

Hannah Marvin's Job

Why She Gave It Up

By **REINETTE LOVEWELL**
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Hannah Marvin's haggard eyes were fixed upon the illuminated text of a small framed motto on the wall at her left, "When the Outlook is Not Good Try the Uplook."

As she read her wide mouth set itself in a line of bitterness, and she turned away disgustedly.

The waiting room of the Remwood Typewriter Employment Agency was badly congested. Groups of girls were chattering together in the humid heat. Hannah was an "old girl." The term was used in the office, with respect, solely because it was descriptive. It was abbreviated into "O. G.," and Hannah had caught a glimpse of these initials on her registration card and with a chill of heart guessed their meaning.

A newcomer interrupted her thoughts by sitting down quite close beside her. Hannah turned toward her with an unguessed annoyance, but her sharp glance became a steady stare.

The girl beside her wore a plain little gown of green checked gingham, and the pink flush on her face was so lovely and so natural a coloring that Hannah's eyes, long accustomed to powdered cheeks, rested upon it incredulously, dropping finally to the exquisite line of a full white throat.

The girl turned to her and spoke shyly.

"What do you have to do to get work here—show your recommendations?" she asked.

"Recommendations here don't mean much," Hannah answered sharply. "The best argument you can put up is the price you've worked for and how much experience you've had."

"I've worked a year," the girl answered.

"Here in New York?" Hannah questioned.

"No—up state."

"Can you read your notes?" Hannah asked practically.

"I certainly can," the girl came back with a confidence that surprised her questioner.

"Well, you ought to get something," she encouraged. "Better go up and show those fresh kids away and talk right up to the manager. How'd you happen to come down to the city?" Hannah inquired.

"Oh, I just wanted to get a better chance. I got awfully tired of living in Lymanville. I've been here only a week, but"

She stopped hesitatingly.

"Oh, I don't know," she finished. "These girls seem awfully different some way. And they don't look well. They are so thin and"

"They don't eat enough or sleep enough," Hannah interrupted.

A week passed. By some unworded understanding Hannah and the upstate girl sat together in the waiting room each day.

Neither was sent out, and Hannah, realizing how low were her own resources, forced her way one morning to the front and demanded the reason why she couldn't get work.

The manager answered her outburst gently.

"You see, Miss Marvin," she said "we have very few calls that require your experience, so many offices want to get very young girls and break them in at a low rate."

Hannah sniffed with comprehension. "I know I'm old," she said bluntly "but I can get out the work."

The eyes of the manager showed sympathetic understanding.

"I'm sure you can," she said kindly. "And you are bound to have a call before long for some one of your experience."

Hannah went back to her seat and thought about her experience with bitter recollection.

The girl from up state was reading a letter from home, and her face, which had grown pale and a little thin, was again rosily flushed. She turned dreamy eyes toward Hannah inquiringly and then let them go back to the bold handwriting on the sheets she held.

Hannah continued to think about her "experience."

Only the night before she had found quite by accident, an old photograph of herself taken when she had first come to New York, twenty years before. She had studied it long and curiously until she burned with bitterness.

Beauty she had never possessed, but she had been vivacious, joyous and "smart." In those days her father had been prosperous, and there was no need for her to toil. It was then that she had met, loved and promised to marry Allen Morehouse. Three months the engagement had lasted.

Sitting on the hard agency bench twenty years later, Hannah Marvin felt flame up within her the scorching anger of her girlhood as she remembered her discovery of the life young Morehouse was leading, the quarrel that ensued and the heartless words he had spoken to her as he faced her accusations.

After that there had been scarcely a rift in the storm clouds. Her father, financially wrecked, had died and left his daughter to earn her living as she could. She had tried the shorthand and typewriting route, then just be-

coming popular, and she had gone forth to battle, unsmiling, silent, working her way for her daily bread with relentless zeal.

A call from the manager summoned Hannah forward at last, and she went, resentfully conscious of the curious glances the other girls cast toward her.

