



and that of the "subscription-book" they trust to the "subscription-book" trade for the largest part of their profits.

In fact, you will be as well as a book for us sell it on club principles. Of course, there are some things about the work that are not pleasant. There I answered three advertisements that

"Well, you'll have to go down. Peddlers and canvassers are not allowed."



**EASILY REPELLED.**

I was not sufficiently trained to renew my arguments in another form, and I felt that she meant what she said. So I gave up the attempt to induce her to subscribe and followed her as she led the way to the door. I was not at all disheartened and not even discouraged. I had not expected to make a sale the first time I tried. The way in which I had been treated had not upset me. So my courage was as good as ever when I rang the bell at the next house. A servant answered my ring, and I asked for her mistress by name. She evidently took me for a friend of her employer and showed me into a parlor, where she asked me to wait. In a moment her mistress entered the room. She was affable, though evidently surprised at seeing a stranger. I began my little speech about the formation of a club in Bayonne. As I spoke I watched the woman's face and I saw it cloud and her lips betray impatience. I had not finished my introductory remarks when she stopped me. "I never join such clubs," she said, "and I do not care for the book which you want to sell."

gave post-office letter boxes to which applications were to be sent. To one place where the address was given I went personally. I found work there and I had scarcely returned home when I received answers from the three firms to which I had written. One of these was from the firm which had employed me, which shows that the publishing houses are in the habit of inserting more than one advertisement and wording each differently. As I had secured the promise of employment by one house I paid no attention to the letters which asked me to call at other publishers.



**ALL WORK ON COMMISSION.**

The place which I had visited personally and where I had been promised work was the University Society of 75 Fifth avenue. The advertisement was worded so as to give the impression that the canvasser would be paid a weekly salary of \$15, though I soon found that this was a mistake and that all work was to be done on commission. When I reached the office of the publishing house, I was surprised to find it was shown into a large room and told that the manager was busy then, but that he would soon see me. In this room were a dozen or more women, apparently waiting for the same purpose. It was evident that most of them were unaccustomed to work, and I tried them from the bottom of my heart, for I felt that they were being forced by bitter want to the work which I was trying as an experiment. One of the women was in deep mourning, and I could imagine the necessity which had made her start out in her weeds to find work which would enable her to live. Another little woman with whom I struck up a momentary acquaintance was there in the hope of securing enough money to support herself and her husband, who, from a bread-winner, had suddenly been transformed into a helpless invalid.

**STORIES OF POVERTY.**

There was not one there, I am sure, but had her story of sudden and unexpected poverty told and as a result for the manager I tried to imagine to myself the circumstances which had brought them to the publishing-house search of work. The manager soon came in, and everything was forgotten in listening to him. He was a big, cheery-looking man, with a pleasant smile and a convincing way of talking that made me believe that he had his own authority to do anything. One by one he called the women into his private office. They were not there very long, but when they came out most of them hurried away with an eager step, as though they were in a hurry to begin work. At last my turn came. The manager received me affably, but he was evidently there for business, and there was no time wasted in ordinary pleasantries of conversation. "Do you want to try canvassing for the book?" he asked, with an expectant smile. "I told him I had none, but I did not know that does not make very much

Then she rang for the servant, and I bowed my way out.

are about every business in the world. But there are also many advantages. The books are of a kind that will only be bought by persons of education and refinement. Therefore you will only go among such persons, and our pay is so liberal that if you only take three or four orders a week you will have earned enough to live well and save money." As I went to the publishing-house fully determined to try my hand at the work I soon remembered to his arguments and agreed to make a trial of the work. He did not ask me for any references, nor did he demand a deposit for the sample of the book with which he entrusted me. That seemed like an argument in favor of success, for I felt that if he trusted me with the book he must think that I would earn enough money so that I would want to come back.

