

If the Doctors Operated on Father After Christmas They Wouldn't Find a Penny Left in Him

The Call's Magazine and Fiction Page

The Girl, the World and the Devil

MISS PATTERSON needs no introduction to the readers of this newspaper as one of the foremost woman newspaper writers of the day. As she has achieved her success entirely unaided through 20 years of devotion to her work, one could hardly choose a more efficient person to instruct and advise a girl who is going out into the world to earn her own living. And incidentally Miss Patterson virtually tells her own working life story.—EDITOR.

By ADA PATTERSON

YOU are 17 and you must find work to live. It is a commonplace situation to every one save you, you and your mother, who, if she is wise and tender, lies awake many a night agonizing over it.

You are the fifth girl. One of every five girls in the United States works for her own living, and, in greater or less degree, helps others to live. So you see you are not alone. You are, in fact, quite usual.

You must earn your living, and I, who have earned mine for 20 years, write this because I want to help you. Of course, in twice 10 years of earning my rent, my food, my clothing, that with which to pay my doctors and dentists, and my savings fund for that time when I will be able to earn less than I do today, perhaps less than you will tomorrow, I have learned some truths about the girl who wants to get on and who does.

MOST IMPORTANT

Are you surprised to learn that most important is what you think about it? No, not what others think about you or what you are planning to do, what you yourself think about it. What is the difference between the persons you like and those you dislike? It is what they think about things, isn't it? Think that over, for it is true. What we think about anything is our attitude toward it and all important is attitude. Our thoughts are our character, and, believe me, dear little Miss Seventeen, upon character rather than brains depends success. Sturdiness, inability to be beaten, hopefulness, belief in the best, these are our character because they are our thoughts. Yes, it is most important what you think about this work finding and living making.

Think your own thoughts about it and see that they are right thoughts. What your mother thinks about it. She is terrified, and really thinks that the world out beyond your curtain shades is a place of carnage, of awful, death dealing battle. It isn't quite that. Take my word. I have been in it for 20 years. Not what Mrs. Brown who lives around the corner thinks about it. Her's are thoughts of dark suspicion. Out in that world, Mrs. Brown believes every man has cloven hoofs and every woman a hard heart. Don't accept Mrs. Brown's thoughts. Look out at the world through a crack in the parlor shutters, her vision is narrow. The business world isn't hazy, though in acute moments its temperature resembles it. The business world, on the whole, corresponds fairly with the family neighborhood and friendship circle. You will find about the same ratio of good and bad traits in the folk you meet. Working for your living is not a sinister girl trap, nor is it a heavenly state. Like the family and friends, it has its good and bad points.

NOT AN IDEAL PLACE

The business world is neither an ideal place nor an impossible one. It is a place to sell goods, and you have goods to sell. That is what being a business girl means. The business world is a market place or a shop window. Stop at the next market place, or pause at the next shop window you pass, and study it. The man who has something to sell has placed his goods there and arranged it in an attractive way as he can. That is what you must do. You have to sell some ability or talent. Perhaps you sing. Perhaps you "take shorthand." Perhaps you sit on a high stool and add long columns of figures and make them balance. Perhaps you cook or sew.

"Show you best goods," says the merchant. "Do your best work," say I. The world wants good work and will pay for it. Don't sentimentalize. Leave your emotions at home. Go clear eyed and calm pulsed to market. You have something to sell. Make your sales. Polish your goods. Sell them. Those are the right thoughts about business life.

Miss Patterson's next article will be on "How to Get Work."

