

Temptations of a Working Girl

By W. E. Hill

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The sight of a working girl resisting temptation is a noble spectacle, and it is what you have before you right here. This lovely girl stenog is sorely tempted to order a Napoleon and a peach frisk with grated nuts, whipped cream, and candied cherries for her lunch, but, her better nature having triumphed, she is lunching off a bowl of milk and graham crackers.



"You great big — — ! ! ! ! What the — do I care whether you get your number!" Just a lovely switchboard operator, who, forgetful of the voice with the smile, for the moment yields to temptation and talks back to an irate subscriber.



Hazel, private secretary and tower of strength to an insurance office, is going to yield to temptation and tell her employers where they get off one of these eight hour days. "I know more about fire and theft, property damage and accident policies," she'll say, "than you and your partner put together!"



Waitresses have their own temptations to face. You'd never guess — now would you? — that the most difficult thing a waitress in a quick lunch palace has to meet is to keep hold of herself and not run her fingers through the hair of a male customer. (Just to see if it's a water wave.) They look down at so many male heads that they just can't keep feeling friendly toward the scalps — particularly the thick, curly ones.



The most terrible temptations lay in wait for ye olde time working girl. She could hardly step out on the street without being subject to the attentions of some loose living male (who had seen her behind the counter selling dress shields and good-sense-corset-waists), and, of course, she had to tell him she could never go to the bill at the Palace with him unless her parents came along. O, it was terrible!



But in these enlightened days things are very different. In the accompanying scene we have a working girl of 1930 — a buyer from the lingerie department — trying to entice a visiting drummer out for a dinner and the pictures. There are so many working girls today that conditions of twenty or thirty years ago are reversed. Alas, it is the gentleman who is being tempted and lured out, while his little wife waits in vain for the long distance call her drummer boy promised to put through. Let's hope that heaven will protect the working boy.



This roughhouse is what a long suffering lady decorator is tempted to inaugurate one of these days, when a fractious client changes her so called mind once too often about the galleons, the general color scheme, and the original brasses.



The biggest temptation in a working girl's life is that early Monday morning urge to go back to bed and not show up at the store till Tuesday — if then.



Ever and anon the voice of the tempter whispers in the shell-like ear of the girl who tries on the imported models for the charge customers, and only great force of character saves her from obeying that impulse to say: "This wrap won't be any good to you, madam, you'd look terrible in anything!"