Manager's Troubles

Getting Best Results from Office Girls

By THURDE RAYLE BRUCE

RUNNING an office with 26 or 30 girls from 16 years to an indefinite age is no easy task. To get good results the force must be controlled with the utmost care and impartiality. At the best the office manager is not popular, for almost every girl must be corrected during her term in office and after she has reached the office age she is sensitive when called down and the office manager is at once branded as a "grouch."

A few of the many things the office manager has to contend with are: coming late to work, staying away entirely for the day on account of some slight excuse, such as a headache or "was up late the night before and do not feel well," talking about the great time they had the evening before; gossiping in the washroom; quitting about 30 minutes before closing time to make their toilet for the trip home.

Many girls wear clothes in the office that would be more appropriate in a theater or at a house party. A "peek-a-boo" waist in the office is as much out of place as a dressing sack would be at a ball or club. The fancy costume in the office distracts the girl's mind from her work and attracts the attention of others and thus creates a cause for mistakes. If all girls would wear plain, simple clothing, something comfortable and becoming, they would make better clerks, have better health and cause the office manager to go home in a better frame of mind.

Too many girls do not realize that they are employed to work between certain hours for which the company pays them a certain salary and that the time spent in idle talk and primping is like taking something that does not belong to them.

In an office of 25 girls each one on the average will exhaust 45 minutes each day on something that does not interest the company, which means one girl's time for 18 2-3 hours. In other words, the company is paying out every day for 2½ girls' time for which they get no benefit. This is based on eight hours for a day's work and where 25 are employed.

Girls easily take offense at some little thing that would not even be noticed by a boy. If the boys have anything to settle with a fellow worker it is fought out on scientific lines, is soon over, and the next day the disputants are the best of friends. The girls will pout and sulk around about it for two or three weeks and then never entirely forget it.

Girls as a rule do not consider the interest of the company like a boy, for they do not expect to remain and advance with the business. The object in working is to earn some pin money and then retire as some man's wife.

Girls will allow little things to keep them from the office that a boy would laugh at. About the time a girl becomes valuable to a concern she becomes more valuable as a man's wife, unless she has passed the marriageable age and a new girl must be taught the work all over again. I recall a case of a young woman who had granted the usual two weeks' vacation last summer, and on the Monday morning she was expected to report for work the office manager received a letter stating she intended to be married in a few weeks and would not be back to work. This was known by the young woman before going on the vacation and the company should have been so notified. If she had reported for work as usual after her vacation and the company had notified her that her services were no longer required it would have been a "terrible thing."

Enjoy Better Health Without Using Meat

By JOHN WALSH

For over 50 years I clung to a meat diet as my only hope of salvation and thought a meal or lunch without it a poor affair. At last, so broken in health that I was obliged to stop work, the doctors gave up my case and ordered me south.

There it so happened that I could not find palatable meats and I discovered that I could live without them.

Now, after ten years and more of vegetarian living, at the age of 72, I have much better health and never before in my life have foods tasted as good.

It is my firm belief that all these boycotters if they keep it up will find themselves so much benefited by their fasting that they will never want to return to their habit of meat eating again.

It is a habit and not a matter of necessity, just as much as taking stimulants is a habit.

The uric acid and other toxic parts of meat, like other poisons, stimulate.

It is admitted, of course, that there is some nourishment in meat, but that nourishment can easily be obtained from other protein foods that do not contain such poisons.

Vegetarians are called "faddists" because they are a little in advance of the times.

Stopping White Slave Traffic

By JOHN P. BENNETT, M. D.
Of Chicago

Now that the white slave traffic is uppermost in the public mind would it not be of the greatest benefit to have the clergy and others engaged in the warfare hold regular meetings for women only?

A strenuous and unwavering campaign of extermination is called for. "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

The most effective corrective of vice is the fullest possible publicity which can be given to it.

Many a vicious man or woman is deterred from the practice of vice by fear of discovery. The fullest light which can be thrown upon the villainous trade in bodies and souls is desirable. Women have the care of children, their bringing up and training.

The mothers of the community should be informed of the snares which menace the young lives.

Ignorance of the truth is not innocence and ignorance of the strength of the enemy and of the position the enemy holds never yet won a battle, moral or physical.

Holding the Line

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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When two peppery old chaps like Commodore Renshaw and Gen. Fairly—one from the navy and the other from the army—both widowers, and one having a son and the other a daughter—both parents aching to argue and discuss, and neither willing to give an inch—are set to live side by side, what's the natural consequence?

Wrangle! Why, they wrangled from the very first day! That was about the Spanish war—as to whether the army or navy brought about peace. The next was on politics, the next on religion, and they got so they wrangled about the weather. They wrangled, and yet they visited each other.

"Egad, commodore, you are an old fossil, and your words don't count, and I'll never darken your door again, sir!" Gen. Fairly would exclaim as he left the house of the former in a huff, but he would be over again next day with something new to argue about.

"Egad, sir, but for the navy and Santiago—where would you doughboys have been—where, sir?" the commodore would exclaim with very red face. "We saved you, sir, and here you are, pretending to tell me of war! Yes, sir, and I'll go home, sir, and I want you to keep your hens at house or I'll shoot them, sir!"

But the hens continued to roam in his garden, and he didn't shoot. They thought they were in deadly earnest—those hens, old hens, but they weren't. They were bluffing.