**BOOKS AND CLUBS.**

The book with which I started out was to be issued in parts, all of which would be delivered on the payment of \$2. After that the subscribers were to pay at the rate of twenty-five cents a week. In addition to the book, each purchaser was to be given a certificate of membership in the "club," which would enable them to secure all of their music and much of their reading matter at a reduced rate. To begin work, I was assigned to Bayonne, and the manager gave me a list of houses in "Twenty-third street," with the names of each family who lived in them. "That will make your work much easier," he said, "before you go to a house you can look at your list and ask for the lady who lives there. Then the servant will think you are a friend and will admit you, which she might not do if she thought you were canvassing." I was not thoroughly satisfied that the work would be pleasant, but I thought that the manager tried to persuade me that it would be, but I did not

**TO BUY YOUR MUSIC AND OTHER BOOKS AT A DISCOUNT.**

TEMPER AND A DISMISSAL. But she would not listen. She was losing her temper, and I could see it. "I told you I never join such clubs," she said, rather sharply. Then she rang the bell for the servant and I bowed my way out of the house as best I could. From house to house I tramped, only to meet with refusal after refusal. Some of them were couched in courteous language; some were rough. I was getting thoroughly discouraged, because I had been told that the district was one of the best near New York for the work which I was trying, and I thought that if I did not succeed there I could not expect to elsewhere. But I made up my mind that I would not give up until I had thoroughly canvassed the district. So I tried to forget my failures and the sharp words which had been said to me, and, putting up my umbrella, tramped on.

**SOMEONE INTERESTED AT LAST**

Up to this time I had not succeeded so far with any of the women on whom I called as to be allowed to show the sample pages of the book. At last I reached one house where I did. It was the home of a music teacher, and I thought that there I might make a sale, as my book would especially interest her, while the advantages of reduced rates for other music would have weight. So I started in with renewed courage. I soon saw that I had indeed found a better, and this gave me a little more interest. She looked at it with evident interest, and as I explained the different features and details on the sample pages, which I was holding, she said: "I had certainly made a sale. At last she spoke. You New York canvassers have much

as canvassers are not allowed in many of these buildings the best way for me to do would be to take when I walk to the top floor of the office, then to walk down the stairs to the floor below. He suggested that I try the Vanderbilt Building, in Nassau street. I went there, and following his advice I entered the office of the New York Building Material Commercial Agency. I asked for the manager, and he told me that he was out, but that I might call on Mr. Raat, the attorney. He looked at me in a kindly way as I began the speech which I had prepared, but when he found out what I had heard he was ready to walk into his inner office, closed the door.

**SETBACKS IN PLENTY.**

It was a setback, but I was prepared for it, and I left the office. I went to the office of Mr. Boynton and L. L. Clark, next door. A well-dressed, nervous-looking man listened to my first words with evident impatience. Then he said "I don't want it," and swung around in the chair so that his back was toward me. Under other circumstances the rudeness and civility would have cut me to the quick, but I had steeled myself to expect such a result, and I tried not to mind. From one office to another I wandered, meeting with the same or even more rude refusal. It was not until I came to the office of Mr. Adams, across the street from the one I had just left, that I found anything different. There I saw Mr. Ker. He knew at once what I wanted, but he spoke kindly. "There is not much chance of your being able to sell me anything," he said, "but if you want to show me the book you can."

**RUDE TREATMENT USUAL.**

This was the most courteous treatment I received. In most of the offices I was treated rudely, to get it mildly, and the occupants turned their backs on me as soon as they found the object of my visit. Sometimes the office boys were scooped in my presence for allowing me to come in, and altogether I was made to feel that a book-agent is a being for whom there is no respect and whom it is permissible to treat worse than a dog. I felt more like crying than I did like continuing my experiment, but I decided to keep on until I had been through the Washington Building, which had also been given me. "Because if you are not you will have to go down. Peddlers and canvassers are not allowed."

**PUT OUT OF A BUILDING.**

I obeyed his instructions and rode down to the street floor where I was taken in charge by a guide, who watched me until I left the building. "The treatment I had received in that place made me decide to give up the work for canvassing for books. I had no doubt that there were good wages to be earned by it by some people, but I felt that I would not be a success at it. So I went back to the publishing-house and reported my decision to the manager. He tried to cheer me up and told me not to be discouraged by a failure at first. He assured me that his first trip down to the street floor where I was taken in charge by a guide, who watched me until I left the building. Besides that, he said, they are much more independent, and if they want to quit work early any day they are at liberty to do so and have only their wages for their trouble. I have no doubt that what he told me is true. If it were not the publishing-house could not make the success of the subscription business. I was not cut out for a book-agent, and I would try something else."

even that that for 1914 received last year from the great houses as the result of a similar scheme for determining just what share the firm should bear in the

**LOVE OF BABES IN MANY HEARTS.**

The Sick Babies' Fund Has a Splendid Day.

**THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.**

Table listing names and amounts for the Sick Babies' Fund. Includes names like Mrs. M. R. and M. D., Mrs. J. H., etc., with amounts ranging from \$1.00 to \$10.00.

**LITTLE FRIENDS OF THE SICK BABIES.**



Names of children: MAY MURPHY, GRACE CLARE, CHRISTINA RUTHERFORD, LUCIA A. OROBONOY, MARYA ORIENTAL, BARBARA WOLF, HELENA MURPHY.

**JANE WHITBECK.**

Judging from her picture Miss Whitbeck is of a happy disposition. Her stage appearance does not belie her looks, either, for Miss Whitbeck seems thoroughly happy when singing to other theatre. She is bright, intelligent and vivacious, which is a necessary qualification in a cup-haired sobrette. She tried to cheer me up and told me not to be discouraged by a failure at first. He assured me that his first trip down to the street floor where I was taken in charge by a guide, who watched me until I left the building. Besides that, he said, they are much more independent, and if they want to quit work early any day they are at liberty to do so and have only their wages for their trouble. I have no doubt that what he told me is true. If it were not the publishing-house could not make the success of the subscription business. I was not cut out for a book-agent, and I would try something else."

The little week was devoted to charity by the Legal-Order Co., a few cents of the receipts for each day going to one or another of the great voluntary char-



If you are interested in the war and everybody is there is more no better way to become interested than by the "war-graph."

avenue and Twenty-third street, are exhibiting this wonderful device for the benefit of this charity, and it will be a rare treat for the people. The admission is 5 cents.

**PAIRS FOR THE FUND.**

They Are Held at Various Places by Friends of the Babies.

To the Editor: We held a fair and stand at 87 West Forty-first street and Forty-second street to help with the Sick Babies' Fund. It will benefit the babies.

The program of the "war-graph" is to illustrate the meaning of some of the words in the "war-graph" by means of a pair of shoes. It is a very interesting and useful device.

To the Editor: We held a fair and stand at 87 West Forty-first street and Forty-second street to help with the Sick Babies' Fund. It will benefit the babies.

**THE ATTRIBUTES OF OUR STORE ARE THEIR LOW PRICES.**

**Macy's**

Both Sides of 14th St. (Running from 15th to 15th St.) Sixth

Another Very Special Sale on Tuesday. The lots last, the big goods will be on sale. Many are not on sale Monday, but will be on Tuesday morning. Many of them are now marked at half the special sale last Tuesday.

**Silk Specials.**

INDIA SILK, navy blue and white, 29. BLACK TAFFETA SILK, fine rustling quality, worth 70c., on sale Tuesday at 49. CHECK TAFFETA SILK, these also have not sufficient quantity to fill all orders from on sale Tuesday at 58.

**Ladies' Gloves.**

LADIES' GLOVES, two clasps, white lace, self and black embroidered, very much below prevailing prices; on sale Tuesday, per pair, 69.

**Knit Underwear.**

LADIES' UNDERWEAR, manufacturer's samples, consisting of cotton, silk and silk vests; also combination of suits in cream, white and black, worth from 70c. to \$1.00; all orders from on sale Tuesday at 44.

**Groceries.**

BOTTED HAM on sale Tuesday - half-pound cans, 7c; quarter-pound cans, 4. SULTANA COFFEE, blend high grade, Coffee of great strength and flavor, roasted in the bean only, on sale Tuesday, per pound, 1-3. GROSSE BLEU BLACKWELL'S PICKLES - Chou, Chow, Gherkins, etc., on sale Tuesday, per pint bottle, 34.

book. Many of the goods are of the highest quality and are at very low prices.

To the Editor: We held a fair and stand at 87 West Forty-first street and Forty-second street to help with the Sick Babies' Fund. It will benefit the babies.

**CHILDREN'S DRESSES OF DRESS.**

CHILDREN'S DRESSES of dress, of fine quality, prettily trimmed, embroidery and ruffles of lawn; on sale Tuesday at 29.

