

Man's Need

Sure of What He Really Knows

By JOHN A. HOWLAND



LACK OF ABSOLUTE knowledge in case of doubt or inquiry often proves a handicap to the young man—or old—out of all proportion to the circumstance in which it arises. Accordingly as the query is serious in its ends, the inability to answer definitely may embarrass the one of whom the question is asked.

Let the young man consider the situation. His employer has asked for information of him. He would not have done so if he had not reason to feel that the young man knows, or may know. When the question has been asked, the young man at once should be in the position of saying that he knows, or he should be in the position to say instantly that he does not know.

To know and to know that he knows in such a circumstance must be the unquestioned better situation. The question cannot be too trivial not to call for appreciation of a prompt answer that is satisfactory in every respect. But that answer that is indefinite, or still to be questioned, or which may be accepted and still prove inaccurate, may prove one of the most embarrassing failures possible to an employe. It may lead to untold troubles and loss of time and effort. It may mean a black mark against an employe beyond anything the employe ever dreamed of!

After the man accepts as accurate a piece of information which may have been passing more or less current as fact. While it might have been the simplest, easiest thing in the world to have made this knowledge absolute, he never has thought of questioning it. Thinking that he knows, and passing on this information that has been unquestioned in his own mind, his attitude and expression carry weight with it. Thus to the extent that the information is inaccurate it is doubly likely to carry the full effect of its consequences.

To the observer it is appalling just how much of information passes current, as fact when it is farthest removed from it. How some of this misinformation becomes current would be hard to guess at!

There is nothing in the province of work and accomplishment which has greater potentiality for failure than lack of accuracy in initial knowledge. It may start a man or scores of men hopelessly wrong from the beginning. Its possibilities in failure are limitless. And always the inexcusableness of the misinformation is doubly irritating. The mistake so easily might have been prevented!

What do I know about this and that? How well do I know it?

These are questions which the young man cannot ask himself too often or too seriously.



What Killing Game Costs World

By FRANCIS WYNNE of London

England has many thousand human beings who are in a chronic state of destitution and yet the annual expenditure of the English government for naval and military purposes is £70,000,000, or \$350,000,000.

The civilized world has a yearly bill reaching the gigantic total of £500,000,000, or \$2,500,000,000, all of which is incurred in preparations for human slaughter.

It is worth all these millions, wrong from the taxation of hard-working, sorely distressed beings, to see which nation shall be able to float the greatest number of battleships and put into the field the most

numerous regiments? The inhumanity and the waste which go with this disbursement for armaments are a sad commentary on our boasted civilization.

The treasure which England alone spends would give an additional dollar per week to every wage earner in the United Kingdom.

It would reduce our vast army of the unemployed by many thousands and would bring peace and plenty to many a household that is now the abode of want and misery.

Tedious Long Hours of Drug Clerk

By CLARENCE C. MALMROSE

If any man needs better wages and shorter hours it is the drug clerk. A drug clerks' association would go a great way toward remedying this, but time and again has this been tried.

The clerks at one time had an organization going at a fair headway when some one disappeared with a greater part of its funds. This discouraged the clerks and now it is very hard to get them together.

If these clerks could be organized it would mean more pay and shorter hours, which are what they deserve.

This would benefit the people in general.

No prescription would then be filled by a clerk who is half asleep, which is often the case now. In this way mistakes are made and the patient is in danger of an overdose. It is hard nowadays to get a man or boy to learn the business.

The body of clerks is getting smaller and smaller.

Tell me, why should they learn the business, when a plumber, carpenter or any tradesman gets more pay than they do?

Avoid Contact With Poison Ivy

By WM. E. BROWN Dolton, Ill.

Poison ivy, which nearly every one realizes is a dangerous vine, has three leaves on one stem. If people knew the vine they naturally would avoid coming in contact with it, as it is poisonous. However, only in a certain time of the summer is this true.

I have walked barefooted through the vines many times when I was a boy and have never been poisoned by it.

There are about two months when it is dangerous and this time is between the third week in July and the second or third week in September, depending on the frost.

The only way to exterminate the vine is to kill all the roots and the new shoots that have formed the same season, for the vine spreads very fast and is not easy to kill.

