

## Work Alone

## Some Girls Take Much Interest in Labor

By JULIA REED

IT MAY SEEM somewhat paradoxical to say that a girl may take too much interest in her work, but it is nevertheless true. Of course, there is the class of girl (and she might be called almost typical she is so numerous) who is merely poised, so to speak, on her position temporarily, waiting until she shall flutter away to a husband and a home, but there is also the girl who becomes so wrapped up in her work that only on the rarest occasion can she take a peep beyond the narrow horizon that bounds it.

She works early and late until she is practically a nervous wreck, and is imposed upon quite as a matter of course. Of course, it is a truism that she who wishes to succeed must put her heart into her work. This is self-evident.

But there is a sane and safe level between neglecting one's work and going for that and nothing else.

The good worker should also be the good player, and above all she should learn to drop her work when she leaves the office or schoolroom workshop, and learn to take an interest in something outside her own base of operations.

People quickly get the habit of avoiding as if she were a pestilence a girl who is constantly quoting the "boss" or bragging of the quantity of the work she does.

The amusing things that happen at the office are legitimate subjects of conversation, and will be welcomed when recounted at home or at the dining house, but the purely business details contain as a rule not the glimmering of interest for the outsider.

This kind of girl becomes rather a nuisance to "boss" himself in time, for she is always ready to offend at anything which she considers a slight. Many girls undergo real suffering by having her work they were in the habit of doing given to one else, when it should have been regarded as a kindness done to them.

The girls who can think of nothing but clothes, who will suddenly break into any conversation some irrelevant remark as to tucks or gathers or plaits, and demand that you shall give your opinion regarding the same, is pretty bad, worse, perhaps, the girl who thinks too much of her work, but neither is nevertheless bad enough.



## Ancient Idea of Real Home is Passing

By N. K. KILBERG

"I am going home," was the remark made to me by a friend and I immediately responded by asking: "Where is your home?" And the reply came: "In a flat building." But homes are few and flats are many.

The old idea of a real home is fast disappearing. Clearly, the change has come to stay; it may be worse as time goes by, but improvement is beyond hope.

What is the remedy? Simply to make the best of the situation instead of the worst.

The wife of my friend was reared in an old-fashioned home, while today she presides over a modern flat of six rooms. Her nature is conciliatory, while that of her neighbor in the flat is domineering.

They are comparative strangers, but the spirit of the latter soon disdained the meekness of my friend's wife. "My home is this little flat," said to the writer, "is a full quarter-section of eternal hades, but what do I do? We have moved three times already on account of unneighborly neighbors, but the change has been for the worse instead of the better. The whole trouble appears to lie in the fact that many people get that the cheapest form of displaying wisdom is to find fault."

The papers have lately published the season for shooting quail and prairie chickens in Illinois.

There should be no season for destroying these friends of the farmer.

Our legislators do not read the agricultural reports of the university at Champaign, which show that our various birds feed largely on the injurious insects so destructive to the crops of grain and fruit everywhere.

The birds are the scavengers of the fields and the orchards.

Instead of granting a season of privilege to the reckless hunters, the law should make the shooting of all birds a punishable offense.

Farmers should have conspicuous notices on fences and trees, "No shooting, under penalty," and if the rascals persist in intrusion club them off.

Let us have the music and services of the birds, and let hunters who are hungry for that kind of meat raise Plymouth Rocks.

To illustrate the power and beauty of mathematics I have proposed the following problem: What is the amount in cents from the year 1 till 1910 of one cent compounded annually at six per cent interest?

The problem is easily solvable by means of logarithms, using the well-known formula for compound interest.

The number of cents is approximately 2,198,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000—a figure with 49 numbers in it.

If all of these cents were made into one solid sphere it would have a radius of approximately 370 times the distance of the earth to the sun, i. e., 370 times 500,000, or 34,225,000,000 miles.

Indeed, at first one would not think that the interest on one cent could be so great.

