

PUTTING A WOMAN'S JOB IN PORTLAND.

EXPERIENCE OF A STRANGER PRETENDING TO BE A GREEN COUNTRY GIRL, IN SEARCH OF ANY BUT KITCHEN WORK.

[This is the first of a series of articles describing the experience of Miss Bond, posing as an uneducated country girl without money or acquaintance in the city, in search of employment. The next article will tell of her treatment at the Young Women's Christian Association, as well as of sundry visits to employment agencies.]

BY EDITH M. BOND.
WHAT would befall an inexperienced country girl who came to Portland seeking employment, dressed in the unmistakable garb of the child of the plains, without even a single acquaintance to whom she could turn, untried to the noise and confusion of a metropolis, with but a few dollars in money in her pocket, and a wardrobe sufficiently abbreviated to be easily carried in a small suitcase.

Seeking an answer to this hypothetical question and attired faithfully to represent the character outlined above, I boarded an incoming O. R. & N. train one morning recently, resolved to pursue the query to its conclusion.
"We're most to Portland, ain't we, lady?"

My interrogator was a small person of Jewish lineage, who had been assiduously cultivating my acquaintance for the past hour. Upon my replying in the affirmative he deserted me for an instant in order to communicate the glad tidings to his pals in various sections of the chair car. The signals of delight which followed indicated the advent of a superior five for-jag on the part of the score or more of assorted youngsters who had been herded together for six weary hours, and each expressed his feelings in most emphatic terms.

But the small man's cry had already been anticipated by the sleepy "heart of toil" and from all sorts of crannies and corners were appearing smutty faces and coarsened, heavy-lidded eyes, giving place in a moment to a gleam of gladness as they slowly focused upon them. The land of promise was really coming in sight; already we could see unmistakable signs of the approach of a metropolis—the sprits of the chair-carists accordingly were raised to the Nth power and excitement ran high.

As we approached the East Side station conditions around me were fast threatening utter chaos. Babies presented their summary ejection from the land of Nod with Curcio-like howls; breakfast was being eaten in seven different languages; children collected from hitherto unexplored regions were rounded up and corralled, pending the final stoppage of the train—the whole presenting a scene of indescribable confusion only to be witnessed at the end of a transcontinental journey.

In the midst of this pandemonium I sat silent and alone—with them and yet not of them—a meek sense of the intruder enhancing the self-pitying feeling always born of the combined influences of an empty stomach and an early morning entry into a brand-new city. Just for an instant—carried away by my environment—I yielded to the temptation to falter as I contemplated my undertaking. Ostensibly I was coming into a strange city, friendless and unknown; I had expected to appear at the utmost disadvantage personally; my entire outfit of clothing—to all intents and purposes—reposed in the battered valise at my feet, and my financial capital represented exactly \$3.69.

The train stopped at the Union Station with a last spasmodic snort, cutting short my musings, and the chair car began at once to disgorge its congested mass of humanity. I sat still and watched the motley procession file past me. There were men and women, babies and older children, all loaded with suspicious-looking grips, satchels and sacks and greasy newspaper parcels of various sizes. Most of them were shabby, but that some of them at least had kindly hearts I had good reason afterward to prove.

When they were all out I picked up my grip and brought up the rear of the procession, following the crowd out of the gate and across the platform into one of the waiting-rooms beyond. Here the spirit of the city was already apparent; loved suggestively with a nickel-plated hotel-runner's badge, prominently displayed on her ample bosom, with ostentatious care.



"OF COURSE, DEAR, YOU ARE NOT STRICTLY UP TO DATE."



"JUST IN FROM THE COUNTRY SEEKING EMPLOYMENT."

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And he was wondrous wise. He wore by all the dogs that he. He would not advertise. At last one day he advertised. And thereby hangs a tale. The ad was set in nonpareil. And headed "Sheriff's Sale."

The many well-dressed people in the ladies' waiting-room made me painfully aware of the fact that I was distinctly out of my class and I felt myself yearning for the seclusion and democratic congeniality of the chair car. My Wild West attire seemed to excite several smartly dressed females to an undue amount of interest, and after giving them the full benefit of front, back and side views, I marched bravely into a room where a sign proclaimed cheerfully to the hungry that "eating is allowed here."

