His Plea.

"Well, Cuddyhump," said Squire Peavy, addressing a colored citizen who was suspected of having wandered from the straight and narrow path, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Des dis, yo' honah—dis yuh am muh prevarication," was the reply. "Nemmine wadder I's guilty or not, but dess tempt mercy wid jestice and tuhn me loose. Tuhn me loose, sah, and sho's yo' bawn I'll do as much for yo' some time!"

Take Along a Hammer.

She—Have you been up to break bread with the new bridegroom yet?

He—No, I'm not feeling very strong.

If you want it done, don't send a committee. Go yourself.

GETTING A START

By NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, Jr.

TO THOSE WHO WORK FOR THEMSELVES.

This article is not addressed to employees, but to those who are in business for themselves, or who occupy independent positions.

Ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent of business men, and ninety-nine per cent of professional men, labor under the delusion—and it is a delusion—that their work would stop, and a part of the world would stand still, if they dropped out of the treadmill for the whole of a day, or the whole of a week, or for a longer time. They are self-elected slaves, and do not realize that quality of work counts more than quantity, that the clear brain and the vigorous body will accomplish more in a day than the fagged-out mind and tired body can do in a week.

There are times when we cannot leave our offices without incurring loss, but we are nowhere as indispensable to ourselves, or to others, as we think we are.

I recall an incident: The editor and owner of a great newspaper had not left his desk for twenty years. He was brain and body tired. His doctor ordered him to take a vacation.

"No, no," he said, "I can't do it."

"Haven't you competent assistants?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," replied the editor, "but they depend upon me for direction."

"Nonsense," retorted the doctor, "you are too big a man not to have a plant that will keep in motion if you let up for a week or so. Suppose you are taken sick. If you don't rest now, you will have to later, and it will mean a month's, and perhaps a year's absence from the office."

The editor decided to stay away for a week, but he did not dare to tell his assistants, as he was afraid it would demoralize the office. He went out into the woods, and came back a better man. On Monday he entered his counting room

"Good morning, Mr. Brown," said his general manager.

"How are things going?" asked the editor.

"Fine," replied the general manager. "Just landed a big contract from the Jones Manufacturing company."

With a surprised look on his face the editor went upstairs. His assistant met him with the usual greeting.

"How's everything?" he asked.

"Same as usual," replied the assistant.

The editor passed through the editorial and reportorial rooms, but nobody said anything about his absence. At last in desperation he spoke about it to one of his assistants.

"Why, when did you go?" exclaimed the man.

The editor went into his private sanctum, sat down in the editorial chair, put his feet on the editorial desk and talked to himself for an hour. He had learned his lesson.

A friend of mine, a general of industry, absents himself from his office for an extended period twice a year. He finds that while he is away there is an increase of business.

"How do you account for it?" asked a friend.

"I'll tell you," replied the business man. "I've organized my business so well that each department has individuality and works by itself, yet in harmony with the others. When I'm there, my managers depend upon me. When I'm away, they realize their importance and make strenuous efforts to 'make good.' And they do."

Men who fail, as a rule, are those who either work too hard or do not work enough, who either keep too long hours or too short hours.

Men who succeed compromise between the two extremes, work hard when they work, and play hard when they play, making their recreation a part of their life's duty.

Don't fool yourself into believing that you have not time to take a rest.

Futurist Ambulance.

In interior decoration the modernist movement still holds the fort. An ambulance, recently presented to France by a woman much interested in art and who has a liberal fortune back of her, has its paneled walls painted in a peacock green to a height of four feet, with the rest of the surface the color of a lemon. Such a color scheme would make most well people feel sick and dizzy but the giver of the ambulance is sure that the wounded soldiers will be delightfully amused; they will, perhaps, be made to forget their injuries by the nightmare effect. —Harper's Bazaar.

Foreboding.

"What are your objections to me as a son-in-law?" said the young man.

"I don't like the style of your clothes," replied Mr. Cumrox.

"Why, I don't pay much attention to dress."

"That's the reason. I have my doubts about having you around the house. I'm afraid you're the kind of man who would let your wife buy your clothes."