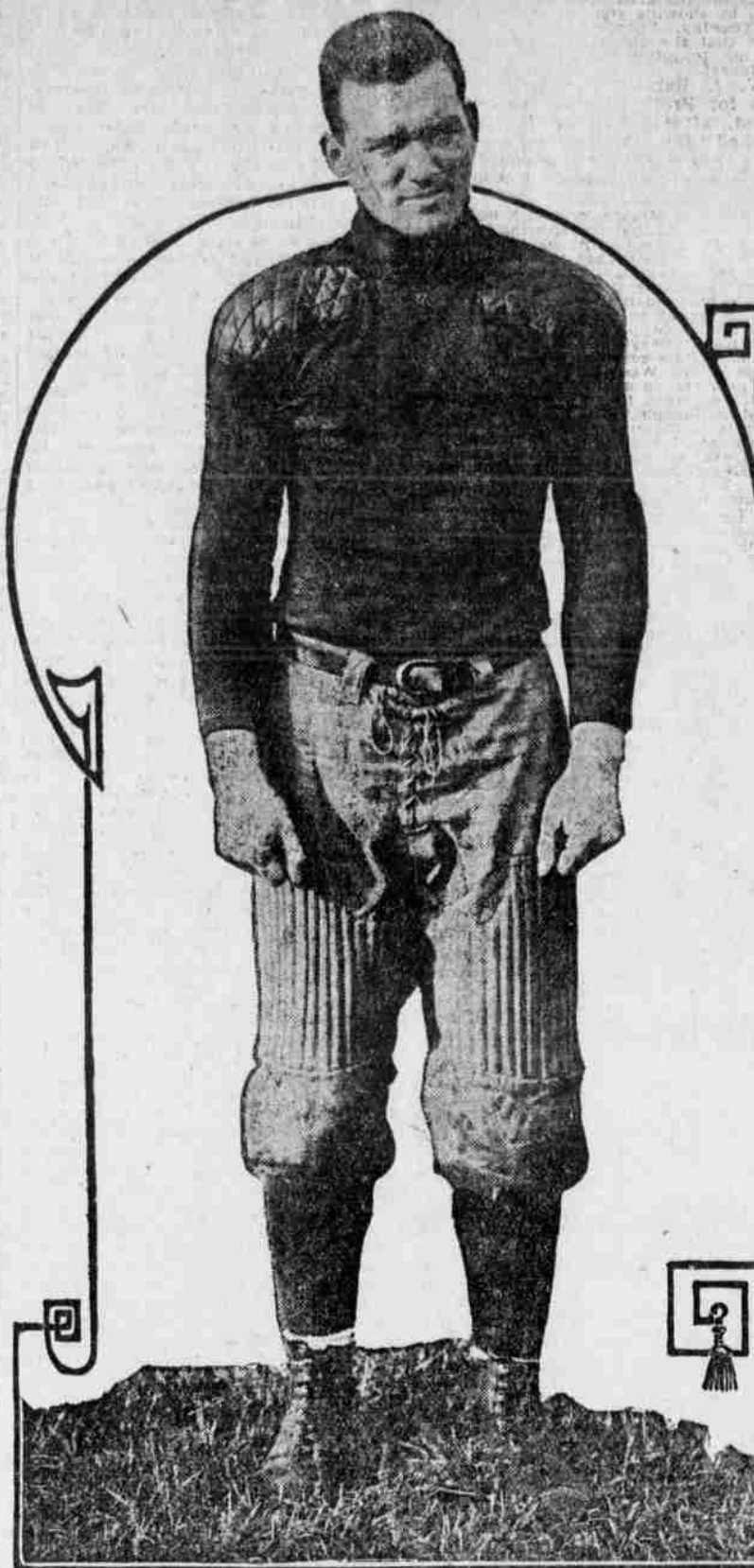
## Little Quail is True Friend of Farmer

By W. W. DAVIS  
Chicago

## What Compound Interest Really Means

By CLARENCE OHLENDORF  
Park Ridge, Ill.

## YOST USES PRUNING KNIFE ON WOLVERINES



Captain Wells of Michigan.

After Coach Yost got through with his pruning knife on the Wolverine squad there remains the following players: Conklin, Garrels, Pontinus,

Allmendinger, Peterson, Bogle, Wells, Craigs, Torbet, Thomson, Carpel, Barton, Roblee, Quinn, Gates, Picard, Hubel, Meek, Wenner and Herrington.

## BADGER STAR BACK IS HURT

Half-Back Gillette Thought to Have Been Badly Injured, Quickly Recovers and Returns.

Eddie Gillette, the star left half-back of the Wisconsin University football squad, who strained a ligament in one of the early scrimmages with the reserves, has fully recovered.

