

Tom the Talker

By JANE OSBORN

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Associates who underestimated the actual ability of Tom Brattle said that the only reason why he had forged ahead from the post of least of all office boys in the sales department of the Universal Chopping Bowl company to the post of head of that department was not because of any superior knowledge of the psychology of people who wanted to buy chopping bowls wholesale or because of any personal magnetism, but because his tongue wagged like a woman's. Tom Brattle had the knack of talking fast and furious, but then Tom was one son among five daughters in a family that consisted of five of six maiden aunts and a grandmother and great-aunt and well, Tom had learned that if he wanted to make himself heard to the end the only thing was to talk fast and leave no chinks in the conversational structure. If he did some one else would get a wedge in. And Tom had also noticed in those days when he filled the lukewells and bought sandwiches from the delicatessen for the "boss," Mr. Dawson, on busy days, that the salesmen who got the largest orders for chopping bowls from customers who came into the office were those who kept the possible buyer from raising any objection to the brand of chopping bowls that the Universal put out.

The Universal sales department, like every other department in every other concern, felt the effect of the increased demand for women to take the place of enlisted men, and the only solution seemed to be, when matters were at their worst, to enlist recruits from the number of wives and sisters and relatives of the well-to-do members of the concern who could not normally be gainfully employed. Tom's sisters were employed and so were his aunts, but when he wanted to get a new girl for the switchboard in the sales department he made his wants known to the heads of the concern, and the very recently acquired wife of one of the sons of the president of the concern was suggested as a candidate. She had caught the fever of general usefulness, and having no business asset but a pleasing voice, had been promised the first vacancy as telephone operator—which happened to be in Tom's department.

And this suited Tom immensely. Because Tom had a theory that a telephone operator was one of the most important personalities about any office, especially a sales office. She did more talking than any of the other girls employed, and talking, in Tom's estimation, was an important thing. And the girls in his office had rather looked down upon the post of telephone operator. When the regular girl for that job was on vacations or off at lunch they handled the wires condescendingly. To them it was a matter of minor consequence. So when the daughter-in-law of the president of the concern was coming to manage the switchboard, Tom felt that this would put a new light on the job of switchboard operator. It would lend it tone and show the girls just how important it was.

Then the morning that the young Mrs. Dawson was coming, Mr. Dawson phoned in to say that Mrs. Dawson had backed out. She had found that it would interfere with her "at home." She hadn't realized that she would have to be there every day, and so—

Then Tom began to talk, and he talked fast and furiously, even though he was talking to the son of the president, and having hung up the receiver he sent to an agency for a telephone operator of the best type. He offered to pay her more than even he felt telephone operators were worth, because he felt now that having assured the stenographers and other girls in the office that Mrs. Dawson was going to take the job, he could not retreat so far as to get the usual run of a half-hearted, listless girl for the work.

Tom seldom countenanced deception, but this time it was necessary: so when he found a nice-looking young woman in businesslike apparel waiting to see him in the outer office, and she began by saying that she believed they wanted a telephone operator, Tom let her get no further, but told her on the spot, in an undertone, that she looked as if she would do, but that she would have to bluff it out as the daughter of the president and consent to be called Miss Dawson, and conduct herself as nearly as it was possible for her to do as the daughter of the president of a chopping bowl concern would conduct herself.

"But you see—" began the applicant.

"That is quite all right," Tom rattled on. "You're an intelligent young woman and you can manage and none of these girls know anything about the family of Mr. Dawson. So it is settled, and if you'll please take off your hat and coat at once, I'll have your name put in the payroll immediately."

"But I was going to say—"

"If you don't understand this board one of the girls will show you," Tom anticipated. "It isn't that they don't know how," he explained, "it's that they don't think it's worth while. That's why I wanted them to think that we had one of the Dawsons on the job. Tell them, if they ask, that Mrs. Dawson decided not to come, but

that you came instead." And Tom hurried back to his office, bent on talking a flowing line of enthusiasm concerning the merits of the Dawson chopping bowls into his dictaphone. No stenographer could keep up with him.

Now, temperamentally Tom was not a fast talker. It was an acquired habit, and his idea of a happy home to go to after working hours was a home where there were not five sisters and aunts and things, and where one could talk as slowly or as little as one chose. It was because he had so often thought how restful such a home would be that he began to think about matrimony, and with matrimony on his mind and so thoroughly delightful a young woman as the new telephone operator in one's office, no one with Tom's preference for round blue eyes and smooth brown hair and a gentle, persuasive feminine voice could long stay out of love. But though Tom could talk chopping bowls and other business matters fluently enough, when it came to telling this young lady of his state of mind and heart his lingual talents forsook him. But he went on dreaming and even priced household furniture and even consulted a real estate agent or so regarding small apartments.