"Here's a position, Miss Marvin, I think you could fill," the woman behind the railing said. "It's a fifteen dollar a week place and very good people. Will you go and see about it?"

A strange sensation of gratitude came to Hannah, and a smile appeared on her face. It seemed to the manager to be almost transfiguring.

"I'll go," she answered. "I guess I can get out work that will suit them."

The manager smiled. "Good luck," she said.

An hour later Hannah had walked out of a great building with the knowledge that she had work. An eating house caught her eyes as she walked toward her room, and she went in and sat down, realizing suddenly that she had eaten nothing that day.

As she sat with a menu card before her she glanced up and saw entering the girl from up state. She saw Hannah and hurried toward her all smiles and flushes.

"I've got a place," she cried joyously. "I'm going to work tomorrow. It's \$12 a week."

"Say, that's fine!" said Hannah heartily. "What's the firm?"

"It's a kind of small insurance business," the girl answered, taking a card from her hand bag and laying it before Hannah. That's the man's name in the corner."

Hannah read and saw the room grow dark before her.

She got up and put her hands on the young girl's shoulder.

"I've got to be going," she said.

With her hand on the knob of the door she paused, turned sharply and came back and sat down before the girl from up state.

"Say, look here!" she said sharply. "I've promised to take a fifteen a week job, but I made up my mind just now to get out of New York, and I don't want it. I've decided to leave the city. The work isn't anything but what you could do, and \$3 a week is a lot when you come to think about it. Now, there isn't any reason why you can't go right up there and say I sent you and tell them what you can do. I know you are all right. Will you?"

"Why, yes, of course I will," the girl answered.

"You run right along now. They are expecting me back," said Hannah.

The girl from up state went radiantly.

Hannah sat for a long time at the restaurant table, with her food untouched, trying to think what to do next.

At a table behind her a man with bent shoulders had watched the upstate girl as she talked, and now, as Hannah lingered, he sat at his table with some papers spread out before him. But he did not read.

The card of the insurance company lay unheeded beside the girl's coffee cup. Hannah picked it up and read, again the name of its representative. It was Allen Morehouse.

The name was printed in red, and the letters danced impishly before her eyes.

The address was on the card. It was quite near at hand, not four blocks away, and a sudden impulse made her determine to go and tell him why the downer faced girl he had hired would not return.

In five minutes she was in the insurance office. A boy asked her to wait, and she sank back on a bench.

In a few minutes she was motioned toward Mr. Morehouse's private office.

A gray haired man was sitting before a flat desk. He was not very well dressed, but his eyes were level and clear and kind.

He looked up, and Hannah spoke.

"I came to say," she said "that I've sent that child you hired to a better job. I thought I'd let you know that it was Hannah Marvin who was responsible for your losing her."

"So you thought I wouldn't treat that little girl well?" he questioned.

Hannah did not reply.

"Sometimes," Morehouse went on, "a man turns out better than you might expect. I haven't amounted to very much, but I've got this little business here, and the girl who's left me was here eight years."

Hannah's breath was coming irregularly, and she felt dizzy.

"Hannah," he continued, "I've tried to find you a good while. I've been sorry about it all."

He reached across the table and caught her hand.

"Hannah," he said again, "listen. I was there in the restaurant, and I sized up the whole situation. I know what you did, and I've got a job for you, if you'll take it. I'm all alone. Mother died a year ago. I wish you'd come and take care of me. I wish you'd marry me now."

The woman's gray face flushed and grew amazed. She stared at the man before her unbelieveingly.

Then the tears came, and as they fell she brushed them away with the back of her thin hand.

"Why, don't you see," she said brokenly—"don't you see what I am now? I'm just a crumpled old maid. I'm cross and ugly and worried. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," he said slowly. "You looked just like that to me when you gave up your job to that child."

He drew her toward him awkwardly.

"Hannah," he went on, "I've never forgotten or forgiven myself for the past. I've thought of you constantly lately."

He stopped.

