FOR AND BY BUSINESS GIRLS

BY MARY KING

Unjust Suspicions

Few girls realize the seriousness of casting the suspicion of dishonesty upon others. If girls in offices and shops realized the harm that invariably follows their thoughtless accusations or innendoes, I am sure they would take greater care and refrain from indulging in such an unjust practice.

The incident described in the following letter reveals the harm that almost inevitably is bound to arise when such a situation is created either through thoughtlessness or malice:

"Dear Miss King: An unfortunate experience in our office prompts this letter to you in the hope that it is used in your column and that it might have the effect of preventing unhappiness in similar circumstances.

"There are about twenty girls and two office boys employed here. One of the girls in the office has a rather excitable disposition, and is continually alarming with some wild tale which on investigation usually develops into the most commonplace occurrence.

"Hardly a day passes that doesn't bring some exciting adventure to her. The younger girls listen with awe and admiration, but some of the older and more experienced girls pay scant heed to her extravagant stories.

"The other day about the middle of the afternoon, Miss M. startled everybody in the office by exclaiming, 'Somebody has taken $5 out of my purse. I had it when I came back from lunch, and it's gone now, so somebody in the office must have taken it. Did anybody see Johnnie at my desk while I was up in the washroom a while ago?'

"Johnnie is one of the office boys, and this was said in a loud voice for everybody to hear.

"The woman in charge of the office called Miss M. to her desk and questioned her carefully about the possibility of having mislaid the money or of losing it outside. She was emphatic about not having touched the money since she returned from lunch and equally positive that she had it when she came in. She turned the the coin purse which she carrier in her bag inside out for inspection.

"The woman in charge told her that she would make a thorough investigation and asked her to leave the matter in her hands.

"Shortly afterwards one of the girls told her that she had seen Johnnie near her desk, but she didn't see him touch anything.

"'That settles it; I know that boy took it,' she exclaimed, and without another word went into the office of the boss and demanded that the boy give up the money or that he be fired.

"Johnnie was put through a severe grilling, but came through all right, as the boss told Miss M. that he believed the boy was perfectly honest and hadn't taken the money.

"Miss M. sulked after that and the other girls in the office then recalled strange and suspicious actions of Johnnie on several occasions, and one of the girls said that she had distrusted him long ago and wasn't a bit surprised when the money disappeared, and so un until you would believe that poor little Johnnie was a regular criminal.

"The next morning Miss M. confided to one of the girls that she found the lost $5 bill foided between the leaves of a little memorandum book which she carried in her bag and finally recalled having placed it there.

"She refused to tell the boss and and asked her confident not to tell anybody, as it would make her appear ridiculous. The other girl wouldn't promise, but said as everyone in the office was under suspicion she thought it her duty to the woman in charge.

"The matter has all blown over now, but Johnnie isn't the happy little fellow he was, and I know that in spite of the fact that he was entirely cleared of dishonesty, the girls do not trust him, and they let him see that they don't."

Regarded Them as Human

Other Women Said: "Say, Butcher Boy," Etc.

How would you like to answer to the call of "Say, butcher boy, baker, ice man or milk man" and so on, all your life when you have a perfectly good name of your own? Yet this is what happens to tradespeople who are as nameless to most of us as posts. If a mistake is made in our order and they are called back it is usually by their farm name, almost never their own.

A suburban housewife, to whom all servitors were nameless, was asked to spend the afternoon and to dine with a woman whom all the neighbors loved, yet no one could tell just why. As they sat knitting a step sounded on the back porch. Excusing herself the hostess went to investigate. A little of her conversation filtered in through the half-closed door.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Stevens. How tempting the wagon looks today. I know without asking that you have saved a fine bluefish for me."

"Yes, ma'am, I have, and a fine fish roe, too, though everyone was asking for them on the way up," he announced with a merry chuckle.

Returning to her friend the woman said:

"Mr. Stevens is so kind and accommodating, especially when he knows I am going to have company."

"A new fisherman?" asked he guest.

"Oh, no! Mr. Stevens, the same I have always had since I came here."

Their Own Names

A glance through the sash curtains revealed to the questioner the wagon of her own fisherman, who had never troubled much about pleasing her when she had deigned to trade with him, though here he had come to be invested not only with a name but with a reputation for thoughtfulness. At the next interruption a vaguely familiar voice floated in the air.

"Hello, Edward, what brings you uptown again?"

"Grapefruit and tomatoes, ma'am. Mr. Jones said you were so disappointed this morning that when these came up on the 3.20 he sent me flying up with them, and hopes they ain't too late."

The voices trailed off in the distance with "Don't forget to thank Mr. Jones for his thoughtfulness, Edward, and thank you for hurrying them up to me."