TO THE MAN WITH AN IDEA.

I received recently the following letter from one of my readers:

"Being an admirer of your column, and knowing your desire to assist young people, I wish you would advise me, and at the same time others in the same boat. I have been at my trade for twenty years, have worked for the largest six firms in our line. I am at present with the largest in the country, but the most mismanaged. By applying efficiency to the shop, I know several thousand dollars could be saved in the course of a year, by changing the system so that the work would not be rehandled, etc. What I should like to know is to whom I should give my ideas, the foreman (and have him get the credit), or the owner? How should I go about the latter?

"Thanking you in advance, I am

"Yours truly,

"ADMIRER."

It is exceedingly difficult to advise unless one is familiar in the premises and is acquainted with both the men and the conditions. In this case, as in many similar ones, I can speak only in a general way. I will assume that the writer of the foregoing letter is correct when he says that his factory is mismanaged and will proceed upon that hypothesis. Whether it is or not, it is obvious that improvement would be possible, and that our friend may have some practical ideas. I should, however, advise him not to present them unless he is reasonably sure that they are worthy of consideration. I should suggest that he talk them over with competent and trustworthy friends, if he can, and try them out theoretically, at least, before bringing them to the attention of his employer.

The question is, however, whether it is best to present them through the foreman or direct to the owner of the factory.

If the foreman is a man of integrity, can be trusted, and is fair and square, I should advise our friend to have a frank talk with him, present his ideas to him, and request him to bring them to the attention of the proprietor, with or without being accompanied by the originator.

The foreman can easily obtain an audience, and will be given attention, while the originator, being a mechanic, is not likely to have the same opportunity.

If, however, the foreman is not to be trusted, our friend should present his ideas directly to the owner or to one of them, either verbally or in writing.

In either case, I should suggest that he write out these ideas, retaining a duplicate copy of them, the original to be given to the foreman or to the owner, in connection with a verbal explanation.

For his own protection I should further advise him that he acquaint one or two of his trustworthy friends with the facts, so that, should his ideas be appropriated without credit or remuneration for him, he would have tangible evidence of being their originator.

If the carrying out of the system suggested required machinery or fixtures of any kind, our friend should protect himself by patent before acquainting others except reliable friends, with his discovery.

SUPERSTITION STILL WITH US

Delusions Have Not All Been Done Away With, Despite the Advance in Education.

The accusation of witchcraft has been made against a Detroit woman. Let none of us go too far in our scoffing.

Superstition is dead. It existed in the middle ages, but not any more. So they say.

Actually, superstition lives and thrives despite the fact that a few glaring delusions have been repudiated by the majority.

There is the superstition of legal revenge, the superstition of money-getting as a means of being happy, the superstition of race prejudice and class prejudice. These are but a few. The vast mass of them are so cherished that it is unwise to name them.

The public mind holds many superstitions, and so does the mind of every individual. What are called the dark ages are 500 years behind. Who can guess how many of our illusions will have been scorned and cast aside 500 years hence?—Detroit News.

Modern Improvements.

"Maria," said Farmer Topsoil, "them city boarders is due here tomorrow."

"Yes, Hiram."

"Better put away th' phonygraft an' th' pianner player, an' tell th' hired man ter keep th' autymobile locked up in th' garage. We've got ter make this place look as rooral as possible, or them folks won't think they're gettin' their money's worth."

Suiting Oneself the Rule for Coiffures

Just go on and wear your hair as you will, in any way most becoming to you, for the goddess of fashion will nod indifferent approval on anything. For some months this capricious deity has refused to be interested in hairdressing styles. She did sit up and take notice when the bobbed coiffure made its debut. It was so novel and so different, no one could help noticing. It is a lovely style for youthful faces.

A few young women were willing to go the length of cutting off —"bobbing"—the hair at the sides for the sake of the style, but many were not. These very sensible ones achieved a hairdress with the bobbed effect by bringing the hair out over the cheeks and turning the ends under. The back hair was disposed of in a flat coil low on the crown, and all held in place by much pinning and by bands of narrow velvet ribbon.