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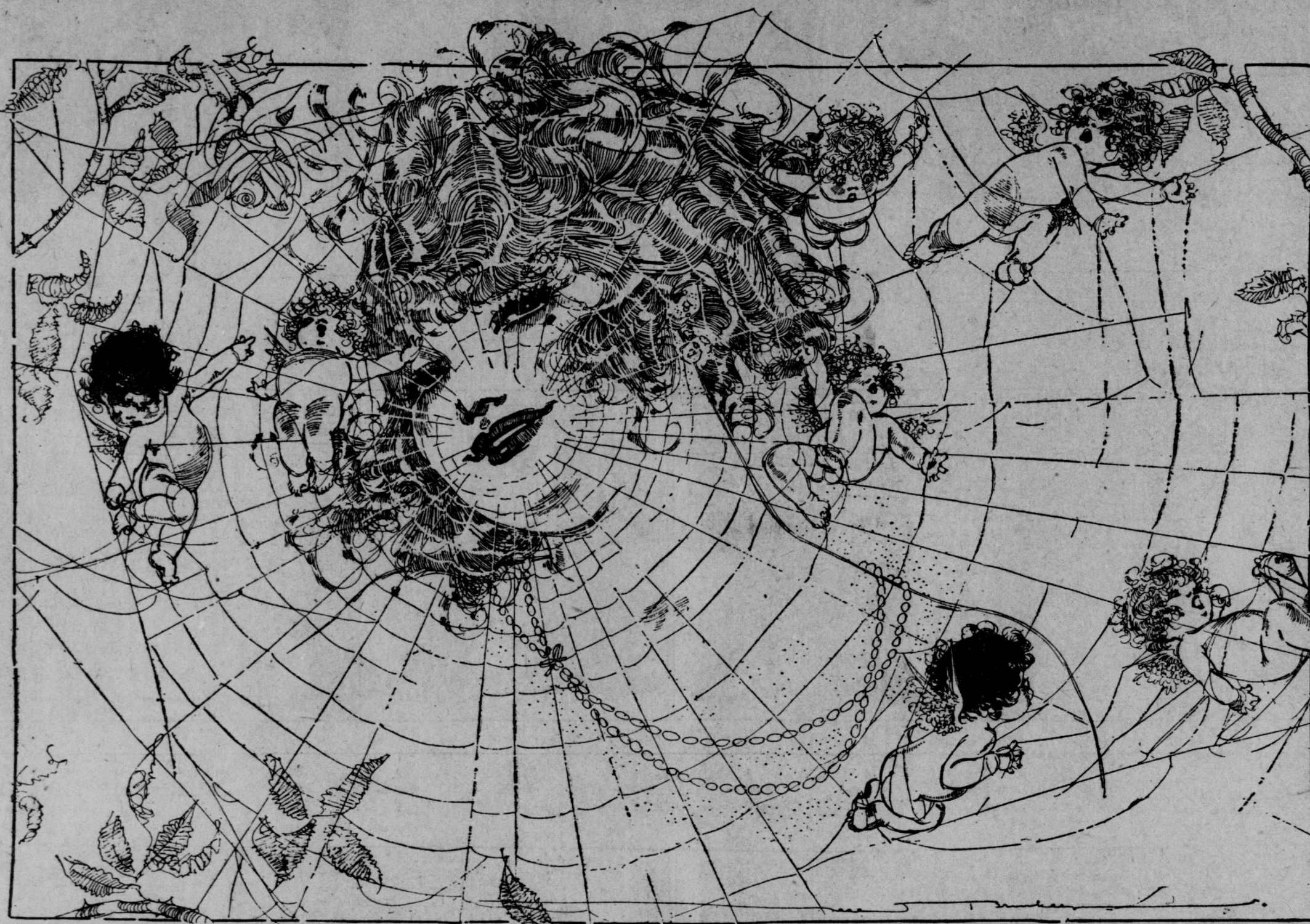
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In the Web of a Woman's Smile

(Copyright, 1913, International News Service)

BY NELL BRINKLEY



I KNOW a girl with a SMILE. From her crisp metallic hair to the straps of her slippers she is what folks call "comely." But it isn't the crinkle in her hair, nor the white column of her neck, nor any of these fortunate things—small ears and a beautifully turned wrist and a head with real ideas in it and a warm heart—that calls men to her like yellow jackets to a honey jar. "She has such blue eyes," offered one chap. But there are miles of girls with blue-blue eyes! "Her hair is so gold." But the girls with "golden" hair who are prettier than she would make a glittering girdle around the world! Only one chap confesses: "I don't know what it is, but WHATEVER IT IS, and whatever you are—man, woman or little kid—you answer right up to it and bring your heart on a platter!"

