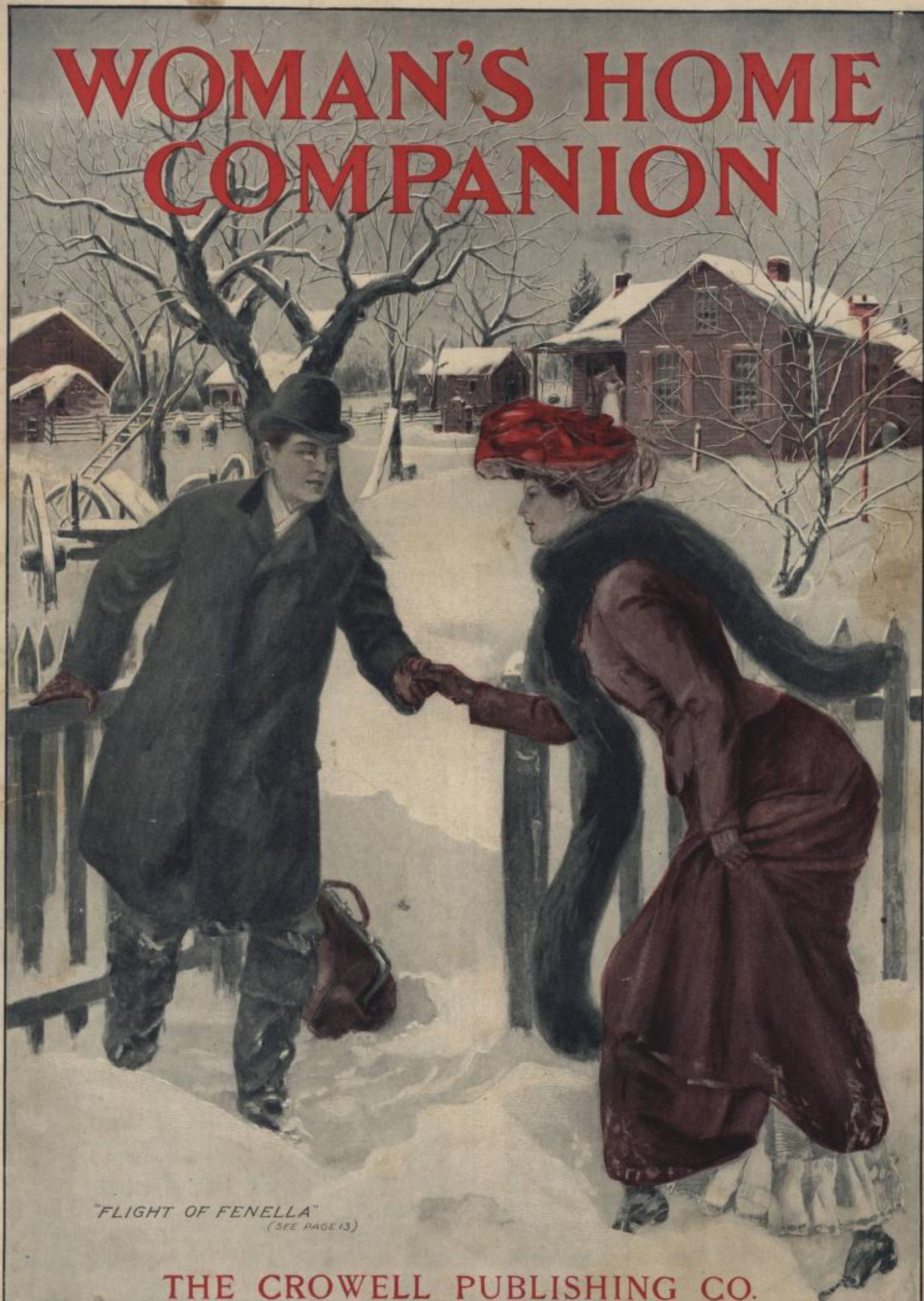


WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



"FLIGHT OF FENELLA"
(SEE PAGE 13)

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO.
January, 1903
Price Ten Cents

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1903

The
Fiercest
Fight
in
Naval
History



Painted
by
George
Gibbs,
the
Famous
Naval
Artist

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "HONNOMME RICHARD" AND THE "SERAPIS"

"Have you struck?" shouted the British captain.
"I have not yet begun to fight!" was Paul Jones' immortal reply.

