

With the World's Workers

REVIEW · of · PROGRESS · THAT · IS · BEING
MADE · ALONG · ALL · LINES · of · ENDEAVOR

FOR BUSINESS GIRLS

GOOD LIVING RULES

Some Hints That May Be of Value to Workers in Stores or Offices.

DRESS IS IMPORTANT POINT

Proper Interest in the Affairs of the Institution Also a Requisite—Remember That Courtesy is Always Sure to Pay Big Interest.

Are you keen about your work? Do you go to it every morning with a lively interest, determined to perform each task that the day brings to the best of your ability?

Are you cheerful and contented in your work? Does the time pass quickly, or are you always watching the clock, longing for the closing hour to strike?

If the latter is the case, let me advise you to either seek more congenial work or mend your ways and take a deeper interest in your present duties.

The chief fault found with the young business girls today is that they are not keen enough about their work.

This fact will always prevent a girl from getting ahead; her chief cannot be expected to give her good opportunities if he sees the cares only about earning her salary and for nothing more.

Let me tell you, girls, of a few ways to get an increase in salary and be worth it.

First of all, and a most important point, is to dress neatly and plainly.

The appearance of the workers will either raise or lower the dignity of an office. Few girls realize the enormous difference a quiet, smart appearance makes in their prospects of work and advancement.

Select neutral colors for your frocks and have them made in a plain, neat style that will attract attention only for a trim, appropriate appearance.

A clerk's manner is equally important; the office girl can do a great deal to make friends for the firm by treating clients with courtesy and prompt attention and by assisting them in many little ways.

If an interview has to be refused, the clerk can put the refusal in such a way that it will not be felt as a rebuff.

Do not be effusive, just quiet, attentive and courteous, keeping in mind that you are a representative of the firm.

A busy man is generally untidy and will always appreciate having his desk kept straight, provided the clerk understands his general system and takes care to follow it to the letter. Some men prefer an untidy desk rather than to have any one touch their papers, fearing they would be mislaid. It is best to first ask if you may keep the desk in order before attempting to clear it up.

Another useful hint for the business girl is to have all letters and carbons fastened together with a paper clip. Instead of having the sheets loosely laid in the file. This insures their being kept in order and saves time in sorting out special letters.

When writing business letters the girl clerk, when she has the opportunity of composing them herself, should avoid hackneyed expressions.

Go straight to the subject in hand, in the first sentence, and state it as briefly, as clearly and as politely as possible.

Courtesy is worth its weight in gold in business, and pays big interest. Avoid office gossip. If other clerks come to you with their own troubles, listen and sympathize, if sympathy is warranted; but do not take too much time from your own work hearing others' woes.

Be kind and gentle with your co-workers; do not reserve all your good humor for your employer.

A cheery word, a bright smile, will often do wonders toward helping your sister-worker on her way.

And if you have an assistant, don't forget the word of praise when it is deserved. The underling will work doubly hard if she is given encouragement and all her efforts are not taken just as a matter of course.

A willing worker is a joy to her employer and is bound to receive a just reward for her services.

High Efficiency of Miners.

The coal mines of Maryland gave employment in 1910 to 5,800 men, who worked the unusually high average of 270 days, and although 97 per cent. of Maryland's tonnage is hand mined the average productive efficiency of the miners is considerably above the mean average for all the states. In 1910 the average production for each man employed was 998 short tons for the year and 3.33 tons for each working day. No labor troubles were reported in the coal mines of Maryland in 1910. The mines are operated ten hours a day.

RESTORE THE LOST ENERGY

Brief intervals of Rest That Mean Much to Person Called Upon for Much Head Work.

Let us consider the ways in which we may renew our energy. Some people have the happy faculty of being able to lose consciousness in the daytime; others have not. Few of us have the time, anyhow. But all can learn to rest properly for a few minutes each day. Be alone if possible. Lie down if you can; if you cannot, recline in an easy, comfortable and thoroughly relaxed position. Close the eyes and relax in muscle and brain. Banish all troublesome thoughts and let the busy old world go on for half an hour without your personal supervision. Even ten minutes of "rest" will work wonders in restoring your lost energy.

A walk in the open air, viewing the wonders of nature and subjecting one's self to her soothing influence, will produce a good effect also.

If we can change our tasks we can work longer and better and use up less energy. If we can take a day or a week away from our work, not necessarily doing nothing, but carrying on a different occupation, we can restore our energy very rapidly.

All these suggestions are good in their way, but nothing restores lost energy so completely as sleep. The amount of sleep required depends upon temperament and occupation; the more energy used up, the more sleep necessary to restore it. The restoration of energy goes on only during the hours one spends in actual, sound, unbroken slumber; that is the only beneficial part of the night.

