TRADE TRAINING OF CANADIAN GIRLS

NEXT STEP STORIES

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Jennie Brown, the Telephone Operator

To know Jennie, one must know the Brown family. Mr. Brown is a salesman at Blanket and Co.'s. As he understands so much about the goods in his department and his advice is so dependable, many ladies who buy at Blanket and Co.'s regard Mr. Brown as one of their best friends. He is not a brilliant man, and is little known outside the clientele of the Blanket store. But he reads two papers every day, smokes a pipe, and has a bit of a garden which is much above the average of gardens in the neighborhood where the Browns live. Mrs. Brown is an excellent woman, hard working, a good manager, rather timid when it comes to meeting strangers, but an authority in the Brown household. The rest of the family consist of Jennie Brown, who is pretty and going on seventeen; Pearl Brown, who is as assertive and managing as Jennie is shy and nervous; Tommy Brown, aged 13, who once was more often in mischief than out of it, but who is now a boy scout; and Gustus Brown, aged eight, who is a spoiled child but who may be induced to take a more manly outlook on life presently.

Jennie has been at high school for two years. She is not a poor scholar, but Jennie will never do much at school. It seems that the only occupation in which Jennie is interested is that of a telephone operator. Naturally both Mr. and Mrs. Brown would like Jennie to keep on at school, if it was going to do her any good. But otherwise it is time Jennie should be bringing in something to the family exchequer. According to Jennie, a girl who is a telephone operator "don't need to have much to do" with the hustling, perplexing business world. You can earn ten dollars a week in three or four years if you are a good operator; and the company has just raised a beginner's wages from six to seven dollars a week.

Mrs. Brown accompanies Jennie to the school for training girls to be telephone operators. The school is in connection with one of the telephone exchanges and is in a quiet residential district of the city. At the school, a young lady gave Jennie a printed slip of paper with questions on it, asking how old she was, if she lived with her parents, boarded or kept house, how many years she had gone to school, and so on. These questions Jennie answered in writing and then she and her mother went home. Jennie was sure that she would not be accepted, but she was told to come back again in two days, and the young lady gave her a letter addressed to the head of the telephone school. They were going to try Jennie, and if she got on well, Jennie would attain her wish and be a telephone operator engaged on a regular salary. She was to be paid at the rate of seven dollars a week for the time she spent in the telephone school, whether she was accepted or not.

Jennie delivered her letter to the lady who was the head of the school. She wondered if the lady knew how cold her hands were and how her knees were shaking. I think perhaps the lady suspected that Jennie was shy, for she took more time than usual in showing her exactly where she was to go and what she was to do. She showed her the locker room where the girls' outdoor things are kept. Jennie was given half a locker which she shared with another girl. Then Jennie was shown the luncheon room, and she was introduced to the matron. Jennie could go home to lunch if she

liked, but since the Browns live a mile or so from the telephone building, Jennie was advised to stay and take her lunch with the other girls. The company provides tea, sugar, and milk and the luncheon room and the dishes. The matron sees that the girls have what they want, and they can buy cold meat, bread and butter, fruit, biscuits and so on. To Jennie's joy she found that she knew one of the girls who was a telephone operator in that exchange, and she asked her to have lunch with her the first day. If three or four girls buy their supplies together, they can get a good lunch for ten cents. Jennie's mother lent her some money to pay for her meals for the first two weeks, since the telephone pay envelopes are given out twice a month. When Jennie got her first envelope, she was to pay her mother back. Jennie was also shown a rest room where some of the girls who were off duty were sitting in rocking chairs, sewing, reading or talking. There was a lounge in the room, but no one happened to be lying on the lounge.

WHAT IS A MULTIPLE?

The telephone exchange was a large airy room, and the telephone boards made a long circle round the room. Some of these boards were for the telephone exchange, but the boards at one end of the room were for the school. This was where Jennie had to be tried out. Although she did not know exactly how the head of the school and the teachers were testing her, Jennie was under close supervision all the time. Was her hearing good? If there had happened to be anything the matter with Jennie's little pin ears, she would have no chance to become a telephone operator. Had she a pleasant voice? Did she speak distinctly? If her voice was husky or if she had some obstruction in her throat or nose, she would not make a good operator. If she was too slow, they would not want her. If she did not want to work, or was lazy, indifferent or pert, Jennie would never graduate from the telephone school. But these were not Jennie's troubles. Her difficulty was that she was so shy and nervous that she seemed to lose all the intelligence she had. She was afraid of the telephone board. She was afraid of everything and everybody.

Her first lesson was to learn how the numbers were arranged on the multiple. Now, the multiple is one division of a telephone board. It has eight panels, and three girls sit in front of one multiple, which contains all the numbers used in the telephone exchange. Each panel is divided from the next panel by a stripe of metal, and each stripe of metal is marked with the hundred that belongs to the panel. Every panel is divided into banks, and each bank has one hundred jacks. Each jack represents a subscriber's number. And when a subscriber wants to be connected with some other subscriber, a telephone girl puts a plug into his jack, which connects with the other jack through which he wants to speak.

How Jennie dreamed of that multiple board the first night after she had gone home, and many nights after that. I regret to say that when she went home the first night, Jennie wept, and said it was no use her going back again. She was too stupid ever to be a telephone operator. But Mr. Brown said never mind, the first day was always the worst; and her mother told her that she couldn't be much good if she gave up right at the beginning.

The next morning, Jennie went to school again. She was still too frightened to learn much, but there was something very likeable and sweet about Jennie. Her voice was agreeable and her manner, although shy, was rather pleasing. At the end of the day the head of the school had a talk with Jennie. She told her that her type of girl generally made the best telephone operator. She preferred girls who, like Jennie, had been two years in a high school. To be nervous at the beginning was rather a good sign in a telephone operator. In fact, she comforted Jennie and made her feel that there was nothing to be frightened of after all.

At the end of the first week, Jennie thought that the telephone school was the nicest place in which any girl could work. At the end of two weeks, Jennie became a regular operator and was kept in that exchange because the head of the school knew she would do better there than in another exchange where she did not know anyone. In a little while she learned all about calls and subscribers, good tempered people and bad tempered people. She learned how to know the difference between nervous days and days when the strain seems to be so much less. She lost much of her shyness and nervousness, but she has always remained a quiet, pretty mannered telephone operator. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are even thinking of seeing if Jennie cannot get a place as switchboard girl at Blanket and Co.'s.

JENNIE'S FUTURE

I think, however, that Jennie will stay with the telephone company and in two or three years become a senior operator. Then her pay envelope will hold ten fifty a week. If she gets a good switchboard, her salary will be about twelve, or even fifteen a week; but most switchboard girls are paid seven up to nine or ten dollars a week. Should Jennie keep on with the company and become the fine woman that the head of the school thinks she may become, she will likely be a chief operator, when her salary will be from sixteen to twenty-three dollars a week. The ideal chief operator has to be a motherly woman, as well as a good manager, because that is the kind of woman who is most successful as the head of a telephone exchange.

But on the other hand, I am rather inclined to think that Jennie Brown may marry. The average length of a telephone girl's service is only two years. There was a boy at the high school called Arthur Robinson who is friendly with Tommy Brown, the scout, although Tommy is considerably his junior. Arthur Robinson does not mind showing that he admires Jennie greatly. Just at present, however, Jennie takes the greatest pride in being the best telephone operator in the exchange. She knows all the girls, likes a good many of them, and has fallen in love with her chief operator, who is very pretty and has two dimples, one in each cheek.

Jennie is rather strong on the thoughtlessness of the public. It seems that when half the city stay up till twelve o'clock on New Year's Eve and then call up their friends to wish them a Happy New Year, this means that telephone girls are kept on duty long after they ought to be in bed. Jennie is also very strong on loyalty to her work, first to the public, and then loyalty to the company. It is pleasant to know that girls like Jennie are to be found in every telephone exchange in Canada; they are paid more in Winnipeg and Vancouver than they are in Toronto and Montreal, but they are the same kind of girls in every city in Canada.

When Matilda Began to be a Stenographer

Matilda took the train into the nearest town with her heart beating hard.

"I am not going to be beat," Matilda said to herself with a fierce composure which she had inherited from Grandpa Dickens.

Outwardly she looked a calm and solid country girl. For Matilda was from the country, and she had resolved to be a stenographer. This shows that Matilda was not the most modern type of a country girl. The most modern type of girl living in the country has begun to realize that there is more chance for a girl-genius to become wealthy and famous in the country than in the city. She knows that the thing to do if you are modern is to organize a hen circle among the neighbors, send the most perfectly fresh things to the most perfectly clamorous market, and so become independent, and a leader among country girls. If the girl prefers, she may organize a country home products association among her young friends. There are many ideas for the modern country girl. But Matilda did not know this, and she proposed to be a stenographer. She wanted to earn her living and to escape from Grandpa Dickens. Afterwards she wanted to be a successful business woman. But that would come later.

HOW DID MATILDA GET THE MONEY?

At home where Matilda used to be, there was Grandpa Dickens, Grandma Dickens, Uncle Lot and his wife and three children. The Dickens farm was a beautiful farm, but Grandpa Dickens was a tyrannous self-willed man. He thought a girl of eighteen – this was Matilda's age – needed no money. Matilda was the daughter of his son Henry; her mother and father were both dead. Matilda, after much perseverance, had obtained from Grandpa Dickens two hundred dollars to pay for her course at the business college. Don't ask me how Matilda got the two hundred dollars! I do not know. She has a good deal of the Dickens character, and she kept at Grandpa Dickens till he gave her the money. She paid fifty-four dollars for a six months' course. She paid another five dollars to the business college for her books. Paper for typewriting was an extra. Matilda found a boarding house and settled down to work.

Candidly, her first impression of the girls at the business college was that most of them were very silly. But then, many of the girls thought Matilda looked too serious and unfriendly for words. Matilda looked with respect and wonder at the ribbon bows on the young ladies' heads. She wished someone had taught her how to dress herself, and above all things, how to do her hair. Yet she was sure that when it came to real intelligence, she was better than any of them. Remember, Matilda is not meant to be a representative country girl. Matilda Dickens is a person all by herself. But she had to learn stenography just like any other girl. Some city girls are stupid, and some of them are silly. Some of them dress too gaily. But some of them are very poor and dress shabbily. Matilda was not shabbily dressed. Then there are many clever girls, and quite a few who dress sensibly. I am only telling you what Matilda thought.

HER BOARDING HOUSE

Then there was Matilda's boarding house. Matilda paid four-twenty-five a week for board and lodging. Pray do not think that Matilda got anything wonderful

for four-twenty-five a week. She could manage to put up with it, but not much more. After Matilda got her first situation – by this time her name was changed to Mattie – she also rented a room and cooked her own food. But by this time the two hundred dollars were all spent, and then too Matilda needed some new clothes. (As long as she was at the business college, she made the clothes which she had brought with her do.)

The business college taught Matilda typewriting, spelling, penmanship, business forms, and stenography. She did not take the commercial course. It cost more and it would have meant staying at the business college nine months. Everything else Matilda found comparatively easy; but the stenography nearly drove her wild. These terrible signs! She never, never, never could remember them. The typewriting was pretty bad, too. Matilda was not a natural typewriter, as some people seem to be. Her fingers did not find the key by instinct. But then, Matilda worked. She stayed up at night far later than she should. She began to look white, and her face was pointed at the chin. Then she did not know anyone in the town. She had no relatives in Bridgesburg; and she did not make friends with the girls at the business college. There came a time when Matilda began to think that grammologs and phraseograms were the only real things in the world, and that the people were nothing but a kind of dream. How these signs twisted and turned before Matilda's eyes. You see, what she needed was a friend and a little friendly talk over things besides stenography.