Sometimes he got some small consolation in telling other people what a wonderful telephone operator he had, and expounding his theory that it paid to have a really first-class girl on that end of the work. He even told the president's son, Mr. Dawson, of this theory.

"But you know," began Mr. Dawson, "that young woman didn't come from the agency; you see—"

"She didn't come from the agency?"

"No," said Dawson; "you didn't give me a chance to explain, and you didn't give her a chance, either. You see, Mrs. Dawson—"

Tom swallowed hard, and it seemed as if the sup went into a temporary eclipse. "I congratulate you on a rare treasure," he gulped. "She is wonderful."

"She has a high opinion of you, too," said Mr. Dawson, and somehow Tom thought this was an especially inappropriate remark. He didn't want to be thought well of by the woman he had loved in vain. He would rather have her detest him, now that he knew she was married.

"We'd like to have you come to dinner some time—make up a little family party," said young Dawson, and somehow the conversation closed here, and Tom went back to his office to talk chopping bowls to his dictaphone, but the words would not come. In fact for days and even weeks Tom lost his power of gab, and sales went down and business began to slump. He was working his ingenuously overtime trying to think of a way to get the charming Mrs. Dawson out of his office. Instead of seeming like a nice, straightforward, round, blue-eyed girl as she had seemed, she was a vampire in disguise to him now, and every time she beamed on him as he came and went, he imagined cruel thoughts lurking beneath the sweet charm of the smile.

"Billy wants me to get you to come home for dinner some time with us," she said to him one day. "You have been so cross lately I wouldn't ask you. Only we were such good friends to begin with before you knew I was a Dawson, and I don't approve of letting misunderstandings creep up between friends in that way."

And poor Tom accepted for dinner that very night and the blue-eyed young woman telephoned home to some one named Nora—the cook, of course—that she would bring him home for dinner and please have mushrooms and beefsteak for she had heard him say once that he liked them. When 5:30 came and it was time to go Tom waited for young Bill Dawson.

"Won't your husband call for you here?" he said, and then as the blue eyes drew up in a pucker of questioning—"Yes, Mr. Bill Dawson, your husband."

"Why, Bill's my brother," said the girl, and though it was late on a dull afternoon, the sun came out of a cloud and the whole world was suffused with happiness for Tom.

"You see, you didn't give me a chance to explain. Nora, Bill's wife, backed out, and I took the job instead. I came that day to ask if I'd do, but you didn't give me a chance to say a word." She looked him frankly out of those round eyes. "Tom, you've been so blue and miserable lately, and she actually took his hand in her two and he had to hold on to the desk with the other to keep from floating into the seventh heaven. "Tom, has it been because you thought I was married—has it been because you cared?"

And Tom, the man with the tongue that was hung in the middle, couldn't do more than gasp a meager "yes."

How It Came About.

"The worst winter I remember was when we were besieged," said the old soldier. "We had only one bite a day for two weeks and that was horse-flesh."

"I remember," said Sgt O'Brien, his companion, "living for a month on one bite, and that was out of my leg."

"You old cannibal. Do you expect me to believe that?" roared the soldier.

"It's true, believe it or not," said Pat, calmly. "A dog took a bite out of my leg, and the insurance kept me like a lord for four weeks."

Shell-Shock Experts.

Sixty-five young women are graduates of the Training School for Psychiatric Social Work, Smith College, Northampton, Mass., and are styled "shell-shock experts." They will go immediately to clinics in New York, Boston and other cities to begin six months' practical work with nervous patients.

THE FIFTY-ODD THOUSAND.

News Item:—More than 42,000 American soldiers killed in action and died by wounds.

Under their little white crosses,
Under the blue of the sky,
Under the sod that is sacred to God,
The brave fifty-odd thousand lie.

They sprang at the sound of the bugle,
That the fires of freedom might burn;
They answered the call and they sacrificed all—
Men who will never return.

Yonder, across the Atlantic's
Stormy and turbulent sea,
Are the graves of the men who would
Perish again.
That the world might be happily free.

Under their little white crosses,
Neath the blue of the sky, rest the
slain,
A tear and a prayer for the dead
Over there,
They died, but they died not in vain.

CAMERA AS A STEREOPTICON

Ingenious Idea by Which Photographic Apparatus May Be Made to Do Double Duty.