"Hannah," he finished hoarsely, "I want you!"

WEALTH AND WELCOME.

A Story That Illustrates a Very Common Way of the World.

A young merchant went abroad and after many years, having made a large fortune, returned to his native land. When he reached home he found that his relatives had gone to a feast at a country house a few miles away. He was so eager to see them that he did not take the trouble to change his clothes and was wearing the things he had used on board the ship coming home.

When he entered the large hall where the guests were all assembled his cousins showed very little pleasure at the sight of him. It was plain to them that he had come back a poor man. A young negro who had accompanied him from abroad was quite upset at their coolness to his master and said, "They must all be very bad men to receive you so cruelly."

"Wait a minute," whispered the merchant, "and you will see a change in their looks."

He quietly put a fine diamond ring on his finger, and, lo, every face began to smile, and they pressed at once around him and called him "Cousin William."

"Has a simple gold ring the power to charm people like this?" asked the black servant in perplexity.

"It is not that," replied his master, "but the ring is worth a good sum, and they guess from it that I am rich, and riches are dearer to them than anything."

"What deluded men!" exclaimed the negro. "They think more of yellow metal and a piece of glass than all my master's virtues and loving kindness."

—Baltimore News.

THE COLOR OF GOLD.

Its Shade of Yellow Depends Upon the Metal Used in Alloy.

Gold that is used in jewelry and coins is always alloyed with copper or sometimes, as in the former, with silver. Addition of copper makes the color the popular "golden yellow," orange or reddish gold. Silver turns gold pale yellow. We seldom see pure gold, but it has that indescribable yellow that is so often fascinating.

The pure metal is so malleable that it can be beaten between strips of velum into sheets two-hundred-and-fifty thousandths of an inch in thickness. In this form it is transparent and transmits green light.

When very finely divided gold is suspended in a liquid by precipitation from a solution it transmits green light similar to that of the leaf gold. Yet in ordinary wall diffused light it seems purple, for this is the color it reflects. In other words, if a light is placed behind a jar containing a liquid with gold in fine suspension it looks green, whereas if the light is placed in front or at the side the color is purple. The vapor from boiling molten gold is also purple.

What, then, is the real color of gold? The color of a substance depends on its ability to reflect only light of that color, which in turn is due to the arrangement of the molecules. It seems, then, even the simple mechanical changes which we mentioned before as accompanied by radical changes among the molecules as far as their mutual relationships are concerned.—New York World.

Nest Eggs For Jam Pots.

When a large glass jar of jam or preserves is opened and it is not the housekeeper's desire to use it all at once she is often in a quandary to know how to dispose of what is left when the first few spoonfuls have been removed. The best method yet suggested is this:

Let the housekeeper have a small stock of china nest eggs, which can be bought for about a cent apiece. When she removes part of the contents of a jar let her drop into it enough of the china eggs to raise the contents to the top again, then replace the cover. Of course the china eggs should be dipped into boiling water first in order that they may not introduce the germs of decay.—New York World.

The Farmer Must Be Trained.

Today the advanced tiller of the soil must come up to his calling as fully equipped for service as the lawyer, the editor, the doctor, the captain of industry, for the curious fact has developed that the calling in which the unlettered and untrained man was once supposed to have as good a chance as the educated one is now the calling in which wide and varied knowledge is as imperative as in almost any other known among men.—W. S. Harwood.

All Answered.

"Well, Jean, you see your content about your examination?"

"Yes, grandpère, I answered all the questions."

"And how did you answer them?"

"I answered that I didn't know."—Paris Rite.

A Hot One.

He—Girls are queer creatures; they marry the first fool who asks them, as a rule. I suppose you'd do the same, wouldn't you? She—Suppose you ask me and find out.—Boston Transcript.

Tommy's Share.

"Well, Tommy, what part of the chicken will you have?"

"Why, paw, you know I always take the back when there's company."—St. Louis Republic.

Got Them All.