A TURNING POINT FOR MATILDA

At a business college, new pupils keep coming in all the time. One day a new girl came, Lucy Robinson. She also was a stranger in Bridgesburg. Fortunately for Matilda, who by this time – it was three months from the day when she had left home – was a thin, hard-working looking girl, Lucy asked her to help with some of the work that she did not understand. Of course after three months Matilda knew quite a bit about stenography. She knew far more than Lucy, and this pleased Matilda. She liked to know a lot, and she liked to be able to help people. Matilda and Lucy got to be good friends. Then, too, Lucy's clothes were not gay and fashionable any more than Matilda's. There was every reason why they should get on together.

WHAT THE HEAD SAID

At the end of five months Matilda went to the head of the business college and told him that she thought she would leave before the six months. She thought she was able to take a position. Would he kindly look out for a position for her? The head of the business college had formed quite a respect for Matilda. He did not think she was so very clever. But he believed that she had more character than most girls. He thought she might be slow. But he was of the opinion that Matilda would keep developing. By the time she was twenty-five or so, the head of the business college was inclined to predict that Matilda would have a good place for herself. Perhaps she would be in charge of some business office. Who could tell? He explained to Matilda that what business men wanted was a girl who was interested in her work, who really cared about the work of the office. A good memory and a thorough education were also important. Accuracy was more important than speed. Finally, he said that he would try to get her a place. Perhaps she would have to take six dollars a week. If he

could, he would find her a place at eight dollars. He did not think she could expect more, not without any business experience.

Matilda came away from the interview feeling a good deal of confidence in her future. Sure enough, she did not need to take a position at six dollars a week. She waited two weeks, refusing one or two offers, and then came at a place at eight dollars a week. She started in quite gaily. By this time, Matilda's name was Mattie and she had a large bow of golden brown ribbon carefully placed to the best advantage on her fashionably dressed hair. She would have liked to wear a pink bow, but she had not got as far as pink yet. Yes, Mattie had cheered up considerably, and her dear friend Lucy Robinson had a good deal to do with Mattie's cheerful spirit. Mattie and Lucy rented a room together and took turns in cooking their meals. I would like to say here that I do not think it is a good plan for girls who are working all day to cook their own meals or do their own washing. Unfortunately, many girls cannot afford to do anything else. This, however, is Matilda's story. She was a good cook. She had learned at home, from her aunt, Uncle Lot's wife.

HOW MATTIE LOST A JOB

Mattie started out quite gaily and hopefully to her new position. But to Lucy's surprise she came home feeling much discouraged. The second day she was more discouraged. The third day she had lost her job. Poor Matilda! What was the difficulty? The trouble was that Mattie had hardly ever used a telephone, and in this office she had to look after a little switchboard and mind two buzzers. It was hard luck. Telephoning was not taught at the business college. Mattie was out of work. Still, it did Mattie good in the end. She had been a little too sure of herself. I am glad to say that at present she is earning ten-fifty a week, and she means to climb steadily up in the office where she is. But then, you must understand that Mattie has always taken a serious interest in her work. She means to have twelve dollars a week before very long. No one can tell what Mattie may not have accomplished in the next five years. She, of course, is scarcely an average stenographer.

Delores' Specialty was Making Hats

"But, you see, dear Miss Price," said Dolores, "I would much rather trim hats than practice five-finger exercises. In connection with the keys of a piano my fingers are so many wooden sticks. But give me a yard of ribbon – and you see!"

As she spoke, Dolores placed a large white Panama hat on her knees, swathing round it in fetching folds a yard of ribbon twelve inches deep, and throwing up at one side a towering wing of shimmering lustrous silk. One minute Dolores had nothing but a yard of silk ribbon of a heavenly blue and a white, untrimmed Panama hat. Three minutes later Miss Price gazed in astonishment at a most fashionable hat. Dolores' fingers had wrought the transformation.

Miss Price adjusted her eye glasses and gazed from the hat to her pupil. "You don't mean to be a milliner, do you, my dear?" she inquired in her gentle voice. "Very nice for you to trim your own hats, my dear, and quite right. But your father will expect you to play a little to him in the evenings when he is reading his paper. Still, a very delightful hat, Dolores, quite a gift, my dear."

"You don't know Papa," laughed Dolores in reply. "Papa is much more likely to be taking a hand at a little game of bridge at his club. Papa is a darling, Miss Price, and he wants me to be the kind of daughter I want to be most."

DOLORES' OPPORTUNITY

Three months later, Dolores told Miss Price that she would have to leave school immediately, and that she wanted Miss Price to go with her to Madame Amsterdam's hat shop. In the three months Dolores' papa had lost a deal of money. He had gone to South America to a position where he was likely to do well. Meanwhile, Dolores had every opportunity to show that millinery was the one occupation for which she had a talent. But "genius" was the word that Dolores' schoolgirl friends used. Dolores had a genius for millinery.

Madame Amsterdam was the most fashionable milliner in the city where Dolores had attended Miss Price's school. Dolores had happened to hear that Madame took apprentices and trained them very carefully. This is not the case in every milliner's shop. But the Amsterdam hat requires the touch of an artist. It also requires the work of a well-taught milliner. No careless sewing, no thrown together hats are tolerated in the Amsterdam establishment. All this Dolores knew. She had debated for some time between going to classes at a technical school and asking Madame Amsterdam to take her as an apprentice. Dolores had decided that it would be better for her to go direct into the Amsterdam shop. She wanted to be an artistic milliner, but she knew that at the same time she would have to learn the ordinary rules of millinery.

A DOLORES HAT

Dolores' plan was that she would work for Madame Amsterdam, who would perhaps give her five or six dollars a week if she was a promising worker, and that in her evenings she would take orders for hats from her friends. Dolores had been trimming hats for her girl friends at Miss Price's school for two years. She knew of at least twenty girls and their mothers who would be willing to take a Dolores hat. The

hat would cost less because Dolores was a beginner, and at the same time Dolores knew that her hats would have a certain style and beauty which it is not always possible to buy even at a very good millinery establishment.

Now, Miss Price happened to be a good customer of Madame Amsterdam's. When Madame heard Dolores' story and saw Dolores herself she consented, although with some hesitation, to take Dolores into her work room. But she would not consent until she heard that Dolores had an allowance of thirty dollars a month. Dolores was quite frank about it.

MOTHER'S ALLOWANCE

"Mother says, Madame Amsterdam, ,that she can allow me thirty dollars a month. But I want to take that thirty dollars just as short a time as possible. I want to make mother an allowance. I don't want to take money from mother."

As it happened, Madame Amsterdam was passionately fond of her own mother, a gentle old lady who lived with her. What Dolores said about wanting to give an allowance to her mother settled any doubt that there had been in Madame's mind. It was arranged that Dolores was to begin as one of Madame's apprentices the next Monday morning. Meanwhile, Madame herself took Dolores to a boarding house which was only round the corner from where Madame lived.

Dolores had been right. Her talent was for millinery. In a few months she was getting from the Amsterdam establishment a salary of fifteen dollars a week. In nine months Dolores was trusted to help Madame Amsterdam in her own work, and by that time her salary was very good indeed. [By] the end of the year she was earning twenty-five dollars.

NOT WHAT HAPPENS TO APPRENTICES

I would not have any girl think who wants to be a milliner that Dolores' story is typical of what happens to every apprentice in a milliner's shop. Quite the contrary. In the first place, Dolores had been already trimming hats for two years. She had an intuition about the shape of hats adapted to the appearance of any particular customer which was nothing less than remarkable. Her color sense was also remarkable; and she had these very clever hands which could handle silks and satins, chiffons and ninons and all the most delicate fabrics with a sureness of touch that never needs to fuss over a bow or a fold. Then, too, Dolores was older than most apprentices. Her age would have been against her if she had known nothing about millinery; but since she had already taught herself a great deal by practice and observation, it was only natural that Dolores, at eighteen, could learn far more quickly in the Amsterdam work rooms than Louise of fifteen, who was a bright little girl but scarcely knew how to thread a needle.

Dolores now has a good deal to do with choosing apprentices for Madame Amsterdam. She says that she is always interested in girls who want to be milliners, and she wants to be kind to them, since she herself received so much kindness when she was an apprentice. Some of the girls who apply, she advises to go to a wholesale house for their training. Some she advises not to be milliners, but to learn some other trade. There are few trades for girls that need a more distinct gift than millinery. If a girl has it in her to be a milliner, it will show very quickly. She ought to sew, to

handle materials, and to combine colors. She should have good eyesight, good endurance – for sometimes in the busy season the hours are very long – and above all, her hands ought to be dry and she should be able to use her fingers quickly. If as well she is neat and careful about her own appearance, it is likely that she will make a good milliner.

No girl can support herself entirely while she is learning to be a milliner. She is likely to be paid a little money while she is an apprentice. But it will be some time before she is earning as much as five, six or seven dollars a week. After a couple of years she ought to be able to make about ten dollars a week as a maker of hats. Trimmers get from fifteen to twenty, or twenty-five dollars a week. Designers in big establishments receive higher wages. But twenty-five dollars a week is regarded as a good salary for a milliner.

THE SHORT SEASON

The difficulty for the milliner who is dependent wholly on what she earns is the short season. She may be idle four months in the year. It is hard to save enough money, even from a good salary, to keep one's self without working four months. In a shop like Madame Amsterdam's, she gives her girls only a month's vacation without pay, sometimes six weeks. In big departmental stores the milliners are working most of the time. In the slack season they can go into other departments of the store. But the majority of milliners are idle three or four months. If they are good managers, they can use these months to make their own clothing, to trim hats for their friends and so make money. Or they can work at other employment as saleswomen, waiters, nurse maids, etc.

The knack for millinery is a gift, Dolores says, but at the same time every milliner should learn how to sew carefully, and how to measure accurately

Katie Simpson and Telegraphy

"I don't know what I am going to make of you," said Katie's grandmother to Katie. There was a curious contrast between the old lady, Mrs. Simpson, and her granddaughter. Mrs. Simpson was seventy, stout, slow and ponderous. Katie was fourteen, and looks twelve; she was a little girl with blue eyes, and she had a quick sidelong way of looking at you which made one feel that Katie was not quite sure whether or not you meant to be kind to her. She made very little noise in the world; she went about quietly; but the fact was that no one knew much about what Katie was like. Mrs. Simpson was poor. Katie's father had died some years before, and Katie's mother, when she married again, had left her only little girl with the grandmother.

KATIE'S FATHER HAD BEEN A TELEGRAPHER

Mrs. Simpson was rather a complaining old person. She made constant references to the fact that she had hardly enough to put on her back or into her mouth, let alone to do the same for the child. Then, too, she made a practice of consulting with her friends and acquaintances with regard to any possible occupation for Katie. The child herself did not appear to be particularly interested. Yet when Ben Grogan, who had been a good friend of her father, said to Mrs. Simpson that Katie had better come into the office where he was chief operator and learn telegraphy, I believe that Katie was better pleased than if she had been sent to be a cash girl, or put to learn any other trade. Katie's father had been a telegrapher, and Katie had always understood that he had made a name for himself among other telegraphers.

Then, too, the girl was fond of reading stories, whenever and wherever she could find any stories to read. Most of the books in the house had belonged to her father, and a good many of them were about telegraphy and the men who had risen from being telegraph operators to being financiers and railway presidents. It did occur to Katie some time after she entered the telegraph office that it was always men telegraphers who had risen to be railway presidents. Nothing was said of what happened to women who were telegraphers. Our friend Katie was an ambitious young person, although her grandmother had no idea that this was so; if she was to be a telegraph operator, she meant to become known like her father in the telegraphing world.

So Ben Grogan made a place for the small girl in the head office where he was chief operator; and this is almost the last that Ben Grogan has to do with the story. He was always kind to Katie, but he was a great deal too busy to know much about what she was doing. Instead of Ben Grogan we shall hear of Annie Farebrother, and her friend Sadie Rogers. But first we must start Katie on her way as a telegrapher.

