

NIGHT WAR
EXTRA.

The



World.

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"Circulation Books Open to All."

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PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1898.

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SPAIN CRIES ENOUGH!

FORMALLY ADDRESSES AMERICAN GOVERNMENT THROUGH THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR---THE PRESIDENT RESERVES HIS ANSWER.

(By Associated Press.)

WASHINGTON, July 26.

Spain has sued for peace formally and directly to President McKinley through M. Cambon, the French Ambassador.

The following official statement is made:

"The French Ambassador on behalf of the Government of Spain and by direction of the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs presented to the President this afternoon at the White House a message from the Spanish Government looking to the termination of the war and the settlement of terms of peace.

sisted of the Columbia, Dixie, Gloucester and Yale. Gen. Miles was on board of the last named vessel.

The troops were on board the transports Nueces, Lampasas, Comanche, Rita, Unionist, Stillwater, City of Marcon and Specialist. This was the order in which the transports covered the harbor here. The voyage from Guantanamo Bay to this port was uneventful.

At noon yesterday Gen. Miles called for a consultation, announcing that he was determined not to go by San Juan Cape, but to go by the Mona Passage instead, land here, surprise the Spaniards and deceive their military authorities. The course was then changed and the Dixie was sent to warn Gen. Brooke at Cape San Juan.

Port Guanico (also written Guanica) has been fully described by Lieut. Whitney, of Gen. Miles's staff, who recently made an adventurous tour of Porto Rico.

10 P. M. EXTRA

LATEST WAR NEWS

MONTAUK CAMP FOR THE ARMY'S SICK

Surgeon-General Sternberg went to Montauk Point this afternoon by special train.

It was said by a prominent army official that his purpose in going was not simply to ascertain whether the place is available as a site for a camp for Gen. Shafter's army to allow them to recuperate, but to see

if it is available as a place for a general hospital for all the troops in the East. He will return to Washington to-night.

ANOTHER OF SANTIAGO'S HEROES DEAD.

Capt. Benjamin H. Gilman, Company B, of the Tenth Infantry, one of the heroes of Santiago, brought here on the hospital ship Relief this afternoon at his home on Officer's Island from cerebral fever contracted in the rifle trenches at Santiago. When Santiago fell he was captured with honor and was sent to the rear. He leaves a widow and an adopted child.

MRS. KORTRIGHT WITHDRAWS HER CLAIM.

Mrs. H. Theresa Kortright, who has been trying to get possession of her seven-year-old stepdaughter, Alice Gouverneur Kortright, by habeas corpus proceedings, withdrew her claim to-day, and an order was entered giving the custody of the child to Miss Ada Phipps.

The order also testified to the fact of Gouverneur Kortright's marriage to the late Mrs. Phipps, and to the fact that she was his wife.

GIRL TOILERS OF THE GREAT CITY.

NEARLY BABY

Evening World Woman Reporter Seeks Work — at Living Wages.

CATHERINE KING IN DEPARTMENT STORE.

Treated Kindly by Everybody, but the Hours Are Long and Pay Small for Beginners.

How can a woman, suddenly thrown upon her own resources, become a bread-winner in New York City? It is not a new question. Hundreds of women try to answer it every day in the week. Young girls starting out in life, whose parents are already overburdened with household cares and expenses, women who seek to support themselves honorably, even if their parents are able to help them; widows suddenly left without money enough for the rent and the week's provisions will learn from the actual experience of Catherine King, a woman reporter for The Evening World, what are the chances of employment, the opportunities for advancement and the wages paid. Miss King has investigated many lines of business, and she will describe from day to day her work, her wages and how she was treated. To-morrow's instalment gives her experiences in a dairy lunch room.

CATHERINE KING'S STORY.