**Summer Curtains.**

PLAIN MUSLIN CURTAINS, of fine quality, regular \$1.00 per yard; on sale Tuesday at 69. CURTAINS of fancy colored material, with tulle tops to match, 10 inches wide, 7 yards long, for sale at \$1.10; on sale Tuesday at 89.

**Knives & Forks.**

DINNER and DESSERT KNIVES and FORKS, of steel silver, hollow handles, silver soldered, nicely finished, 100 pieces per dozen; on sale Tuesday at 30.

**House-furnishings.**

WATER FILTERS, nickel plated, on sale Tuesday at 49. ROSINI'S BRASS POLISH, on sale Tuesday at 34. "COLONIAL" SLICER KNIVES, on sale Tuesday at 29. STICKLEY PAPER, on sale Tuesday at 34.

# GIRL TOILERS' CHANCES AT SELLING BOOKS. THE

## Catherine King Does Not Find Them to Be the Most Encouraging.

### THE WOMEN'S REBUFFS HURT.

#### A Tip on Working Office Buildings, Despite Rules, but it Didn't Work for Sales.

#### CHAPTER IV.

I had tried several ways of earning a living and had found none that would have brought me enough to even settle my board bill, had I been in real distress. I felt that I must find something. Other women reduced to financial straits manage to earn a living somehow and I must do the same.

I searched again the advertisements in the papers and found that although there was plenty of work offered for women, most of it required special training.

There were, however, numbers of advertisements calling for book agents, and it seemed it must be that many women made a living by that kind of work. Besides, I knew of course that there are many publishing houses whose books are sold only through canvassers, and that of the other houses many of them trust to the "subscription-book" trade for the largest part of their profits.

I answered three advertisements that

difference," he continued. "I have taken inexperienced ladies who soon came to be our very best canvassers. Some of them are now making from \$25 to \$50 a week, and that is a sum that does not come to every one every day."

I agreed with him thoroughly, but I suggested that if book canvassing was such lucrative work to some persons, I had heard that it was far from it to others, and that to many people the very idea of being a book-agent was repugnant.

#### SMOOTH-TONGUED MANAGER.

"Now don't start out in that frame of mind," he said. "If you do you certainly will not make a success. Don't regard yourself as a book-agent if the thought is repugnant to you. Imagine that you are canvassing for members of a club. In fact, you will be if you take our book, for we sell it on club principles. Of course, there are some things about the work that are not pleasant. There

I would try it and work faithfully, no matter what happened. So the next morning I started out. It was rainy and disagreeable, but I tucked up my skirts, took an umbrella in one hand and my sample book in the other and went down to the ferry.

It took me an hour to reach Bayonne from my boarding-house, and when I was in Twenty-third street I felt that I must make up for lost time by working harder than ever. So I looked over my list, found out who lived in the house nearest me, and entering the yard, climbed the steps and rang the door-bell.

#### FORGOT HER LITTLE SPEECH

It all seemed simple enough while I was on the street. On my trip to the ferry and in the street car I had prepared a little speech which would lead up to what I wanted to say, and which I was sure would interest the lady of the house in what I had to sell. But when I stood in the presence of my first customer, or the woman whom I hoped to make such, my speech vanished. What I said or how I began I do not know. But I began somehow, and when I recovered my wits I found myself telling the mistress of the house that I was engaged in forming a club among the ladies of Bayonne, by which they would be enabled to get their music and reading matter at greatly reduced rates.

As I finished I produced my sample. It was bound in such a manner that it could be rolled up and made to look much like a roll of music. I started to unfasten the strap when the woman interrupted.

"No, you needn't bother," she said. "It would simply be a waste of time, as I do not care to subscribe. I don't doubt that your book is very interesting and well worth the price asked, but I don't care for it. I am not a musician, and my husband and sons supply all the reading matter I want."

#### EASILY REPELLED.

I was not sufficiently trained to renew my arguments in another form, and I felt that she meant what she said, so I gave up the attempt to induce her to subscribe and followed her as she led the way to the door.

I was not at all disheartened and not even discouraged. I had not expected to make a sale the first place I tried, and the way in which I had been treated had not upset me. So my courage was as good as ever when I rang the bell at the next house.

A servant answered my ring, and I asked for her mistress by name. She evidently took me for a friend of her employer and showed me into a parlor, where she asked me to wait. In a moment her mistress entered the room. She was affable, though evidently surprised at seeing a stranger.