Golfer (playing his second round in the day)—Into this beastly bunker again, caddie! Caddie—No, sir. This is the one you missed this morning.—London Punch.

Mrs. Clayton (at the opera)—The opera seems to be boring you terribly, Paul. Why, you look absolutely disgusted!

Mr. Clayton (an efficiency expert)—The opera's all right, Emma, but that fool conductor is making hundreds of unnecessary motions!—Puck.

Maud cannot cook, she cannot sew. She could not make a mango. But when it comes to making good You ought to see her mango! —Yonkers Statesman.

"All men are doomed to disappointment," sighed the old fogey.

"How about the fellow who is hunting for trouble?" asked the grouch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lives of horses oft remind us As they pull their loads along It's no matter to get there If our pull is only strong. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Your father was very indignant with you for runnin' off an' goin' fashin'!"

"Yes," replied the country boy; "partly indignant and partly envious."—Washington Star.

The tightwad motorist is a man The chauffeurs don't admire. The rubber salesman hate him, too. Because he wears rubber tires. —Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"What is a phenomenon, Uncle Bill?"

"A phenomenon is a small boy about your size who never bothers anybody."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Serbian trooper named Nizza Saw the Austrians take Mitrovica. He exclaimed, "Hully gee, This is no place for me! And he beat it for dear Podgoritsa." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Pa, what is charity?"

"Charity, my boy, is what the other fellow does with his money that you wouldn't do if you had as much."—Detroit Free Press.

Our battleships are built of steel. In one way that's not right; Scab iron would more fitting be. Seeing they're built to fight. —Boston Transcript.

Tom—Why were you weeping in the picture show?

Joss—It was a moving picture.—Judge.

When the donkey saw the snail He began to switch his tail.

"Well, I never!" was his comment. "These are mule that's been in jail!" —Philadelphia Ledger.

"This won't do!" exclaimed Mrs. Box excitedly. "There's thirteen at table."

"Never mind, ma!" shouted little Johnnie. "I can eat for two."—Exchange.

The world contains some gabby men. We wonder who they're hired. They certainly are useless when They're making others tired. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

"The baby has dear Maria's nose."

"No, it hasn't, for she has just been poking it into my business."—Baltimore American.

Before he was married he saved up his cash. He cut out the waitress and lived upon cash. He cut out the smoking; he cut out the hunch. He drew out his savings and blew in the banjo! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The animal over there belongs to the municipal family."

"They're new ones to me. Is it a family that's just moved into the neighborhood?"—Baltimore American.

Alas! God's lightning, oh! He bluffed it, we are told. Had he defied the auto, though, They would have knocked him cold. —New York Mail.

Naggsby—This headline says, "Scene of Battle Shifts"—what are battle shifts? Waggsby—Shifts of mail, of course.—Indianapolis Star.

The carpenter's a proper man, Deserving all rewards. Deny this statement if you can: He even shaves his boards. —Detroit Free Press.

"What is the matter with Wombat?"

"The doctor says the salts in his body are below normal."

"I always thought he was entirely too fresh."—Kansas City Journal.

One Gay Bill Jones expressed his views About a man and tempted fate. And now poor Bill his action rue— From now on he'll talk via slow freight. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Is the Kaiser much of a dancer?"

"I understand that he leads all the Germans."—Baltimore American.

At fashion's ways a man will frown Or cynically smile. Yet how he calls Maria down If she looks out of stiel! —Washington Star.

Howell—Do you believe that the man who is unlucky at cards is lucky at love?

Powell—Yes. If he can play his cards right.—New York Times.

Observe the blotter, how it soaks Up words and deeds of other folks. Then shows them up to me and you In all detail, but wrong side to. —Judge.

"Experience is the best teacher," quoted the sage.

"Then why do men commit bigamy?" asked the fool.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lives of billygoats remind us We'd be quite misunderstood If we cast our pride behind us And died on salmon tins and wood. —New York Evening Sun.

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REVERSIBLE SENTENCES.

Read Backward or Forward They Tell Same Story.