Another glance through the curtains and the guest could hardly believe her eyes—there was her own grocery boy actually tipping his hat, and he had also acquired a name of his own. She kept her own counsel until the third knock, which proved the last straw.

"Well, Johnnie, you are early."

"Yes ma'am, but Mr. Summers told me to tell you to put the rolls in the oven, right in the bag for five minutes and they would be like fresh, for he had to send me up on the hill, and was afraid I would be back too late.

"All right, Johnnie, I will try putting them in the oven. Thank Mr. Summers for not risking being late with them, anyway."

Her Simple Method

When the hostess returned to her guest she was greeted with an outburst:

"See here, Mrs.——' you've been in this town only two years and I have lived here seven, yet you know all these people by name, and I daresay know their family history, and they're turning themselves upside down to please you. What have you done to them all?"

The lovable woman laughed merrily, then answered with a puzzled look:

"Well, I don't believe I know, unless it is trying to realize that they are human. I am a great believer in personality. I always learn a person's name and everything I can about them to help them bring their peronality to the surface instead of helping to swamp it. When you stop to consider it, marketing really is a personal affair between you, the clerks and the delivery men, the firm only figures in the background."

How true this woman's reasoning was and is. For it is the clerks and the boys who count for our weal or woe. Distances may be trying for delivery men in the suburbs, but what think you of the endless dumb waiters ropes of the city that stretch their muscle-straining length between the delivery basket and the flat kitchen from which a "Thank you" or a name never floats down? Conditions are ripe for a reform along these lines, and the wise woman who takes this lesson to heart may benefit by quick, kindly service from her tradespeople never before secured, saving wear and tear of nerves and increasing comfort for all concerned.

Famous Oaks

There are two oaks on the State road to Sudbury, Mass., that saw George Washington pass to take command of the Continental army at Cambridge. These oaks were made famous by Longfellow in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," says the American Forestry Magazine. One oak is 18 feet 2 1-2 inches in circumferance and the other is 17 feet, 7 inches in circumference. The oaks have now reached across the road to meet each other. An age of a thousand years is claimed for them.

POETRY WON'T BUY SHOES

Lord Dunsany gives the poet preference over the cobbler, but more people wear shoes than read poetry in this world. And even a poet is unwise to go barefooted in cold weather.

Exciting Moments

"The Sleeping Lion," one of Monroe Salisbury's latest Universal successes, afforded the star his most thrilling moment before the camera.

The production required that a man resembling the star be lashed to the back of a crazed horse, to ride the dreaded "mazeppa" of the plains.

The mazeppa was a custom of the old west whereby a man was tied to a horse, face up, and forced to ride the pitching animal until the man died or the horse fell exhausted.

The Universal director took the entire Salisbury company to the desert near Newhall, California. Salisbury sat in the shade of a giant cactus and waited for the scene in which he was to play. He saw a man being lashed to the back of a horse.

"What's that?" he asked.

"That's your double, who is going to ride the mazeppa," answered the director.

"He may be my double," Salisbury said, "but he's not going to ride the mazeppa. I wouldn't let anyone ride the mazeppa on my account."

"Who's going to do it?" the astonished director asked.

"Why, I'll do it!" the star answered—and he did.

The horse plunged like a row boat in the trough of a rough sea. He jumped in the air and came down limber; then he jumped and came down stiff. It was enough to break the neck of the average man.

The result of Salisbury's determination to ride the dreaded mazeppa was several close-up views of the star which are seen in "The Sleeping Lion." Incidentally he sustained a sprained back.

Believes in British Sense of Humor

Marion Green, the American Baritone, who sings the title role in "Monsieur Beaucaire," is an ardent defender of the British sense of humor as compared with the American.

He stepped into the role of "Beaucaire" without any stage experience, one which has been played by Richard Mansfield and Louis Waller. He made his first appearance in London before appearing in his native country. He was singing in the New York Oratorio society when Gilbert Miller came to New York from London about 18 months ago, and someone suggested that Green be given a trial. He was impressed by his voice and presence and promptly decided to place him in the title role, although he was then without dramatic experience.

Mr. Green compliments the British audiences upon their keen sense of humor that proves them good sports, for many of the jokes in the operetta are aimed at them.

WHISKERS

Why is it that one's state of mind
Seems based on how the beard's designed?
The man who daily reaps his bristles,
Distinguishes the figs from thistles;
He is an ordinary dub
Who daily takes a morning tub,
Eats, reads, does what his business bids,
And loves his country, wife and kids.
Whereas the guy who sports a brushe
Most generally runs to mush.
(I speak now of the common rule—
Not every bush conceals a fool).
It seems the cobwebs on his jaw
Means cobwebs as his ruling law;
The lace wherewith his chin's bedight
Shuts out the air and dims the light;
A hirsute ambush he provides
For fakes and frauds and freaks and snides.
Suppose those Reds who rant and rave
And—who knows—might do lots of good,
When caught were teated to a shave!
'Twould break the mattress brotherhood.