A handy method of turning an ordinary camera into a stereopticon with which you can project enlarged images of photographs, picture postal cards, etc., upon a screen is described by F. E. Brimmer in Popular Science Monthly. The author gives to the contraption the hybrid name of cameropticon. Procure a box about 18 inches wide by 24 inches long and in one corner set your camera with its back removed. At the point where the lens contacts with the side of the box bore a two-inch hole. At a point six inches back of the camera place the photograph held upon a support. Near the camera, but where it will not shine into

its back, place a bright light with a reflector behind it, to concentrate the glare upon the photograph.

Take your cameropticon into a dark room, turn on the light and you will find an image of your photograph upon the wall or screen provided. Use a 120 candle-power bulb.

Of course you will have to focus until the image is clear. Paint the inside of the box black. The dotted lines show the path of the light rays.

Origin of Tally Ho!

In chatting about the British army in Palestine, which, in the intervals of business, occupied itself in hunting, shooting, fishing, and other British sports, a writer in Palestine, the organ of the British Palestine committee, recalls a very interesting fact. He tells us "Tally-Ho!" is of Crusading origin, being the corruption of Tallus Hone, the Syrian for "Come here." Thus, he comments, in the most unexpected way, a sporting cry brought home by King Richard's men or Prince Edward's men is carried back to the land of its origin by King George's men.

Poor Hub.

The loving wife entered a tobacconist's shop, and held a piece of brown cloth before the eyes of the perplexed clerk.

"Say, look here," she demanded, "can you match this with cigars or stogies or anything? It's a piece of my husband's new brown suit. If you haven't got the right shade, say so at once and I'll try around the corner. But I do despise to see a man with light brown cigars sticking out of the pockets of a dark brown suit."

Big Walnut Crop.

California's immense 1918 crop of walnuts is more than half harvested. It is now apparent that the present season will be the most satisfactory of any in the history of walnut growing in this state. The crop is the largest, and the quality and price the best ever known. The results of this year's campaign constitute a tremendous boost for co-operative walnut growing. From 65,000 acres the walnut growers will sell nine and a half million dollars worth of nuts.

No More Germans.

An unusually inquisitive four-year-old approached his mother the other day and asked: "Mother, did the same God that made us make the Germans?"

The mother answered: "Why, yes, John Patrick; God made every one."

Later that evening, after the children's prayers had been said, John Patrick announced: "Well, mother, I've asked God not to make any more Germans."—Indianapolis Star.

As Bad as War.

"Have you ever been under fire?"

"Lots of times."

"In the front-line trenches?"

"No, but I spend all my summers hunting deer in the Maine woods."—Youngstown Telegram.

Relationship.

"Is she his first wife?"

"Well, as he married her again after divorcing her, she is what you might call his first wife once removed."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Spasmodic Sermon.

A great many men color their conversation with white lies.—Indianapolis Star.

The Scrap Book

AND SHE CAN'T CHANGE IT!

English Girl, Christened "John," Will Quite Likely Grow Up to Bless That Curate.



A canal-faring couple attended the baptismal service at a church near the wharf where their boat was re-loading. When the curate came to the request to "name this child," there was no response from either parent. They looked at each other as though seeking inspiration.

Anxious to help them out of the difficulty, the curate caught the man's eye, and in a whisper suggested "John."

The boatman nodded pleasantly as though relieved of a great responsibility, and the ceremony proceeded to its conclusion.

As the worthy couple left the building the woman addressed her spouse in tones of withering scorn: "To fool, yo! We've got two Jacks now, and thissen's a wench!"—London Tit-Bits.

Value of Play.

Women who have worked together in the Red Cross and other organizations of relief and war work have found a common meeting place, and their sympathies have reached out to one another, irrespective of birth, wealth or station. With Kipling we have discovered that there is no difference after all between the colonel's wife and Judy O'Grady, and this humanness that the war has given to us will find its expression in many new ways that will open to us in the months, and perhaps years, of readjustment and reconstruction after the war.

In Good American.

My cousin was driving an ambulance loaded with French and American wounded soldiers along a road which was being shelled. Some of the shells were exploding uncomfortably near. At length one burst directly ahead of their ambulance, forcing them to make a detour to avoid the shell hole.

"Pres, pres!" cried a Frenchman, which expression means in good American, "Gee, that was a close one!"

An American doughboy, however, misinterpreted it, and cried out in disgust: "H—ll, I've been praying for half an hour!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Viceroys of Heaven."