She was paid eighteen dollars a month. Her hours, generally speaking, were from eight in the morning until six at night. One hour in the day she went into the school and learned telegraphy, and after she had been at the work six months and had become really interested, she used to come back two evenings a week to go to the school. Her work as check girl was to carry messages from one line to another, and to do what she was told. Annie Farebrother, for instance, was the operator on a line

which was fairly busy. It was said in the office that Miss Farebrother was almost as good an operator as a man, and could hold down her line as well as anyone in the office. She had learned telegraphy from her brother, who was operator in a small town about one hundred miles from the head office. When Annie became expert at the business, she thought she would like to come into the head office, and they found a place for her. Her salary at the time when Katie began to learn was sixty dollars a month; Miss Farebrother had been in the head office five years.

SHE STARTED AS A CHECK GIRL

She was first attracted by Katie Simpson because the little girl looked as if she were hardly able to find her way about the big noisy room, crowded with machines and people, and wracked with noise from morning till night. But, as we know, Katie was not as shy and helpless as she looked. It was a good day for Katie, however, when Miss Farebrother spoke to the girl who was carrying her messages over to the Winnipeg line and said, "Say, little girl, what did you eat for breakfast this morning? You don't look to me as if you had two bites to eat for a week." It was quite true that Mrs. Simpson did not give Katie much to eat; but at the same time she was not really hungry, nor actually starving. From that day, Miss Farebrother took an interest in Katie and made it possible for her to learn telegraphy more rapidly and more thoroughly than she could have done otherwise. She found to her surprise that the quiet little girl who seemed so backward and almost slow had the very valuable quality of never letting go until she found some way of doing what she wanted to do. She was going to learn telegraphy, no matter how hard she had to work at it.

Little Katie Simpson was the kind of girl who would not admit that she could be beaten. Still, no matter how hard anyone works, it takes three or four years for a girl to become a really good operator. Before that time, however, Katie made considerable progress. When she had been two years on the staff she was on a sporting ticker and was paid twenty-five dollars a month. Old Mrs. Simpson looked after her money for her, and felt rather well satisfied that her granddaughter at sixteen was able to add about six dollars a week to the family purse. But Katie had confided in Miss Farebrother that when she got her next raise, she intended giving her grandmother so much a week for her board and lodging and keeping the rest of her money herself to pay for clothes, car tickets, lunches, etc. It is an interesting fact that girls who are the best workers prefer to handle their money themselves, while those girls who take their wage envelopes home unopened are not, as a rule, as keen about the way in which they do their work.

WHO SADIE ROGERS WAS

But it is time for us to hear about Miss Farebrother's friend, Sadie Rogers. Sadie had also learned telegraphy in a small town. Her sister had been an operator, and Said had taught herself with very little difficulty. Sadie was an extremely pretty girl, with nice manners; Annie Farebrother was older, not as good looking, and worked a great deal harder than Sadie. They were great friends, and they roomed together. It was when Miss Farebrother invited Katie home with her to tea that our little telegraph operator first met Sadie Rogers. Sadie had come to the city to take a position as operator in a drug store where there was an agency for a telegraph

company. Her work was agreeable; the place in which she worked was quiet and well ventilated; she had not much strain to undergo in her daily work; she was a good operator; and she drew a salary of forty dollars a month – to be raised to forty-five next Christmas.

It did not take long for Katie to make up her mind that Sadie Rogers, at forty dollars a month, had rather the best of it. She could see that Miss Farebother was getting worn and old in the head office, where she was such a good operator that she could hold down her line as well as a man. Down there they worked all the time in a deafening noise. There were few intermissions in the work. It was drive, drive all day long. Yet Katie loved it; because she had inherited an instinct for telegraphy. She did not mind the noise; she loved the excitement, and the feeling that one was close in touch with the business of the world. Yet she could see that the nervous strain was telling on Miss Farebrother. "She feels it more than I do," said Katie, and wondered why. Katie had a good nervous equipment, very good indeed, but Miss Farebrother had been a telegraph operator for seven or eight years. She had lost a good deal of the nervous force with which she had begun.

MISS FAREBROTHER MARRIES

"I tell you, Miss Farebrother," said Katie one day, "I think it would be so nice if you had an agency somewhere. Then you would get the commission and wouldn't have to work so hard; and you could hire me to work for you."

Miss Farebrother laughed and said that would be a splendid plan; only she had promised to get married next year. Almost every telegraph operator gets married, so they say in telegraph offices. Katie says that if she does not get married, herself, she is going to get an agency somehow. Very few women telegraphers get agencies, but Katie is the kind of girl who gets what she wants because she keeps on trying for it. At least she means, before many years, to have as good a salary as is paid to the best women operators, and that is eighty or eighty-five dollars a month.

How Lily Marshall Learned Dressmaking

Lily's mother kept boarders. She was a widow, and while Lily was useful to Mrs. Marshall in buying provisions and helping to make out the boarders' accounts, she tried to keep the girl as much as possible out of the way of the people who boarded in the house. Mrs. Marshall wanted Lily to stay at school. She believed that her daughter had it in her to become important in some way. Perhaps she would make a teacher, or a book-keeper, or an actress. Miss Constantine, who had been boarding with Mrs. Marshall for two years, had quite different ideas as to Lily's future. Miss Constantine was the head of the dressmaking department at Fielding and Hollis, which was the biggest, smartest store in town. She had been quite sure ever since she had first come to Mrs. Marshall's boarding house that Lily ought to be a dressmaker.

SIGNS OF A BORN DRESSMAKER

Lily had all the marks of a girl who ought to be a dressmaker. She had good eyesight, a fine sense of color, and she had clever hands. She was quick in her movements, and she could keep steadily at one piece of work. Then Lily was the neatest little person about her clothes, and she liked sewing. When Lily was a few months over fourteen, Miss Constantine persuaded Mrs. Marshall to let the girl go into the dressmaking department at Fielding and Hollis's.

How did Lily feel about having to learn dressmaking? Lily herself had always wanted to be a dressmaker. She could remember having spent some of her time in planning dresses either for her mother or herself, or even for ladies whom she met on the street when she was going to market to get fresh country eggs at two cents less a dozen than Mrs. Marshall could buy them at the grocer's. But Lily had a special reason for being glad when Miss Constantine persuaded her mother to let her become a dressmaker's apprentice. Lily admired Miss Constantine extremely. The head dressmaker was a tall commanding woman with a fine figure; she was very clever, too, and she had a manner which impressed not only Lily, but also the customers who came to Fielding and Hollis's. Lily began to learn dressmaking with lively feelings of being an uncommonly lucky girl.

So indeed she was; but as it happened, a great deal of Lily Marshall's luck consisted in the fact that she was an intelligent little girl, and that she had learned a good deal buying provisions for Mrs. Marshall's boarding house and helping to make out the boarders' accounts. Also, Mrs. Marshall had carefully impressed on Lily the great truth that if you ever want to become anything, it depends almost altogether on your own exertions.

THE DRESSMAKING APPRENTICE

Although Lily was not fifteen, she very soon discovered that she was not going to learn dressmaking rapidly in the dressmaking department at Fielding and Hollis's. Rather, it would be more correct to say that she would not be taught by anyone; she would have to teach herself. Every fitter, designer, waist hand, skirt hand, improver, finisher, sleeve maker, and collar maker, was just as busy as she could be; far too busy to teach Lily anything.

Miss Constantine sat in a small room where she received customers, designed costumes, settled prices, and so on. She had an excellent idea of what everyone was doing. She was very good indeed to Lily. But Miss Constantine could not possibly do more than drop a hint now and then to the clever, thoughtful little apprentice. Lily, fortunately, was both clever and thoughtful. She very soon made up her mind that some of the dressmakers were better to learn from than others. It did not take her long to discover which of the dressmakers had the most style. If you had gone into the dressmaking department you would have noticed that Lily was generally to be found near the most interesting work. Miss Constantine noticed this, of course; and she smiled to herself. She had not been mistaken in believing that Lily was a born dressmaker.

The only question remaining to be settled was whether Lily would stay a skirt hand, a sleeve maker, or a designer; or whether she would show that unmistakable organizing ability which would promote her eventually to be the head of a department, or send her into a successful dressmaking establishment of her own. Meanwhile, however, Lily had had many talks with Miss Constantine. Few indeed are the dressmaker's apprentices who have the head of the department for a friend. Yet every good head of a dressmaking department takes an interest in the girls who work for her. She knows where they live. She goes to see them if they are ill. And she insists that they should either live at home or in some good boarding house where she knows that they will be safe and well looked after.

IT TAKES FOUR YEARS TO LEARN

From what Lily could see herself in the dressmaking rooms, and from her talks with Miss Constantine, it was quite plain that it would take her three or four years to become a skilled dressmaker. Even then she would still have a great deal to learn. She had begun on two-fifty a week; and it would be well on to two years before she was earning five dollars a week. Still she knew, because Miss Constantine had told her, that a fitter who is the head of a department can get a salary of twenty-five, thirty, or even forty dollars a week. Miss Constantine herself had never told Lily what her own salary was. But Lily had heard other dressmakers say that Miss Constantine got seventy-five dollars a week. Some heads can expect as much as one hundred dollars a week.

Lily had made up her mind that it was worth while working hard to learn dressmaking for three or four years because she knew that she could hope some day to hold such a position as Miss Constantine held now. At the end of four years she might be a waist finisher earning ten dollars a week, and in another year she would perhaps be getting fifteen dollars a week. If she ever did own a dressmaking establishment of her own, Lily knew that she could make an income of anything from one thousand dollars to six thousand dollars a year. There can be no doubt about it that dressmaking as a trade offers remarkably good financial prospects to a clever, artistic dressmaker, with organizing ability.

But this is not exactly what Lily Marshall wants to do. She has talked about her plans to Miss Constantine, and while Miss Constantine herself would not want to do what Lily wants to do, she thinks it is a great plan.

"You know, Miss Constantine," says Lily, "girls who are dressmakers' apprentices don't get a fair show. I mean ordinary girls, not girls with luck like me, for I had you, and no girl could help getting on who had you for a friend. But ordinary girls, they go into a shop, and get paid two a week, and nobody cares what they do. They don't have a fair chance to be dressmakers. What I want to do is to have a school where girls can go and be taught dressmaking, and taught other trades too. I want to be the head dressmaking teacher in that school. I like girls, and I know I could teach them in two years so that they could go right into a dressmaking establishment and earn a good living. We would make dresses in my school and sell them, but the first thing would be to teach the girls to be good dressmakers. You know now there are hundreds of girls who only half learn dressmaking, and who never do good work nor make a good living."

"I believe you are right, Lily," said Miss Constantine, "you are a great girl, sure. But I always planned that you would have a place of your own."

"I know I won't make as much money," replied Lily, "but my mother would admire to have me a teacher. And I like girls. I want to see girls who are learning to be dressmakers have a fair chance."

Margaret Wentworth at the Hospital

(Margaret Wentworth's story is told in response to an appeal from a Western Canadian girl who, like Margaret Wentworth, has been left without money to get into training, and who wants to know how much it costs to become a trained nurse. Nursing was not included in the original plan for these Next Step Stories; but the query from the Western Canadian girl could not be disregarded.)

Margaret Wentworth was a pretty girl, but she was not all dimples and laughter like many pretty Canadian girls we know. Her brow was serious, as were her eyes. Her hair was dark, [and] her eyes were dark blue and clear. It will help you to see Margaret as I want you to see her if you imagine this girl dressed in black, with her pretty pink cheeks and her fair ski, and her serious eyes. So she looked as she sat, very much in earnest, talking to her Aunt Elizabeth about what she would do to earn her living.

HOW MUCH MONEY DOES A NURSE IN TRAINING NEED?