I had been told to inquire for the matron of the station who, I had been informed by a solicitous conductor, would "put you wise to the loan sharks and employment grafters." The matron's duties, as I understood, to sort of mother, such rural innocents as I purported to be and steer them in the direction of safe port and anchorage. After some search and a deal of waiting I discovered her at last—a busy personage with a kind yet keen face and quick, energetic manner. She did not ask me a single question, and I was obliged to volunteer my story, stranger from the Western plains, never in a city before, no friends here, parents dead, etc., etc.

"Do right up to the Y. W. C. A." "But where?" "Corner Taylor and Seventh," she cut

first with the woman guest of honor, the hostess last in the procession with the man guest of honor, which accounts for the fact that the head of the table is farthest from the dining-room door, the foot opposite.

Now for a few points to be remembered in serving:
Fill the water glasses two-thirds full, and light the candles (if there be any) two minutes before dinner is announced.
Place a napkin at each cover just before announcing the meal.
Place all dishes from which food is to be taken to the left of those at the table, taking care that the tray be held low enough to be reached with ease.
Set all portions prepared for individual service at the right of the one for whom they are prepared.
Remove everything pertaining to one course before serving another.
Before serving the sweet course remove all crumbs from the table.



"HELLO, SISTER, HOW'S THE RANGE?"

in sharply. "Take a Fifth-street car and get off at Taylor."
But I yearned for further enlightenment. "Will they get me a place to stay?" I queried anxiously.

The matron's face assumed an aspect of patient disgust. "They will take care of you," she announced decidedly, and darted away to steer some bewildered visitor in the direction of the ticket window.

With a sense of final dilemma I picked up my valise again and started out—on my way at last, although I knew not whither I was going. Outside, on Sixth street, I timidly made my way with faltering steps, doing my level best to portray the halting and uncertain gait of the character I represented.

"Hello, Sister! How's the range?" He was only a fresh drummer, probably elated over a recent sale, but as I passed meekly by I confess it was hard to refrain the rising impulse for a sarcastic reply. I had hardly passed Facetious Freddie before I was set upon by a horde of voracious cabbies, newsboys and messengers—each assuring me of his devoted care and attention, and all apparently oblivious to the violent attire which fatly shouted my poverty and veridancy. Just why I should be so popular was something of a poser to me, but I modestly declined their solicitous attentions with ladylike firmness, meanwhile keeping a weather eye out for a Fifth-street car, the which seemed apparently non est.

"Looking for a nice place to stay, dearie?"
It was an oil-and-bulk voice that cooed thus in my ear, and I turned with a start to encounter the foxy features of a ferret-faced female who

loved suggestively with a nickel-plated hotel-runner's badge, prominently displayed on her ample bosom, with ostentatious care.

"Yes, ma'am. I assented in a skimming kind of voice.
The smiles increased in strength and velocity. "You just come right up to my place," she gurgled, as though comforting a colicky infant. Then in a burst of saccharine confidence: "My husband is a broken-down Methodist minister; we have a cozy home just around the corner here; every modern convenience; hot and cold water; free baths; good warm meals and a fine home with every comfort—all for a very reasonable consideration." She paused for breath and enveloped me with a smile that put to shame the radiance of my inflammable petticoat and left me fairly gasping with the heat.

But it was the line-and-ribbed role I was playing, so I hesitated with becoming meekness, giving out disconnected bits of my story as occasion offered and leading her on to discourse volubly of the advantages of a good home with Christian influences to such a tenderfoot as myself. She warned me boldly of the peridy of certain depot officials, whose names she mentioned in no complimentary terms and hinted at the dangerous pitfalls which would beset "a girl of your class" if she elected to "pass up" the parental protection which the Blank Hotel was hurling at her. Falling on this tack, she veered and grew complimentary.