I began my little speech about the formation of a club in Bayonne. As I spoke I watched the woman's face and I saw it cloud and her lips betray impatience. I had not finished my introductory remarks when she stopped me. "I never join such clubs," she said, "and I do not care for the book which you want to sell."

"If you will allow me to show you the sample pages," I began. "I am sure you will see what a valuable one it is in itself, to say nothing of the advantages you will secure by being enabled

to do things," she began, "and you talk so interestingly. There was a man over here last week with the same book, and he seemed to do so well that I thought I might try canvassing myself. Music-teaching doesn't pay nowadays. Do you think I would make a success at canvassing?"

#### THE LAST STRAW.

It was the last straw; my hope of making a sale vanished, and with it my courage. I didn't realize how much I had counted on selling a book to this woman until I found that all her interest in it was merely from curiosity, and that she had no idea of subscribing. I made my way from the house and decided to go home. The rain was still falling, and my skirts were wet and bedraggled. I had had nothing to eat since morning, and was tired and nervously unattractive. I felt that if I had been a cash girl in a store working for 50 cents a day I would have been better off.

It took me two hours to get home. Then I had a headache from lack of food and no appetite to induce me to eat. I forced myself to swallow a few mouthfuls, and went to bed as tired and disheartened as I had ever been in my life.

The next morning I felt better, though I by no means regarded book-canvassing through rosy spectacles. But I thought I ought not to give up after only one day of trial, and so I went down to see the manager.

#### ATTACKS OFFICE BUILDINGS.

He greeted me pleasantly, and seemed somewhat surprised when I told him I had not made a single sale. But he encouraged me not to give up. He said the work was always discouraging to beginners, but that usually they ended by earning good commissions.

Then he started me out with another book, with which I was to canvass some of the office buildings. He told me that as canvassers are not allowed in many of these buildings the best way for me to do would be to take the elevator to the top floor, and then, when I had called at all the offices there, to walk down the stairs to the floor below. He suggested that I try the Vanderbilt Building, in Nassau street.

I went there, and, following his advice, rode to the top floor. The first office I entered was that of the New York Building Material Commercial Agency. I asked for the manager, and was told that he was out, but that I could see Mr. Rast, the attorney. He looked at me in a kindly way as I began the speech which I had prepared, but when he found out what I wanted he said curtly "I don't care to hear about it," and walking into his inner office, closed the door.

#### SETBACKS IN PLENTY.

It was a setback, but I was prepared for it, and I left the place, only to go to the offices of George M. Boynton and L. L. Clark, next door. A well-dressed, nervous-looking man listened to my first words with evident impatience. Then he said "I don't want it," and swinging around in his chair so that his back was toward me.

Under other circumstances the rudeness and incivility would have cut me to the quick, but I had steeled myself to expect such things and I tried not to mind. From one office to another I wandered, meeting with the same or even more rude refusals. It was not until I came to the office of Keene, Ker & Thomas that I found anything different. There I saw Mr. Ker. He knew at once what I wanted, but he spoke kindly.

"There is not much chance of your being able to sell me anything," he said, "but if you want to show me the book you can."

I showed it to him, but he soon saw it was nothing which he cared for and told me so. I felt there was no use arguing and went out.

#### RUDE TREATMENT USUAL.

This was the most courteous treatment I received. In most of the offices I was

Stiegel-

The Evening World's illustration of this story is one of the sweetest. It is the portrait Stiegel-Cooper Company the Sick Babies' Fund, per cent. of the race Store, Sixth avenue, Ely



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It was Thursday, a ra  
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## LOVE OF BA IN MANY I

### The Sick Babies' a Splendid

#### THE SUBSCRIP

Previously acknowledged  
Fair by little girls of Woodside  
Ray and Minnie Cowen, Ma  
Clancy, Leona Barles and  
Smith, Brooklyn  
Milton Frank, Maurice Schesap  
Miss Barry  
Fair by Violet, Selma and Roy  
Victoria Herbert, Laurence H  
Editha, Grace Langton, Brooklyn  
May E. and Eva S. La Forest  
Waldron  
Thelma Feldstein, Nellie L.  
others  
Mabel Black, Vera Pack, Ma  
Brooklyn  
Barbara Wolf, Helena Lind  
others, Brooklyn  
Selma Mueller, Florence Bu  
others  
Tillie and Dottie Monarchini  
Macon and others, Brooklyn  
Addie, Miron and May Maybr  
Dorris Dreyer and Edna Bai  
Lorraine Stern, 1271 Lexington  
from Rosenthal and their fri

#### LITTLE FI



"Well, you'll have to go down. Peddlers and canvassers are not allowed."