I started out early one morning to find work as a shopgirl. It has always seemed to me that there must be plenty of opportunities in the big stores for women and girls who are willing to work. My first experience was in a big department store on Sixth avenue. It was not pleasant. I was curtly told that the firm was not employing help and that I need not even bother to file an application. At the next big department store a few blocks above, I met the same answer. I tramped up and down in the hot sun, cheerfully at first, but at night I went home

"I don't know what you mean," answered.
"Well, the first thing we teach is wrapping parcels for delivery and to be sent out."
Then followed a lesson in wrapping parcels.
The nice girls who stood about the table had been in the employ for some weeks. I discovered, but had grown lax in the art of wrapping and had been called for further instructions.
Now, I have always prided myself on neatness in every line, and parcel wrapping is surely last. I resolved to score a hit and fairly outdid myself in doing up my first package. It seemed to me to be a veritable work of art.
"How's that?" asked Miss Sause, holding up my package for inspection of eighteen critical orbs. "Is that all right?"
"The corners aren't straight," declared one damsel.
"It isn't smooth," said another.
"And the string is too loose and the ends are too long."
"They were not at all backward in expressing their opinion of my handiwork and I felt crushed.
After an hour of this sort of torture we were dismissed and I was sent to another end of the huge building. Thus far I had not shone as a breadwinner. I was already tired out. Decidedly, my weekly \$4.50 would be earned by the sweat of my brow.

INSPECTRESS OF VEILING.

Leaving the parcel-tying I was eventually installed as inspectress of the veiling, and took my place in a cooped up structure with two other girls, near the corner of Broadway and Tenth street. The young woman in charge did not evince any great delight in my arrival. Upon being told she was to show me what to do, she accepted the situation as graciously as her disposition admitted. She started in by explaining the system of the check to me. I got dreadfully muddled, with the "parcels to be sent," the "parcels C. O. D." and "parcels charge." Those for immediate delivery I mastered right away, but at 6 o'clock that night I was still ignorant of the "transfers" and "sent" parcels. It is a remarkable system, all exact science, as it were, and not to be learned in a day of half completed sentences of explanation.
I had always fancied that on the first day of her employment every girl was set to waiting on customers. Surely there could be no special training needed to enable me to yell "cash!" and measure out a yard of ribbon!

NOT TO MEET CUSTOMERS.

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As I entered the room, beside a desk stacked with little red tickets stamped
Lunch-Room, One Cent.
JOHN WANAMAKER.
I found a young woman who was selling these tickets. Some girls bought five cents' worth, others only two cents' worth. I was hungry and bought 10 cents' worth. I followed the line down to a small lunch counter. The girl ahead of me dropped a ticket by the side of a big bowl of pickles, of which she took two.
"Good," she said to me over her shoulder. "They're spiced." The one pickle disappeared, while she said to me, half apologetically, "I'm starved."
Milk, tea, coffee, fruits, sandwiches, ice-cream, cake, &c., could be purchased.
What a gabble of noise there was. It was Sarah this and Mary that. It was small talk about beads and chit chat about clothes. If the builders of Babel had all been let loose, there could not have been stranger sounds. It seemed to me all languages were spoken. There was joy and sorrow. There were women who looked the picture of health. There were young girls so frail that it seemed to me they should have been in a hospital instead of at work. But hard work makes good appetites, and very soon we were all munching different kinds of food.

"RATS!"

The nearest girl to me joggled my elbow and inquired sententially, "New girl?" and before I could reply, said "What do you do?" I told her. She must have been receiving more than \$4.50 a week for she remarked with a pert smirk, "Rats," and for the first time in my life, I knew what the expressive phrase of the Bowery really means. She seemed to be well known and well liked. Other girls chatted familiarly with her. She spoke volubly of her young man. She was well dressed and I had great admiration and respect for her, not because at that moment she handed me a cruller with the remark: "Take it. It's all right," but because I had somehow come to think she was at least in the \$10 a week class.
The lunchroom was spotless and cool. The tables were covered with white oil-cloth. The gabble continued incessantly.

GLAD AFTER LUNCH.