I have never been poisoned, but I know what it does, for dad's face was so swollen that he couldn't see for a week.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Costly New York Living Apartments



NEW YORK.—In the city of New York, where millionaires seem to thrive like mushrooms in a cellar, there is being constructed an apartment house in which a suite of rooms will rent for \$25,000 a year. Probably this rental is the highest that has ever been asked for an apartment, even such as will be found in this house, a series of 13 rooms and so many baths that one would be able to use a different one every day in the week and two on Sunday without doubling on his trail. It is the apotheosis of luxury; the last word, so far as the human mind of today can imagine, in scandalous magnificence. In other words, the builders of this house have set a new pace for spendthrifts in the way of living. A yearly rental of \$18,000 is the highest that has ever before been asked for unfurnished housekeeping apartments in New York city.

The new apartment house will have 17 apartments—one on each of the 17 floors—and five duplex apartments in addition. The eleventh and twelfth floors will be devoted to apartments which will occupy all the floor space, and these will rent for \$25,000 a year. The apartments which share a floor with half of a duplex apartment will rent for \$18,000.

The architects have arranged the suites so that each of these big floors shall have more and larger rooms than

can be found in a private city dwelling occupying the regulation city lot, and the number of houses in New York that occupy more than one lot even in "Millionaires' Row" do not exceed a score. The four principal rooms of each apartment—the salon, dining-room, living room and gallery—cover 2,500 square feet, and they are so arranged that they can be turned into practically one immense room for entertaining. Each apartment will have at least three or four real fireplaces where real logs can be burned; an incinerating plant for the disposal of garbage; vacuum cleaning system extended to every room; the latest heating, ventilating and refrigerating systems, and both electric and gas ranges.

In the basement there will be, besides the individual laundries for each apartment, large washing and ironing rooms equipped with laundry machinery. There will be wine vaults, cold storage rooms and two large storage rooms for each apartment as well. Two floors below the ground will be devoted to these and the power plant which will heat and light the building. In addition there will be machinery to manufacture ice for use in the kitchens of apartments.

Those who have studied the conditions of Manhattan Island, and who have been most emphatic in predicting the era of overcrowding, will take this sumptuous tenement as a real sign, of that ultimate time when they believe only business houses and the homes of the rich will be left in Manhattan. Other students of the city life will see in this effort a sign of that time often predicted when all city dwellers will live in co-operative apartments.

This Murderer 36 Years in One Cell



BOSTON.—Bent and marked with prison palsy, Jesse H. Pomeroy, serving a life sentence in Charlestown, Mass., has written his own story of his crime and his efforts to better his conditions shut away from the freedom of the world. He is now 50 years of age and was convicted of a double murder when he was only fourteen years of age. All these years have been spent in solitary confinement and the prisoner declares he has never felt a touch of human sympathy or kindness and no effort has ever been made to better his condition. "I have no friends," he writes. "I cannot get a hearing from the governor. I have been left to my own devices in my cell all these years."

Pomeroy killed two children, a boy and a girl, after treating them with barbaric cruelty. He inveigled other small children into isolated sections, stripped them of their clothing, tied them to trees or upon boards and then

beat them until they were unconscious, stuck pins into their tender flesh and stabbed and jabbed them with knives. When this boy with the demon heart was finally run down and forced to confess he barely escaped lynching. Only his youth saved him from the hangman's noose.

Pomeroy's letter to the public in general and to the governor of Massachusetts in particular is a lengthy document. He cites many reasons why he believes he should not have been convicted of murder and concludes with an appeal to the governor.

In his plea he says: "I respectfully suggest that this prisoner may have some encouragement in doing well. He is no worse than his neighbors. Kindness is never lost on anyone, and this prisoner has all his life shown himself responsive to kind treatment. Public feeling against me is responsible for the deeply rooted and persistent newspaper misrepresentation all these years, and that public feeling was due to newspaper exaggeration and notoriety in 1874. Of course it cannot be denied that the crime was dreadful and that public justice required satisfaction; but the truth is, no effort has been made from that day to this to better this prisoner's condition."