It's her smile! She is one of those women with a SMILE. All the angels in Paradise get out their songbooks and begin when she

does smile. The sullen little kid can't hold out against it to save his slim little stem of a neck. The woman who is overfond of masculine camaraderie and sniffs at the friendship of her own soft sex, who is tinctured with the bitterness of envy of all fair women, flops right over into the choir that sings her praises after 'bout half a dozen smiles. All childhood wreaths its arms 'round her waist and its heart about her image when she stops and smiles. But MAN—the grouchiest one of them all—glows like a kitten in the sunshine when her eyes crinkle and the red of her mouth curls away from the snow of her teeth; the bashfullest one spreads the gay wings of his fancy under the warmth of her laugh like a grateful butterfly under the sun; it's her smile! It's as real as the color on the cheek of a peach—it's as soft as a sigh—as luring as the last plucked string of a harp—as tender as a California valley in blossom time! Sometimes when I look

straight into the amazing marvel of her soft, soft smile the world grows dim and fades, and before the dearness of her face a web grows—a golden rainbow web—and it rays out from the smile of her mouth in a thousand gossamer threads. And, caught by the wings and toes, and tummy and nose, are countless little pink LOVES—struggling and thrashing, caught coming for honey—blinded by the great light of her smile—giddy with its beauty!

THIS isn't like it. I must "scratch for a living" acoons longer to be able to put it on plain white Bristol board. If it WAS like it you'd be tangled up in this web also, my friend. How do you smile? Have you ever thought to look? Maybe you have a great one if you'd let it come oftener. Everybody can't entangle the world with the smiles of their mouth—but they draw closer all human kind—smiles do.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"I JUST finished a new novel which ain't been out long," said the Manicure Lady. "There ain't nothing to it except that it is kind of raw in spots, like most of the new stuff that I have read lately. Outside of the raw spots, there ain't nothing to it, and I would just as soon read the year book of the department of agriculture. The more I see of books like that the more I like to read the old masters, like Charles Thackeray and Sir Walter Dickens and Marie Corelli. Them was the days when good novels was wrote."

"It's been a long time since I have read a novel," said the Head Barber. "I don't see what makes you read them."

"I read them because I am all the time hoping to find a good one," explained the Manicure Lady. "If a girl didn't read nothing to improve her mind, George, all she would know inside of a year would be slang and the latest stage jokes. I seen some of them jokes in the Sunday paper under the heading, 'What Broadway Is Laughing About,' and after I had read them I was telling mother that the heading should have been 'What Is Broadway Laughing About?' Just a lot of mush, like the novels I was telling about."

"My wife showed me a story about Japan in one of the magazines last month," said the Head Barber. "I don't see how the author got by without a jail sentence. And then they say the world is getting better."

"I got a notion to write a novel myself," said the Manicure Lady. "I got a plan in my head, too, and the heroine of my novel would be a girl in this manikure game. I wouldn't write no novel unless I knew all about what I was writing, and if there is any angle to this game that I haven't saw, the scene must be laid in some foreign country."

"You couldn't write no novel," declared the Head Barber.

"Maybe in your limited judgment I couldn't write nothing," snapped the Manicure Lady, "but I have just took the notion into my head that I could write one, and I am going to try."

"This is the plot: A manicure lady like me, only far more beautiful and just as innocent, has took a position in a barber shop, and a young gent that owns a big estate in the country comes in to have his nails did and falls in love with her. He treats her just like a princess, and asks her to marry him, and she marries him and they go to live on his estate. The ladies that go in his social circle is all more higher educated than this bride, and they give her the freeze every time they get a chance. The girl stands it for a while, and then she can't stand it no more, and runs away all by herself. The young gent sells his estate and spends all the money trying to find her, and just as he finds her he is flat broke. But he says 'Never mind, dearest, my money is gone but my heart beats just as kind and true as it ever did.' Then she gets another job as a manicure girl, and she supports him and her both."

"That made it kind of soft for him," said the Head Barber. "That's the only part of the novel that I can't get to suit me," said the Manicure Lady. "I suppose I ought to have him fall heir to a fortune, because a gent sitting around Saturday afternoon waiting for his wife to come home with 15 bucks ain't what you could call a hero."

"But you ain't got her tangled up in no love affair," said the Head Barber.

"No, George," declared the Manicure Lady, "and she ain't going to be, not if I write the novel."

"Then how do you expect it to sell?" asked the Head Barber. "I thought it might sell better than the other late novels," explained the Manicure Lady, "on account of it being so different."