Three Great Magazine Features of National Importance

HERE are three distinct series of articles embodied in the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for the coming year which more than attract—they demand the attention of every American family.

An Art Feature Extraordinary is a series of paintings depicting the TWELVE MOST PICTURESQUE EVENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY (a reduced facsimile of one of which we reproduce on this page) by twelve of the best-known artists, presenting in a very graphic way the most strenuous and thrilling happenings in the history of our land. It is a series that will instruct everybody, and inspire patriotism and love of country in both young and old.

These pictures will be reproduced in the finest possible style of the engravers' art, full-page size, printed on coated paper well adapted for future preservation. They can be obtained only through the pages of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

Great Movements Which Are Making the World Better

Here is a series of articles (the first of which, on "THE GREAT WORK OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF AMERICA," is published elsewhere in this issue) which not only claims our attention from the point of unusual interest, but will encourage us, one and all, to do good and help others do good in the world. These articles, with many curious illustrations from many lands, tell of deeds, not creeds, describing what the great churches and secular organizations, such as the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and Young People's Societies, are doing to make the world better. The articles will be written by an authority in each organization, making all in all a most notable and deserving contribution to magazine literature.

It is the first time a popular magazine has ever devoted so large a proportion of its space to religious movements, and the innovation is worthy the support of every earnest-minded man and woman.

The article in the February number will be by Mr. H. A. Bridgman, editor of *The Congregationalist*, on "What the Congregationalists are Doing for the Good of Mankind." It will be beautifully illustrated from photographs.

JANUARY CONTENTS 1903 EDITED BY ARTHUR T. VANCE

	PAGE
Cover Design—From a Drawing by H. T. Carpenter	
Woman's Home Companion Announcement for 1903	1
A January Elopement Drawing by Harrie A. Stoner	3
Uncle Toby's Inheritance Drawing by Chas. Grunwald	4
A New Leaf The Great Work of the Presbyterian Church of America Illustrations from Photographs	5
Coal-Tar The Girl Who Wants to Come to New York "Morning" From a Painting by H. Zatska	6
Holiday Festivities in Cosmopolitan Washington Illustrations from Photographs	7
The Flight of Fenella Chapters VI-X Drawings by H. T. Carpenter	8
The Last Stand of the Patriots at Bunker Hill From a Painting by F. C. Yohn. See Description on Page 29	9
The Aurorian War of 1902 Illustrations from Photographs	10
The Nature-Study Club In the Winter Woods Illustrations from Photographs	11
Dainty Underwear Drawings by Anna May Cooper	12
Common-Sense Patterns Drawings by Sylvia Rafter	13
That Little Touch Which Makes the Smart Girl Smart Drawings by Anna May Cooper	14
Home Dressmaking—Illustrated	15
Hospitality in Our Own Town Our Club Party—Illustrated	16
The Great Work of the Presbyterian Church of America Illustrations from Photographs. See Article on Page 9	17
"Japanese" Embroidery—Illustrated	18
Answers to October Puzzles	19
The Last Stand at Bunker Hill The Editor's Point of View Melissa from Arcady True Stories About Animals Poems Old and New	20
A Little Lesson in Subtraction—Illustrated	21
Mainly About People Martha Worthing's Answers Woman's Home Companion Pattern Coupon	22
The House of Seven Rooms—Illustrated	23
The American Girl Housewives' Rectitude Bureau Toys That Run Uphill—Illustrated	24
Soggy Bedtime Stories—Illustrated	25
Sam Loyd's Checker-Board Puzzle—Illustrated	26
A Letter to Our Boys and Girls A \$1,000.00 Cash Prize Puzzle Woman's Home Companion Announcement for 1903	27
Just for Fun	28

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Romances of Famous Americans

The tendency of the age is to humanize our heroes rather than to deify them. We prefer to know them as real flesh-and-blood men and women; we love them all the more for their human characteristics. This series of articles has been prepared, after a great deal of research, by Miss Myrtle Reed, author of the "Love Letters of a Musician," and gives us an intimate view of some of our country's greatest men, telling us of the delights and disappointments in their love-affairs—a disappointment in Washington's case, which helped to make him the great patriot general he afterward became; a double disappointment in Lincoln's earlier life, that tried his strength and gave him courage to stand the stress and strife in the greatest and most perilous period in America's history. Jefferson, John Randolph, Buchanan, Jackson, Aaron Burr and others of our country's favorite sons were similarly experienced. These stories are full of real human interest, and will be eagerly welcomed by every member of the family who yearns to know the intimate life of the men who have made our country's history. These articles bring to light an amazing fund of material that has been overlooked by the ordinary biographer. They will be illustrated with reproductions of rare old prints and portraits.