I felt better after my cup of tea and the cruller, with the other things I had

the work, but how could I live on such pay? I was treated decently and I realized that I was a beginner and that there were a good many in line of advancement before me. Nevertheless my weekly expenses were not being lessened while I was learning, and, after all, would it not be better for me to try something else? I said to myself, was not a domestic employed in a good family, paid at the rate of \$12 to \$16 a month, with a good home, much better off than I? I turned over in my mind all sorts of plans while I wrapped bundles. I was heart-sore and weary and tired of it all. I learned by questioning that there are many opportunities for advancement in her work and is not of the class of girls who hurry past the timekeeper, snatching her hair out of curl papers and scheming to get away earlier than 5 o'clock. Every six months some one of the managers makes a complete list of the employees and regulates the salary list, getting the actual record of the work performed by each girl. The case of Miss Rodgers is cited. She began fifteen years ago as an errand girl in the Philadelphia house at \$2.50 per week. She quickly made her mark and is now paid \$30 a week as buyer in one of the departments.

THE RISE OF SOME GIRLS.

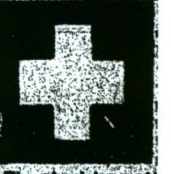
I was told of an awkward girl of the name of Walsh, who was employed as stockkeeper. In less than six months she had begun to wait on customers. Her pay was increased. At the expiration of a year she had gained another increase in salary. She developed into one of the most valuable women in the store. She is now employed at about \$25 a week.
I was told, too, of a girl named Hall, who during one of the holiday seasons was put on as an assistant at the book-counter. She was paid \$4 a week. So valuable did she make herself that she was soon paid \$15 a week. She resigned her position to become librarian at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. But she was so valuable that she was re-employed by Wanamaker, and is now being paid \$25 a week.
This was all very encouraging, and it goes to prove that there are numerous opportunities for advancement even in an everworked department store, and a curious fact about it is that all the girls I have mentioned came of Irish parentage.
By 5.30 the crowd had thinned considerably, although at 6 o'clock, when I was given leave to go home, there were still hundreds of

Almost Ten to Every lec
GOOD WORK
The Sick, Ba Saving M Li

THE SUBS

- Previously acknowledge
- Beulah Beattie, Bertha
- Dorrie Carson, Maggie
- Fordham
- Victor and Frances Sw
- Joe and Ethel
- Gertrude B. Kennedy
- and others, Brooklyn
- Alby Dwyer, Mae and
- Brooklyn
- Ign. Johnson, Margie
- Gilthorn, L. L.
- Alice, George and Char
- ly
- M. T. Deane, Clark
- and others
- Beulah, Edie and Ethel
- Edna May Corwell and
- Blanche Little, Harrieth
- Brooklyn
- Lillian and John Peiler
- and others
- Alice, Nellie, Lizzie
- Engelwood, N. J.
- May Prance, Gertr O
- Brooklyn
- "Daisy" Leslie
- Beulah Goldberg, Julia
- Talia Garber and Stella
- Bertha, Hattie and B
- others
- Beulah, Edie and Ethel
- Robert, Flora and Will
- Jefferson avenue, Bru

In the first six w the free physicians



The physicians at hours as if they babies of aristocracy one, two or forty the necessities word, see that rot

was in a big department store on Sixth avenue. It was not pleasant. I was curiously told that the firm was not employing help and that I need not even bother to file an application. At the next big department store a few blocks above, I met the same answer. I tramped up and down in the hot sun, cheerfully at first, but at night I went home tired out and unsuccessful. I had spent the day to no purpose. I was footsore and worn out, but I determined before sleep that night I would not give up a trial until every department store in New York had refused my services. The next morning, after a good night's rest, found me a little more enthusiastic and waiting for Wanamaker's store to open its doors. I boldly asked in. I was met by a floor walk who politely asked what I wanted. "Work," was my reply. His expression changed. "Saleslady?" he queried. "No, I have had no experience." "Humph, you'd better see Mr. Daggart, fifth floor."

APPLICATIONS RECEIVED.

MEN FROM 9 TO 10 A. M.
WOMEN FROM 4 TO 5 P. M.

It was still morning I disregarded the sign and marched in.

A RULE THAT STOOD.

I was informed that I could not have an audience until 4, and departed, to console at the rebuff. But I had earned one useful fact, namely, that great business houses do not change their daily routine to please a girl applicant.

Four o'clock found me in the presence of a tall, kindly looking young man, another girl, gaudily dressed and palpably nervous, was also waiting.