"Of course, dear, you're not strictly up to date," she gurgled, with a glance at my fetching color scheme of scarlet and pink. Then, perceiving her "break" hurriedly interjected: "I mean you ain't used to city ways yet. But you'll soon catch on all right, just once you get a fair show." Then as a final trump card: "You ain't got a bad face at all, and you look quite bright."
"But I haven't any money, and I am expecting to find some place to stay until I can get work," I replied.

This latter fact evidently was too much for my sympathetic friend, and I left her with an expression indicating that the honey of her life had been temporarily flavored with lemon.

With no car in sight and every prospect pleasing for adventures I decided to walk up Sixth street, eager to try the effect of my garish attire upon the Portland populace. So much for anticipation. The people I passed were for the most part too much occupied with their own affairs to notice me, and even the noise made by my visual shout of red failed to attract more than a commonplace stare from some street urchin or an occasional glance of amused contempt from some indolent woman who chanced to pass me.

Anxious to test the effect of my appearance on him, I accosted a well-dressed gentleman, evidently a prosperous business man of middle age, asking to be directed to the Y. W. C. A. building.
"Why, certainly, miss; it's only a short distance from here," he replied, giving me a most respectful and almost deferential bow as he raised his hat. "Let me carry your grip and I'll take you right to the door."
"Taking the value from me, he suavely led the way, and in a twinkling we were standing outside the beautiful building which is daily a haven of rest for friendless and homesick girls. With a friendly smile in acknowledgment of my thanks he again tipped his hat and left me.

And right here, I'm thinking, is a good place to pay my hearty respects to the mere man of Portland. In no other city have I met the courteous treatment accorded me in the City of Roses, effete Boston, with its noted civility to the contrary notwithstanding. I have since made Portland to put this fact to the test, and in all circumstances it has been verified. I have yet to meet with insult or even vulgar comment from a Portland citizen. I make my bow to him.

His Automobile Song.
Here is an old Georgia dinky's song of the automobile.
Satan rise up, de break of day,
An' de auto kneked him clear out de way.
It knocked him high, an' it knocked him low,
An' he never come back ter de airth no mo'.
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

GIVING A SIMPLE FORMAL DINNER

Almost Every Housekeeper Finds It an Occasional Duty.

Woman's Home Companion.
ALMOST all housekeepers find it an occasional duty, and well it should be, to give a formal dinner which they wish to be quite out of the ordinary. To have such a meal an unqualified success one needs pay attention to the details of table-setting and the serving of the meal, as well as the careful preparation of the menu.

over-display of silver, or, for that matter, anything else. The dinner-room should be well aired, while the temperature should be about 68 degrees F.

For Laying the Table.
Cover the table with a silken cloth, usually made of double-faced cotton flannel or felt.
The cover has three uses: (a) to protect the polished table; (b) to deaden the sound made in setting down the china; (c) to improve the appearance of the linen.

Spread the damask cloth smoothly and evenly, having the center of the cloth in the center of the table.
Best table cloths should be ironed when damp, without folding and rolled over a frame, which may be easily formed of paper if one has not a wooden rack.
Place a service plate in the center of each cover, allowing from 2 to 30 inches in length and 15 inches in depth for each. The plate as well as all cutlery and silver are set one-half inch from the edge of the table.

UNCLE SAM GROWING NEW LILIES

Fine Type Developed by the Agricultural Department New Dahlias Also.

THE plant experts of the Department of Agriculture are turning their attention to things of beauty as well as usefulness, and several new flowers have been evolved by them. Next season in all probability some novel varieties of lilies which were originally in the Department's greenhouses in Washington will be placed upon the market by growers, as well as a new Summer-blooming dahlia.

quite so broad as and a little shorter than the Philippine lily.
Up to this time Americans have had to far for a variety of supply of Philippine lilies upon the Philippine Islands, and they arrive early in the Spring, when they cannot be used for forcing, but by growing them in California they can be obtained in the Fall in good time for forcing into flower during the Winter. The plants so far grown in California, says Mr. Oliver, do not show signs of the lily disease.

How a Country Paper Talks.
There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He wore by all the dogs that he
He would not advertise.
At last one day he advertised.
And thereby hangs a tale.
The ad was set in nonpareil.
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—Midway (Ky.) Clipper.