To sum up, let us call a halt in this fever pace and strive to conserve our energy by doing our work calmly and without hurry, worry and flurry, by avoiding waste of energy in anger, impatience and foolish unnecessary thoughts and acts, by keeping within us a reserve fund of energy and by learning how to restore our energy in the proper kind of rest and sleep.

The Greatest Power.

Success in business is due to administration. Capacity in administration is due to that faculty, power or quality called common sense.—Pope.

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FOR THE GUIDANCE OF THE WORKERS WHO WOULD RISE.

Ten Resolutions That, Adhered To, Can Not Help but Advance Employee in Employers' Estimation.

I will be square—I will not do any man; nor shall any man do me.

I will be thorough—I will do my work so carefully today that tomorrow will bring no regrets.

I will be happy—I will train my face to wear a smile and my tongue to say pleasant things.

I will be faithful—I will stick to my task till it's done and forget the clock.

I will be energetic—when the alarm clock rings I will get up at once.

I will be more saving—I will put by something from my salary each week.

I will work harder—I will remember that a man who does no more work than he is paid for never gets paid for more than he does.

I will be prompt—I will do it now, and do it right.

I will be optimistic—I will remember that "if you boost the world boosts with you; if you knock you knock alone."

I will believe in myself—there is no devil but fear and no sin but ignorance.

New Geodetic Arc.

All scientific and accurate surveys are based upon primary arcs determined by careful triangulation. An arc of this kind of great future importance has been completed by the coast and geodetic survey. It extends from central Texas to a point near San Diego, on the Pacific coast, a length of more than 1,200 miles. Not only will this arc be of the utmost use in the survey of the regions adjacent to it, but it will also add valuable facts for the investigation of the true figure of the earth. There are now about 11,000 miles of primary triangulation in the United States. Probably no other branch of engineering is so romantic as this, the engineers having to traverse all kinds of country, flashing their signals from hill to hill and from mountain to mountain, and enduring every vicissitude of weather and climate.—Youth's Companion.

AVOID BRIDGE WORK

Steel Men Prefer Skyscraper to Structure Being Built Over Water.

FALL MEANS CERTAIN DEATH

Nothing but Water Underneath Them Affects the Nerves of Men Who Daily Risk Death in Guiding Big Beams Into Their Places.

A huge steel bridge, spanning a western river, was nearing completion when a structural iron worker suddenly lost his balance, hung almost suspended for an instant and then plunged downward, 50 feet, to the water.

When several of his companions fished his body out of the river there wasn't a spark of life left.

Two hours later the railway bridge department, which had charge of the erection of the structure, was confronted with the danger of a strike. Fortunately, the walkout was averted, but not before the bridge engineer had been lectured on the dangers which the iron workers face when building a river structure.

"Give me a skyscraper every time," said the foreman. "These railway jobs don't look good to me. A bridge worker is only human, even if he does get used to working up in the air."

"I'll wrestle with a beam hanging 16 stories over the street and not turn a hair, but this is my last job building a bridge."

"Pete, there, who just fell down and was drowned, was like all the rest of us. When we're up in the air on a skyscraper job we never look down, and, if we do, there isn't much to make us dizzy."

"But take this job. We're only 50 feet up in the air, but look what's below us. Nothing but water. Not even a beam to grasp if we fall."

"If any of us happen to glance down at the running water, we get dizzy. Getting dizzy is the beginning. Then what balance we did have slips away, and down we go, plunk into the water."

"Up on a skyscraper the only way I look is toward the center of the building. Even if I am hanging on the edge of a six-inch rivet, I never let my eyes glance downward."

"On a bridge it doesn't make much difference which way an iron worker falls. If he falls in, toward the center

of the bridge, there's nothing to save the fall, and the same condition prevails if he falls over the edge.

"If he falls down while working on the business building, the chances are ten to one that he will fall in toward the center, and he has a good chance of catching a cross beam while going down."

"I fell 40 feet that way myself, several years ago, and all I got was a severe bruising. I was at work the next day."

"But this river job doesn't look good to me. I'll pass up the next one, and so will the boys."

Electric Ice-Making.

It is estimated that there are now in operation in the United States nearly 300 central electric stations provided with ice-making apparatus. The unused power of the stations during the "light-load" summer season is employed to run compression motors for freezing ammonia in the process of liquefying artificial ice. The plan, says the Electrical World, has been especially successful with small plants supplying electric power and light for towns of less than 5,000 inhabitants. In some cases the earnings of the auxiliary ice-making apparatus equal the annual return on the whole plant for other purposes.

Artificial Rubber.

A patent has recently been issued by the Imperial German patent office for a process converting the oil of the soya bean into a thick and tough liquid product, says the Frankfurter Zeitung, which is mixed with attenuated alkalis and then heated to 150 degrees. The result is the production of a rubberlike, tough and elastic mass capable of being vulcanized like natural rubber. The soya bean is indigenous to Klatschou, and as it may be brought into Germany free of duty it may give rise to a new and important industry.