The spring that both reached the age limit and were retired they went up the Connecticut shore and bought villas side by side. At that time Eunice were abusing the government instead of each other. At that time Eunice Renshaw and Grant Fairly, the reputed son of the general and son, were away at college, and both came home the last of June, to find that the commodore and general had at last found something worth wrangling about.

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It had been discovered that a certain cherry tree that gave promise of a great yield stood about on the line between their two residences. That is, they agreed on the "about," and they each claimed it was on his line. They began in argument and ended in an uproar.

The commodore secured the services of a surveyor, and the man of the chain and theodolite found that the tree stood a full inch on the naval man's land. Then the general brought out another surveyor, and after two surveys it was found that the tree was his by two inches.

"Egad, but I'll go to law," exclaimed one officer.

"And I'll defend my rights with a shotgun," exclaimed the other.

Each one announced and declared and contended that it was the principle of the thing and not the cherry tree he had at stake, and each one had purchased the wire to run a fence along and take in the tree. Thus matters stood when the young folks came home for the summer.

"Why, poppy, all the cherry trees around here are not worth your quarrel," replied Miss Eunice after hearing the father's story.

"But principle, daughter—principle! I have lived up to it all my days, and I must uphold it now. Think of an naval officer trying to claim my tree, and he belonging to the very troops we saved from capture by sinking Cervera's fleet! I shall stick to my guns—to my guns!"

"You officers are acting like a couple of kids," was the comment made by young Fairly. "You've got a dozen cherry trees on the grounds; why fight about that one?"

"Grant, you must look at the principle of the thing. Am I to be bulldozed and walked over like a child? It would be bad enough if any other man tried it, but be—supposed to be an officer and a gentleman! If the army hadn't been at Santiago the fleet wouldn't have been there. I shall defend that tree with my life."

As the days went by the young people heard so much about that cherry tree that they instinctively began to hate it. They had heard of each other through their fathers, but had never met.

A week went by without a move on the part of the enemy, and then two servants presented a letter. The general's hens were stoned out of the commodore's garden and the commodore's dog was sent home with a tomato can tied to its tail. What made the matter worse was that both principals were shot up in the house—one from gout and the other from an old wound that had reopened.

"Eunice, you must stand by me," announced the commodore. "I can't get out, and that person knows it, and he will take advantage of my helpless ness to run up a fence."

"But what can I do?" the girl asked.

"Take a revolver and patrol the line. If there is any fence building, shoot."

"Grant, my son, you must see this through for me," groaned the general. "That person will hear of my helpless condition and run up a fence. He must not be allowed to."

"But I don't feel like getting into a war," was the reply.

"There will be no muss if you are firm. Take a gun and let yourself be seen on the firing line."

The ground between the houses, which stood a hundred feet apart, was covered with ornamental bushes. Miss Eunice was the first to arrive. She took shelter behind a bush a foot this side of the disputed line. She didn't know why, but she felt she couldn't be brave in such a cause. If any one came from the other house what was she to say?

That question was soon answered. She looked up to see a young man, revolver in hand, standing within seven feet of her. He was also on the firing line. The two looked at each other and then away. Then they looked back again. Then the young man said he be raised his hat.

"I am the general's son, and I presume you are the daughter of the commodore."

Miss Eunice inclined her head.

"We are here to shoot each other under certain circumstances."

Miss Eunice lifted her revolver into view and tried to look very brave.

"We are both determined persons and probably both will fail. It is also likely that our respective fathers will fail."

"Mine can't get out to fail," said Miss Eunice before she had time to think.

"Nor mine," laughed young Mr. Grant. "If there is any shooting to be done it must be between ourselves. Shall it be a regular duel or promiscuous firing?"

Miss Eunice wanted to look very savage, but in place of that her face took on a smile, and finding herself defeated she threw her weapon on the ground.

"A truce, eh?" laughed the young man, as he also tossed aside his weapon. "Now, please let me go to the house with you."

"But my father. He's—he's—"

"Yes, I know, and so's mine. They are two foolish men, and we are going to talk to them. The idea of a quarrel over a cherry tree!"

And young Mr. Fairly walked in and faced the commodore, and he talked so well and laughed so often that the old veteran, who had been ready to eat him up, finally said:

"If your father will say that it was the fleet that did the trick at Santiago, I think—think that will settle it."

"I am ready to admit that we couldn't have done without the fleet," replied the general when he had got over his astonishment, "but I think the commodore ought to be willing to admit that if the navy had been in Gettysburg, it could not have won a greater victory than the army did."

Before high noon all was united and the wire fencing put away for good, and on the third day the two veterans were well enough to sit on the veranda as of yore. They had been smoking in silence for five minutes when the general said:

"Commodore, you are a sly old dog."

"General, you are the same."

"But we sly old dogs are going to get left. The young folks made a peace that they might fall in love and be married next year about this time."

"Odorless Garbage Wagons.

Boston, in the interests of health and economy, is being provided with odorless garbage wagons. One of these wagons is already in use. It consists of a steel frame on four wheels, containing three cylindrical tanks which rest upon trunnions. In form the tanks are somewhat like milk cans, greatly enlarged, each tank having a capacity of one ton of garbage. To the lid of each is attached a lever, which, in turn, is connected by a chain with a hinged portion of the footboard, resembling a treadle, upon which the men stand to empty their pails. As the attendant steps upon the treadle, his weight raises the cover, and when he steps off after emptying his load the released lever pulls the lid down again. The load being divided into three parts, only one-third is exposed at a time, and then only momentarily.

One form of gloss gymnastics is to walk one way and point the other.

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