It was only a few weeks since her father had died. Margaret was the eldest of the family, and as Aunt Elizabeth said, better able to plan for herself than the little mother who had always had someone to work and plan for her. Margaret's mother, her younger sister and her two younger brothers were going to live with Uncle Jack. Margaret wanted to earn her own living at once, and as soon as possible she wanted to send back money to her mother. Fortunately for Margaret, she knew exactly how she wanted to earn a living. Her Aunt Elizabeth was a nurse, and Margaret had always wanted to be a nurse, too. The question was, how was she going to get her training when she had literally no more than twenty-five dollars a year? This twenty-five dollars, Aunt Elizabeth had said that she was willing to give her. Margaret's allowance would amount to fifty cents a week. Aunt Elizabeth sent money home, and she was saving so that when she and Robert Nelson were able to get married she would have a few hundred dollars to buy her share of the household goods. Margaret knew that when Aunt Elizabeth offered her twenty-five dollars a year, it meant a great deal of love and self-sacrifice.

A GOOD STOCK OF CLOTHES

"Yes, you can do it," said Aunt Elizabeth. "You have a good stock of clothes. If you were not so well by in underclothes and dresses, you would not be able to manage. But as you are, you will scarcely need anything more in the two years. You can either come to Roxborough where I am nursing and get your training at Beauplace Hospital where I was trained, or you can stay right here in Hometown and get your training in the city hospital. There are scores of Canadian cities and Canadian hospitals where girls can train to be nurses, and get just as good training as they will anywhere. This is true of almost any part of Canada. Of course, to be a graduate of a famous school helps a girl to get cases in the beginning. But if the doctors know your work in the hospital and believe that you are a good nurse, you will not have any difficulty in getting private cases right from the day you complete your training."

Margaret, however, decided that she would go to Roxborough with her Aunt Elizabeth. Her mother was leaving Hometown. Their home was being broken up. She

felt that she would be happier with her aunt in a strange city than she would be in the Hometown alone. I cannot say that I wholly agree with this decision of Margaret's. There is a great deal to be said for Canadian girls who want to be trained nurses getting their training at home. Of course, they must make up their minds that the training of a nurse means strict discipline. It means living and working in the hospital. There can be no running home at all hours. The hospital is the place I which their chief interest in life must be centred.

ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES

But Margaret went with her Aunt Elizabeth down to Roxborough. Aunt Elizabeth knew exactly how everything ought to be done. She advised Margaret just how to have her probationer's uniforms made. She warned her to be very careful as to the kind of shoes she bought. She told her how to care of her feet. This is one of the chief difficulties that a nurse has in her training. It is no uncommon thing for a young nurse to be laid up completely on account of the soreness of her feet. Aunt Elizabeth told Margaret exactly what she ought to do about bathing her feet, using boracic powder, changing her stockings frequently. Fortunately Margaret was not only a healthy girl; she was a sensible girl, as well. She understood that it was better to eat wholesome food at regular intervals, that she should sleep as much as possible, even when on night duty, and that she should go out for fresh air. She found to her astonishment that many of the nurses spent practically all their time in the hospital, and even when off duty stayed in their rooms. "A ride on the street cars is cheap," Aunt Elizabeth used to say to Margaret. "Get all the fresh air you can. A really good nurse does all she can to keep herself well."

WHEN SHE WAS A PROBATIONER

Was Margaret able to manage on her fifty cents a week? She found to her surprise that a number of nurses had not even fifty cents a week for spending money. This was one of the reasons why some of them so seldom went out. It cost nothing to stay in the hospital. But once outside the hospital grounds, it was difficult to keep from spending money. It is possible, however, for a nurse to get her training and spend very little money during the two years in the hospital. Let us see how Margaret Wentworth managed.

When she arrived at Beauplace Hospital, she had an excellent supply of clothes, both underclothes and dresses to wear when she was off duty. She had her probationer's uniforms and a good supply of aprons, cuffs and collars, also Aunt Elizabeth had helped her to choose two pairs of good sensible shoes with low rubber heels and wide toes. She had, as well, an extra supply of stockings. Her probation lasted three months. She was anxious lest she should not be successful. But she was fortunate in the head nurses for whom she worked. They were kind ad taught her a great deal. Sometimes a head nurse is very sharp and severe with a probationer. Margaret, however, was so neatly dressed and quick in her work that a head nurse would have had little reason to find fault with her. She was not saucy, and she was willing to learn. Sometimes probationers bring most of their troubles on themselves. This was not the case with Margaret Wentworth. At the end of her three months' probation she was accepted.

SHOES AND STOCKINGS COST MONEY

Beauplace hospital gives nurses in training ten dollars a month. With this they are supposed to buy their uniforms, caps and aprons, and the textbooks required for study in the training school. Margaret found that if she was careful, she was able to buy her shoes and stockings, as well. One of the nurse's largest expenditures is for shoes and stockings. Then for car rides, church collection, and an occasional treat she had her week's allowance of fifty cents. Occasionally Aunt Elizabeth and Margaret would save up and go to the theatre together. But neither of them could afford the pleasure often. Some of the nurses in training had money to spend. A number of them spent practically nothing, which means, of course, that they had nothing to spend. It is the usual practice for a hospital either to make nurses in training an allowance, or to provide them with text books, uniforms, caps and aprons.

Margaret turned out to be an excellent nurse. I think Aunt Elizabeth's experience and advice had a good deal to do with Margaret's success. At the end of her two years' training she was offered the position of head nurse in the operating room. This was a great feather in Margaret's cap, since the operating room in Beauplace Hospital is famous. But the last news I had of Margaret Wentworth was that she had gone to a new town in Saskatchewan to open a hospital. She is practically single-handed, having not even a trained nurse to help her, and only one probationer. I am sure, however, that Margaret's new hospital will be a credit to her.

Aunt Elizabeth by this time is married to Robert Nelson. In two or three years' time, the chances are that Margaret will be married herself, or else she will be the head of a hospital which has just moved into a beautiful new building, with a staff of ten nurses and six probationers. For this is the happy rate at which life moves in the West of Canada.

Helen Brown Learns Shampooing

There were four sisters of the Browns, and dear knows! most houses that have five women at home are somewhat crowded. But Elizabeth, Helen, Jessie and Dorcas, and their mother, Mrs. Brown., were of the kind that do not produce friction. They were all large, easy-going, good-tempered, healthy persons. Mrs. Brown was a woman of about fifty-five. Her husband had been dead seventeen years. She had always had quite enough to do keeping house for the boys. It never seemed to strike Mrs. Brown that she was keeping house for the girls, as well. Yet in a way she was correct, for Elizabeth, Helen, Jessie and Dorcas divided the work of the house amongst them. Mrs. Brown directed, but she did not herself work, which was quite right when she had worked hard when they were all young children.

It was a credit to Mrs. Brown, I consider, to recognize when the girls were old enough to do the work without any help from her except advice. One sees so many Canadian mothers who keep on working long after the girls should do the work of the house, and let the mother only direct the work. But there did come a time when it seemed as if four girls had scarcely enough to do in the Brown household. As long as Jessie and Dorcas were both at school, Elizabeth and Helen were sufficiently occupied with the housework, sewing and mending, and plenty of play. The Browns all loved play, which was one reason why they were so healthy. But Jessie and Dorcas had quite enough of school, and insisted on coming home for good. Then Elizabeth married Robert Duncan, who sang in the same church choir. Elizabeth had a pretty soprano voice.

Helen declared after Elizabeth's wedding that she must find some work. She wasn't sure that she would ever marry. She was twenty-three, and she couldn't stand having Jessie and Dorcas bossing around the house as if they were the only people who knew anything. This was unfair to Jessie and Dorcas, both of whom were good-natured, simple young persons. But Helen had been somewhat unsettled by Elizabeth's marriage. It had occurred to her that likely her brothers, Tom and William, would both very shortly to get married, themselves. In that case it would be advisable for a further source of income to be established in the Brown family.

None of the Browns ever worried about the future. But Helen, without being exactly clever, was a young woman of good judgment and some force of character. She knew very well that the grocery business left by her father, which was so well managed by Tom and William and in which every one of them had a share, although the biggest share belonged to Mrs. Brown, would not support three households, the old home where her mother, herself and Jessie and Dorcas lived, and two other homes, which so far existed in her imagination only, that Tom and William were likely to get for themselves.

HELEN'S GOOD HANDS

Helen thought for some time before she decided what she would like to do. Then she went to have a talk with Agnes Smith, the dressmaker, who was an old friend of the family. Now, Agnes Smith had a friend who had come from the country district where she had lived when she was a girl. This friend, Miss Williams, had an

establishment for shampooing and manicuring. According to Agnes Smith, this was exactly the kind of work at which Helen Brown would make a success. "You have nice hands," she said to Helen, "and you are clean and tidy. Your hair is good and your teeth are good and you have a restful way with you. You aren't bossy nor nervous and I would rather have you about me than most people I know. Now, if it happens that you have an inclination to be a hair-dresser and a manicurist, I [will] make sure that this is just the chance for you to get into a good business."

So Agnes Smith took Helen to see Miss Williams one evening, and it turned out exactly as she had predicted. Miss Williams liked the look of Helen and said she was just the kind of girl she wanted. Twenty-three was a good age. She was never willing to take a girl under twenty, and when a woman got to be more than thirty-five her hands weren't supple enough to learn to do the rubbing. It was agreed almost at once that Helen was to go into Miss Williams' establishment to learn to be a hairdresser.

LEARNING TO BE A HAIRDRESSER

Miss Williams said that it takes the average girl about three months to learn the trade. Some establishments only take pupils who will pay a fee of twenty-five dollars. But Miss Williams said what with living so high, and most girls being some use after the first couple of weeks, that she would not ask any fee. It is usual enough, however, to pay twenty-five dollars to learn shampooing and hair-dressing, and another twenty-five to be taught manicuring, which is a distinct business by itself, although generally speaking manicuring and hairdressing are conducted in the same establishment. If Helen had not been living at home, she would need to have had about one hundred dollars to carry her through this period of three months' learning. What with board and other expenses, and perhaps paying a fee, a girl needs all of one hundred dollars to pay her way until she becomes expert enough to earn a living by shampooing. But Helen got on very well indeed with Miss Williams.

As Agnes Smith had said, Helen was exactly the kind of girl to go in for hairdressing. She had a good physique. She was neat and tidy, and the customers who came to Miss Williams found her more than usually agreeable. Helen had always been more than usually quick to learn to do anything with her hands. At the end of six weeks Miss Williams told her that she was worth wages, and that she would give her what she gave to girls who had put in their time learning, that is, seven dollars a week.

Dear me, but Helen was pleased with herself when at the end of seven weeks she went home with her first week's wages. Mrs. Brown was greatly impressed, and told her to have some sense about the way she spent her money. But by this time Helen had made up her mind what she was going to do with any money that she could save after paying for her clothes and giving something towards household expenses.

Agnes Smith and Helen had talked over the prospects before a young woman who was a shampooer, and they had decided between them that what Helen was to do was to have customers of her own and to go from house to house attending to her clients in their own houses.

WHAT IS FAIR TO MISS WILLIAMS

Helen had talked the future over with Miss Williams as well, and had explained to her that although she was happy and contented in the Williams establishment, she thought it would be better for her to be by herself, with her own customers. She thought she could do better for herself in this way. Miss Williams quite agreed with her, but she reminded Helen that at the time when she came to her to be trained she had explained that she would expect Helen to stay with her two or three years. It would not be worth while otherwise for Miss Williams to give her the training of a hairdresser for nothing. Helen herself would not consider it fair [if] after staying with Miss Williams six months she were to go off and begin a business of her own. Helen quite agreed with this, and besides she knew that she was learning more every day that she stayed in the Williams establishment. Miss Williams did not make a specialty of fashionable hairdressing. But she did make a specialty of massage, and this Helen took to as if she had been a born masseuse. Her hands were extremely restful. Miss Williams also had taken a fancy to Miss Helen, and she took special pains to make her an expert shampooer. After Helen had been with Miss Williams a year and a half, she was earning nine dollars a week, and at the end of two years and a half Miss Williams had advanced her to eleven dollars. By this time Helen was an expert manicurist as well as an accomplished shampooer. She no longer did much of the housework at home. For as Mrs. Brown sensibly said, "Girls who work for wages shouldn't tire themselves out working after they come home," and again Helen knew that she needed to keep her hands in good condition for her work.