"When will, Mr. Daggart be at leisure?" I asked.

The young man didn't know. Pending his arrival the young man kindly succeeded to give me some points I later found useful.

"Don't make the mistake of telling him you can do anything. That is fatal. Don't use the term 'saleslady,' say 'saleswoman' instead. If you get a job, do all in your power every day to advance the interests of the business. In that you will best advance your own interest here."

While waiting for Mr. Daggart, the young man handed me a slip, which I was asked to fill out.

As I finished this, Mr. Daggart, the superintendent, a tall, handsome man of middle age, came in. He began looking over his mail.

Finally he turned to me and asked: "Now, what do you want?"

"Work," I answered briefly.

"Any experience?"

"None," I replied.

EXPERIENCE WANTED.

"Well, now, that's bad. Not much room for inexperienced girls. We really haven't any vacancies at present, and there isn't much an inexperienced girl can do, anyway."

"They must have all been inexperienced when they first started out," I observed.

"That's true; but most of them started

wouldn't keep you, you know." "Then you will give me something to do?" I cried with genuine delight.

FIRST PLACE FOUND.

"That's it. I haven't any place to put you."

My heart sank again. "Oh," I begged him, "I could sell gloves, I know I could."

"My dear child, you've no idea what an art it is to sell gloves."

Mr. Daggart then proceeded to question me closely and more seriously than heretofore, and obtained all the facts of my confirmation, the name of my Bishop, my habits of attending church, and eventually said he'd give me a position as inspectress at \$4.50 a week, with a possible promotion at the end of six months, providing I furnished him with a letter from the rector of the church where I was made a communicant.

He filled out some of the blanks on the card, handed it to me and told me to begin the next morning. "Come here at 8 o'clock. Mr. Sexton, the man outside, will tell you what to do. If things don't go just right, and I can help you any, come to me," he added kindly.

Mr. Sexton directed me to the second floor, where I was to be registered. I found Mr. Neff, the assistant manager. I handed him the card, and he registered my name in a large book, and then told me to write my name and address in another large book, which lay on the table back of him.

"Your number is 5,471—here, I'll write

learned in a day of half completed sentences of explanation.

I had always fancied that on the first day of her employment every girl was set to waiting on customers. Surely there could be no special training needed to enable me to yell "cash!" and measure out a yard of ribbon!

NOT TO MEET CUSTOMERS.

I was informed that I should not be brought into contact with customers



"I was jostled and buffeted about."



"How's that?" asked Miss Sause, holding up my package for inspection.

it down, so you won't forget it. Come to-morrow morning, 8 o'clock, Fourth avenue entrance; you'll see the employees coming in. Here, boy (to a messenger); take her to the time clerk. He'll show you the way," and then dismissed me from his august presence.

The time clerk took my number and sent me through a passage into a low, dark hallway, where I saw a long counter full of hats and coats and a series of what looked like good-sized bath-houses, which I discovered were also full of saucuses and hats.

"What do you want? A hat number? Well, when you come to-morrow I'll give you one." And I turned and left the place.

at all. Perhaps, said Miss Barry (my next instructress), I should see none of that sort of work for six months.

People who enter a big store seem to think most of the employees are those they see behind the counters. Yet the vast bulk of workers in that store never see or are seen by customers. As nine-tenths of an iceberg is under water, so the great majority of a large store's employees are invisible to the shopping public.

But the rush of work just then made me forget my disappointment and everything else save the excitement of getting those veils stuffed into little paper bags and shooting the money down the flues and seeing that the

lunchroom was spotless and cool. The tables were covered with white oil-cloth. The gabble continued incessantly.

GLAD AFTER LUNCH.

I felt better after my cup of tea and the cruller; with the other things I had provided for myself, and, strange to say, I was almost eager to return to work. The girls were coming and go-

ing. Those who had finished luncheon were hurrying away, but the awful noise continued. But I want to remark right here that I heard no word uttered that might not have been said with propriety in a drawing-room, and no story told that brought a blush.

As I returned to my work I tried to figure out how I could pay \$5 a week board, pay my car fare and buy clothing on \$4.50 a week. During the afternoon the problem interested me more and more.

