

## SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH HER EMPLOYER AND NOW WANTS TO HELP ANOTHER GIRL

BY IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

Note.—Here is a human document that is more tragic than any you can read in fiction or see upon the stage. It came to me this morning among many other letters on the subject of girls receiving attentions from their employers. I think it shows conclusively that sex in business cannot be ignored.

What shall—or rather what can a girl in these circumstances do?

Toledo, O., Dec. 8, '14.

Dear Mrs. Gibson.—I have read with interest your article on "The Girl Who Works," and the appeal of that little girl who wrote you for advice touched my heart; she has my deepest sympathy. Tell her to leave that man's employ AT ONCE, and do anything rather than keep on working for him under existing conditions. She will have the heartache for awhile, but time will cure that, whereas, if she stays on there every day will be torture. He must have known she was learning to love him—but what did he care? She was a nice little thing to amuse him in his spare hours—and now he announces his engagement to a society girl—poor little stenographer, poor little plaything. Maybe—who knows—he will have a daughter some day who some other man will treat as he has treated this girl and his own deed will come home to him.

I will tell you part of my story—it may help someone else. I am past 25 (old enough to have sense) but, here is a bit of advice to mothers—no girl unmarried gets too old for a chaperon.

A few years ago I secured a position as stenographer in one of the nicest offices here in town, everything went smoothly for two years, then—well, then my employer began to get interested in me, and I returned that interest, it crept into my heart

and was there almost before I knew it. (I believe I was flattered at first), then love took its place; and the pity of it is he is married and has a family—and I KNOW IT.

But I have learned to love this man devotedly, passionately—beyond everything else in the world. My people would scorn such a thing as they were very puritanical, but they do not know, no one does, and that is my "skeleton in the closet."

He is well known in business circles, well thought of and, of course, is big and handsome, and good—that may sound odd, but he is. How true that saying is from the Confessions of a Wife: "A man will protect a woman from every man but himself, and there is always the one man from whom every woman must protect herself."

I am lonely for him always, I want him to come home to ME nights; I want him for breakfast, dinner and supper; I want him Sundays and holidays; I want him always. I know I should leave his employ, but I am not strong enough to, I just could not live without seeing him every day, even though it is torture to stay. Sometimes I think I shall lose my mind—to think that the man I would choose from all others sits within reach of my outstretched hand every day and I dare not touch him. His time is well taken up with business affairs, and I know he does not miss and want me like I do him—a woman always gives so absolutely. He has never shown me any attention outside of the office, never taken me to the theater, lunch, etc.—that much is to his credit; he has never cheapened me by letting me be seen in his company. Sometimes I cannot understand why I love him—why will love, like a flower, thrive on a desert? Perhaps you can tell me.

I never enjoy a pleasure unless it is connected in some way with him—