MAURICE MORRIS.

Bits of News from South America

Of the 2780 members of the Buenos Aires Association 2400 are Latins.

In answer to the direct appeal of the students themselves, a student division of the Y. M. C. A. has been organized in Rio de Janeiro.

Twelve men attended the Sao Paulo, Brazil, evening classes of 1917, 146 in 1918, 250 in 1919. Indeed the attendance was limited only by thehopelessly inadequate condition of the building, and by lack of trained teachers.

The Y. M. C. A. in Rio de Janeiro has bought a splendid site and is planning to start, at an early date, work on a new building.

Uruguay is so enthusiastic over the playground idea, that there are today nineteeen playgrounds in operation, fifteen in process of construction and nine more planned. Since trained leadership has not kept pace with this rapid development many of them are without leaders. The call to train men who can take charge of and successfully conduct this work is one of the great challenges to the Y. M. C. A. in Uruguay.

"Praise Be That I'm All Here"

"Good morning. How are you thinking today?"

This is the modern greeting of people who have stopped looking at one another as walking frames hung with human ills, wrapped in a gray cloak of symptoms, and who are tired of the time-worn greeting of "How are you?"

Symptoms and weather have long vied with one another in starting the conversational ball roiling, though recent happenings have convinced a small group of women that hereafter weather may be the "best bet" as a starter in the right direction.

It all happened at a luncheon party given for nine ladies by a clever woman who entertains a good deal and whose thoughts along uplift social lines are excellent.

As the luncheon progressed the conversation was monopolized by seven of the women, each one owning up to having had at least one operation, major or minor, and they waxed eloquent and the other two women felt quite out of it, having nothing but good health to their credit.

One woman listened and wondered what she could do to get into the swim, mentally weighing the value of a mythical minor operation as a booster.

The ninth woman, the hostess, listened also, but with a dangerous gleam in her eye. Finally she stepped into the arena—or clinic shall we call it—saying:

"Ladies, during your recital of terrible toils I have made a most important decision."

Conversation stopped instantly and each face turned toward the speaker expressed an unasked question.

"I have decided on the wording of my own epitaph, and it is; 'Praise Be That I'm All Here'"

Silence fell upon the group. Then audible mirth followed the serious announcement. The tide was turned and brighter topics were discussed. The thrust was a knockout blow for their varied hospital experiences. The symptoms. They took the count at that luncheon at least. But this was not the end, for the same woman called her friends together a few afternoons later for the purpose of "reforming table talk" her notes read.

How far may a hostess go in stopping disagreeable topics at table? This was the pivot on which the wheel of argument turned.

Cheeriness aids digestion, all doctors agree. Then why dispense gloom at meal hours? We know and are sorry that so-and-so had to undergo a serious operation, but we do not want the nauseating details with the salad, or the details of Mrs. Brown's disease with the dessert.

We are all conscious of the high cost of living, but does it help matters to say: "John, this steak cost a dollar-and-a-quarter, and if you don't get a raise next week it's the last one you will see in some time," or words to that effect. Poor John! he mich at least have had the joy of eating this steak in peace. In the quiet hour after dinner is the time to talk over the family budget, the ups and downs of life, not when the family have an hour of what should be friendly intercourse over the dinner, the event of the day for many persons.

Children coming from the homes of this sort rarely if ever broaden into the kind of men and women the world of today demands. It is up to hostesses and mothers—shall we have cheerful meals or gloom feasts,

The woman of our story now makes the announcement at all functions just as her guests are being seated: "Remember, friends, this is a reform center and only cheerful topics are permitted at table." And she says it is wonderful how the cue is taken and how entirely the conversation is turned into bright and interesting channels. Any hostess may do the same if she only has the courage of her convictions. As for mothers, it is a duty they should do.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES

THE DANDINESS OF DANDELIONS

As a Spring Tonic They Really Know No Equal in These Latitudes

One of the first sights of early spring in any suburban district is the thrifty Italian women digging up the tender young dandelion plants, which they take home and prepare in a number of appetizing ways.

Until one has eaten a crisp dandelion salad on a warm day, or enjoyed them boiled with a bit of bacon or salt pork the, average American does not realize how pleasantly both food and a medicinal tonic can be combined.