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is more than a woman's magazine—it stands for the whole family. One Dollar a Year.

SEE ADDITIONAL ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 49; ALSO DOUBLE-PAGE ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.



WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



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CHICAGO

A JANUARY ELOPEMENT BY JAMES WESLEY MACNEILL

How "Job Campbell's Widder" Managed Her Love-Affair to Suit Herself Despite Her Grown-Up Son

MRS. LUCINDA CAMPBELL was sixty years young, and admitted it. She did not "grow old gracefully;" she simply refused to grow old at all. Beneath the soft lace cap the wavy brown hair was only slightly touched with gray. The broad forehead was free from wrinkles; the wide, gray eyes had the alert, direct, inquiring gaze of a young girl.

Mrs. Campbell was descended from a line of English cavaliers, famed not so much for wealth as for the ability to give and take hard knocks with rare good-humor at an age when most men were in their dotage—and Mrs. Campbell inherited it. Long decades of toil on a sterile New England farm had not quenched her spirit.

With a white kerchief crossed on the bosom of her print gown, no spectacles hiding the handsome eyes, and her plump, firm hands working rapidly at her knitting, one freely admitted the justice of Harrisville comment: "Job Campbell's widder is a remarkably well-preserved woman."

Therefore, Harrisville was not surprised when William Hoffman, a bachelor neighbor, went courting to the cozy Campbell home. The fact that Fred Campbell, the widow's grown-up son, disapproved of the calls added to the spice of the gossip.

"Ter think," said Sy Haskins, as they talked it over around the stove one winter afternoon, "o' old Bill Hoffman, con-firmed old bach, a-succumbin' at this day an' haour. He's sixty-five at the least figgers!"

"Well," said Jim Hicks, who had spent a year in the city, "I dunno's I blame him. She's a mighty fine woman, an' he's a durn good-lookin' man, even ef they air more'n twenty. Put a stand-up collar 'stid o' a flannel shirt on Bill, broadcloth 'stid o' overalls, an' patent-leathers fer felts an' rubbers, an' dinged ef he wouldn't look like a bank president!"

The discussion was abruptly closed as Fred Campbell came in. He made a trifling purchase, and answered absently the somewhat embarrassed greetings of the loungers. The young fellow had his mother's wide, white forehead and direct gray eyes. There was usually a smile on the open countenance, but to-day he was frowning. He slammed the door when he went out.

II.

WHILE the corner-grocery *habitués* were discussing his affairs, Hoffman was carefully knocking the snow off his boots at Mrs. Campbell's door. Their farms adjoined on the outskirts of the village. An electric line to Hartshorn, the county-seat, three miles away, passed their doors.

Hoffman was well set up, gray-mustached, square-jawed, broad-shouldered. Eb Brown and wife were tenants on his farm, and lived with him in his house. Hoffman was honest, straightforward and well liked. Every one spoke well of him. There was no early love-affair to account for his celibacy; he simply had not been, in the village idiom, "a marryin' man." But the gossips were sure he was in love now.

Placid Mrs. Campbell's cheeks took on a delicate tint as she opened the door at his knock. "Pleasant afternoon, William," she observed, cheerfully.

"Dunno as I ought ter come in," he replied. "Jest met Fred out here near my place, an' he ferbid me comin' near here."

Mrs. Campbell stared in astonishment. "Land sakes!" she ejaculated, "what's gittin' inter the boy?"

"He said my comin' ter see you was all did-rotted silliness. Said folks was laughin' at us up-town fer two blamed old fools. He even hinted I wanted ter git yer farm." Hoffman spoke stolidly, as he seated himself in a comfortable rocker.