THEIR MARRIED LIFE

A Change in the Suburban Time Table Spills Helen's Carefully Prepared Dinner

"NORA, Mr. Curtis has just phoned that his sister and her husband are in town and are coming here to dinner. Now you can keep those chops for tomorrow, and I'll phone for a chicken. How about the vegetables?"

"I guess there's enough of that spinach for four, ma'am. I'll see," looking in the icebox.

"No, don't cook the spinach. I'll order tomatoes, and you can stuff them. They'll be much nicer than spinach. That soup stock will keep, and I'll get some clams. We'll have clam broth in the bouillon cups. 'There ain't milk enough, ma'am—here's all that's left.'"

"Yes, I'll order a half pint of cream, you can use some of it in the potatoes. Now, is that all? Have we enough salad?"

If she had only known this morning that they were coming! Warren's sister had not dined with them since they returned from abroad, and Helen was particularly anxious to have a well prepared and well served dinner.

Carrie was not only disconcertingly critical, but she was an excellent housekeeper, who prided herself on her table. So Helen was determined the tvery detail of this dinner should be flawless.

When she had telephoned the order she looked over the silver to be sure that none of it needed cleaning, got out the best tablecloth and napkins and handsome centerpiece.

SHE ARRIVES EARLY
Warren had phoned that Carrie, who had come in to do some Christmas shopping, would be up after the stores closed, about half past six. But that dinner, at 7, the regular time, would be early enough, as they were not going back until the 10:30 train.

However, to Helen's dismay, it was not quite 6 when Carrie came. Nora received her, and Helen finished dressing in nervous haste.

"I know I'm early," apologized Carrie, "but they've changed the time table and we'll have to catch that 7:50 train. There's nothing after than until after 11. If you can let us have dinner at half past six that will give us plenty of time."

Dinner in half an hour! Helen knew that nothing was ready and that Nora always got flustered if she had to hurry.

"I just phoned Warren about the change; he and Fred will be here in a few minutes. I hope it won't put you out any, but we really must catch that train."

"Oh, of course. I'll go right out and tell Nora."

The kitchen was hot and full of smoke, and Nora was down on her knees basting the chicken. She raised her flushed face with an indignant protest.

"You said dinner at 7, ma'am, and I can't have it no sooner."

"Nora, we MUST—They've got to catch that train! I'll help you. Never mind the anchovy relish, we'll let them begin with the soup. I'll cut the bread and fix the celery. Is this the butter for the table?"

With her face almost as flushed as Nora's, Helen flew about the hot kitchen, and back and forth to the dining room. After all the trouble she had taken to have everything "just right"—and now nothing would be served properly in this hurry and confusion.

Carrie went dined with them but that something went wrong, she reflected bitterly.

WARREN UNREASONABLE

She was just swinging through the pantry door with the celery and olives when she bumped into Warren, whom she had heard come in with Fred a few moments before.

"See here," frowningly, "it's half past six! They'll have to leave here in 40 minutes to make that 7:50."

"We're hurrying all we can," retorted Helen. "I told Carrie I'd have it at half past, and we've got three minutes yet," glancing at the kitchen clock. "Now please, dear, don't stand there and glower. You're only in the way and you'll make us both nervous."

But it was several minutes after half past before Helen, flushed and disconcerted with her exertions in the hot kitchen, gave a last nervous glance at the table and told them to come in to dinner.

It was not until they were seated that she noticed Nora had put down the teaspoons instead of the bouillon spoons, an annoying mistake, as Helen was especially proud of her silver, and to add further to her discomfort, the clam broth, which Nora usually made so delicious, was scorched.

"May I have a napkin?" asked Carrie.

A startled glance around and Helen saw that there was not a napkin on the table! In their hurry both she and Nora had overlooked them. "It's our fault for hurrying you," apologized Fred. "I told Carrie if we couldn't come at the time set—we should go to a restaurant."

"Nonsense," protested Warren cordially. "A matter of half an hour one way or the other makes no difference. Have you rung?" frowning at Helen.

"Yes, dear, I've rung twice," again pressing the bell under the table.

But as Nora did not appear, Helen rose with a murmur.

"If you'll excuse me, I'd better go help her. Nora usually serves beautifully, but she does get a little flustered when she's hurried."