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I found work there and I had scarcely returned home when I received answers from the three firms to which I had written. One of these was from the same firm which had employed me, which shows that the publishing houses are in the habit of inserting more than one advertisement and wording each differently. As I had secured the promise of employment by one house I paid no attention to the letters which asked me to call at other publishers'.

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When I reached the offices of the publishing house and explained my business I was shown into a large room and told that the manager was busy then, but that he would soon see me. In this room were a dozen or more women, patiently waiting for the same purpose. It was evident that most of them were unaccustomed to work, and I pitied them from the bottom of my heart, for I felt that they were being forced by bitter want to the very work which I was trying as an experiment.

One of the women was in deep mourning, and I could imagine the necessity which had made her start out in her weeds to find work which would enable her to live. Another little woman with whom I struck up a momentary acquaintance was there in the hope of earning enough money to support herself and her husband, who, from a bread-winner, had suddenly been transformed into a helpless invalid.

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At last my turn came. The manager received me affably, but he was evidently there for business, and there was no time wasted in ordinary pleasantries of conversation.

"Do you want to try canvassing for us," he began. "Now, what experience have you had?"

"I sold him I had none."

"Well, that does not look very much



Then she rang for the servant, and I bowed my way out.

are about every business in the world. But there are also many advantages. Our books are of a kind that will only be bought by persons of education and refinement. Therefore you will only go among such persons, and our pay is so liberal that if you only take three or four orders a week you will have earned enough to live well and save money."

As I went to the publishing-house fully determined to try my hand at the work I soon succumbed to his arguments and agreed to make a trial of the work. He did not ask me for any references, nor did he demand a deposit for the sample of the book with which he intrusted me. That seemed like an argument in favor of success, for I felt that if he trusted me with the book he must think that I would earn enough money so that I would want to come back.

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"If you will allow me to show you the sample pages," I began, "I am sure you will see what a valuable one it is in itself, to say nothing of the advantages you will secure by being enabled

to buy your music and other books at a discount."

#### TEMPER AND A DISMISSAL.

But she would not listen. She was losing her temper, and I could see it. "I told you I never join such clubs," she said, rather sharply. Then she rang the bell for the servant and I bowed my way out of the house as best I could.

From house to house I tramped, only met with refusal after refusal. Some of them were couched in courteous language; some were rough. I was getting thoroughly discouraged, because I had been told that the district was one of the best near New York for the work which I was trying, and I thought that if I did not succeed there I could not expect to elsewhere. But I made up my mind that I would not give up until I had thoroughly canvassed the district. So I tried to forget my failures and the sharp words which had been said to me, and putting up my umbrella, trudged on.

#### SOMEONE INTERESTED AT LAST

Up to this time I had not succeeded so far with any of the women on whom I called as to be allowed to show the sample pages of the book. At last I reached one house where I did. It was the home of a music teacher, and I thought that there I might make a sale, as my book would especially interest her, while the advantages of reduced rates for other music would have weight. So I started in with renewed courage. I soon saw that I had interested her, and this gave me ability to talk better than ever. I produced my sample and opened it. She looked at it with evident interest, and as I explained the different features and dilated on the easy terms at which it was sold, I thought I had certainly made a sale. At last she spoke.

"I am very much interested in your book, but I cannot take it at present. I have a number of other books which I am interested in, and I would like to see them first."

value to the top floor, and then, when I had called at all the offices there, to walk down the stairs to the floor below. He suggested that I try the Vanderbilt Building, in Nassau street.

I went there, and, following his advice, rode to the top floor. The first office I entered was that of the New York Building Material Commercial Agency. I asked for the manager, and was told that he was out, but that I could see Mr. Raab, the attorney. He looked at me in a kindly way as I began the speech which I had prepared, but when he found out what I wanted he said curtly "I don't care to hear about it," and walking into his inner office, closed the door.