HER OWN BUSINESS

By this time, however, she was getting very much interested in starting a business of her own. She knew that twelve dollars a week was all that Miss Williams ever would be likely to give her. She wanted to earn more than that, and yet she did not want to have the care, work and anxiety of having a big establishment such as Miss Williams had herself. No, what Helen wanted was a little business of her own with a round of customers whom she would visit in their homes. Again she consulted Agnes Smith.

"You and Miss Williams are both friends of mine," [said Agnes]. "I don't consider that it would be fair of you to take away any of Miss Williams' customers, and I know you wouldn't want to do it, and she wouldn't want you to, naturally. But if I were you, I would get cards printed with your name and "expert manicurist and hairdresser," and your terms. You don't live near the part of the city where Miss Williams has her business. Now, get that Mr. Bertram, your friend who is a druggist, to have some of your cards on his counter, and I will give you a list of some of my customers that I know do not go to Miss Williams. Send your cards to them. No, I believe it would be better for you to call and see some of them. I am sure that in a few weeks you will have quite a nice little group of ladies wanting you to come regularly and give them a shampoo."

It turned out exactly as Agnes Smith had said. By this time Helen has quite a business of her own. I understand that week in and week out she makes about fifteen dollars a week, and she is her own mistress, although, of course, she is governed by

the demands of her work, as we all are governed, and very good this governing is for all of us. Miss Williams says of Helen that not only was she a good pupil and a good worker, she has been also scrupulously honest and right in her dealings with the establishment where she learned her trade, which unfortunately is not always true. Sometimes girls take away customers from the woman who has done her best to teach them how to make a living. But then, Helen had the advantage of having Agnes Smith's advice.

Daisy's Way with Children

"I am sure," said Grandmother McEntee, half-tearfully, "all I want is for Daisy to make the best of herself." […] Daisy was eighteen, and like most Canadian girls she was attractive in appearance. She has a fine clear complexion, a good figure, she carried herself well, and her teeth and hair were in excellent condition. Daisy not only looked strong and well, actually was well. It is possible that the McEntee family did not realize how valuable this good health and good appearance were to Daisy.

Any girl with good health who looks healthy and strong is in a far better position for her lifework than a girl who neither looks well nor is well. Generally speaking, the average girl can keep herself fin good health. It largely depends on proper food, proper bathing, proper rest, [and] taking sufficient exercise. Housework is one of the best forms of exercise if the work is done in a sensible, hygienic way and being out much in the open air. All these health conditions are possible to the average Canadian girl. Daisy had them all. She had in addition a good constitution. And as a consequence, it really was a pleasure to look at Daisy.

She had been two years at high school, and she agreed with her grandmother that it was time that she had begun to earn her own living. But Daisy could not tell what she wanted to do. She did not want to teach, although she was fond of children. She did not want to be a stenographer like her aunt Jane, although she would not say so, since that might hurt her aunt Jane's feelings. In fact, she did not know what she wanted to do. She knew a good deal about cooking; her grandmother had taught her. She was handy with her needle, like her aunt Jessie [who] helped the village dressmaker. She did not want to be a trained nurse, like Maud Price, who was a friend of aunt Jane's. What was she to do?

In the end, the happy suggestion came from uncle David. Little Benjy Price, nephew of Maude Price, came walking up the street of McEnteeburg, and as soon as he saw Daisy sitting on the steps of the verandah, he ran into the McEntee garden and threw himself into Daisy's arms.

"I tell you what," said uncle David. "Daisy is just cut out to be a nursery maid."

WHAT IS A TRAINED NURSERY MAID?

At first Grandmother McEntee would not hear of it. But when David explained to her that as a man of the world he knew more than she did about what a well brought up girl could do, she began to soften a little towards the idea. There could be no doubt that Daisy had a gift with children. She loved taking care of children more than any other work in the world.

When she heard from uncle David that at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto there is a short course of training for nursery maids, and that at the end of four months a girl can graduate from the hospital with a certificate as a trained nurse maid, nothing would satisfy Daisy but writing to find out how soon she could go. It was uncle David who stood by her and overcame the family opposition, although he stated plainly that he considered the McEntees very backward people.

"Why," he said, "isn't it plain that a girl can't learn anything better than how to take care of children? When she marries, she will know how to bring up her own

children, and meanwhile she will be making good boys and girls. I don't know why anyone should think that Daisy needs any better work. You all can see how happy she will be with children, and how children love her."

WHERE SHE WAS TRAINED

So it happened that Daisy McEntee entered the Children's Hospital at Toronto. It is the only place in Canada, as far as I know, where this training is given for a nursery maid. But here are several such places in the States; for instance, there are two training courses for nursery maids given by the city of Boston.

When Daisy went to the hospital she had to pass inspection by the superintendent of the nurses, for great care is taken that only girls of a high class enter this course. After being accepted she was paid six dollars a month. She was taught how to take care of the rooms where children are, how to make beds, to sweep and dust, how to take care of babies, wash, dress and feed them, weigh them, take their temperatures, and other such general work. She was taught also how to care for simple nursery emergencies and to give medicine only under the order of a physician or the mother of a child. She was taught how to prepare children's food and how children ought to be fed. She was advised to take particular interest in the best children's stories, and to take pains to tell stories well. Then, too, her dressmaking knowledge was very useful, since the best nursery maids are expected to look after the children's clothes, and sometimes even to buy them.

WHAT DAISY DID FOR JULIA

You can imagine what a splendid children's nursery maid Daisy McEntee was at the end of her four months' course. As soon as her training was over there was a place waiting for her, since there is a greater demand for trained nursery maids than can be supplied. Her first place was very exacting; she had to take charge of an invalid child. But the little girl got so fond of Daisy, and she was so dependent on her nurse that Daisy was almost heartbroken when the Dents went to Europe and took Julia for special treatment. They did not take Daisy, since the doctor said that they must have a trained nurse for Julia.

Daisy is now with the Pattersons, and she has to take care of three children, two boys and a girl, five, three and one and a half years old. With the Dents she was paid a salary of twenty-five dollars a month, and all her living expenses, of course. The Pattersons gave her thirty dollars a month. As, Mrs. Patterson says, one has only to look at Daisy and the three children to see how worth while it is to pay a trained nursery maid thirty dollars a month, and to know that one's precious children are with a kind, high-principled, well educated, careful, trained nursery maid when they are not with their mother.

Euphemia, Food Expert

When she was eighteen, it did not take Euphemia [Bain] long to make up her mind that she would sell her cakes, pastry and bread. Fine cooking was an employment ready to her hand. She was successful from the beginning, and soon had as many orders as she could fill. She did not overwork, however, and she engaged a boy who lived in the neighborhood to deliver her cakes and bread. Euphemia was making quite a nice little sum of money when Mr. Bain was killed in a railroad accident, and Mrs. Bain died in a few months from the effect of the shock. It was necessary now for Euphemia to support herself altogether. She could no longer go on baking at home, because she no longer had the house and she had very little capital, not enough to set her up in business. She applied for a position as housekeeper in a girls' school, and she was fortunate in securing the appointment.

Now Euphemia discovered that while she could cook beautifully, could plan meals well, and was an excellent buyer, there was still something lacking. She had not a scientific knowledge of food values. Oh, there was a great deal about food that even Euphemia did not know! She had learned something about invalid cookery, but there was still a great deal about diet which was a mystery to Euphemia. By this time she was twenty-three years old, and she was as eager to begin as any student who ever went to college.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE TRAINING

Euphemia made up her mind that she would take the money she had saved and go to a college to study domestic science. She wanted to become a skilled and trained dietitian. Between the few hundred dollars her father had left her and what she had saved, Euphemia had just eight hundred dollars. She had found out that a course at a famous college of domestic science, including books, food, clothes, board and lodging, would cost her between three and four hundred dollars a year. Indeed, Euphemia Bain would need to be very careful indeed if she was to manage to live on three or four hundred dollars a year. However, in the holidays she took a position as cook at a small club, and this helped her through the long, expensive training. Euphemia found the course of study pretty difficult; she had to work hard. To her surprise, she found that being a good cook and knowing a great deal about cooking was not such a help to her as she had expected it would be. The course was scientific; the instructors were more interested in the scientific side of cooking than they were in what might be called the artistic side of cooking. Euphemia has told me quite frankly that she still thinks this absorption in the scientific aspect of cooking rather a mistake.

ARTISTIC COOKING

"It depends, of course, on what you mean to do," said Euphemia. "If you want to teach domestic science in a college or girls' school, or to the nurses in a hospital, then you must devote yourself to the science of cooking. To be the trained dietitian in a big hospital requires not only scientific knowledge, but what a person might call scientific enthusiasm. But if you are going to be housekeeper in a big hotel, or in a club, or if you are going to look after the food of patients in a sanitarium or a private

hospital, then I think the domestic science graduate ought to remember that it is quite indispensable to make her food look attractive and taste attractive, too. Frankly," said Euphemia, "that is what I care for most. I am proud to be able to buy economically. I always work out the proper amount of nourishment, and most carefully, especially with sick patients. But I would be ashamed if people didn't make a fuss over my cooking and say they never had tasted anything quite as good in their lives."

SALARY OF FOOD EXPERT

I asked Euphemia if she considered that a young woman could make a good living as a food expert.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I am getting a hundred dollars a month. I think the average salary paid [to] domestic science graduates varies from fifty to sixty dollars a month; this, of course, includes board, lodging and washing. I think domestic science graduates, as a rule, do not begin with less than forty dollars a month. Of course, if a woman has uncommon ability, is a good manager and can not only buy but direct the work of a number of employees, there is no reason why she should not earn a very large salary indeed in a large hotel. But the majority of domestic science graduates go to hospitals and to schools. As you know, I am managing a club; but the reason for that, as I told you, is that I still take a greater pride in good cooking than I do in scientific cooking. I think my father made that sure when he offered me a new dress for my first good baking of currant scones."

Ludovica Stevenson, Librarian

Ludovica [Stevenson] began to teach when she was nineteen, and she taught five years. It took her all this time to be certain whether she really enjoyed teaching or not. Meanwhile, of course, she was earning her living, which was absolutely necessary. Ludovica was a good teacher; that is, her pupils were fond of her, she was fond of them, and they improved both in manners and learning while they were in her class. But during the five years that she taught, Ludovica was troubled with the thought that she was not happy teaching. It seemed as if it was not fair to the children. Someone who loved teaching more than she did could do more for her pupils. Besides that, Ludovica felt that she wanted to be happy in her work. She could not tell why she did not like teaching, but was a fact nevertheless that she thought of school as somewhat of a burden. Yet she was fond of books and reading. She had read a great deal and was widely informed in general knowledge and on topics of the day, as teachers ought to be.

She loved to read aloud to her pupils, and many of her pupils came to love books in the same way that Ludovica did. Indeed, children from the other rooms in the school used to ask Miss Stevenson to advise them what books they ought to read. Then the school board gave a grant to the school where Ludovica taught for a library, and Ludovica had charge of the library. She enjoyed this work so much that she soon thought to herself, "I want to be a librarian. I am twenty four years old. I have some money saved in the bank. I shall go to a school for librarians."

HOW TO TRAIN A LIBRARIAN

Ludovica found on inquiry that there are a number of well-known schools for librarians in the United States. In Canada there are summer schools for librarians in connection with two of the best known libraries. It is a usual thing for a Canadian girl who wants to enter library work to begin as a clerk in a Canadian library. Then she may go to a summer school for a couple of years. But Ludovica made up her mind that she would take a ten month course at a library school in the States. She calculated that if she could get board for six or seven dollars a week, board and lodging would cost her a little less than three hundred dollars. Fees and books would amount to seventy-five dollars more. Besides these items she would need to spend some money for clothes, car fare, church collection, travelling and entertainment.

