Temptations of a Working Girl
By W. E. Hill

"You great big — !! ! ! ! What the — do I care whether you get your money?" 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 in an insurance office, is going to yield to temptation and tell her employers where they get off one of those eight hour days. "I know more about the property management and settlement policies," she'll say, "than you and your partner put together."

"The most terrible temptations lay in wait for the idle time walking girl. She could hardly step out on the street without being subject to the attentions of some loose revision-waiter, and, of course, she had to tell him she couldn't go to the bill at the Palace with him unless her parents came along — it was terrible!"

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

A woman in a magnifying glass:

"This roughness is what a long-suffering lady detective is tempted to imitate one of these days, when a fraction client changes her so she has to try to sell him on the gallops, the general color scheme, and the original bronze."

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."

The sight of a working girl realising temptations is a novel spectacle, and is what you have before you right here. This lovely girl strong in steady tempted to order a Hemisphere and a peach fruit with grilled nuts, whipped cream, and candied cherries for her fight, but her better nature being triumphant, she is reaching off a bowl of milk and Graham crackers.

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 her own tongue, not run her fingers through the hair of a male customer. Just to see some of the waitresses' tricks that they just can't keep feeling friendly toward the customers—particularly the thick, early ones."

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 saying that impales to say: "This wrap won't be any good to you, maiden, you'd look terrible in anything!"