I had been suffering from a severe cold, and I had put on a thin jacket while at luncheon, and this I determined to keep on during the afternoon, as I was standing in a draught near a door. As I passed the cloak-room I said to the woman in charge:

"I'm going to keep on my coat. It is so dreadfully cold and I'm obliged to stand in a draught."

"Not allowed without permission from the superintendent," she replied.

I said nothing, but gave her my hat and passed on. I hooked my coat tight about my throat and wondered if it would be discovered. I never knew any men who could tell the difference between a jacket and a gown.

No one "called me down," and the draught affected me far less than in the morning.

CLASSES OF CUSTOMERS.

Miss Barry remarked, in answer to a question of mine about customers:

"There's a good class in to-day. Our country trade comes in Fridays and Saturdays. They pay cash, you know. Mondays are the shopping days for the swells. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, too, but the 400 comes in Mondays."

"Do you ever know any of them?" I asked.

"I should say so. We have to know

opportunities for advancement, even in an overcrowded department store, and a curious fact about it is that all the girls I have mentioned came of Irish parentage.

By 5.30 the crowd had thinned considerably, although at 8 o'clock, when I was still loitering shoppers, who seize that hour as the most comfortable one to make their purchases in. Three bells sounded for dismissal. Miss Barry said: "I am the exchange inspectress and have to stay a few minutes, but it is time for you to go. Be here to-morrow, Good-night."

DUTIES OF INSPECTRESS.

I had learned that to be an inspectress in a Broadway store was simply to see that the saleswoman had measured her goods correctly and that the right change was returned. It is also the duty of an inspectress to wrap such parcels as come to her desk either for immediate delivery or to be sent out by the wagons. I was on my feet from 8 o'clock until 4.

Life in a shop, as I found it in one day, is something to be borne, but not to be desired. It must become a hard routine, numbing the faculties, testing too severely the disposition and wearing out the constitution of the most rugged. And then it doesn't pay enough to live on.

A RESIGNATION.

As I limped home and got into bed, aching in every limb, I indulged in many reflections not complimentary to the machine we call trade, but with all increasing sympathy to the little cogs and small wheels that keep it running for the benefit of mankind. The next morning I found myself unable to speak a loud word, owing to a heavy cold on my lungs from standing in the draught. Therefore, I wrote the following letter:

Dear Sir: I caught such a severe cold on my lungs standing in that awful draught that have been ill ever since. I would be afraid to go back on account of my health. Please look out for Miss Barry, and allow her to wear a coat or wrap on cold days or she will be ill, too. Yours, truly,
No. 5,471.

During the next two or three days I made application for work, in hope of better pay, at every big department store in New York. I was received courteously everywhere. I was offered employment in two or three places, but I found that there was no chance for beginners—that is, no living chance, for the pay is small and I had weekly expenses to meet, so I resolved to try something else. I must, however, say that my experience with the men who employ girls in the big stores is all favorable. I was treated with consideration everywhere. The girls themselves were helpful. They are a fine lot—these girls who wait upon you in the big stores, intelligent, moral and helpful to each other. And all that is much to be desired. But how many of them could live in respectability if it were not for the help that comes to them from members of their families? In some places I found girls working for \$3 a week, and yet I was told of other places where the heads of departments are paid from \$15 to \$40 a week.

But oh! the weary days and nights of work and waiting, the faded appetite, the long idleness, the disappointments, the tears that mark the way for that

The physicians & men as if they babies of aristocrats one, two or forty the necessities of word, see them the same as if they for the attendance it is in this way The Evening World have stood nobly charities, have saved sands of children. the best of wishes of other hapless III It takes a lot of an extensive work must all come from the Sick. It will be seen list of contributors of the column the mark has been prescription. Now let come faster, let it freely, for it is a cools the feverish babies and molten of children who from neglect and is The special doult at Fred Erbe's C AUC. 12, should sum for the sick. Fred Erbe's bened one of the most sa son in its results.