"Ferbid you the house, did he?" Mrs. Campbell's gray eyes snapped. "You'd think we were children! I own this place, an' I'll entertain who I please." The cavalier blood was coming to the surface. "I did think, William, that it'd be foolishness ter see two old people like us marryin'; but land sakes! I ain't appinted a son o' mine gardeen! I guess we could git married ef we wanted ter."

Mr. Hoffman was a tactful person. He knew enough to strike when the iron was hot; he also knew how to heat the iron.

"Said you were devoted ter Campbell's memory," he went on, apparently not heeding the interruption. "I thought that kinder funny, seein' Job's been dead twenty year. Not but what it's all right, though. Said you weren't thinkin' o' this world any more. You'd got along at the age where people thought o' death an' a hereafter."

Mrs. Campbell bounced out of her chair with a vigor which gave the lie to her son's peaceful picture of old age. "William Hoffman!" she said, impressively, "that settles it! I always put you off before when you talked marryin'. Now I mean ter show Fred I'm not a poor, helpless critter, with one leg in the grave. We'll be married this summer!"

The iron was hot; the crafty William proceeded to strike. "Lucindy," he whispered, excitedly, "let's not put it off till next summer; let's git married ter-day. We can elope over ter Hartshorn on the car."

"Oh, William!" She drew back, her hands clasped in an ecstasy of joy, fear and excitement. An elopement! The touch of romance appealed to her woman's nature, as it has appealed to every woman in every age since time began. She was no longer sixty—she was sixteen, and the ghosts of long-dead dreams arose and became realities. How often in the long ago had she dreamed them! And she was to be at sixty the heroine of an elopement! Wasn't it wonderful! "Will I have time ter put on my black silk dress, William?" she inquired, breathlessly.

"No; git yer bonnet, fer the car's almost due now, an' Fred may be back," he said, rapidly. "He'd stop us ef he had ter git a constable. It's lucky I got the license yistiddy. We'll go ter Elder Arthur's, an' prob'ly be back here by supper-time. Thunder! There's the car now! Hurry!" Mrs. Campbell was tying her bonnet as he seized her by the arm, and rushed her out to the car-track.

Mrs. Campbell glanced fearfully over her shoulder at the house and barn. The gong clanged; the car slowed up, and stopped. Then her courage failed

her. "William," she whispered, as the conductor stood with his hand on the bell-cord, "I fergot ter lock the door! An' I do believe there's Fred comin' down the road!" This last was a fiction. There was no one in sight. "Hurry, madam, if you're goin' with us," said the conductor, civilly. With an audible sigh she stepped aboard.

The ride was fraught with dangers, in Mrs. Campbell's eyes at least. Every time the car stopped she glanced fearfully around, expecting to see Fred and an officer of the law. It was with the feeling of keenest relief that they arrived, unmolested, at Hartshorn.

III.

THE ceremony was soon performed at Elder Arthur's humble home. Hoffman carried himself as erect as a grenadier as they took their departure. The bride's eyes were softly bright, the blushes on her cheek like the tint of the morning.

"Johh," said the minister's wife, who was watching from behind the curtain, "there's the handsomest couple you ever married! They're two old dears!"

They had the car all to themselves going back. Hoffman helped his wife on board with an air of proud proprietorship that made the conductor, who shrewdly suspected what had been going on, chuckle softly. That official was twenty-five and care-worn, but he had once been young himself. He joined the motorman in the vestibule, and pointed at the loving old couple engrossed in each other.

"Say, Tom," he said, seriously, "ain't it a shame ter see two kids a-spoonin'? Reminds me o' the days when Molly an' me were courtin'. But them kids'd ought ter waited till they grew up!"

The newly married were a bit uneasy as they entered the Campbell home. Fred was not there, but he soon came whistling from the barn.

"Why, mother," he said, "where you been?" Then he caught sight of the bridegroom. "What you doin' here? Thought I told you ter stay away!"

"I ain't after yer farm, Fred," replied Hoffman, sturdily. "I got a good one o' my own. I make a fair livin', an' that's all I want. You needn't be scared." He hesitated, and stammered, twisting his cap in his nervous hands. "But I, you see I—yer mother an' I—Oh, dang it!" Then he said, with flushed desperation, "We eloped ter Hartshorn this afternoon, an' got married!"

