

"Them Was the Happy Days!"

By Clare Victor Diggins

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Office "Don'ts" for The Stenographer

DON'T feel yourself competent to run the establishment and break into all conversations with words of advice. Don't chatter in office hours; avoid loud or silly chattering in the off hours of noon and evening. Don't be flirtatious. Many a promising career is ruined because of silly would-be "affairs." Don't accept invitations from the men of the office, even the unmarried ones, in office hours. If they want to see you let them call at your home. Don't be "high and mighty." Airs are the great "impossible" in a business career. Don't boast what you can do. The proof of the doing is in "getting there." The successful rarely let their tongues be forerunners of their deeds. Don't dress as if going to an afternoon tea. It's bad form, likewise costliness. Offices are not the cleanest, even if your employer can stand frills. Don't be snappy. There is the "pound" for a snappy dog or cat; a discharge slip is the "pound" for the human snapper in office. Don't let your desk be a "night." It wastes your time and jars your nerves to have to look for things and does not "boost" you when promoting is in order. Don't have objectionable personal habits. The girl who snuffs or hums or scribbles does not know it, but her little ways may be getting on the nerves of the person who has most to say in her career, says Alice Marston in the Chicago Tribune. Don't be artificial. Insincerity of manner is bad in a drawing-room; in an office it is fatal, and justly so. The busy employer will be pardoned who will not take time to probe for the real worth in his affected clerk. Don't be slovenly in your dress. Appearances do count, and if you think otherwise your pay envelope will undeceive you. Don't gush. There may be times when a frothy, kittenish manner is endurable, but those times never yet came in office hours. Don't be what the boys call "snoopy." Minding another's business is an unprofitable investment. It takes most that is in us to successfully mind our own affairs, especially in an office. Don't patronize. When your superiority is not resented it is "roared at." Don't gossip. Better be thought a "grouch" than be affable at the expense of your fellow worker's reputation or private concerns. Don't "solder" on your good natured employer. You may think the "poor worm" does not guess - is being worked, but her unexpected "turn" may give you an ugly tumble. Don't play too hard to the powers that be. Your fellow workers will hate you for it, and when it does not amuse you superiorly, it criticizes them. It takes a mighty vain nature not to see through too much palaver. Don't be crooked. To paraphrase, Honesty is policy. Slick ways may seem profitable, but their finale is dire as it is inevitable. Don't forget that when office work is a mere plod it's time to look around for something to ease the routine. For it's a dangerous malady that never leads to promotion and ever leads to out-of-a-job. Don't forget that if your work is all right and your thoughts all wrong that you won't make good, or vice versa. Don't let social disappointments outside of the office so deflect your mind during the day that you cannot atone yourself. The causes may be endless, but anyway the thing to do is to trace your trouble home and then act.

Caught With the Goods

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Women in All Countries.

MRS. MAURICE HEWLETT, wife of the well known novelist, has obtained an aviator's certificate. She is the first woman in England to be thus honored. England has twenty-seven reform schools for boys and nine for girls, with sixty-eight industrial schools for boys and forty-three for girls. Not one of these schools for girls has any woman on its board of control. France has passed a bill permitting women lawyers to act as magistrates in trying cases of children under thirteen. A movement has been started in Australia, led by the printers, to enforce a six-hour daylight workday for all female workers. The eight-hour day is universal and wage agreements are made in all trades and occupations. The industries in Japan employ nearly twice as many women as men and at much lower wages. With two exceptions, the queens of all the European countries are said to be taller than their husbands. Queen Helene is more than a head taller than the King of Italy. Queen Victoria is more than half a head taller than Alfonso of Spain. The Czar looks small beside the Czarina. The German Empress is a trifle taller than the Kaiser, and for that reason always sits when their photographs are taken together. King George of England is shorter than Queen Mary. The two exceptions are the Queen of Norway and the new Queen of the Belgians. At recent poor law elections in Limerick, Ireland, six women were elected, this being the first time women have been returned for Limerick city wards. Baroness Abella Kuff, an American girl and a Bryn Mawr graduate, who is the wife of an official in Finland, is reported as saying that one of the first things the women of Norway did with their ballots was to get the Government to start schools of domestic training for girls.

