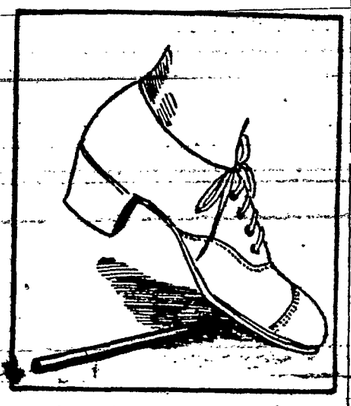
LAMENT OF THE PENCIL

"I DECLARE I am tired to death," said the Pencil as it was dropped into a tray beside the pen and other desk folks.

"Why didn' t you stay at home as I did?" said the Penholder. "You have been gone all day. Where have you been?"

"You may be sure I did not choose to go away," was the answer. "Didn't you see that I was taken out of the tray this morning when no one was looking? I was carried off to a place called school and there I was made to



"Some One Stepped on Me."

do the hardest sort of work. Just look at me; an inch shorter than I was and worn to a stubby point as well. I am sure I have walked miles since I last saw you all."

"Do tell us about it," urged the Fountain Pen, who was always keen to hear the latest news, as it was really more up to date than any of its companions. "Do you mean that some one used you instead of a pen?"

"That is just what I do mean," said the Pencil. "The one who carried me off first dropped me on the floor and broke off my nice, sharp point, then he sharpened me with a funny cap-shaped thing, and off came a piece of my wooden coat; but at last I was given another point and then my troubles began.

"I was made to walk up and down, across and over miles of white paper, and, oh, you should have seen the dreadful spelling and the untidy figures that I was forced to make!

"You all know that the one who usually sits at this desk uses us in the most artistic manner and never do we have to make mistakes or make crooked figures or letters."

"No, never," said all the desk folks; "poor Pencil, how you must have suffered."

"But that is only a part of the tragedy," continued the Pencil. "I was sometimes put in the mouth of the one who made me work so hard and that made me feel very uncomfortable. Besides that, his teeth would sometimes almost bite off my point.

"Then he dropped me on the floor again and some one stepped on me, although I was fortunate that time in not having a sharp point, so I was not injured, though my feelings were certainly hurt.

"But at last my troubles were at an end and I was brought back to my home, which I never expected to see again, and I am so tired I cannot say another word."

Then over rolled the poor, tired Pencil sound asleep, while the Penholder and the Fountain Pen and the big blue pencil looked sadly at their misused companion and sighed.

"This goes to prove what I have always thought," said the Fountain Pen; "children should never use things that do not belong to them. Poor Pencil will never recover from the hard treatment he has received today and I hope we will all be fortunate enough to escape his sad fate."

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SCHOOL DAYS

Let Us Be Your Business Partner

Your partner has a knowledge of your business and you look to him for advice and counsel on important matters. You are entitled to all the help he can give you.

Do you get a partner's help on your printed matter? Do you get the most from the specialized knowledge which we have regarding printing and paper, and above all the service which a combination of the two can render?

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HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Let Us Serve You as a Partner

The Double Bank Theft

By MALCOLM BROWN

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Stevens, the assistant teller, relieved Waterbury between the hours of one and two. On Saturdays Waterbury went home at twelve, when the bank closed, and Stevens remained behind to clean up the work. This occupied about an hour and a half, or longer.

Stevens was getting fifty dollars a week, and his wife was in the hospital. The delicate and difficult operation had been successful, but Stevens owed nearly five hundred dollars. The sharks were pressing him, too.

He had thought over his problem. In his desperation the moral aspect of the projected crime amounted to nothing. He knew that he could walk out of the bank, just before closing time, with four or five thousand dollars in his pockets, in the shape of hundred-dollar bills. Old Wrigley, who superintended the depositing of the money in the safe, was as blind as a bat. The exploit would not call for any remarkable exhibition of nerve.

"What's the matter, Stevens? Why are you looking at me like that?" demanded Waterbury irritably.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Stevens. Waterbury had been very trying of late; he seemed bent on picking a quarrel, and on the flimsiest of pretexts.

Waterbury was pacing the floor of his cage when Stevens relieved him at twelve o'clock that Saturday morning. "I thought you were never coming," he growled. He nodded curtly, and, without another word, opened the door of the cage, passed out and let it slide to behind him. Stevens watched him with a rather grim smile as he disappeared.