World's Production.

The world's production of quicksilver in 1910 was 3,399 metric tons of 2,294.5 pounds each, against 3,304 in 1908, and 3,367 tons in 1907. Spain is the largest producer, furnishing nearly a third of the total world's supply from the famous Almaden mines. The United States, Austria-Hungary, and Italy have in turn held second place, this country ranking third in 1910.

The Onlooker

by WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE UPLIFTED MOTHER GOOSE



There is a deplorable lack of literary merit in the Mother Goose Rhymes.—Another Eminent Authority.

BY M-D-B-N-C-W-E-N.
She dressed in white of living light,
The loveliest light of fancy.
Red as a rose was the rosy nose
Of high and haughty Nancy.
And shivering down her white, white gown
With many a golden glimmer
The glory gleamed until it seemed
That she grew dimly slimmer.

Alas, alas, how beautiful pass!
How fades each lovely vision!
How die, and go such wondrous glow
From out the realms Elysian!
Long stood she, true, but shorter grew
Through some dark, mysterious
The light she made caused her to fade,
She died through living—Nancy.

BY W-L-T-W-H-T-M-N.
I hymn the beautiful, the brave, the be-
stowing,
I sing the allurement of Nancy Eticourt,
I chant the ruby rosieness of her nose,
I tell the silver whiteness of her gown,
I breathe the all-prevailing mystery,
I marvel that though she stood long she
I contemplate the spot where she sank
into nothingness.
I puff! I snuff the wick.
And you! What know you?

BY J-M-S-W-H-T-C-O-M-B-R-L-Y.
Little Nancy Eticourt's at our house to stay
To set upon the mantle at the end of
the day.
She wears a little petticoat that's made
of something white,
An' when her nose is nice an' red she
gives a lot o' light.
But pa he says he hasn't got the leastest
bit o' doubt
She'll sputter into nothin' if she
Don't
Go
Out!

Getting Tired of It.
"Well," said Mr. Medderrgrass, picking up the card left by the caller during the afternoon, "Silas Contosio makes me tired. Ever since he went to Chicago he's been tryin' to show us folks how much society manners he picked up there, and never gets tired braggin' about his experiences, but I didn't think he'd carry it as far as this."

"What is it, pa?" asked Mrs. Medderrgrass.
"He's been and left his card, labeled 'Silas Contosio, P. P. C.' If that ain't the limit! 'Silas Contosio, Pocket Picked in Chicago.'"

One Thing in Her Favor.
"I know," said Eve, "that Cain married that girl in the Land of Nod, and nobody knows what or who her family is, but then there is one thing that rather reconciles me to the match."

"Yes?" asked the lady from nowhere.
"Yes. At least she will be able to give me some pointers on the late styles in some place other than this."

Continuing to make a fig leaf applique on a palm leaf bodice Eve smiled happily and thought of introducing the first absolutely new fashion.

The Difference.
"This," says the guide to the party of Washington tourists, indicating the door of the senate chamber, "is where the senate meets. You know it is sometimes called the 'Millionaires' Club.'"

"Yes," observes a man with a green coupon still sticking in his hat band, "those fellows over in the House have saved their country, but the ones in here have saved their money."

Rewarded Him.
"There goes that Mr. Winnem, who sloped with Mr. Fuzzle's wife."

"Yes, I remember. Mr. Fuzzle pursued him half around the world."

"What for? Did he want to kill him?"

"No, indeed. When he overtook the eloping pair he gave Mr. Winnem a medal and a handsomely engraved watch inscribed, 'To My Deliverer.'"

Qualified.
"But you'll not do," said the artist to the applicant who wished to pose. "I advertised for a model for Ajax defying the lightning."

"I'm the man, sir. I'm a teamster, and I've held up ten blocks of street cars every day for a year."

The GENEVIEVES I KNOW

(Also their JAMIES)

BY HELEN HELP

The Genevieve Who Sells Herself a Gold Brick

The woman who marries a man she does not love is selling herself a gold brick.

Heretofore, the pronouncements have all been the other way. It has been declared by the how-to-make-home-happy writers and the women who ooze through a few columns to tell wiles all about meeting him with a smile and always wearing a pink rose in your hair and never being caught with a pink wrapper on after eight o'clock in the morning; that the wom-

whole, wide world. But, of course, he gets his kias. There is such a thing as a sense of duty and fairness in Genevieve. And James is paying good cash for those kisses.

"I can't bear to have my little wife away all summer," murmurs this for sakes-of-the-Lord James. "I simply cannot think of having her away from me for so long. Suppose you wait till I can go with you. And we'll choose some little place where I can run over every Sunday."