New Style Notes

WITH the advent of cool weather the simple street dresses of velvet will have an unprecedented vogue. Advance models are made up of the fashionable straight line effects and are trimmed with a four-inch foot band of fur. In the new slashed skirts this also forms an edge for the slash. The bodice is trimmed with narrow fur banding. The new styles call for a profuse use of lace, and judging by the advance models the coming season will see an unusual prevalence of lace combinations. It is seen in the deep lace flouncings and the tiny lace trills, as well as in the tunics and draperies. The all-over lace effects are particularly noted for the diaphanous fabrics. Then there are the fashionable frills and flousings, coat sets, all of which call for either heavy or light laces. In the heavy laces the macramé is new and promises to be very popular, both in the white and ecru. The new raincoats are all made up plain, along mannish lines. In color, the jans are the favorite just now, but there is always a demand for the navy blues and blacks, while the ecru and olive also have their share of popularity. With the incoming of the new trimmings it is made apparent that the girdles of cord and fancy braid are to be very popular. Among them are many beaded rope effects that are very prettily. Unfurled ostrich will be very popular during the fall and winter. Many handsome pieces are shown, especially in the shaded and mottled effects that are going to be so much worn. The new feather hats are especially attractive this season and can be had in all the fashionable bright colors and in a large number of small and medium shapes. A charming model in a pretty medium shape is in the shaded green effect and the trimming consists of two heavy ropes, formed of tiny brilliant green feathers, which form a twisted cord at the side and constitute a simple but artistic trimming. The fall ribbon displays are a veritable shower of brilliant colors and novel designs. The old-time ribbed effects are again prominent, and such wavers as fable, bengaline and gros grain together with the new and bright are the favorites. The bi-colored ribbons are novelties, an attractive one in bengaline is black on the one side while the reverse side may be purple, old ecru, royal blue, coronation red or sage green. A purple velvet helmet shaped hat has a long, rich band of bright pink and is finely shirred about the crown, and is finished off at the side with roses of the satin.

An Irish Regular.

THE following dialogue took place between Lieut. A. C. C., late of the United States Texas Army, and Pat Fletcher, one of the privates of the Second Cavalry at Carlisle, near Fort Bliss: Officer-Well, Pat, ain't you going to follow the General (Twigg)? Pat-If General Scott orders us to follow him, sir, begor, Toby (Pat's horse) can gallop as well as the best of 'em. Officer-I mean, won't you leave the abolition army and join the free South? Pat-Begor, I never enlisted in the abolition army and I never will. I agreed to serve Uncle Sam for five years, and the devil a pin mark was made in the contract, with my consent, ever since. When my time is up, if the army isn't the same as it is now, I won't join it again. Officer-Pat, the "Second" (Cavalry) was eighteen months old when you and I joined. The man who raised our gallant regiment is now the Southern President; the man who once commanded it is now a Southern General. Can you remain in it when they are gone? Pat-Well, you see, the fact of the matter is, Lieut. C., I ain't much of a scholar; I can't argue the question with you; but what would my mother say if I deserted my colors? Oh, the devil a give-in I'll ever give in, and that's the fact of it. I tried to run away once, a few weeks after enlistin', but a man wouldn't be missed then. It's quite different now, Lieutenant, and I'm not going to disgrace neither iv my country. Officer-Do you know you'll have to fire on green Irish colors in the Southern ranks? Pat-Ain't won't you have to fire on them colors (pointing to the flag at Fort Bliss), that yourself and five of us licked fifteen rangers under? Sure, it isn't a greater shame for an American to fire on Irish colors than for an American to fire on American colors. An' the oath will be on my side, you know, Lieutenant. Officer-Confound the man that relies on Paddy, I say! Pat-The same compliments to dearsars, Your Honor.

O. HENRY'S Last and Best Short Stories.

LAW AND ORDER.

(Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.) (To be published in book form after Oct. 12.) SYNOPSIS OF FRESHING INSTANT. Luke Summers was a range boss in a part of the East came to Texas, one of the frontiers was a blackened dirt who was a number one. Luke married her without being any time and set up a ranch of his own. One day a bunch of people from the East came to visit Mr. Summers. One of them was a man who was a lawyer. Luke had heard before something happened. A shot was heard in the house one afternoon and then two or three of his friends carried out the corpse. Then Luke rode up to San Antonio with his friend and saw a lawyer about getting a divorce. Luke was given the custody of the child. PART II. B U T when he hits the ranch he finds our decree of court obtained, note procured, and remanded for trial. Mrs. Summers and the kid was gone. They tell us that an hour after Luke and Luke had started for San Antonio she had a team hitched and lit out for the nearest station with her trunk and the youngster. Luke takes out his decree once more and reads off its contents. "It ain't possible, Bud," says he, "for this to be. It's contrary to law and order. It's wrote as plain as day here - 'Cue-to-the child'!" "There is what you might call a human leaning," says I, "toward smotherin' 'em both-not to mention the child." "Judge Summers," goes on Luke, "he is a Incorporated officer of the law. She can't take the boy away. He belongs to me by statutes passed and approved by the State of Texas." "And he's removed from the jurisdiction of the mundane mandamus," says I, "by the uncharitable statutes of female parliament. Let us press the Lord, and be thankful for whatever small member - begins, but I see Luke don't listen to me. Tired as he was, he called for a fresh horse and starts back again for the station. "He comes back two weeks afterward, not saying much. "We can't get the trail," says he, "but we've done all the telegraph wire that the wire'll stand, and we've got three city rangers they call detectives on the lookout. In the mean time, Bud," says and justice. He was kind of training me to succeed him when he went out of office. He was always looking ahead to the time when he'd quit sheriffing. What he wanted to do was to build a yellow house with lattice-work under the porch and have hens scratching in the yard. The one main thing in his mind seemed to be the yard. "Bud," he says to me, "by instinct and sentiment I'm a contractor. I want to be a contractor. That's what I'll be when I get out of office." "What kind of a contractor?" says I. "It sounds like a kind of a business to me. You ain't going to haul cement or establish branches or work on a railroad, are you?" "You don't understand," says Luke. "I'm fired of space and horizons and ideas into being sheriff. I've read in books about men that was disappointed in these poetic and fine-haired traction. I want a yarc with a fence around it that you can go out and set on after supper and listen to wip-poor-wills," says Luke. "That's the kind of a man he was. He was home-like, although he'd had luck in such investments. But he never talked about them times on the ranch. It seemed like he'd forgotten about it. I wondered how, with his ideas of yards and chickens and notions of lattice-work, he'd seemed to have got out of his mind that kind of a thing that had been taken away from him, unlawful, in spite of his decree of court. But he wasn't a man you could ask about such things, as he didn't refer to them in his own conversation. "I reckon he'd put all his emotions and ideas into being sheriff. I've read in books about men that was disappointed in these poetic and fine-haired and high-colored affairs with ladies renouncing truck of that kind and wrapping themselves up into some occupation like painting pictures or herding sheep or science or teaching school or something to make 'em forget. Well, I guess that was the way with Luke. But, as he couldn't paint pictures, he took it out in rounding up horse thieves and in making a habit of Marching back there to sleep in if you was well armed and not afraid of regulations or tarantulas. "One day these passes through Hildad a bunch of these money investors from the East, and they stopped off there, Hildad being the dinner station on the Rio Grande. There was five of 'em-four solid parties, with gold watch chains that would grade up over two hundred pounds on the hoof, and one kid about seventeen or eighteen. "This youngster had on one of them cowboy suits such as you could see in West with 'em, and you could see he was aching to wing a couple of Indians or bag a grizzly or two with the little pearl-handled gun he had tucked around his waist. "I walked down to the depot to keep an eye on the outfit and see that they didn't leave any land or spare the cowpokes hitched in front of Marston's store or act otherwise unseemly. Luke was away after a gang of cattle thieves down on the Rio, and I always looked on the law and order when he wasn't here. "After dinner this boy comes out of the dining-room while the train was waiting and frames up and opens the platform door to shoot an antelope, fawn or private citizens that might endeavor to mount or come back him. He was a good-looking kid, only he was all them tenderloins he didn't know a law-and-order town when he saw it. "By and along comes Pedro Palano, the proprietor of the Crystal Palace saloon-stands in Hildad. Pedro was a man who liked to amuse himself, so he kind of herd rides this youngster, laughing at him, tickled to death. I was too far away to hear, but the kid seems to mention some remarks to Pedro and Pedro goes up and slaps him about nine feet away, and laughs harder than ever. And then the boy gets up quicker than he fell and backs out his little pearl-handly, and says 'bing! bing!' Pedro gets it three times in special and treasured portions of his carcass. I saw the outfit fly off his clothes every time she quats by."

Typewriting Prodigy.

THE story of this "youthful prodigy," and others, is told by H. Addington Bruce in "New Ideas in Child Training." Her name is Winifred Sackville Stoner, and she is the daughter of Surgeon James Buchanan Stoner of the United States Marine Hospital at Savannah, Ga. "When Winifred was old enough to speak," says the writer, "it was then discovered, to her mother's gratification-though not at all to her surprise-that she could herself recite the classical passages and verses repeated to her. Mrs. Stoner never began to teach her to spell and to write in hand, which she attained considerable proficiency before her third year. At the age of three she started to learn typewriting, and was soon fairly expert in the use of the machine, a fact to which Mrs. Stoner is inclined to attribute much of her rapid intellectual growth. "The typewriter is unquestionably a splendid help in training a child's mind. In writing on it the child not only learns how to operate a mechanical instrument, but also learns how to spell and memorize what is being written, and is stimulated to originate ideas."-American Magazine. IN SAFE DEPOSIT. "Come in," called the magazine editor. "Sir, I have called to see about that article of mine that you bought two years ago. My name is Penanik-Percival Perzhyn Penanik. My composition was called 'The Behavior of Chipmunks in Understorms,' and I should like to know how much longer I must wait and wait before I shall see it in print. "I remember," the editor replied. "We are saving your little essay to use at the time of your death. When public attention is drawn to an author we like to have something of his on hand."-Newark Evening News.

My heart's in that garden, that little Dutch garden, that little Dutch garden. It tumbled right in as I passed, mid wildering mazes of spinach and daisies, and Gretchen is holding it fast. -Battle Whitney.

"So you want to marry my daughter, hey? Young man, you're a fool!" "I know it. But I didn't suppose you'd object to another one in the fam'ly!"

(To Be Continued.) A NATURAL SWITZER. "When you were in Switzerland did your party climb the glacier you spoke of?" "No." "Why not?" "I rather think because they got cold feet."-Baltimore American.