The library school which she had chosen to attend was in a large city, and Ludovica meant to go to the theatre, to grand opera and to concerts. She had hungered all her life for such an opportunity, and she did not mind at all sitting up in a gallery so long as she could see and hear. Ludovica knew that all this would not only add greatly to her happiness, but that she would find it very useful in her work. She had managed to save seven hundred dollars in the five years. She would not spend it all if she could possibly help it. But she meant to make the best possible use of every opportunity to fit herself for being a well-equipped librarian.

COURSES OF STUDY

Ludovica found that there was an examination to pass before she could enter the library school. The subjects in which she was examined were history, current

events and politics, general information, literature,, French and German. Ludovica rather enjoyed the examination, which as a general rule is found difficult by those entering library schools. These were all subjects she enjoyed greatly. The examination was in June. She was notified later that she had passed, and on the fifteenth of September she began her course in the library school.

I cannot take the time to describe to you all the knowledge that Ludovica acquired in the library school. She classified books according to the subject on which they were written. She had to write reviews of books. She had to study newspapers and current history. She learned how to catalogue books, how books should be cared for and how to repair binding, she even sewed a book under instruction, and felt quite proud of her handiwork. Then she learned how to answer questions of all possible kinds and varieties, and the best books of reference to which she could turn in a difficulty. She learned how to advise people as to what reading they should do. She prepared courses of reading for women's clubs, and she told stories to children in the children's library. This does not by any means exhaust the catalogue of Ludovica's labors at the library school, but it will serve to explain what a great deal there is for a professional librarian to learn.

Ludovica enjoyed it all greatly. She had to work hard. Everyone worked hard at the library school. But there were half days and evenings when Ludovica and her friends among the library school students went off to different places in the great city, to museums, parks, theatres, down to the sea, on ferries, everywhere that enthusiastic young women can go for study and enjoyment. At times she was very lonely, for Ludovica was simply devoted to every member of the Stevenson family, and she counted the days until she could go home again.

HER SPECIAL TALENT

You will be glad to know that Ludovica graduated at the head of that particular class in the library school. The five years she had taught were a great advantage to her. She had learned how to work to the best advantage, without wasting time or puzzling over a difficulty which could be solved by going straight to the right book containing the solution. Then Ludovica proved to have a special talent for telling stories to children. It was really fascinating to listen to her.

One day in May, the head of the library school sent for her and said that if she cared to accept it, there was a position as a children's librarian which she might have in one of the States of the Middle West. The salary would be eight hundred a year, which is quite a good salary for a girl who has just graduated from a library school. But Ludovica said she could not be happy anywhere but just in Canada, and she thought perhaps the head librarian in her own home town would have a place for her.

Fortunately for our friend Ludovica Stevenson, the head librarian at home did have a place for her. This place also was as children's librarian, at six hundred a year. Ludovica aspires some day to being a head librarian herself, drawing a salary of twelve hundred or two thousand. But she is very happy in her work, and I wish you could see her some day surrounded by a group of children listening to one of the beautiful stories she tells.

Belle Nicholson, Waitress

As she says herself, Belle had a grand time coming over on the boat. There were the Stewarts from home, and the Bains, and the McGillicuddys. The other people on the ship were as glad to talk to you as if you were their next door neighbor, or better than that. Nor had Belle the slightest anticipation of difficulty on arriving in Canada, for had not Maggie McCarthy, her mother's cousin, told her that she would look out for her?

"I am that glad to have a friend," said Belle to Maggie on the station platform. "I've had a grand time coming over, but if I had not known that you would be here to meet me, my heart would have been sad."

"Yes, and I have the work ready for you," said Maggie, "and I am glad to see you, myself." And then Maggie shed a tear thinking of the old cottage where there wasn't room for a quarter of the McCarthys, and of her mother Mrs. McCarthy, who now wore her best [fur coat] sitting on the front verandah of her son's house in Saskatchewan.

THE HELP OF A FRIEND

"I said to the lady who is the superintendent of the institution where work that I had a friend who would be here on Friday. I told her you were a small girl, and well brought up, and that your mother […] had always seen to it that you minded your manners. She said to bring you with me as soon as you had had a rest."

"But I don't need any rest," replied Belle. "I am as strong as a young horse."

"Well," responded the wise and experienced Maggie, "until you come to experience the feel of the [land]. You will be glad enough to have a few days to settle down. It is a new, strange country to the likes of you, although for myself I felt at home from the very first day. You have to be awful smart to live in this country, Belle."

Belle sniffed, for she knew that her cousin Maggie had the reputation of thinking well of herself. "You must spend a lot on your clothes, Maggie," she said reprovingly. Maggie admired herself. "It is necessary to look well if you are to succeed in business," she replied.

Belle Nicholson found that she would be the better of the rest from Friday till Monday. But she would not rest until Maggie had taken her to see the superintendent of the lunch rooms. This lady looked at the newcomer carefully, and kindly told her that she was in need of good girls, and that she hoped Belle would like the country and do well indeed as a waitress. It was settled that Belle was to come with Maggie Monday morning, although Miss Smith, the superintendent, explained that she would hardly be likely to keep Belle in the same lunch room with Maggie, as it was a very busy place and she might learn better where there were fewer customers. Belle, however, [pressed] hard to be allowed to stay with the only friend she had in Canada, and Miss Smith, rather against her judgment, consented to it. Belle began her training in a busy downtown lunch room.

HER FIRST WEEK

As it happened, this circumstance made Belle's career as a waitress rather more difficult and stormy than it would otherwise have been. The first week she was so frightened that as Miss Smith's assistant reported, "one would think the girl had no intelligence at all." She simply could not fathom the method and meaning of checks. She rushed and she dashed. She upset and she more than once lost her temper.

Perhaps it was because the sea voyage was still affecting Belle, but she certainly did not seem to be a promising waitress. Then suddenly one morning, after she had been pronounced almost hopeless by Miss Smith's assistant, Belle apparently acquired an understanding of what a waitress should do and be. This was a satisfaction to Miss Smith, who had been taken with her from the first. Perhaps she suspected that Maggie McCarthy had some share in making Belle Nicholson nervous and awkward.

Maggie had a positive genius for pointing out faults. Whenever Belle made a mistake, Maggie would be sure to see it, and naturally she mentioned the mistake to Belle later in the day. But by this time Belle had a firm grasp of the fact that to be successful in this new calling of hers, she needed to be neat and smart in her dress – all the waitresses were dressed alike in black waists and skirts, white collars, black ties, black shoes and stockings and white aprons – that she had to serve an average number of people as compared with the number served by the other waitresses, that her checks ought to add up to the average for cash sales of the other waitresses, that she ought to be polite to customers and her fellow employees, and that she ought to break as few dishes as possible.

A GOOD OPINION OF HERSELF

Belle's next difficulty was that from thinking she knew nothing at all and was as stupid and awkward as possible, she came to have a very good opinion of herself. It seemed to Belle Nicholson that she had learned all there was to learn about waiting. I do not know what would have happened to Belle if, fortunately, at the same time she had not begun to admire Miss Smith, the superintendent, greatly. Miss Smith made Belle perfectly happy one day by giving her two tickets for a lecture. Belle took with her a new friend, Sadie Jones. The lecture was on "The Glory of Doing Work Well," and the lecturer was a clever woman who knew a great deal about business girls. "Oh, that was a grand lecture, Miss Smith," said Belle the next morning. "I am ready now to learn to do my work all over again."

BELLE AT HER BEST

In this period of her career as a waitress Belle Nicholson used all the common sense, the good home training that her mother had given her, the perseverance and intelligence with which she was naturally endowed, to learn now to do every detail of waiting as well as it could possibly be done. It was in her attention to detail and her determination to persevere until she was perfect that Belle differed from the average waitress. Nothing was "good enough" in Belle's judgment; everything had to be the "best possible." She was clean, neat and smart in her appearance. Naturally erect, with a good carriage and a graceful walk, it soon became a pleasure to see Belle move

about the lunchroom. She was a kind-hearted and thoughtful girl, and she took a positive pleasure in serving her customers so that they would enjoy whatever meal they had come to order. She was watchful, silent, quick, good tempered, [and] resourceful. Belle was not born a perfect waitress, as I have tried to tell you; she learned by hard work and application to be one of the best waitresses that Miss Smith ever had.

It is difficult to average the wage of waitresses, for wages vary in different restaurants in the same city, and they vary greatly in the different cities of Canada. A fair wage that can be expected by a waitress is from four to six dollars a week, with three meals in addition. This is higher in Western Canada. Then also there is the additional sum which is made in tips. Belle found that in one of the lunchrooms where she served she might make as much as one dollar a day in [tips]. Certainly waitresses do add something tangible to their wages from tips.

HAPPY IN WORK AND FRIENDSHIP

Because Belle worked so hard and was an intelligent, conscientious girl, she has done well in the three years she has been in Canada. Lately she has been promoted to be Miss Smith's assistant, and she is learning a great deal more about the business of managing restaurants than she ever imagined she would know about anything. Miss Smith says that Belle Nicholson has organizing and managing ability; this is a valuable asset for any business girl to have. She enjoys her work and she is happy in the friendships she has formed. Maggie McCarthy has been married two years, and there is a little Maggie who is very fond of Auntie Belle. Maggie's husband, John Tochty, is sure that Belle and his friend William McGregor will by and by "make a match of it." "And if he gets a fine girl," says John, "William will make her a fine husband."

What Does Tipping Mean To The Girl?

"I thought I knew all about tipping a while ago. My mind was quite made up about it," said a clever woman managing a business which employs a large number of girls.

"You were against it?" I asked her.

"Undoubtedly," was the reply.

"What made you change your mind?" I asked her.

"I haven't changed it," she said. "But the girls don't feel about it as I do. And this makes me hesitate, lest I should be mistaken."

The point of view of another woman employer is as follows:

"Why shouldn't these girls take tips if the customer feels like giving them a tip? If the customer feels that the girl has given her particularly good service, I do not see any reason why the girl should not have the benefit of the tip."

CUSTOMARY TO TIP WAITERS

There are some businesses where it is customary for tips, or gratuities, to be given by the person who is served to the employee. It is practically the rule that all waiters should be tipped for their service. Waiters in clubs and tea rooms sometimes receive their tips in a lump sum at the end of the year. In a large club for women in London, England, there is a box marked for gratuities for the household staff. In such clubs it is against the rules to give tips personally. But the rule is pretty generally broken in these clubs. There are some clubs, however, where tips are given only once a year, at Christmas.

IS THE HAIRDRESSER TO HAVE A TIP?

In Canada there are two classes of girls at work who receive tips: waitresses, and domestic helpers. More recently, I believe, it is beginning to be the custom to give tips to hairdressers and manicurists. The question I would like girls who are hairdressers and manicurists to answer for themselves is: Will tipping have a good effect on the standing of the hairdressing trade for women?

DO TIPS MEAN LOW WAGES?

One reason why waitresses, generally speaking, receive low wages is that the tips received are taken into account by the employer. Tips are just beginning to be given to girls who are hairdressers. The level of wages is not yet affected. But it is absolutely certain that if tips become customary in shampooing establishments, then the tendency will be for wages to go down. Now, girls at work, would you rather draw good wages without tips; or do you prefer to take lower wages and receive tips? A great deal of money taken in tips, and high wages, never go together; I think I am safe in saying that this statement is absolutely correct, with the exception of perhaps a cook or butler in a big establishment, of which there are few in Canada.

If one customer gives a tip, it becomes necessary for every customer to do so, or else those who give tips will get good service; those who do not, will receive poor service.

HOW DOES TIPPING AFFECT THE GIRL?