The preliminary ment at Avoca VII 18, are going on bids fair to be a of Mr. Val Smith of this lusty popl. All contributions be sent to the East Park Row, New Y

Three D To the Editor: Inclosed find \$1.14, i front of 187 East Fifth edit boys and want i help the poor sick bod Annie Munk, 4; Jacob Munk, 11; 748 Lexington I

A Stated I To the Editor: Inclosed find \$1, the

SINGULAR.

From Mrs. Rahn

The following ham from Mrs. East Susquehanna Pa., is a remarkable from utter di says:

"I never can find to thank you for ham's Vegetable for me.

"Some years trouble and doctor not seeing any times I would fe other times was n on until last Oct thing terrible of knew not what worse. I ca

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"Work," I answered briefly.

"Any experience?"

"None," I replied.

EXPERIENCE WANTED.

"Well, now, that's bad. Not much room for inexperienced girls. We really haven't any vacancies at present, and there isn't much an inexperienced girl can do, anyway."

"They must have all been inexperienced when they first started out," I observed.

"That's true; but most of them started as cash girls and grew into the service," said Mr. Daggart.

Then he asked me where I lived, why I hadn't stayed in the country, and told me of the snares and pitfalls that obstruct the moral path to a successful livelihood. I listened meekly while he discoursed on the morality of employees.

"I wouldn't have an immoral man or a careless woman in my employ, if I knew it," said he. "Not from the policy of protection and honesty, but because we are making an earnest endeavor to employ upright and honorable men and women and thereby help the deserving to earn a comfortable living. How much would you want a week?"

The question came so suddenly, it's such a jump from principles to practicality sometimes, that I was thrown on my guard and replied: "Oh, anything."

"How do you mean with your own salary?"

come to me," he added kindly. Mr. Sexton directed me to the second floor, where I was to be registered. I found Mr. Neff, the assistant manager. I handed him the card, and he registered my name in a large book, and then told me to write my name and address in another large book, which lay on the table back of him.

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"What do you want? A hat number? Well, when you come to-morrow I'll give you one." And I turned and left the place.

The next morning I arrived at the Fourth avenue entrance at just 8 o'clock. There was an army of young women entering the doors and I concluded rightly that they were the employees. I mingled with them, and was jolted and buffeted about, regardless of the sharp corners of projecting counters, and inconvenient balusters and rare brace-a-brac.

I was sent to Mr. Sexton, my acquaintance of the previous day, who in turn sent me to Mr. Cummings, and I was thence ordered to "report" to Miss Sause.

A LESSON IN WRAPPING.

Ten girls were standing around a table. One girl looked up and smiled and motioned me to take my place with the others. It was Miss Sause.

"Have you ever wrapped?" she

ing. Those who had finished luncheon were hurrying away, but the awful noise continued. But I want to remark right here that I heard no word uttered that might not have been said with propriety in a drawing-room, and no story told that brought a blush.

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But the rush of work just then made me forget my disappointment and everything else save the excitement of getting those veils stuffed into little paper bags and shooting the money down the flues and seeing that the right veil and the right change returned to the right saleswoman. Then followed a lull and we spent the time wishing for the noon hour. I had been on my feet constantly since before 7 o'clock and I was almost dead.

Let those who chide the slow motions of a shopgirl or wonder at her set, pale face, consider all it means for a fragile woman to remain on her feet all day.

I was ravenously hungry. Every bone in my body ached. I was tired out. I would have given all I possessed for a cup of tea.

HER FIRST LUNCH.

Half famished, about 11 o'clock I was told to go to luncheon. At the door of the lunch-room I found a crowd of girls waiting. Promptly at 11 o'clock the line started past the timekeeper, Mr. Lacey, each girl giving her number, which he jotted down on a big sheet of brown

ing. Those who had finished luncheon were hurrying away, but the awful noise continued. But I want to remark right here that I heard no word uttered that might not have been said with propriety in a drawing-room, and no story told that brought a blush.

As I returned to my work I tried to figure out how I could pay \$6 a week board, pay my car-fare and buy clothing on \$4.50 a week. During the afternoon the problem interested me more and more.