The bank was closed to the public. Stevens remained alone in the teller's cage. One by one the clerks and assistants went out. Presently nobody was left in the bank except the watchman, Wrigley, the cashier, and himself. Then Stevens hastily transferred five packages of ten hundred-dollar bills apiece to his coat pocket, finished his work and took the money to the safe. Stevens found himself in the street.

He jumped aboard a car and descended half a mile away, at the furnished-room house in which his new home was to be.

That evening for the first time in months he had dinner at a restaurant. He smoked a cigar, strolled about town and finally went home and to bed. Not until next morning did he open the packages of bills.

Everyone except the top bill in each package was a Confederate greenback. Instead of the five thousand dollars which he had imagined was in his possession, he had just five hundred—barely enough to pay the doctor's expenses.

Stevens was paralyzed with dismay. There was only one course now—to go back and smuggle the money into the drawer again, this time not under the listless watching of Wrigley, but under the eagle glances of Waterbury.

A wave of disgust and utter self-contempt passed over Stevens.

Stevens spent a miserable night. Remorse, disgust, self-loathing, and a vast pity for his helpfulness to make Mary's life happy struggled within him. When at last he reached the bank it was to find the officers gathered together in groups, eagerly discussing something.

"You've heard the news, Stevens?" inquired Wrigley.

"No," answered Stevens.

"Waterbury's dead."

The room seemed to swim round Stevens.

"Yes, he was killed in the wreck on the Southern & Eastern this morning. He was then four hundred miles from New York, and—his clothes were stuffed with bills aggregating twelve thousand dollars. We've searched the safe and find he had filled it with Confederate bills, with a single good one on top of each package. They're counting up the loss now."

Stevens staggered into his cage.

"Mr. Harrison wants to see you," announced a boy presently.

Stevens went into the president's office as if he were drunk.

"Ah, Mr. Stevens, this is a very unfortunate occurrence," said the president. "You have heard of it, of course. Well, Mr. Stevens, we are going to ask you to act in Mr. Waterbury's place for the present, and later possibly, we shall make the position permanent. The salary, you may know, is two thousand five hundred dollars. Good-morning."

Stevens' first act was to slip the packages away where their presence might be discovered later. His second was to pray with all his heart to be made worthy of his fortune.

Strongly Entrenched.

"I dare say Senator Snortsworthy would retire from public life with reluctance?"

"With so much reluctance that his retirement would have to be preceded by the destruction of one of the most efficient political machines ever established in a free and enlightened country."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Applied Finance.

"My father has a controlling interest in that business."

"I am sorry to hear he is taking such chances."

"What on earth do you mean by his taking chances in such a sound investment?"

"Well, my father says the bigger the interest the greater the risk."—Baltimore American.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

UNIFORM CIVILITY

TO BID welcome to the world when everything seems to be going against you, is to exhibit the right sort of courage and to show yourself capable of overriding difficulties.

Though firebrands may be thrown across your pathway and backbiting tongues assail you, if you still remain amiable and courteous, you will emerge from the ordeal unscathed.

* * *

Civility and all that it implies gives you the staying strength to surmount obstacles and to press forward in all kinds of weather.

Scowls, frowns and short answers very frequently make of the talented and gifted, sorrowful toilers, while, on the other hand, urbanity and suavity elevate men and women of moderate attainments to power and affluence.

Civility commends itself to people who know not its name, but recognize it when they see it. The crabbed old boor and the proud youth are now and again arrested by its soft answer and smiling face, and even the rude vagabond will stop a moment when it crosses his path and stare at it in open-eyed wonderment.

In some subtle way civility touches hearts and knits mankind closer together yet, despite this fact, it has a long way to go and a great deal of hard work to do before it can overtake the masses and make them understand its true worth.

To those who are just starting careers, and especially to the young, good manners are as essential to their success as good commendations.

Indeed, politeness may be said to be the better thing of the two, for the reason that it builds character, and makes it imposing in the eyes of others.

* * *

There is no time in one's life that courtesy of behavior in the treatment of others finds more recognition.

The employee who is uniformly civil, considerate of his or her employer, and thoughtful of associates as well, is usually the first to win promotion.

If you will think back, study cause and effect, you will find as you reflect that the greater number of failures in life had their beginning in incivility, and that those who today are conspicuously successful in the arts, professions and industries were in their beginning, and are now, habitually courteous in words and acts.