Chicago's Clubs for Working Girls



CHICAGO.—In Chicago there are what are called Eleanor clubs, where girls of all sorts and conditions find homes. Among them are office clerks of all descriptions, telephone operators, milliners, bookkeepers, department store and other clerks, music and art students. These latter are encouraged to live, a few at every club, since it helps the clubs and the club girls in general.

At these clubs the weekly board rate pays for two meals, breakfast and dinner. If a girl wishes to take her lunch with her she pays five cents for three sandwiches and either fruit or cake, for which downtown she would pay about fifteen cents. There is the laundry also, which saves money for the girls. For its use, with tubs, hot water, irons, starch and bluing, the

girls pay five cents an hour. This does away with washing in the rooms and may save, if the girl is clever with shirtwaists, whatever her laundry bill would amount to, minus the nominal laundry fee to the house.

There is no dormitory system, although in a few large rooms there may be three or even four single beds. Most of the rooms, however, are for two, and there are a number of single rooms in every club. Maids do the chamber work and the general cleaning, for the housework there is no co-operation, some girls must be at their desks or their shops or their counters early. There is also a sewing machine in every club for the free use of the girls.

In these Eleanor clubs the young women have much of the freedom of home, perhaps all that would be possible in so large a family. They have the parlors and verandas for receiving their friends and, so far as possible, the clubs are ruleless. The household bills are posted every month in each club, for, as the girls' own money pay them, it is only fair that they shall see where and how the money goes.

Women Sweep the Streets of Atlanta



ATLANTA, Ga.—Atlanta's society leaders and club women put on white aprons one day recently and armed themselves with brooms to lead a militant crusade against dirt in the city's streets and back yards. They raised a prodigious dust, and found the experience no less interesting and no more strenuous than their accustomed bridge parties or dances. Incidentally, they accomplished a real good, for they obtained the assistance of five or six thousand housewives, each of whom agreed in advance to set apart the day for a general cleaning of their respective premises.

cleaning and sanitary department turned over hundreds of men and its teams and wagons to the officers of the Federated Women's Clubs.

These women, with the assistance of able lieutenants, chosen from among the belles of the city, directed a 12-hour campaign, which had for its object the cleaning of odd little corners and out-of-the-way streets which had not always come in for their full share of attention under the routine dispensation of the forces.

Other officers and members of the federated clubs, brooms in hand, showed by their individual examples how much could be accomplished by individual effort, and when the sun set it was upon a brighter, cleaner city.

So effective was the onslaught that in the first few hours more dirt and trash was carted off to the city dump piles than had ever been carried there within 48 hours before.

Good Jokes

DEPEW ON TIPPING EVIL.

"Tipping gets worse and worse on the other side," said Senator Depew in a recent interview.

"A New Mexican told me that at the Savoy in London he went to have a wash before luncheon, but saw a placard on a mirror saying:

"Please tip the basin after using." "This made the man so angry that he rushed from the washroom muttering:

"No! I'll go dirty first."

"The New Mexican added that, after he got his lunch, he tipped the waiter, the waiter's two helpers, the man who gave him his hat and gloves and the man who whistled for a taxi. The vehicle rolled out into the Strand, and our friend leaned back with a sigh of relief, when he was aware of a boy in buttons running along beside the window.

"Well, what do you want?" said the New Mexican, savagely.

"A few coppers, sir—accordin' to the usual custom, sir," the boy panted.

"Why, what did you do?" snarled the New Mexican.

"If you please, sir," said the boy, "I saw you get into the cab."

TOO MUCH OF A BAD THING.



Judge—You are regarded as one of the shrewdest confidence men in the country, and yet you are here.

Prisoner—Yes; I guess it was a case of over-confidence, your honor.

Excessive Punishment.

From Manuel's Gilt throne they yanked him. When at the worst They should have spanked him.

The Professor's Plan.

"I think I should like to have a college degree," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "Have you been engaged in any great or important work?" asked the professor.

"Indeed, I have. I've been going over my enormous pay roll."

"Ah! Perhaps we might take some recognition of your proficiency in the hire mathematics."

Getting an Education.

"Has your son learned much since he went to college?" asked the new minister.

"Naw," replied Farmer Oatcake, "but I hev, by hen!"

Might Have Been Kelly.