What effect has the tip on the girl herself? One has an impression that the girl is more likely to work for the tip than she is to do her work as well as possible for the sake of the work. As far as I can understand the system of tipping in Canada, I cannot help believing that the tendency of any employment where part of the money earned is paid in the form of tips is for the occupation to become less desirable as an employment. I believe the best type of girls at work prefer to receive good wages and no tips to earning comparatively low wages and a considerable amount of tips. For one thing, the money paid in tips is fluctuating. […]

WHEN TIPPING IS COMMENDABLE

As far as domestic workers are concerned, the case seems somewhat different. Gratuities are offered by guests who have been staying in the house where the domestic worker is employed. As a rule, few houses have many guests. It is not at all general for the mistress of the house to say to her domestic helper, "You have had extra work while Mrs. So-and-So has been staying in the house, and I will pay you extra wages for the extra work." The guest feels that the domestic worker has had a great deal to do on her account, and has been pleasant, agreeable and helpful. The gratuity is offered as an acknowledgment of help and kindness. It is intended more as a remembrance and friendly gift rather than as a money equivalent for services rendered. One would be sorry not to have an opportunity sometimes to acknowledge kindness by a gift; not that the gift pays for the kindness, but that the person who has received the kindness wishes to show that it has been truly appreciated. This is one of the advantages which belong to the work of the domestic helper.

A domestic helpers can be a friend as perhaps no other paid worker can. Whenever the personal relation enters in, the harm of the tipping system – whatever that harm may amount to – vanishes. Something of the same can be said of the work of the waiter. If one is served every day by a courteous, obliging waiter, one is glad of the opportunity to show one's gratitude. Besides this, gratuities are considered in the wages of the waitress. She is paid less than she would be if there were no tips. We actually owe a waitress a gratuity for her services, because the employer in this case does not pay her what her work is worth; he calculates that she will make so much a day from tips, and he therefore pays her less than he otherwise would be compelled to pay. For the reason that if wages remain low and there should be no tips, then there would be no waitresses. They would be forced into other employments.

One cannot believe, however, that any employment for women where the gratuity system does not now exist would benefit from the introduction of tipping.

Edna Jasper, Proof Reader

The Jaspers are an Irish family. Mr. Jasper is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. He is, however, so fond of discussion that the time he spends in it somewhat interferes with any gainful occupation which he might otherwise have followed. Edna and her sister Josephine are of the opinion that their father is very much like the famous Mr. Alcott, father of dear Louise Alcott who wrote "Little Women" and "Good Wives". Mr. Alcott was a famous talker, and his conversational powers also interfered with the Alcott family income. Mrs. Jasper, Josephine and Edna are just as proud of Mr. Jasper as Louise Alcott and her sisters were of Mr. Alcott. When this story begins, Mr. Jasper is giving private tuition to university students, and Mrs. Jasper is keeping lodgers. The Jasper family let furnished rooms, usually to university students, and often the same young men who lodge in the house take lessons in Greek or Latin from Mr. Jasper.

MRS. JASPER'S FAMILY BUDGET

Josephine Jasper is a stenographer, but she is not very well satisfied with her position. She wants a better salary. In order to secure this better salary she reads over all the advertisements in the papers, and a few of them she answers. She came home one day and told Edna that she believed she knew of a place which would suit that young lady, who at that time was sixteen. Edna did not want to leave school; she loved going to school and she loved studying. But she loved her mother best of all, and both Josephine and Edna knew that Mrs. Jasper had all she could to fit the family expenses into the sum of money which she made by taking in lodgers. Edna wanted to stay at school, but she also wanted to help her mother.

WHAT IS A COPY HOLDER?

The position that Josephine had found was that of copy holder for one of the newspapers published in the city where they lived. Many of the copy holders in newspaper offices are girls. A copy holder reads aloud copy to a proof reader, and a proof reader is a person who corrects the typographical errors in the proof sheets, which are "pulled" after an article has been set in type, and before it has been published in the paper. Josephine did not want to be a proof reader. She had already her training as a stenographer. But she had an idea that to be a proof reader was the sort of work which would suit Edna. Edna went down to the office and was at once engaged as a copy holder. She was to begin work the following Monday morning, and she was to be paid five dollars a week.

HOW PROOF READERS ARE TRAINED

You see, Edna had no special training beforehand as a proof reader. She was to receive her training in the office of the newspaper. And she was to hold copy for the proof readers in the newspaper office, reading aloud from the manuscript of the articles which had been set up in type. Of course, she had to be able to read, and it was a great advantage that Edna had a pleasant voice and could read clearly and easily. Enda held copy and studied proof reading four years before she became a competent proof reader. Then one of the men who had been a proof reader in the

newspaper office went into a printing business with his nephew, and Edna Jasper was promoted to proof reader.

Gradually her work became of a better quality. She was wonderfully accurate. She was very speedy. She could be depended on always. She was quite able to hold her own with the men who were reading proof. Her wages were gradually advanced until she was getting seventeen dollars a week. This is a good salary for a woman who reads proof in the city where Edna Jasper lives. In the West of Canada, a woman proof reader can get higher wages. But the average girl who is a proof reader gets perhaps not more than from ten to twelve dollars a week. Copy holders, of course, have smaller wages. The hours are from about eight to eight thirty to five or five thirty. This is in evening newspaper offices. In job printing offices the hours are almost the same, but very often in job printing offices the work of proof reading is taken along with other work. A girl may be [a] stenographer or a book-keeper and at the same time have some proof reading to do, or the man in charge of the business may do his own proof reading. […] There is a greater demand for skilled proof readers than can be supplied, so it seems unlikely that if an employer cannot find a skilled man proof reader to do his work, that a skilled woman proof reader will be left unemployed. […]

THE INTELLIGENT JASPERS

It is quite plain that Edna Jasper owes her success as a proof reader to the fact that the Jasper household is one where a keen interest is taken in public affairs. Mrs. Jasper is a very well read woman. Mr. Jasper, as has been already explained, is a scholar and delights in discussion. From her earliest childhood Edna has been accustomed to hearing talk of public men and public events. As a consequence, she reads her proofs with real pleasure, and with a very keen eye for what is coming next. It takes years to become an expert proof reader. But an expert proof reader can almost tell what is coming next in an article. The sequence of words and of letters becomes so familiar that there is little chance of any slip escaping that practiced eye. This is the case with Edna Jasper. She says that no one can be a good proof reader who is not keenly interested in proof reading. One must remember carefully what has been written before, so that no mistake in statement escapes one's notice. Indeed, proof reading is a means by which one may perfect one's general education.

Edna has succeeded in becoming a well-educated young woman although she left school when she was sixteen. She is a keen student not only of public affairs, but of literature, sociology and economics. She has organized a reading club among her friends; and I can assure you that the reading club spends some rare enjoyable evenings in the Jasper household. Generally speaking, Edna plans the programme of the winter's study. One of the members writes a paper for each evening on some subject which the club is studying, and the discussion is often wonderfully inspiring, as it could hardly help being when both Mr. and Mrs. Jasper take part.

Peg, Who Liked Keeping Books

Peg Elderberry was one of those girls whom no one can help liking. At school she was generally the centre of a group of other girls. At home Peg was often in mischief, but every one at home had a good time when Peg was in the house. I am telling you this to explain a little how it happened that, with a great deal against her, Peg had more to contend with than most girls. She was an only child and not the joy, nor the help, of having brothers and sisters. Then her mother died when Peg was four years old, and I am sorry to say that Peg's father was not a good father. He drank, and he was unwilling to work. Finally he deserted Peg altogether, and she was brought up in the home of her aunt, Christiana Elderberry Blynn, who was her father's sister. Aunt Christiana, unfortunately, acted as though Peg was responsible for her father's bad conduct. She hardly ever had a kind word of a kind look for Peg. But through it all, Peg kept her gloriously sunny disposition.

It made one cheer up only to see Peg's smile, but her Aunt Christiana decided that Peg was to go to the business college when she was fifteen, and this really rather young for a girl to begin training for any special work. A girl of fifteen has not much chance to become an efficient stenographer or an efficient book-keeper in six months. But Peg Elderberry went to the college with her mind made up that she wanted to be a book-keeper rather than a stenographer. If anyone had asked her why she would rather keep books than write letters, Peg would likely have said that it was because she wanted to. She said once that she had always considered it required more intelligence to keep books than to take dictation from an employer. Peg had always had a great admiration for intelligence.

WHAT AUNT CHRISTIANA DID FOR HER

What were some of the handicaps which Peg had to carry from which an average an average girl who begins a business is free? In the first place, there was no one who cared very much what became of Peg. That is quite a drawback. But Peg met it with that fine common sense of hers and with her cheerful disposition. Then, too, would I have said Peg was rather younger than the average girl who begins work. Again, Aunt Christiana had not much money to dress her own children, and she had very little to spare for Peg. Most girls would have minded going to business college as shabby as Peg was when she carried her books there very day. Peg did mind a little, but not so very much. That desire of hers to be intelligent helped her not to mind the shabby clothes. She confided with a friend long afterwards that she used to say to herself how astonished people would be when they saw what a fine position shabby Peg had won for herself. She had a good deal of difficulty in persuading Aunt Christiana to let her stay at the business college the extra three months required for those who took the bookkeeping course. One thing that helped was that the head of the business college said he would not recommend Peg for a position until she was sixteen. But it ought to be remembered, to Aunt Christiana's credit, that she kept Peg all through the months that she stayed at the college, and that she paid Peg's fees with the distinct understanding that the fees were to be paid back whenever Peg could earn enough money.

HER FIRST EMPLOYER

Peg went to her first position the day she was sixteen. It was in a seed store, and the man who owned the seed store was not a good employer. He paid Peg four dollars a week. It was winter when she began work in that office, and it was a cold office. Anyone but Peg would have kept a grudge in her mind against the seed-man. But she forgave him long ago.

"Oh, yes, I had a hard time at old Regan's," she would say, "but I did not know much, and he kept me busy earning. If I was cold, he was cold, too. He hated to waste money, or coal. I learned quite a lot about keeping books for Mr. Regan."

WHAT OFFICE WORK TEACHES THE BOOK-KEEPER

Peg explained that while one learns the theory of book keeping in business college, one can never really learn how to be a good book-keeper until one goes into an office. Every office has its own system of keeping accounts. According to Peg Elderberry, it takes three or four years for anyone to become a competent book-keeper. Even after three or four years, she says there is a great deal to learn. In fact, in the keeping of accounts there is something to learn all the time. If one is to be first class, one must never give up studying and thinking. But to return to Peg's experience.

After being with Mr. Regan two years, and finding that under no circumstances did he mean to pay his book-keeper more than six dollars a week, Peg made up her mind to look for a new position. She was almost sure that no one would want her. She was still shabby. By this time Peg was paying most of her six dollars a week to her Aunt Christiana for board, and there was very little left for dress and car fares. Then she was still in debt to her Aunt for part of the money paid to the business college. Peg felt that she must get more than six dollars a week.

She found a position at last, as assistant book-keeper in the office of Aslit Brothers, tea merchants. Her trial in this office was Miss Peterkin, the head book-keeper. This lady was non-progressive to a degree, and nothing hurt little Peg so much as not being able to do her work in the best possible way. After that, Peg went into the office of a big departmental store. This was one of the places where she learned efficiency in book keeping.

Peg now began to understand the meaning of organization. It was a revelation to her. Then, too, Peg says that auditors teach book-keepers a great deal. She knows she owes much of her success to an auditor who took the trouble to explain to her the value of simple methods in book keeping. By this time Peg was twenty-five. Her mind, which was always a fine, clear-thinking mind, had become trained by hard work and experience till Peg Elderberry was a young woman of uncommon business value.

"If only I could convince girls who go through business college," Peg said on more than one occasion, "that they must take an interest in their work. It is fatal for any girl just to try to get through the day's work any way and then forget about it. There is a lot of happiness in work, but no one will ever find it who does not work hard. Indifference and listlessness are fatal. Any girl who is really interested in her work will always get on."

