

"Chicago—Hog Butcher"

By Mary Morrison Beyer

IT was the first morning of Chicago's third heat wave, which, unrelieved by Lake Michigan, had swept over the city during my fifteen days of pacing the pavements looking for work. I was not looking for a job, just work which one did with one's hands or feet. The hour was just about fifteen minutes of seven and I jogged along South Halstead with a hodge-podge of humanity in a surface car. I peered nervously out of the window and saw a high board fence.

Was the next corner the one? Should I get up yet? Go out the front or back? Yes, the building, the bank with the clock, and the pungent, peculiarly disagreeable odor created in the making of glue and fertilizer—the stock yards!

I hopped off the car and followed two negroes with dinner pails. This was my fifth morning hunting work in "the yards," so I walked the trail with assurance, glancing with gay camaraderie at

Mary Morrison Beyer, Ind. Sci. Sr., this summer entered the Student Industrial experiment, which is carried on each summer by the national Y. W. C. A., to obtain first hand information on living conditions of factory girls. The Y. W. C. A., with the cooperation of the sociology departments of the various colleges, chooses the girls, who enter Chicago, hunt their own jobs and their own rooms, and live on the pooled wages of the group. Neither the employer nor the girl's fellow workers know that she is different from the rest.

the pens of cows, who tasted their tidbits of hay nervously and lowed excitedly. Perhaps they sensed their fate. I passed

a barn and stupid flies rose from the sidewalk and hit me in the face. I batted them away with a grimace. An aimless policeman wandered by on the other side of the road. Rounding a corner I saw with relief the sign, "Employment, time-keeper, paymaster." I had not forgotten the way.

In front of the door to the right of the sign, a long line of men were straggled out, but it was the door to the left, "Women," which I entered. About fifty people, ranging from the very old, thru middle age, to giggling girlhood, were seated on pews or standing in huddles near the door. I went back in the corner and seated myself between the oldest women there, a black-garbed peasant, and a young thing with wildly red lips and a mass of red hair, which hung around her shoulders.

We sat and noted with interest thru
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Is Your Room an Adventure?

By Margaret McDonough

Here it is
All in a nutshell
First floor
Open house
10 P. M.
P. J.'s
or
Otherwise.

WHAT fun it is to open the door some evening after study hours begin and find this little invitation rolled up in a peanut shell and hanging on your door knob! Even more fun than that is standing in your doorway dressed in your best pair of P. J.'s ready to show off your room. And wouldn't you be pleased to hear some one of your guests exclaim, "Why, I like this so much better than the way Mary and Peg had it arranged last year!"

There are so many things that can be done to a dorm room—and the girls who lived in 306 or 207 or 101 a year or two ago, would hardly recognize the room as theirs, so completely does it change from year to year.

Mary and Peg preferred their beds on opposite sides of the room. Perhaps you and Sue-like to be close enough so that you can talk over the day's events without disturbing your neighbors. In that case, the beds may stand side by side like twin beds, with perhaps a bridge lamp and small table between. Tables may be bought at any second hand store and painted to harmonize with your color scheme. Cretonne of a gay, colorful pattern is the best choice for bed spreads, for cretonne stands up better under hard usage, does not show soil so quickly and makes the room more like a living room.

Those of you lucky enough to possess third floor rooms, rejoice, rather than lament, for there are so many more opportunities for individual touches. With a padded seat cover—perhaps a doubled blanket covered with cretonne—and a few pillows, the window seat may be made into a charming little nook.

Curtains for the windows may be of any material. They should be bright and crisp, rather than ruffled and dainty, for they will better withstand frequent trips to the laundry. Strips of cretonne left over from the bed spreads may be used for drapes.

Save for a lamp and possibly book ends, desks, like decks, should be clear for action. Don't leave the table top cluttered with books, letters and other miscellaneous junk.

A magazine rack, purchased at the second hand store, also, may become an attractive, colorful spot and is an excellent place for the many magazines which all Home Economics students accumulate. Placed strategically beside your rocker it is sure to prove inviting after an afternoon spent in "Chem lab."

Bring some pictures from home, and be sure to put in a roll of picture wire with which to hang them. A few of your favorite prints do much toward relieving the bareness of the walls and making the place homelike. But don't scatter snapshots of all your friends and relatives about the room. Keep them in a photograph album or memory book which you may show to those of your new acquaintances who become sufficiently interested.

When you are all packed next June, pause in the doorway and look around for a moment. Then you will realize how much a room reflects the personality of its owners.