I had been suffering from a severe cold, and I had put on a thin jacket while at luncheon, and this I determined to keep on during the afternoon, as I was standing in a draught near a door. As I passed the cloak-room I said to the woman in charge:

"I'm going to keep on my coat. It is so dreadfully cold and I'm obliged to stand in a draught."

"Not allowed without permission from the superintendent," she replied. "I said nothing, but gave her my hat and passed on. I hooked my coat tight about my throat and wondered if it would be discovered. I never knew any men who could tell the difference between a jacket and a gown."

No one "called me down," and the draught affected me far less than in the morning.

CLASSES OF CUSTOMERS.

Miss Barry remarked, in answer to a question of mine about customers:

"There's a good class in to-day. Our country trade comes in Fridays and Saturdays. They pay cash, you know. Mondays are the shopping days for the swells. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, too, but the 400 comes in Mondays."

"Do you ever know any of them?" I asked.

"I should say so. We have to know them by sight, or they'd be offended and it wouldn't do at all to ask 'em their address. They're the hardest to wait on because they don't know what they want, nor how much. They're always in a hurry, but they never ask the price; they just order off hand and rush out."

The work of the afternoon differed little from the work of the morning. I wrapped bundles and did up packages as rapidly as I could. The joints of my fingers were bruised and swollen. I had been standing for many hours.

Never since Joshua set back the sun was a day so long. My feet were like hot lead; my head ached, back ached, my ears and brain were dull with the noise and bustle. At \$10 a week the job might have appealed to me. At \$4.50 I'd rather have taken in washing.

This was the thought that was uppermost in my mind. I might get used to

Life in a shop, as I found it in one day, is something to be borne, but not to be desired. It must become a hard routine, numbing the faculties, costing too severely the disposition and wearing out the constitution of the most rugged. And then it doesn't pay enough to live on.

A RESIGNATION.

As I limped home and got into bed, aching in every limb, I indulged in many reflections, not complimentary to the machine we call trade, but with all increasing sympathy to the little cogs and small wheels that keep it running for the benefit of mankind. The next morning I found myself unable to speak a loud word, owing to a heavy cold on my lungs from standing in the draught. Therefore, I wrote the following letter:

Dear Sir: I caught such a severe cold on my lungs standing in that awful draught that I have been off my feet since. I would be afraid to go back on account of my health. Please look out for Miss Barry, and allow her to wear a coat or wrap on 'sold days or she will be ill, too. Yours truly, No. 1, 671.

During the next two or three days I made application for work, in hope of better pay, at every big department store in New York. I was received courteously everywhere. I was offered employment in two or three places, but I found that there was no chance for beginners—that is, no living chance, for the pay is small and I had weekly expenses to meet, so I resolved to try something else. I must, however, say that my experience with the men who employ girls in the big stores is all favorable. I was treated with consideration everywhere. The girls themselves were helpful. They are a fine lot—these girls who wait upon you in the big stores, intelligent, moral and helpful to each other. And all that is much to be desired. But how many of them could live in respectability if it were not for the help that comes to them from members of their families? In some places I found girls working for \$3 a week, and yet I was told of other places where the heads of departments are paid from \$15 to \$40 a week.

But oh! the weary days and nights of work and waiting, the jaded appetite, the long idleness, the disappointments, the tears that mark the way to that success!

CATHERINE KING.

AT FRED ERBE'S, NORTH BEACH.

The double bill which is to be put on at Fred Erbe's North Beach Hotel and Casino on Aug. 12, from 1 P. M. to midnight, will be a whopper. Vic Leonzo, the business manager, is receiving offers from volunteers in all branches of the profession, and it will be an all-star entertainment from No. 1 to the drop of the curtain.

Carlous, Della West, the three Mangrams, Billy Barlow, Ray and Busche, the Krona, the American Belle, Queens Davenport, Walsh and O'Reilly, Sadie Reynolds, the Rosares and Vic Leonzo himself will help along the entertainment, the proceeds of which, according to Fred Erbe's annual custom, will go to swell the Sick Babies' Fund. And North Beach is such a fine place for a day's watching, too.

cools the feverish babies and moistens of children who from neglect and... The special... Fred Erbe's... should... the sick... one of the most... in its results... The preliminary... at Avoca, VI... are going on... bids fail to be... of Mr. Val Smith... of this justly... All contributions... be sent to the... PARK Row, New...