The anger in Fred's face died out in fatuous amazement. He turned dumbly to his mother, who nodded with tremulous pride. The young man's jaws fell apart, and his eyes fairly bulged. He sank, weak-kneed, into a near-by chair. "Well—I'm—darned!" he ejaculated.

The two old people stood like convicted criminals awaiting their verdict. Mrs. Hoffman blushed under his awe-struck stare. Her husband backed a step or two, looked at the ceiling, and cleared his throat. Cautiously he put his hand behind him. When it found his wife's, their fingers intertwined, and both countenances brightened at once.

The kaleidoscope changes on Fred's features continued. When the storm broke it was a hurricane of laughter.

"Eloped! Oh, ho, ho, ho!" he roared. "You two plottin' infants! Eloped, an' never asked the consent o' parent er gardeen! Oh, you'll be the death o' me!" He wiped away the tears, to look again at the bridal pair, who, relieved but sheepish, were still holding hands. Then he went off into another burst of merriment. They joined in, but doubtfully.

"Ef it's a case o' 'laugh an' grow fat,' I'll weigh a ton over this! Well, you outwitted me, an' I s'pose I'll have ter play the fergivin' father, like they do in all the elopements! Now, don't look at me that way er I'll bust a suspender!" He extended his hands solemnly over their heads. "Bless you, my children! An' now, mother, you mend the fire. I'll go down ter the store fer some oysters, an' we'll have a regular weddin'-feast!"

"Guess I'll go over ter my place an' change my clo'es," said Hoffman, "er it won't seem like bein' married at all."



"We eloped ter Hartshorn this afternoon, an' got married!"



THE GIRL WHO WANTS TO COME TO NEW YORK



A Straightforward Talk to Ambitious Girls by One of the Best-Known Newspaper Women in the Metropolis



AMBITIOUS, inexperienced and unrealizing girls from one end of the country to the other, will you troop into my den to-night? I have selected that particular room because its lights are dim. I do not want to see the disappointment on your faces as we chat, nor to have you see the lines on mine. I can thank New York for those lines, and it is of New York that we are going to talk.

Many of you are fresh from college; some have had a brief experience in the business world, and a few—I hope a very few—having lost family and fortune at one fell blow, find a business career thrust upon you. And is it not true that each one of you is thinking what miracles you could work if you were only in New York? Be honest with yourself and me! Have you not thought many times, and with a sigh, that your home town or city has its limitations, and that you have not sufficient scope for your talents? And are you not equally certain that if you were in New York, this wonderful city of mighty incomes and positions in plenty, you would flourish like the proverbial bay-tree?

A blatant Sunday press is largely responsible for the false ideas concerning opportunities in the metropolis. Quite frequently you read of some woman who, to all intents, has suddenly sprung into prominence as a self-made success. Perhaps she has established some unique line of business; perhaps she has written a brilliant novel; perhaps she has astonished the world of art by a striking canvas. Whatever her accomplishment, rest assured that she is pictured as having stolen a record-breaking march into the lime-light of public notice. She came from some inland city, she saw, she conquered. And nine hundred and ninety-nine readers out of a thousand, having never heard of her before, believe this tale of meteoric success.

They know nothing of the terrible odds against which she fought, or of the knock-out blows received. The papers tell nothing of this, nor of the years of preparation for invading New York, of stern apprenticeship served in her native city. In reading accounts of phenomenally successful women just bear in mind that the metropolitan press takes no note of mediocrity. You must score either a brilliant success or a hopeless failure—the failure which leads to suicide.

To begin with, have you laid down any definite plan of action? Have you been trained for any particular line of work? No? Then perhaps you sing a little—for your friends; paint cunning dinner-cards and favors—for your friends; know how to make over your own gowns and hats—for your friends to admire; write nonsense verse—for the amusement of your friends; in fact, you have always been told by these same friends, who mean so well and work so illy, that you are an all-round clever girl. And you are the girl above all others who ought never to come to New York. The metropolis wants people who do one thing well, so well that it comes near perfection.

Have you any money saved with which to tide over the period of waiting? New York is an expensive abiding-place, and landladies will not cash the most brilliant of prospects. After you have lived here long enough to learn the ropes—and no one can teach you save Dame Experience—you will get the art of living down to a reasonable basis. In the meantime you will pay out more for board and carfare than you earn. New York is a city of maddening distances.