To prepare a dandelion salad, use the very tender, inner leaves. Place them when washed in a large pan of very cold water and let them soak for at least an hour or two. Then dry as for lettuce. Arrange in a chilled salad bowl that has been rubbed over with cut clove or garlic. sprinkle with chopped hard-boiled egg and moisten with a French dressing, to which has been added a tablespoonful of tomato catsup.

Dandelion Soup

A dandelion soup is a decided novelty and when rightly made is equal to the finest spinach puree. Cook two quarts of the greens as for boiled greens and when tender drain, chop and press through a sieve. Dilute this to the desired consistency with a thin seasoned cream sauce. Add extra salt and paprika, a few drops of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of stiffly whipped cream and one chopped hard boiled egg. Reheat to the boiling point before serving.

Boiled Greens

For boiled dandelion greens the outer or coarser leaves can be used. Trim, wash and put them on to cook in a very small quantity of actively boiling water. Add a little salt to the water and cook uncovered as for spinach or cabbage. Boil rapidly for 15 minutes. Drain, chop finely and season to taste with salt, paprika and a little melted bacon dripping. Serve like spinach with sliced or chopped hard-boiled eggs as a garnish.

A bit of ham, salt pork or bacon may be cooked with the greens; this gives them a delicious flavor and but ter will be required for seasoning. If the meat is used, add a few drops of lemon juice when chopping the vegetable.

A Sandwich

Chopped crisp dandelion mixed with butter is delicious as a sandwich to serve with afternoon tea and for a late supper sandwich it is unexcelled when blended with cream cheese and a little French mustard.

Giant African Snail

A valuable addition made recently to one of London's famous zoos was a collection of giant snails, many of them measuring as much as eight inches. These snails came from East Africa and had they remained longer they probably would have been eaten by the natives. Both the snail and its egg are considered delicacies in that far-off land. The egg of this snail is so large it is often mistaken for a pigeon's egg.

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FASHION NOTES

Interesting Items for the Fair Sex

EMBROIDERED TRICOLETTE BLOUSES MOMENT'S FAD

They are exceedingly soft and graceful, and when handsomely embroidered are very rich affairs. The usual style is a straight and simple slip-on, which falls in flat lines at back and front and drapes at the waistline or a little below into a soft sash or girdle. The first models had long sleeves, but as the season advances, sleeves grow shorter. Just below the elbow is a safe length to decide on. There are blouses with very short sleves, showing the elbow, but these are unbecoming to most arms that the average woman will prefer a just-over-the-elbow length for summer blouses and frocks.

SPRING HATS ARE VERY ATTRACTIVE

A great many of the spring hats are trimmed with flowers, tiny, varigated posies massed close together around the crown. And the gay wreath of color is veiled with a weird flounce of lace that stands up in front of the flowers.

Smart little hats of this type are elongated in line, with a rather low crown and slightly sloping brim no more than two inches wide. The brim is faced with a color that matches the dominant hue in the flower wreath. These little hats look well with face veils and are worn by older women as well as by youthful ones.

At HOME

A Department for Industrious Housewives

Celery tops may be used in soup.

Green soap is very good for shampooing.

Use raisins in puddings whenever possible.

Corn fritters can be made from canned corn.

Narrow loaf pans insure thorough baking.

Use vinegar to soften the bottle of dried bluing.

A northern exposure is the best for a kitchen.

Keep track of the condition of your gas stove.

Scraps of bread may be toasted in a corn popper.

It is dangerous to eat fish not thoroughly cooked.

Soak beans overnight before parboiling for baking.

Every sanitary kitchen should have a dish-strainer.

HOW TO PROTECT CHILDREN'S SHOES

Children's shoes may be made to wear longer by putting a small amount of melted beeswax around the sole where it joins the upper part of the shoe. The tips will be protected by a thin coating of the beeswax, which in addition to saving wear, helps to make the shoes waterproof.

MOCK CREAM

Beat the yolks of 2 eggs, mix them with 1-2 pint of milk, strain the mixture into a saucepan, stir it until it is heated but do not let it boil, sweeten slightly. When cold it is ready to serve. Time, a few minutes. Sufficient for nearly 3-4 of a pint.

The housewife who makes her own beds will be interested to learn that it is possible to make a bed without walking around to tuck in each cover on both sides and yet have a smooth, well-made bed. If each cover is laid on smoothly, they can all be in place before any tucking is done, so that the person making the bed need not move from the side on which she starts until she has all the covers on and has tucked them in smoothly on that side. Then is time enough to walk around the bed and, pulling the covers perfectly smooth, tuck them in all at once on the other side. They stay in just as well, the bed looks just as good and the housewife saves time and energy.

TO STAIN A FLOOR

When staining a floor, the stain should be applied in the direction of the grain of the wood, to give an even appearance.

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