Older women have remained faithful to waved hair combed in a small pompadour and dressed with a knot, rather high on the head. Others, with youthful faces, have been most successful with hair unwaved but pinned into becoming lines about the face. It is drawn back and twisted into a knot which supports large ornamental shell pins. An example of this style, with everything to recommend it, is pictured here. This is the manner of arranging the hair about the face which is favored by the majority of women. The disposition of the hair at the back is only governed by the choice and taste of the individual.

Use Jersey Cloth.

Jersey cloth is used for the middy sweater of silk or silk fiber. This is the only sweater now used that slips on and off over the head. It has white sailor collar and cuffs, and is laced through four or five holes at the front with silk cord. It is especially attractive for very young girls.

Shawl Coats.

There are some interesting imported coats made of big shawls or steamer rugs, with fringe around the bottom and edging the cape section that falls over the sleeves, or sometimes edging the wide collar instead.

Pretty Undermuslins of Sheer Materials

Embroideries for women's undergarments—the sorts that are sold by the yard—have grown more and more sheer until now one must look twice to discover whether some of them are of silk chiffon or of swiss. Fine weaves in voile have proven to be practical as a background for dainty embroidery patterns to be used in underwear because their wearing qualities are equal to those of the materials used in the body of the garments. In fact a good quality of sheer cotton voile embroidery will outwear the nainsook or muslin which it trims.

Speaking of sheer materials in undergarments, it is not to be overlooked that chiffon and fine crepes come in for much consideration in the more expensive and less practical frivolities that are so enticingly pretty. Petticoats to be worn with negligees, underbodices for wear with thin blouses, and even less conspicuous garments are made of these fragile fabrics.

But enticingly pretty garments are also made of fine cottons that emerge from the tub as good as new. The envelope chemise shown in the picture given here bears witness to this. It is made in the empire style and is the simplest thing to put together. The short "baby" waist is merely alternating strips of val insertion and swiss embroidery, with edges whipped together. Under the arms the embroidery strips are omitted because at this point of most wear the lace is more desirable.

The short waist is finished at the bottom with a narrow open beading which joins it to the skirt portion of the chemise. The neck and armholes are edged with val lace, set on about the neck with a very narrow beading. Lingerie ribbon is run in the beadings. It is to be tied in full bows when the garment is adjusted.

The bottom of the chemise is lengthened at the back, cut into a tab and finished with lace edging. Two buttonholes are worked in the tab and fasten over small, flat pearl buttons that are sewed to the front. This adjustment of the chemise gives its name of "the envelope," and keeps it from bunching up about the figure when its wearer walks much.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

He Took a Chance.

"It's a good thing you had accident insurance, isn't it? That fall must have laid you up for two weeks."

"I know, but it doesn't help me out in this case."

"And why not?"

"Why, it carried a clause forbidding me to engage in any extra hazardous occupation."

"Well, you weren't, were you?"

"Yes, I was trying to sell Jones some life insurance."

Year After Year.

"They can't fool all the people all the time."

"But the summer hotel proprietor manages to stick us for two weeks of it."

Answered.

Barber (finishing up)—How do you part your hair, sir?

Customer—With a comb.

Mistakes are as common as the acknowledgement thereof is uncommon.

Would Be Interesting.

"Did you hear about Mrs. Wombat's party?" inquired one lady. "Mrs. Piffle is invited."

"Here's the interesting point," said another. "Mrs. Flubdub isn't invited."

"Dear me! And did you hear how Mrs. Soandso snubbed Mrs. Van Squawk?"

"Hum!" remarked a passing editor. "Judging by the interest the women take in the same, I think I had better get out a column of social activities."

It Made a Difference.

"How far is it to the next town?" the motorist asked the farmer along the road.

"Bout ten miles as the crow flies," said the farmer.

"Yes, I know," said the motorist, "but, you see, the crow's riding with me today."

Telephone lines are to be extended to Tromsoe, Norway, 200 miles north of the arctic circle.

Before the war there were 5,000 German waiters and barbers in London.