Prince Max of Baden was once brought to book by King Edward, says a writer in the London-Daily Express. The prince and the late king met at Marltonbad, and the prince severely criticized "the British constitution, which he characterized as "republican with an hereditary president." King Edward replied: "I see what it is, you, too, if you became emperor, would, like William, like to be viceroys of heaven." Then he added: "If you don't change those ideas, you will finish by setting fire to your own house."

Forest

The crowd around the ticker was discussing the operations of a youthful speculator, who shall be nameless. Said one:

"I hear he was hit on the head with a golf ball two years ago and has been rather stupid ever since."

"Maybe so," said the floor manager, "but he has cleaned up a million or more in the same time."

"Gee!" said the first. Then after a pause: "Say, how do you go about learning to play golf?"—Wall Street Journal.

Riding Ships of Fate.

Dr. R. H. Creel of the public health service, has made a report on the relative efficiency of fumigants for rodents on ships, as determined by subsequent intensive trapping over a period of one year. Sulphur dioxide was used on 62 vessels and hydrocyanic gas on 182 vessels. With a much shorter period of exposure, the latter resulted in the destruction of 95 per cent of the rodents, and the sulphur of only 77 per cent.

Bicycle Cavalry Proved Winner.

During the last actions in France the military cyclist units won well-earned praise. The cyclists can cover 60 miles in a day on average roads and come into action fit at the end of the ride. Bicycles, unlike horses, do not tire rapidly and, furthermore, require neither food nor drink.

Where They Have Them.

"I presume your relatives showed you some good-time while you were in New York."

"Oh, yes, they even pointed out Rector's, the Hippodrome and the Winter garden."

Heard at the Greenhouse.

The Orchid—My goodness, what is the cause of all that howling and barking over in the corner?

The Rose—Oh, I suppose that darn dog-funnel, is chasing the catnip again.

Sidelight on the Sex.

Florence Bulletin—Don't try to fool a woman. She has a memory like a photograph and can reproduce any talk you ever made to her.

HOW PURITANS REGULATED IN THEIR COMMUNITIES.

Like King James, the Puritans disapproved of smoking, and though men might indulge within doors or in the fields, they were repeatedly fined "for drinking tobacco in the highway," Roland G. Usher says in his "The Pilgrims and Their History." Church attendance was compulsory, but this was no great hardship in a time when no Sunday work was allowed; one night was spent for writing a letter on "Sunday," at least in the evening, "somewhat too soon." Christmas was not wholly under the ban. The first year the whole colony spent Christmas at hard labor. The second year some newcomers on the fortune refused to go to the fields, saying that it "wrote against their conscience to work on that day," and being tender of conscience, the leaders excused them. When they returned to Plymouth village for lunch, they found these conscientious objectors to Christmas labor playing football and other good English games in the street, and this public "gaming and reveling" was promptly stopped. The regulation of young people's conduct was very strict. In 1636 a law was passed that no man should propose to a girl without the consent of her parents or (if she were a servant) her master; The gallants of Plymouth were wroth, and it became necessary to inflict numerous punishments for "irregular" proposals and acceptances.

THEIR FIRST IDEAS OF LIFE

Why It Is Matter of Importance to Provide Appropriate Toys for the Children.

That pep and all the other characteristics which temper the American are bound up inextricably in the toys we provide for our children. It is the reasoned belief advanced by Sarah Coombs in Good Housekeeping. To quote:

"Look over the drama of life that your small son and daughter are reproducing there on the nursery floor. What is the basis of the girl's idea of the real world? It is playing house. Isn't that a profound and a beautiful fact? Already she is carrying out those instincts that are as old as the race. She mothers her dolls, rocks them to sleep, tumbles them in a carriage. She furnishes their house and keeps it in housewifely order with little broom or carpet sweeper. She launders their garments with tub, washboard and tery iron; she cooks (in imagination) their meals upon a stove and sets them forth in dainty dishes.

"Trains of cars, motors, boats, Noah's arks, rears, fire engines, all offer for the boy the opportunity to act out the primitive fustian life that appeals so strongly to his youth, the life of simple, manly prowess. He would rather be a brave soldier, fireman, engineer or sailor than a lawyer, professor, painter or poet. He revels in those sturdy playthings that he can arrange and rearrange, draw, propel, sail—in fine, can direct and operate with his own lively young energies."

Why Red Cross Is Loved.

Guatemala's catastrophe in ordinary times would fill a large space in the newspapers. Now it falls among the many stories of disaster and suffering that have marched in long procession through the columns of the press for the last three years.

But it is good to know that there exists an organization which is never deaf to the cry of humanity for help; an organization whose responsiveness grows with need, and that, burdened as never before in its history, is able to meet each new demand with prompt administration.