Carrie's critical silence seemed to imply that her servants were trained never to get flustered.

The chicken and vegetables were finally served, but Helen had to keep jumping up. She remembered the last perfectly appointed dinner they had had at Carrie's at which Carrie had not given a word of instruction to the maid, much less left the table.

"Oh, ma'am, I forgot the cranberries," whispered Nora. "Is it too late?"

Helen turned to Carrie. "Would you like some cranberries?"

"No, thank you," icily, "I'm quite through."

"Take the plates then, Nora, and bring the salad—quickly as you can!" Helen, who could never eat fast, had hardly touched her dinner, and kind hearted Fred protested. "You've not eaten anything. Don't let us hurry you, keep your plate and have your salad later. It's a shame to upset you all."

"What time is it? Had we better wait for salad?" asked Carrie.

Warren glanced at his watch. "Ten minutes after—oceans of time."

But when the library clock struck the quarter hour, Carrie rose with a decided,

"I'd better get on my things. I don't relish the idea of missing that train and having to wait until 12."

"I'm sorry you have to hurry so," murmured Helen, following her into the dressing room.

"Yes, this changing of time tables is most provoking. But we'll soon be in town now. We wouldn't have

stayed so late, but Fred wanted to spend Thanksgiving in the country. May I have one of these hairpins?"

Carrie may have hurried through her dinner, but she was most deliberate about arranging her hair and putting on her hat and veil.

"Ready?" called Fred. "We've not as much time as I thought."

As they waited in the hall for the elevator, Carrie said stiffly: "When we get back in town you must come and have dinner with us."

"Yes, we will," murmured Helen, quite as stiffly.

"Well, that was some rush," grumbled Warren as the elevator door closed after them.

"Oh, it was a shame," bewailed Helen. "All that nice dinner—and nobody enjoyed it!"

"I'm going to have some coffee and cheese now," and Warren sat down again at the table.

"Won't you have a little bite of chicken, ma'am?" asked Nora solicitously. "You didn't eat a thing."

Although Helen protested that she could not eat now, Nora brought her some chicken and the stuffed tomato which she had not touched.

"Oh, everything went wrong," Helen was leaning heavily on the table. "Every time Carrie comes something unpleasant has to happen."

"All your own fault. The dinner would have been all right if you hadn't got rattled. If that had been Carrie—well, she could serve dinner half an hour early without getting all fussed up."

It was true that Carrie never got flustered, and it was this calm superiority of his sister that Helen so resented.

"Didn't the lady leave this, ma'am?" Nora held up a small package she had found on the hall table.

"Helen SYMPATHETIC

"Oh, that's TOO bad," exclaimed Helen. "That's something Carrie bought today, and she wants it. I'm sure, or she would have it sent."

"Mail it to her in the morning. Be sure it's nothing that'll break."

"They had just gone into the library when the phone rang, and Warren answered it."

"Hello. Oh, I say that's rotten luck! Why, you left here in time! Yes, you've got to walk a mile in those blamed stations after you get there. Tell Carrie it's here and we'll mail it to her tomorrow. Sure, go to the theater! Plenty of vaudeville houses around there. All right—so long."

"But how COULD they miss it?" asked Helen when he turned from the phone. "You said they'd have plenty of time."

"Seems they didn't," with a shrug. "Had to wait for a car. Suppose they'll go to some show and not hang around there three hours. But he said Carrie was furious and didn't want to go anywhere. I'll wager she's blessing you all right, for not having dinner earlier."

Certainly Beautiful

They were talking about missing the connection in grasping the other fellow's idea, and the frequency with which it happens, the other day when Senator Cummins of Iowa related an incident of the far west.

Some time ago a preacher from the east was traveling through the Rocky mountains, when he chanced to be thrown into the society of a native who thoughtlessly used enough explosive eloquence to make things glow like an artistic sunset.

"Well, stranger," remarked the native with a genial smile, "now that you have looked about a bit, what strikes you the most?"

"Your blasphemy, sir," answered the preacher, with a reproving glance at the native. "I can't recall anything to compare with it."

"Right you are, stranger!" answered the native, his face brightening with a pleased smile. "When it comes to blasphemy there ain't none purtier than you'll find right here in this section."

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