Three... To the Editor... Included... front of... help the poor... Annie Munk... Jacob Munk... 70... A Staked... included...

SINGULAR

From Mrs. R... The following... ham from Mrs... East Susquehanna... Pa., is a remarkable... relief from utter d... says:

"I never can find... to thank you for... ham's Vegetable... for me.

"Some years... trouble and doct... not seeing any... times I would fe... other times was n... on until last Oct... thing terrible cr... knew not what... worse, I can har... ings at that time... in spirits that I d... although I had ev... Had hysteria, w... could not sleep a... be left alone.

"Indeed, I thoug... mind. No one kno... "I continued thi... of February, when... testimonial of a la... similar to mine, c... cured by Lydia E... ble Compound. I d... and felt better aft... continued taking i... well woman, and... heart. Thank God... else."

Mrs. Pinkham is... women to write to... for advice. All su... and answered by w...

GIRL TOILERS OF THE GREAT CITY, NEARLY 10,000 BABIES—\$1,000.

Evening World Woman Reporter Seeks Work at Living Wages.

ATHERINE KING IN DEPARTMENT STORE. Treated Kindly by Everybody, but the Hours Are Long and Pay Small for Beginners.

How can a woman support herself upon her own resources? A breadwinner in New York City. It is not a new question...

ATHERINE KING'S STORY.

Started at 10 o'clock, she worked until 10 o'clock. She had to be up at 6 o'clock...

FIRST PLACE FOUND.

It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

APPLICATIONS RECEIVED.

It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

A RULE THAT STOOD.

As I informed that I could not have a job until I had...

It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

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It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

How could I live on such a small salary? I was paid \$1.00 a week...

It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

INSPECTRESS OF VEILING.

It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

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It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

Almost Ten Sick Infants to Every Dollar Collected.

GOOD WORK OF DOCTORS. The Sick Babies' Fund is Saving Many Little Lives.

THE MISERABLES. In the first six weeks of the season the first physicians called out by the Sick Babies' Fund...

THE RISE OF SOME GIRLS. An awkward girl of the city who was employed as a typewriter...

GLAD AFTER LUNCH. The woman who had had a very busy day at the office...

DUTIES OF INSPECTRESS. It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

A RESIGNATION. It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

CLASSES OF CUSTOMERS. It was still morning. I started to get up and went to the kitchen...

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THE NATIONAL ORGAN COMPANY presented a production of "The Children of Normandy" at the Grand Theatre...

Children Who Sold Articles in Front of Their Homes. To the Editor: Enclosed are the proceeds of a stand at the corner of 125th Street and 126th Street...

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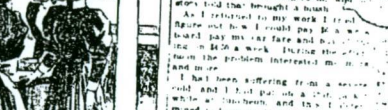
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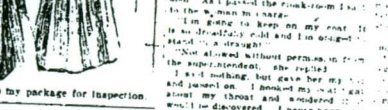
INSPECTRESS OF VEILING.



GLAD AFTER LUNCH.



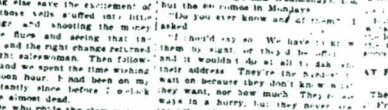
INSPECTRESS OF VEILING.



GLAD AFTER LUNCH.



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GLAD AFTER LUNCH.



INSPECTRESS OF VEILING.



GLAD AFTER LUNCH.



INSPECTRESS OF VEILING.

Macy's advertisement with logo and address: 14th St. (Running from 13th to 15th St.), Sixth Ave.

The Great Sale of Muslin Underwear Still Continues. This is the largest sale of muslin underwear...

SINGULAR STATEMENT. From Mrs. Rank to Mrs. Pinkham. The following letter to Mrs. Pinkham from Mrs. M. Rank, No. 2254 East 125th Street, Philadelphia...

Table of clothing items and prices: NIGHT GOWNS, CHEMISE, CORSET COVERS, WALKING SKIRTS, etc.