he said.

"Miss Brown, [illegible] chewing gum right on your mouth! [illegible] there and it has [illegible]. I [illegible] young ladies chew gum and do here!"

He turned to me. "Are you the new girl? Why, I guess [illegible] a week to start—[illegible]. There goes the telephone! [illegible] hurried off again.

THE DREADFUL HOOK.

I hastened to find [illegible]. The nearest girls all stopped their work and watched. I did a [illegible] what I should do, for I had never touched a telephone before. But that will not keep ringing on, so I lifted the instrument bodily off the hook and placed the receiver piece to my ear. Of course I heard no sound, except the wild ringing of that dreadful bell, which kept up the continuous uproar.

"For heaven's sake answer the phone right, can't you, girl?" shouted "the boss" in nervous wrath. That decided wild ringing made my head so ringed.

The earpiece was fell to the floor with a loud crash, but frantically by dint of it stopped the bad number of the bell. I lost my head, picked up that earpiece from the floor and shouted down it, "Who is there?" A shout of laughter from the girls stopped further blunders.

"Come here, young lady," said "the boss." "I see you've never touched a telephone before. Are you accustomed to clerical work?"

What a strange question in that business place, I thought. "I've taught in Sunday school, if that is what you mean," said I. "The clergyman used to say I could teach the children well."

Another shout of laughter greeted this. I saw that I had blundered once again. It was too much. I hurried from the place and shook that office dust from off my feet. "A hateful office and a hateful crowd," I murmured angrily. The humor of the thing then struck me, and I laughed—and laughed. O blessed sense of humor in a trying world!

AFTERNOON GOWN OF FUR FABRICS AND SATIN

BROADTAIL MAKES BID FOR POPULARITY IN AFTERNOON GARB

Domestic Fabric Utilized by Modistes in Absence of Foreign Material—Redingote High in Favor.

[illegible]

A WINTER VIOLET BED

NOW IS TIME FOR PLANTING.

When a woman sees violets in garden she is lost. Perhaps it is the longevity of these blossoms for which she is supposed to be endowed, and after she once starts the variety is bewildering for custom to stale or one to whom are enthusiasts.

The site will often determine one's winter operations, which if the garden is the small-est of city plots, is apt to mean a [illegible] of [illegible] English violets for the hotbed or cold frame, the more sturdy kinds for the open ground and tended the violets again a home from the florist until growing [illegible].

They grow so admirably well under glass and a few plants also as many [illegible] will bring much joy and will lend heartache to the novice in cultivation.

As an experiment one can make a bed [illegible] [illegible] Where are [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]