Keekle Moll, Eddie Gillette and Bull Roberts seem to be the only men on the varsity squad possessed of any



Eddie Gillette, Star Badger Back.

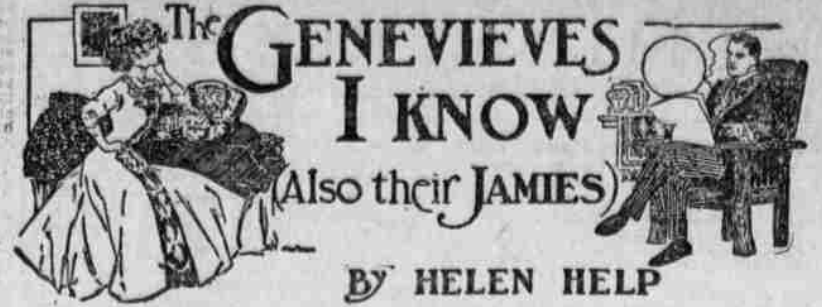
"pep" or ginger and but for their work in carrying the ball the freshmen would have held the varsity scoreless in a recent scrimmage.

Lange, the sophomore, who failed to report for the freshman team last year, has been declared eligible.

## Feature on Swedish Program.

One event on the Swedish program more suited to the knights of yore than athletic club stars of today is the "Modern Pentathlon," comprising a swimming event, shooting, riding, fencing and cross-country run.

Decathlon is Commended. The decathlon which will be used in the Olympic games at Stockholm has all the good points and none of the objectionable features of the A. & U. all around championships.



## The GENEVIEVES I KNOW

(Also their JAMES)

By HELEN HELP

## The Genevieve Who Is a Noble Nagger

The Genevieve that I am going to tell you about is a noble woman. And besides that, she is sure that everyone else ought to be a noble woman, too.

She used to say to a flirtatious girl friend: "I do not see how you can justify yourself in acting to Clarence as if you enjoy his society, when only last week you told me you were in love with Willyum. This is not the course of a truly noble girl; and I always thought you had such high standards, too."

Then her friend would say: "Oh, goodness, of course, I am in love with Billy; but I can enjoy the society of Clarence, too, can't I? Billy knows all about Clarence, anyway, and, besides, there isn't anything to know. He is just funny—well, he is a little in love with me, but not enough to hurt. Why, it isn't important."

Then Genevieve would feel awfully about it, and make it the subject of serious conversation, compelling gay little Clara to turn herself inside out as to action, and chasing every little motive to its lair with utter unrelenting.

Well, in the course of time Genevieve married, and the James she acquired was one of those blunt-featured, good-enough looking Jameses who build bridges and know about construction and concreting and steel girders, and the strength of the span and things like that—things requiring some concentration and nice calculation, and an absolute knowledge of matters and a power of taking responsibility; because otherwise things might fall down rather disastrously. Thus, in his curious masculine way, James had quite a conscience himself.

Well, one day after they had been married awhile, James happened to mention that Johnson had been in the office looking for a job. He said Johnson was a good man and he thought they would put him to work.

Genevieve looked at him in dumb horror—but it didn't stay dumb. "Do you mean to tell me, James," she said, in a sepulchral tone as so

said: "Well, Genevieve, we need our job, I am not arranging matters for my firm, thank you."

"Genevieve," says James some time later, "two—of the men I graduated from Tech. with are in town and I would like to bring them home to dinner tomorrow. I guess I'll bring a quart of fizz with me. They'll like it."

"I will be very glad to welcome our friends, James," says Genevieve, "but I draw the line at liquor. It shall never come under my roof."

"Why," says the bewildered James, "you used not to mind—"

"That was before I had a serious responsibility of bringing up a child properly," says Genevieve.

"But Jimsey is only three months old—what harm can it do him?"

Well, Genevieve was right enough, perhaps. She knew just what the atmosphere of the home ought to be from the first, and she was going to keep it that way. And she did.

Jimsey kept on growing up and the atmosphere of the home came to be something like this—Jimsey being three years old and a capable young citizen.