How to Fight Pneumonia.

The experiments of the army medical corps with vaccination against pneumonia in two of the army camps have had so much apparent success that a memorandum has been issued to officers, enlisted men and employees of the war department announcing that this vaccination is available to all who desire it. At Camp Upton during a period of ten weeks pneumonia was only one-tenth as high among vaccinated as among the unvaccinated, although previous to vaccination the pneumonia had occurred equally in the two groups. The vaccination is not intended to cure those who are ill with pneumonia, and it is not advised for persons who are suffering from acute colds or fever.

How to Color Photographs.

To further color photography a New York man has invented a camera in which two plates are exposed at once, a perforated mirror that permits light to reach one plate reflecting it also to the other.

Whiskers Are Forbidden.

Italian soldiers are not permitted to wear whiskers. The war department issued "recommendations" to the effect that officers and men would be liable to be clean shaven.

WHY Modern Environment Was Fatal to Eskimo

None, the Eskimo boy whom Arthur Peary brought back from the Arctic zone years ago, is dead of pneumonia in a logging camp. It was scarcely a kindness, though meant as one, for Peary to take him away from his native snow and ice. A man of the modern age could not survive in the modern environment of civilization or perhaps in the fast of the Eskimo, whose life pictures in color, the walls of French and Spanish castles 20,000 years ago, drawings that survive, civilization does not amount to much when dangers from the cars, automobiles, falling airplanes, buses, and a multitude of other things are greater than were those from the sabre-toothed tiger of the woolly rhinoceros in their day.

No Eskimo has ever flourished in the temperate zone. The scenery of Greenland and Baffin Land may be magnificent, it may have a certain untamed whiteness that tins the eye, but fresh air is abundant and blissing. It is not poisoned by soft-coal smoke, and it suits the native's lungs.

TO ENGLISHMAN THE HONOR

How Ice Cream, Perhaps Most Popular of Delicacies, Was Given to Appreciative World.

Many persons think that Dolly Madison made the first ice cream, but Thyrta Saniter Winslow, an English woman, who has made a long and careful study of the subject, declares that Dolly Madison was merely the first person in America to serve it. This was at a White House reception during the administration of President Madison. The guests liked the cream so well that they asked how it was made, and from that first beginning a vast business has grown up. According to a cretary expert, the American people eat more than 300,000,000 gallons of ice cream in a year. The first ice cream was made by a London confectioner named Queen, and others learned to make it. Queen's methods of freezing were simple and uncertain. It remained for Henry Johnson, wife of an American naval officer, to invent the ice cream machine.

New News Mailed Britain.

Away back to Jeanne d'Arc, the Germans in their attempt to get up a rookus between Great Britain and France during the recent war. In newspapers copiously illustrated and written in French the British hoped to persuade the Allies that all was wrong with the Allies. How they must have improved the morale of the allies by the faith they created.

Two samples of these newspapers, La Guerre Qui Vient, and L'Annuaire qui est une nouvelle édition, were sent by Mrs. Dorothy Llewellyn Field from her husband, Lieut. Ralph E. Field, Twenty-sixth Engineer, U. S. Army. Portraits of plump British soldiers photographing starving Hindustani British sportsmen tying barky balloons to the trees of the river bank as bait for crocodile, Great Britain represented on the map as an octopus (none of whose tentacles established any revolution during the war)—all these and many other items give the British a rare showing up.

And you should say how the missionaries and the Salvation army are laid out! So it happened that on November 11—

New Monument Was Started.

Many months ago a girl, the sweetest heart of a soldier at Camp Devens, Mass.—brought to the camp a bit of stone from her home and gravely laid it on a designated spot. That little action was the beginning of the sweetest heart's monument.

How to Tackle Business.

There's satisfaction in getting down to business.

It's a worry when you feel the responsibility resting upon you and you can't change the weight. Take time to get down to business after every interruption; to take up the thread when it was dropped without having to go back, make a man feel like a conqueror. This consciousness of strength helps him master trials without worry. That leaves a reserve for other demands that shows a man's strength. Once feel that you are master of your own self and the problems that confront you and you can tackle double duty and get away with it. It's a matter of getting things in business and letting other things go. It's the mark of success, offered the many but mastered by the few. Be one of them.

How Flying Tanks Operate.

One of the reasons why the Germans quit was that the flying tank was coming into large use by the allies. The Germans had learned to dread and hint of a tank but they didn't know. The flying tank is an armored machine that could not be punctured by machine artillery and the business is to strike with the enemy was something new.