WHY MR. ATKINS RECOMMENDED HER

After Peg had been in the office of the departmental store for several years, it happened that a friend of the head book-keeper was starting a new business and wanted a specially good book-keeper who would be willing to undertake almost any kind of work and assume, if necessary, a good deal of responsibility. He asked Mr. Atkins, the head book-keeper, if he could recommend anyone, and Mr. Atkins at once spoke of Peg Elderberry. He did not want to lose her, but she was worth more than they cared to pay in their office for one of the assistants.

The new business started three years ago with Peg as book-keeper. It has succeeded splendidly, and not a little of its success has been owing to Peg, who threw herself heart and soul into the progress of this new concern. The man who started the business was not many years older than Peg, and from the beginning he believed that there never was any one else quite so fine or quite so clever as this clear-headed, enthusiastic, hardworking business woman. The new business is now a partnership. Peg has married the owner of the business, and she is still head of the office staff.

Pensie Dennis Talks of the Saleswoman

Her proper name is Penelope Dennis, but her own people always call her Pensie. The family came from Prince Edward Island, where Penelope is a good old-fashioned name for girls. Pensie Dennis was for years in charge of the glove department of a departmental store. In that department she learned a great deal about making sales and of the business life of shop girls. She never cares to talk much about herself. But Pensie tells a story well, and she promised some months ago that she would try to tell what she thinks of the saleswoman.

IT DEPENDS ON THE GIRL

"I suppose you would like to know," began Pensie Dennis, "whether being a saleswoman is a good position for Canadian girls. Lots of people say it makes a girl forward and bold. That depends on the girl. A good business woman can always be relied on to attend to business. The ideal businesswoman is not forward, of course. But in some stores, she has to take her part. I never was in one of those stores, and when I was a forelady myself, I always made a point of seeing that the salesgirls in my department were not annoyed by the people who come into stores just to talk to the girls. I don't believe in foolishness," said Pensie with emphasis. "It is bad for business and, what is more important, it is bad for the girl."

THE LITTLE APPRENTICE

"I can tell you a little story that will explain what I mean better than I can tell you any other way. The head dressmaker in the store where I was in charge of the glove department was [for] sure, one of the finest business women I have ever met. She was tall and fine looking, and she carried herself with such an air. You felt it was a privilege to have her advise you about anything you had to buy. Well, she told me once that there was the prettiest, sweetest little girl you ever saw [that] had come to be an apprentice in her department. She sent for her one day. 'My dear,' she says, 'you are just the girl I would like to help me. I need someone to run my messages and to be with me all the time. Now, when you go home you tell your mother that I can give you a place to be my girl, and to go [run] messages for me about the store. I can give you money at present that you would get as an apprentice. But, of course, by and by you would earn far more money as a dressmaker than you would as a clerk in the store. Now you tell your mother all about it. Say I would love to have you with me to run messages, and I will give you more money than you are getting now. But of course, if you keep to the dressmaking, eventually you will get more money than you would earn by being a saleswoman.'

HER SENSIBLE MOTHER

"So the girl went home and told her mother. Madame F. said she was one of the prettiest girls she had ever seen. When she came back, she said her mother wanted her to keep on at the dressmaking because she thought it would be better for her, and she didn't want her running about the stores and getting pert and smart because people took notice of her prettiness. 'Your mother is a sensible woman,' said Madame F. And that was what she thought of a young girl being in a store.

"Then I can tell you another story which will show you part of the other side of being a saleswoman. Once I had been down to New York on business by the firm I was working for at that particular time. They told me to stay at the Westminster Hotel, which has been pulled down since. I had gone to bed early and was sound asleep when the sound of voices talking in the next room roused me. It was one of the most amusing conversations I ever listened to.

"Three brothers had met that afternoon to settle the family estate after the death of their father. They thought their sisters were inclined to be extravagant. But the one I took to be the oldest brother told the other two the kind of girl he would advise them to marry. He said they couldn't do better than look for a girl who had served behind the counter, because she would know the value of money.

"Dear, dear," said Pensie, "how I laughed to myself that night! But there is something to it, what he said. Business does teach a girl the value of money. That is, if the girl can learn anything. Sometimes I think some girls can't learn anything at all. The reason is their minds are not on their work. They are thinking of boys and pretty dresses and fol-de-rols.

WHAT THE SHOP GIRL NEEDS TO KNOW

"Everything I can tell you of saleswomen and whether being a shop girl is a good occupation for a Canadian girl you will find in these two stories. It is quite true that shop girls are apt to attract a good deal of notice from customers and people who aren't customers. I do agree with Madame F. that a trade like dressmaking is a better occupation for a girl than being a saleswoman. Still, on the other hand, for the right kind of girl being a saleswoman is a good occupation. It is easy to get a place as a shop girl. I mean, a girl needs hardly any training. If she can read and write and do a bit of arithmetic, that is all she needs to know. Then she is taken into a department, and the forelady and the other girls in the same department show her the little she needs to know just to get on. Of course, you understand, a girl must be neat and she must sell a certain amount every day or she will be sent into another department to see if she will do any better there. Then if she fails in that department, they may try her in another. But if she fails there, why, they have to let her go. What else can they do?

MANAGING TO LIVE

"Hundreds of girls become shop girls because there is not other work for which they are fitted. That is the reason, I suppose, why the wages of shop girls always tend to keep either just at a living wage, or just below a living wage. No one knows exactly what a living wage is in any Canadian city. As near as I can make out," said Pensie, "a living wage for a girl in the bigger Canadian cities must be just about eight dollars a week, somewhere between seven and eight. It takes the better class of shop girl all she can do to live on seven or eight dollars a week. I suppose in Vancouver and Calgary, [and] all cities west of Winnipeg, that a living wage must be over eight dollars. I am not sure about this. But I do know that some firms which used to begin girls on six dollars have just recently raised a beginner's wages to eight dollars. I was told that the government was going to do something about a minimum wage, and these firms acted first.

MUST LEARN HOW TO MAKE SALES

"When I began to be a saleswoman I resolved that I would learn by business and do what I was told and work hard. I don't suppose I would have made up my mind to do this if I had not been well brought up by my mother." Here Pensie paused and opened a locket to show me her mother's picture. "If other saleswomen had been trained by anyone like my mother, why, they would be different. It is sad how little many of them know. They don't know how to mend their clothes, even, and they have no idea of what they ought to eat or how to make sales. She must learn early.

"The one thing in business that a saleswoman has simply got to learn [is] how to persuade people to buy. Some stores have classes. I think, myself, they are a good thing. I think, too, that if a forelady had more time she could teach the girls in her department a great deal. But where they ought to be taught is at home by good mothers and in school by good teachers. I don't see, myself, why there should not be classes in technical schools, or rather in trade schools, where girls who want to be saleswomen can be taught about materials and the real meaning of buying and selling for women. Because, you see," said Pensie Dennis, "it is women who buy in shops, and it is mainly women who sell. Being a saleswoman is not an extremely lucrative employment. Girls begin sometimes at five dollars, sometimes at six, lately at eight in some stores, and I don't myself know of many heads of departments who get more than fifteen a week. I suppose in some cases the head of a department may get as high as twenty a week."

Pensie Dennis herself is no longer head of a glove department. She has gone into partnership with her brother-in-law in a little business where her genuine business gifts and business experience find employment.

Summing up the Stories of the Trades

Fourteen trades have been written about in this series of Next Step Stories: Telephone operator, stenographer, milliner, telegraph operator, dressmaker, trained nurse, [hairdresser,] children's nurse, dietitian, librarian, waitress, proof reader, book-keeper and salesgirl. There are many trades open to Canadian girls, but from a study of these trades mentioned, one can arrive at some conclusions with regard to the kind of trade a girl should go into, and whether in Canada girls are having a fair opportunity to earn a good living in occupations in which they are ensured healthy conditions, reasonable work and reasonable wages.

KEEN DEMAND FOR TRAINED WORKERS

In order to write these stories the writer has talked with girls at work in all the trades written about, and in every case has discussed the trade training with the employer or manager or forewoman under whose authority the girl is at work in. In almost every case the manager or forewoman has said, "I would be glad if I could get girls who are trained." The manager of a restaurant said of the waitresses employed, "I would gladly pay a bonus for every expert trained waitress supplied by a school where waitresses are trained." The head of a shoe department said of her girls, "I would like to teach them myself, if I had time. I do not see why a trade school should not be able to teach girls what they ought to know about selling, and about the goods they sell." Another head of a department where numbers of girls are employed deplored the fact that the girls know nothing about what they ought to eat, or how they ought to rest in order to keep themselves in good health. Many of the girls do not know how to make their own clothes, or how to mend them when they need mending. "One of my girls told me," this woman said, "that there wasn't a needle in the house where she lived."

TRAINING ENSURES EMPLOYMENT

Some of the trades written about have long and comparatively expensive training. The librarian is splendidly trained when she goes to a library school, or even when she learns her work from being in a library. The class of girls who go in for library work is of a high standard. The trained nurse has a long training; in this case she gives her services for her training. It is remarkable for how little expenditure of money a girl can become a trained nurse. But she has to give her time to the hospital for either two or three years. The telephone girl has a short training, but it is apparently sufficiently long to teach her the trade. The work of a telephone operator is nervous work, demanding a particular class of girl. This trade keeps the average girl a very short time, only about two years. It is, generally speaking, the domestic girl who becomes a telephone operator, and she usually marries before she has been at work for a long time. The dietitian has good training. Stenographers and book-keepers have fairly good training. But in each of these cases, all that the girl learns at a business college fits her only for getting a position. If she is to become a valuable worker, she has to teach herself in her office work how to become an expert business woman, either as stenographer or book-keeper. The trades in which the girl gets the best training are the trades where the average girl gets the best salary and at which

she is always sure of finding a situation. It is not difficult for a librarian, a trained nurse, or a dietitian to obtain well-paid positions. A well trained telephone girl is sure of employment.

BUSINESS WOMEN AND DOCTORS FAVOR IT

The general opinion of leading Canadian women in business is that Canadian girls need more careful and extensive trade training. They are also of the opinion that the average Canadian girl is not taught properly how to eat or dress. Much of the information most necessary to the well being of girls in Canada is left to the chance of haphazard. One of the most urgent needs for Canadian girlhood is the trade school. The business woman and the physician unite in saying that the girl should be taught how to take care of her health. Every kind of school, trade school, public school and private school, should have classes in which is taught the great subject of how to live healthy lives.

Next Step Stories were written to prove to Canadians that no Canadian family has a right to expect a girl to earn her living until she has been provided with trade training. A girl of fourteen or sixteen leaving a public school or high school is not able to earn her living until she has learned a trade. Fathers or mothers, older brothers or sisters, who send out a girl of fourteen or sixteen to earn a living in a shop, factory, office, or other place of employment, without providing her with money to help out her wages, are guilty of a cruelty. Girls in Canada not living at home cannot support themselves on six dollars a week.

INJUSTICE TO DOMESTIC WORKER

What are the best trades for Canadian girls? The girl herself in many cases has a special inclination for the occupation where she will be happiest and most successful. She is a born milliner, a born dressmaker, a born book-keeper or office manager, or trained nurse. After as careful and prolonged a study of the choice of trades for girls as could be secured, the present writer wishes to state that the trades which seem best for the average girl are either house work or the care of children. A children's nurse, who has been trained in such a school as the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, is worth her weight in gold to the community and the household where she works. Other Canadian hospitals might follow the example of the Hospital for Sick Children. When Canadian households are reorganized so that the trained domestic worker has a training similar to the standing of a trained nurse in a hospital, then domestic work will be plainly the very first among occupations for Canadian girls. It is a very sad, very curious, very shocking circumstance that we have allowed the best occupations for girls to become almost undesirable.

Anyone who helps to give Canadian girls an excellent trade training will be a public benefactor.