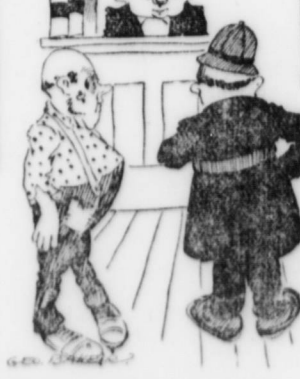
Priam, king of Troy, had come over to the camp of the Greeks, praying to be given the body of his son, slain by Achilles.

The occasion appealed to Odysseus' strong sense of humor.

"Has anybody here seen Hector?" he warbled.

If Ireland had been known in those days it is shrewdly conjectured that Hector's name would have been Kelly, and on that supposition the refrain endured till yesterday, when it became extinct.—Puck.

PLEADS IGNORANCE.



Judge—How did you come to get drunk?

Defendant—Faith, yer honor, Ol'm not to blame. Ol' didn't know what Ol' was doin'.

Judge—You didn't? How was that?

Defendant—Well, ye see, sor, Ol' was under th' influence of liquor when Ol' started.

And They Probably Will.

Dogs as bridesmaids! How-wow-wow! They should lead A dog's life now.

Same Old Bluff.

The index she writes are full of bits That seldom comes to mortal's lot, But when she says she sends a kiss It means she's made another blot.

OH, WHAT'S?

"Oh, what's the use of sighing?" The cheerful people say. In truth, there's no denying 'Tis seldom found to pay.

"Oh, what's the use of growling?" The optimists inquire. The chaps who're always scowling Their friends and neighbors tire.

Oh, what's the use of looking Upon the darker side? The ship of Hope is booking—Come on, let's take a ride!

Overcome.

"I understand Pippus fainted dead away in a restaurant yesterday morning."

"So he did."

"What was the cause?"

"Pippus had just ordered an orange and a cup of coffee for his breakfast, when he overheard a man at an adjoining table ordering an extra sirloln, French fried potatoes, three fried eggs, sliced tomatoes and a plate of hot rolls."

Pride of Ownership.

"There's something wrong in the perspective of this picture."

"Yes."

"The house in the foreground looks like a mountain and the mountain in the background looks like a mole-hill."

"Oh, that's due to the relative importance of the house in the eyes of the artist. That is a picture of his new bungalow."

Get Busy.

In this space We wish to say Christmas is Not far away.

A Bad Loser.

"Johnny, what all's your little brother?"

"Aw, he's a bum sport."

"What do you mean?"

"I wrasseled with him to see which of us would have the candy you gave him, and he lost; now he's puttin' up a holler!"

Remedy Worse Than the Disease.

Mr. Chinn—I've just been reading, my dear, of a new cure for nervous prostration. The patient isn't allowed to talk for weeks.

Mrs. Chinn—Huh! I'd just as soon die from prostration as from exasperation.

FIRST THING.

First Reformer—It's about time for your committee to begin its campaign against vice.

Second Reformer—Oh! no; they haven't had all their pictures in the newspapers yet.

Its Requirement.

"An automatic piano must have a tendency to make its owners conceited."

"Why so?"

"Because generally they do put on such airs."

Shocked.

Mrs. Bacon—I see it is said that certain species of fish generate measurable quantities of electricity in their bodies.

Bacon—Yes, I believe that is so. "Were you ever shocked by a fish you caught, dear?"

"No, but I've been shocked by some of the fish stories I've heard."—Yonkers Statesman.

She Was Willing.

He (timidly)—Miss Peachy—er— Clara, do you care if I call you by your first name?

She—Oh, no—and—er—I don't believe I should care if my friends had the right to call me by your last name.

Their Freshness.

"These eggs don't seem to be real fresh," objected the man from Philadelphia.

"Well, it's your fault, then," snapped the Cincinnati waitress; "they were fresh when I brought them on, but you've been half an hour opening 'em."

Trouble Brewing.

"See here, Mr. Yankem," said the landlord, "patience has ceased to be a virtue in your case."

"Why, what's the trouble?" queried the dentist.

"Well," replied the landlord, "you'll either have to move your 'Painless Dental Parlor' somewhere else or make your patients stop hollering. The other tenants won't stand for it any longer."

serv'd.