Scandalous society and life make gossipa frantic. This reads backward. Frantic gossipa make life and society scandalous. Apply the same rule to the others given below:

Solomon had vast treasure—silver and gold, things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithful served he God.

She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone.

Dear Harry—Devotedly yours remain I. Have you forgotten twenty dollar check? Reply immediately, please, and hand to yours, Grace Darling.

Man is noble and generous often, but sometimes vain and cowardly.

Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable.

Love is heaven, and heaven is love, youth says. All beware, says age. Trying is poverty and fasting is love.

Exercise take; excess beware. Rise early and breathe free air. Eat slowly; trouble drive away. Feet warmly keep; blend work with play.

Adieu, darling! Time flies fast; sails are set, boats are ready. Farewell! Matter and mind are mysteries. Never mind. What is matter? Matter is never mind. What is mind? Mind is never matter.

Honesty and truth are good and admirable qualities, as sympathy and love are endearing traits.

Politics and religion avoid arguing in. Here is good and sound advice.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SPEECH AND THE CHIN.

Maybe at One Time the Tongue Proved Mightier Than the Teeth.

In man the chin seems to project more and more as he progresses toward his modern civilized condition. This must imply that immediately the huge lower canines degenerated the part took on some other function of vital importance to the race and that the need has increased with his intellectual and social advancement.

My theory, then, is that the chin is essentially a part of the mechanism of articulate speech.

It is tempting to theorize a little further and to suggest that the human chin perhaps bears testimony to a prehistoric change from carnal weapons to others which, if not exactly spiritual, were such as appealed to the part of us where spiritual forces work for apparently long ago before the pen proved mightier than the sword the tongue proved mightier than the teeth.

If one could only prove this one might show that even before the glacial epoch parliamentary institutions (using the terms in its widest sense) began to take the place of lethal weapons in settling disagreements and that the substitution of arbitration for war is not merely a doctrine of latter day moralists, but is a part of the ordered march of cosmic progress as inevitable as the other evolutionary changes which have brought us up from among the brutes.—Dr. Louis Robinson in North American Review.

Australian Wells.

Until the settlers in the rolling downs in western Queensland found out that they could get water by means of artesian wells they were seriously thinking of giving up their farms and ranches on account of many successive years of drought. Now there are several hundred such wells in Queensland, from which the settlers get an unending supply of water. The deepest well, which is at Bimberah, has a depth of 5,045 feet. The shallowest, well, at Manfred Downs, has a depth of ten feet. The well at Charleville is 1,871 feet deep and produces 3,000,000 gallons a day, the largest flow in the state. The daily flow from all the artesian wells of Queensland is estimated at over half a billion gallons.

There With the Answer.

In a public school one afternoon the teacher was instructing a class in psychology, and finally, in order to test the memory of the youngsters, she closed the book and began to ask questions.

"Willie," said she, addressing a bright faced boy near the head of the class, "can you give me a familiar example of the human body as it adapts itself to changed conditions?"

"Sure!" was the confident rejoinder. "My uncle Jake gained fifty pounds in less than one year, and his skin never cracked."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Buffalo's Hump.

The hump of the buffalo is not a mass of fat, as some people suppose, but is formed by neural spines in length fully double those of domestic cattle, and by the huge muscles which lie alongside and fill up the angle between these neural spines and the ribs.



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Your best thing with which to feather your own nest is cash down.

Our opinions cost us nothing so long as we keep them to ourselves.

Tact is made up in equal parts of silence, deafness and blindness.

Nearly every man has in mind a fortune that he might have made.

Whatever else you do, do not let jealousy get a foothold in your home.

Our best friends are liable to become forgetful when we are down and out.

It is not always the man or woman who needs a vacation most that gets it.

When a woman insists on having her own way her husband calls it nagging.

We are never too old to learn something that will never be of value to us.

Another comet has been seen by a foreign star gazer. Needless to say the discoverer is suffering from a deserved lack of attention.