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Mother's Cook Book

"Don't bring worries to the table,
Don't bring anger, hate or scowls;
Banish everything unpleasant,
Talk and eat with smiling jowls.
It will aid your own digestion,
If you wear a smiling face;
It will jolly up the others,
If you only eat the pace.
Knowing something funny, tell it;
Something sad, forget to knell it;
Something hateful, quick dispel it
At the table."

GOOD THINGS WE ALL ENJOY

CHICKEN cooked as a pot roast is much superior to the ordinary fried dish, as it is moist and juicy. Cut it up as for frying, place in a tight kettle with a little fat and brown hot, add a very little water to keep it from burning and cook closely covered. Usually no more water will be needed, but add very little, a tablespoonful or two at a time. Season and cook very slowly for two or three hours. Longer is better.

Fruit Salad.

Place halves of stewed pears on crisp lettuce leaves. Remove the pits from white cherries and arrange around the pears. Serve with cooked salad dressing.

Potato Soup.

Boil four medium-sized potatoes in salted water and then soft put through a ricer. Slice one onion and scald with one quart of milk. Remove the onion. Add the milk to the potato, season with a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of celery seed, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley and a dash of white pepper. Melt three tablespoonfuls of fat in a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and when well cooked, stir in the milk and potato. Sprinkle with the parsley and serve.

Nellie Maxwell

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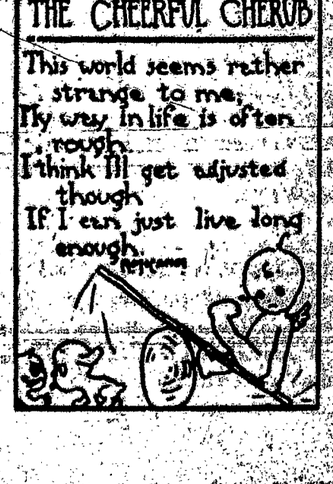

Mary Bott

Lovely Mary Bott, seventeen-year-old manicurist of Union Hill, New Jersey, has been adopted by Lillian Gish as a protege. Miss Gish has started Miss Bott on a movie picture career. Directors say Mary is a "striking image" of Lillian.

OUR fling I no stands for een some body make fool weeth me. I eatin born een olda country and I dunno nomating yer mooch bouts fisticuffs. But dat see no 'scuse my body gotta foolish heed.

Eef I can finda one guy I am bein harda I can. I never see dat guy he no make-a-straights goods. George de Washa no tella da lie one time and he make-a been da president. But eet was long week he tella so many lie you seeza hits he never be da president.

One day I make da fleever date and I tella my girl on da phone I dat I wanta go for da ride. She say all right and tella me time I am gonna come and I say bueno and we go somaplace and have da supper.

You know I like dat girl and I payday, too, so wot I care for da extra expense. Mebbe somaday I tella her she gonna marry me, I dunno. I have plenta trouble before so I no care een mooch.

But I starta for tella you bouts dat guy. Me and my girl go out een da fleever. I asks where she wanta go and she say mebbe some other town. I see one sign on da road what-a-point one way and say "Detour." I never been dat town, so I tink eet alla right buy da supper there.

I make da fleever go so fasta he can but we no gotta some place. Wa plenta sign tella where "Detour" was but no town show up. For free hour we go een dat fleever try find dat place. But da town of "Detour" eet gonna way for da supper.

My girl she gotta pretty hungry and asks me where we gonna eat. I say we gonna eat een "Detour" but I no find. She say we no find nobody eat place eet no town—joke you.

Den she tella me I am crazy een da head and say she gonna home on da streets car. She no treata me good a-nice dat time any more. I starta trip to finda da guy wot make dat sign or move da town, I no care whereba one. Eef he tolda me straighta goods nobody I no losa my girl.

Wot you tink?

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YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Character and Tendencies—The Combination of Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm.

THE FINGER NAILS

GOOD taste, tact, delicacy of mind and other desirable qualities are seen in nails that are white and polished, soft in texture, pink because they are transparent and of normal and well-proportioned length. Nails that are slender or narrow are generally a good sign of intelligence, but this is frequently combined with a tendency to dominate others. These same long, narrow and slender nails are marked in the person of strong ambition.

If the nails are red and marked it is not a good sign, since it means a nature that will not forgive easily, but will seek vengeance for wrongs real or imaginary. Nails that are either very pale or very dark show physical weakness and disease.

A nail that is wide and long is good as a rule, but may show a disposition that is too mild and gentle and self-denying. In rare cases one encounters nails that are extremely oblique. These show a lack of self-culture, one that is wise in his own conceit.

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