#### SETBACKS IN PLENTY.

It was a setback, but I was prepared for it, and I left the place, only to go to the offices of George M. Boynton and L. L. Clark, next door. A well-dressed, nervous-looking man listened to my first words with evident impatience. Then he said "I don't want it," and swung around in his chair so that his back was toward me.

Under other circumstances the rudeness and incivility would have cut me to the quick, but I had steeled myself to expect such things and I tried not to mind. From one office to another I wandered, meeting with the same or even more rude refusals. It was not until I came to the office of Keane, Ker & Thomas that I found anything different. There I saw Mr. Ker. He knew at once what I wanted, but he spoke kindly.

"There is not much chance of your being able to sell me anything," he said, "but if you want to show me the book you can."

I showed it to him, but he soon saw it was nothing which he cared for and told me so. I felt there was no use arguing and went out.

#### RUDE TREATMENT USUAL.

This was the most courteous treatment I received. In most of the offices I was treated rudely, to put it mildly, and the occupants turned their backs on me as soon as they found the object of my visit. Sometimes the office boys were scolded in my presence for allowing me to come in, and altogether I was made to feel that a book-agent is a being for whom there is no respect and whom it is permissible to treat worse than a dog.

I felt more like crying than I did like continuing my efforts further, but I decided to keep on until I had been through the Washington Building, which had also been given me.

I wasn't there very long. In almost the first office I entered I heard myself made the subject of a rude jest, and as I stood in the hall trying to recover my self-possession the elevator man saw me and stopping his car asked me if I was looking for any one in particular.

"Why?" I asked, with some trepidation.

#### PUT OUT OF A BUILDING.

"Because if you are not you will have to go down. Peddlers and canvassers are not allowed."

I obeyed his instructions and rode down to the street floor where I was taken in charge by a guide, who watched me until I left the building.

The treatment I had received in that place made me decide to give up the work of canvassing for books. I had no doubt that there were good wages to be earned by it by some people, but I felt that I would not be a success at it. So I went back to the publishing-house and reported my decision to the manager.

He tried to cheer me up and told me not to be discouraged by a failure at first. He assured me that he had women working for him who averaged \$30 to \$35 a week and that sometimes they made as much as \$50. His firm employs hundreds of women, he said, and all of them manage to make a better living than they could in a factory or store. Besides that, he said, they are much more independent, and if they want to quit work early any day they are at liberty to do so and have only their own wishes to consult.

I have no doubt that what he told me is true. If it were not the publishing-houses could not make the success of the subscription books that they do. But in spite of it I felt that I was not cut out for a book-agent and I would try something else.

of a similar scheme for determining what share the firm should

## LOVE OF BABE IN MANY HE

The Sick Babies' Fund a Splendid Deal

#### THE SUBSCRIPTION

Particularly acknowledged.....  
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 Chancy, Leonard, Baynes, and Nell  
 Smith, Brooklyn.....  
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 Fair by Victor, Selma, and Ray by  
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 others.....  
 Mabel Black, Vera Peck and a  
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 others, Brooklyn.....  
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 Macoun and others, Brooklyn.....  
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 Dorris Dwyer and Edna East, Broc  
 klyn, 173 Lexington ave.;  
 Frank Rosenthal and their friends

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MAY MURPHY, GRAC BARBARA WOLF, HELEN

East 84th st.....  
 Florence Crowther, Gertrude Hu  
 and others, York, N. Y.....  
 Nellie Dixon and Annie Butler,  
 Etelle and Mortimer, Stern and Ha  
 Lewis.....  
 Ethel and Thelma Wertheimer, 39  
 73th st.....  
 Daisy and Ethel Ackerly and



Judging from her picture I  
 teck is of a happy disposi  
 stage appearance, and of  
 books, either for Miss Whitt  
 thoroughly happy when  
 dancing for patrons of Prout  
 other theatre. She is bright  
 and vivacious, which is a  
 qualification in a club chair

Chair, N. Grosvenor and others.....  
 Eugene And and Lillian Tuck  
 John, Brooklyn, James Hildegarde  
 others, Brooklyn.....  
 Lester, Brooklyn, and others, 25  
 South Street, and others, 25  
 South Street, and others, 25  
 South Street, and others, 25