Have you plenty of good clothes? Your prospective employer will look at your frock first, your references afterward.

And if you have nothing else in view, do you think that you could write up the funny things you will see day after day on the streets, or the life-stories of people you know, and sell them to the first editor whose office-boy lets you pass through his gate? Have you tried this work at home, and failed, only to think that a prophet is not without honor save in her own country?

Ah, I knew it! My dear, there are hundreds of girls just like yourself knocking at editorial doors day in and day out. Yet writing has become as much a trade as paper-hanging or dressmaking, and to a *clientele* much more exacting and whimsical.

When in doubt—write! That is the motto of ninety per cent of the women who come to New York. They hear of the artistic apartment this newspaper woman has, or the trips abroad made by that magazine-writer, and immediately they see cozy corners and steamship-tickets floating above their unsophisticated heads.

Said a clever woman whose signature is seen daily in one of New York's leading papers: "When I came to this city I did general housework in journalism. That is why I am a housekeeper-in-chief today. You've got to scrub floors before you can become superintendent of scrubbers. In plain En-

glish, I slaved to gain my present position. I posed models for illustrations, and if the models failed I posed myself. When any one disappointed the editor, I was behind the door, ready to pop out and step into the breach. When people talk of my weekly salary in three figures, as if it were a gift of the gods, I long to tell them of the days when a ten-dollar assignment meant my earnings for two weeks."

At a recent gathering of women who held editorial positions it was found that nearly every one in the room had started at a salary of ten dollars or less a week. One had been obliged to work a month for nothing just to convince the editor that a woman reporter recognized a news item as quickly as a man.

A woman who is now manuscript-reader for a publishing firm drank indeed of the waters of Marah when she first started upon her career. Fresh from college, she expected New York to accept her diploma as an earnest of good faith and works. New York had seen diplomas before. Busy editors did not want essays, but news and stories brimming with human interest—the affairs of the hour. The young woman was proud. She could not understand the editorial point of view, yet she would not write home for help. One day she stumbled blindly into the office of a woman editor noted for her interest in young girls. The keen eyes of the city woman peered under the brim of her caller's hat—which, by the way, bore a London trade-mark. She read starvation under a forty-dollar tailor suit. After she had given the girl some wholesome meals and had rescued her belongings from various pawn-shops she taught her how to fit her pen-products to the editorial market.

And what is true of writing is also true of art. If you cannot find a market for your drawings in your home papers, do not expect their faults to be overlooked by metropolitan art editors. You will find fairly clever women doing fashion-plates for publications here at two dollars and fifty cents a column. Measure off the fashion illustrations in your Sunday paper, and see what you must do for seven dollars and fifty cents. If you have no strikingly original ideas to offer, stay away from New York. Art students are doing all the mediocre work the city will pay for.

There are several sorts of girls who should not come to New York. One is the sweetly dependent girl—the girl for whom the folks at home, and particularly an adoring circle of young men, have always fetched and carried. An overworked editor recently laid aside important matters to receive such a one—the daughter of an old-time friend, for whom he would have made sacrifice gladly.

She had a good education, a peach-blow complexion, an adorable smile—and her way to make. Was there nothing she could do thoroughly and well? She shook her head, and lowered effective lashes to hide tears that would come. But she wrote such clever letters! All her friends said she ought to go into literature. And wouldn't she please help her? She knew she could succeed if only some one would help her.

The editor looked over his glasses into her pleading face—it was a very pretty face—then leaned over, and took her by the hand.

"My dear little girl," he said, "for the sake of your dead father, I beg of you to go back to your old home, and marry that nice young man—I don't know who he is, but I am sure he exists—who did not want you to come to New York. I am glad you came to me first. There are only too many people in this town who would be glad to help you, but at what cost to yourself! New York is no place for you."

Decidedly there is no room in New York business circles for the dependent girl. Metropolitan employers do not conduct commercial kindergartens.

Two months ago I received a letter from a girl in my native city. I had never seen her, and she knew me only by reputation. She had been teaching school; but, wearying of the humdrum work, she had written a few children's stories for a local paper, and had decided to go into journalism. They always call it "journalism" until they have tried it in New York. But to continue: She felt nervous about taking the plunge, so would I mind engaging a room for her in my boarding-house—as near mine as possible?