"Doesn't little son know that it is very wrong? Isn't Jimsey sorry? Why isn't Jimsey sorry? But Jimsey ought to be sorry. Oh, Jimsey, you hurt mamma so when you are not sorry. Doesn't Jimsey know that his little heart ought to be clean and good?"—And all that little Jimsey really needs is a light but rapid hand applied externally a moment, and the words, spoken in a clear, calm voice, with a downward inflection: "You mind me." Soon Jimsey would learn to recognize kindly authority, and after awhile be old enough to see the value of exercising authority over himself.

But James is told about Jimsey and he, too, must look sorry and probe after finer feelings, while Genevieve says: "I don't see where he got such a disposition—but, perhaps, if one appeals to his better nature—" And then she looks at James and James' better nature all curls up and crawls into its nest and hibernates, while his worse nature is on the job, trying to dodge this noble woman's case of conscience.

James' firm now says: "He is a good man, but you have to let him proceed on his own lines. Well, he is worth thousands every year to us."

Genevieve's friends say: "She is a lovely character, and isn't it a pity that her husband has such a cold, hard nature? And as for that child, he is such a torment."

And Genevieve's very dearest friends say: "Heavens, how she does nag that poor man! And as for Jimsey!" (Copyright, by Associated Literary Press.)

## Humiliating.

That the motorist was rich beyond the ordinary dreams of avarice everything went to show; and he stood haughtily silent when the magistrate, in the usual form, asked him if he had thought to say why sentence should not be pronounced.

Haughtily silent and with lip slightly curling he stood.

"It is the order of the court, then," the magistrate went on, "that you pay a fine of \$1—"

"One dollar?" the motorist gasped.

"One dollar—and costs amounting to 57 cents."

The man's panoply of disdain was broken through. He winced visibly. A shadow of pain flitted across his face.

"Mon Dieu! Is there nowhere in this mob-ruled land that a person of real consequence may exceed the speed limit without loss of self-respect?" he cried.

Flinging a piece of gold on the desk, he fled without waiting for his change. —Puck.

## Language Studies in Dutch Schools.

"While the percentage of educated persons in Holland is not greater than in the United States I am inclined to think that more attention is given in the public schools of Holland to instruction in foreign languages than there is in this country," said J. A. Gruterink, an engineer of The Hague, here on a mission for his government. "In our Dutch schools it is part of the course of instruction to teach the three principal languages—French, German and English."

"When a pupil reaches the period of graduation he must take an examination in these languages as well as in other studies. It therefore is not strange that a person of fair education in Holland is able to speak English understandingly at least."

## Lights on Battlefields.

One would suppose that powerful searchlights would illuminate fields of battle best by night, in order to discover and bring in the wounded. But experiments in France prove the contrary. They are of small benefit, because the slightest obstruction—such as a house or slight irregularity on the earth's surface—will create a great cone of shadow, within which nothing can be seen. The best device tried so far is the individual acetylene lamp, carried on the backs or in the hands of the hospital corps when going over the field with their litters.



"It Shall Never Come Under My Roof."

happy a new-made wife could say it, "do you mean to say that you consider Mr. Johnson a good man?"

"None better in his line," replied James cheerfully. "He is a cracker-jack at handling men, and we need such a man just now, having to start on a big bit of construction work very soon."

"James," wailed Genevieve, "James, do you mean to say that you have forgotten that Mr. Johnson jilted Dorothy Blake? That they were engaged and he flirted with that horrid Mrs. Rancier till it broke Dorothy's heart? Do you call a man like that a good man?"

"Oh, by the way, that's a fact," observed James dutifully, "he did rather go the pace last year. But I saw Dorothy out with young Millyuns yesterday, and it looked as though he was mending her heart all right. And Johnson is a peach to manage men."

"But, James, you do not understand me," urged Genevieve. "Mr. Johnson is not a good man. He is a very bad man, indeed, and I should think my husband would have too much principle to employ him."

"Oh, is that what you're getting at? Well, Blake is a fine executive, Genevieve, and the firm ought not to recognize little personal affairs. After all, Mrs. Rancier was a widow, so there wasn't anything actually criminal about it, was there?" James heard a few of his Genevieve's serious views during the honeymoon and before, but he simply looked at her with admiration as a peach of a good girl, you know. It did not interfere with business.

But this time it was serious, indeed, and Genevieve gave James mighty little rest about it. At last, she was told that she did not understand business. Then she inquired if her husband was to lower his standard of right and wrong for mere business; and James looked at her a bit quizzically and

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