"Very well, James," says Genevieve, and her heart sinks down, down into her little speed boots, because she has been counting on a month's breathing spell where there wasn't a sign of her James, or any other woman's James, or any James as yet unattached. For, to the heart of her, she is sick of Jameses.

"I'll be able to get away and help you choose your spring suit," says this most fatuous of husbands. "Just run downtown this afternoon and I'll meet you."

He dearly loves to help his wife select her clothes. They get the frock and then begins the dicker for a hat. James is the paymaster, and Genevieve curls up with disgust, because he likes such unutterable things; but she cannot deny him the exercise of his taste, because, if she does, she is going to have to coax him. And to coax James! Because by the time she has lived a year or two with an unloved James he gives her the horrors worse than even at first.

And, you just take my word for it, the James she doesn't love is having a fine time. Because the other kind, the sensitive sort, would have had sense enough to know from the start that she had no use for him.

Think about this, dear girls, when you are looking at the diamond that James is offering. Do you love James! Not does James love you? It is to be supposed that he does, or he would not be expending good money for diamonds, unless, indeed, you have a million or two in your own right.

Do you love James? Because, if you wed him, not loving him, you are selling a gold brick, not to James, but to



"Has My Little Girl Been Lonely Today?"

an who wedded without love was handing the gold brick to the man.

Not at all, not at all. James is usually glad enough to get Genevieve at any price.

And by the time the glamor has worn off and he has time enough left from his own emotions to think about hers, he has quit thinking about emotions and got back on the job.

This is when Genevieve is going to be very, very lonely. If she loves James, she can think about him with all sorts of comfortable little thrills and remember all his niceness and forget an occasional nasty word. It is endurable even to read the lucubrations of the happy-homers in the Household column, when she does so by the light of her love for James.

But suppose she does not love James.

Then what has she got, after the new of the trousseau has worn off, except ashes and dust and such unpleasant things? Even if James has quantities of money, she has to put up with a man who gives her the shivers every evening for dinner and every morning for breakfast, and if she dodges the issue and doesn't come down to breakfast, she has to let him kiss her goodbye, anyway. Because, with the naturally wrong-headedness of man, these are precisely the circumstances under which James never forgets to kiss his little girl good-bye.

"Has my little girl been lonely today?" coos James, with a piece of soot on his nose, his bald spot showing, and in need of a shave, as he burries into Genevieve's boudoir—or kitchen, as the family circumstances permit.

"Has my little girl been lonely?" I brought her such a big box of candy this time. Do I get the kiss that's coming to me?"

Very bristly is James, and a trifle grotesque, all of which counts not at all when Genevieve loves him; but when she doesn't, it counts all the



"She Cannot Deny Him the Exercise of His Taste."

Genevieve. If you are one of the submissive sort, you may end by learning to love him, like they tell about.

Otherwise you will probably elope with the Young Brute around the corner—and never regret it but once afterwards.

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SITUATION OF SOME DANGER

United Prayers of Colored Congregation Should Be of Significance to Mr. Davis.

Colored folks down in Quitman, Ga., are agog over a novel prayer test in one of their churches.

The congregation at this house of worship "has it in" for a man named Davis, "an ornery piece of white trash," as they allege, who has been trying to get their services suppressed under the ordinance against unnecessary noises. Davis complains that the darkies pray and sing so loud that he and his family can't sleep, and the colored flock retort that they are on their own premises and propose to run their services so that the Lord can hear them.

The authorities have notified the church people to make less noise under penalty, whereupon the latter, in reprisal, have been holding prayers for the death of Mr. Davis, which event is now scheduled to take place in about three weeks, if the prayers hold out.

It seems to be a pretty ticklish situation for Mr. Davis, since there must be danger that should he prove obstinate and go on living, some zealous

parishioner, anxious to demonstrate the direct efficacy of prayer, will lay for him with a gun.

But at all events, as the scheduled day draws nigh the congregation is redoubling its prayers for Mr. Davis demise and special meetings are now held twice a week. Such platy blarney to impel Mr. Davis to capitulate is more out. As Tom Sawyer's friend Huck Finn, once remarked, "when a nigger does get religion he gets it hard."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Doctor Told Him the Worst.

"My wife has been having some trouble with her throat," confided a friend, "and I got pretty worried about it and sent for a doctor. He examined her and looked very grave, and that scared me even worse."

"So I said, 'Tell me the worst at once, Doc.' And he whispered, 'She will recover her voice.'"

"And my wife overheard the question and the answer, and now Doc and I are both in bad."—Boston Herald.

A Little Touchy.

Victim (catching man with hand in his pocket).—What are you doing with your hand in my pocket?

Pickpocket.—Oh, why are you so sensitive?

Wilbur D. Nesbit