In reply I wrote a kindly letter, advising her to think seriously before making the change. I also informed her that, because my work often demanded privacy, I was keeping house, and my knowledge of boarding-houses was limited. However, if she decided to come, she should write the Margaret Louise Home, managed by the Young Women's Christian Association, and quarters would be arranged for her there.

One day when I was at home, driving type-writer and brain at full speed, who should enter but the young woman—in tears. She was deeply grieved at having to interrupt me. They had told her at my

office that I was working at home in order to be free from interruption, but she was in such distress. She had neglected to write to the Margaret Louise Home, and found on arrival that every room was taken. She had not dreamed that such a place would be crowded, and the hotel recommended to her by the matron at the Home was so very large. Why, she had cried herself to sleep the night before, in sheer loneliness. And hadn't I received the postal announcing the hour of her arrival? She had so hoped I might meet her. Oh, it was dreadful to come to this big city all alone—and she was so glad she knew me!

During the next few weeks I sacrificed valuable time trying to make the girl understand what not to do when calling on editors, and what not to write. She called to see me at the most unreasonable hours, freely using my telephone, which costs eight cents a message, my type-writer and my paper. She took a furnished room near by, and dropped in upon me at meal-times, ostensibly for the purpose of talking over her stories and getting what she designated as invaluable advice. After six weeks, during which she displayed a hopeless inaptitude for the work, failing to place a single line of copy, she returned to her inland home and the school-room. I have heard that she freely criticized my attitude toward her, stating that with all my influence I might have sold her stories had I chosen to do so. She did not stop to think that I cannot sell my own unless the editors like them.

Further she said it was with me, as with all who succeed in New York—we are too selfish to extend a helping hand to the new-comer. Setting aside the injustice and the untruth of her assertions, I would like to inquire by what right she appointed herself *protégée* to any busy woman? I owed her absolutely nothing but ordinary courtesy, for in my first letter I warned her of the uncertainties and obstacles that would beset her inexperienced feet.

A California woman brought letters of introduction from a mutual friend. She had held a good position in San Francisco, but thought she would like New York for a change. She seemed to understand the work, and I introduced her in turn to men whom it is not easy to meet—men whose word is law in certain newspaper-offices. And that was the last I heard of her for some time. The stories she had suggested to editors never materialized, but I learned that she used my name to secure favors from theatrical managers whose attractions she wished to see. Then there came a night when, returning to town at a late hour—two o'clock, in fact—I stopped with my traveling-companions for lunch in a Broadway hotel. Passing through the café, I saw the California girl at a table, the gayest of a gay party of so-called Bohemians. I have on my desk the following note from our mutual friend in San Francisco:

Miss S— is home, working for *The Blazer*. I hoped you would be able to help her to something better in New York, for she is a clever girl, and ought to make her mark. She tells me there is nothing to be had in New York unless one has a name.

If you are intensely sentimental or supersensitive, do not come to New York. The men who have positions to offer want the best service obtainable. They will not ask why you are earning your living. It is noble of you to support your mother. They will find that out in time, and respect you the more for it, but the question uppermost in their minds just now is this: "Can she do the work better than her predecessor?" You must show actual results—in dollars and cents. At first you will be a mere machine. Your personality they may study later on. People do not "neighbor" in New York. It is no place for the girl who is satisfied to call *once*. It respects dogged persistency.

And now you ask, "Who should go to New York? Is there room for any one?"

Indeed there is—room for the girl who knows her business, is self-reliant, brave-hearted and earnest. If you are a good milliner, with deft fingers and an artistic eye, New York needs you badly. There is a dearth of good milliners. Every retailer and wholesaler will bear me out in the statement. If you are an expert stenographer, who does not rewrite and rewrite letters, and can keep the affairs of your employers locked in your breast, there are financial institutions that will receive you with open arms, and the only introduction you will need is to register at some type-writing-machine headquarters. If you are a writer who can suggest new ideas to overworked editors, they want you.

In fact, if you really have any trade at your fingertips; if you realize that in your home town you can rise no higher; if your employers have advanced you as far as their trade will permit, and you are fitted to conquer new worlds far afield; if you have faith in yourself as a *worker*—COME! You will make opportunities.