

The Man and His Job

By Herbert J. Hapgood.

ONE of the many difficulties experienced by the sales-manager arises from the trouble he has in keeping his men in their respective territories. The problem becomes particularly troublesome with a line like typewriters, trading stamps, cash registers or an article that is sold to small merchants or direct to the people. A large sales force is employed in putting such propositions on the market and consequently the territories are easily accessible one to another and the temptation for one man to encroach upon the other's exclusive field becomes very great. When a man sees a prospect that looks good just across the line, the chances are he will jump over and try to get a contract.

The other day a man who used to sell typewriters came to me and said he couldn't make good on the proposition mainly because his rights of territory were so often violated. While this seemed a pretty thin excuse for his not being able to sell the machines, I was nevertheless impressed by his complaint and am somewhat inclined to believe that sales-managers generally do not give the matter sufficient attention.

He said that one morning as he was working a remote corner of his territory—it was somewhere in Connecticut—he went into an office and found that one of their typewriters had been recently put in on trial. The boss was out at the time he called, but he got into the good graces of the young lady stenographer—as all typewriter salesmen try more or less successfully to do—and learned the whole story.

It would have been an easy matter for him to have reported the incident to his sales-manager, but he knew that the man who encroached on his territory would offer the old excuse of saying that the prospect was a personal friend of his. So he decided to punish the intruder in a more original manner and accordingly he took out the machine, and had the man searching for it for over two weeks.—New York Commercial.

Why Women Talk Little

By George Harvey.

CAN it be that Nature is reasserting her authority? We may not deny that upon all females, except those politely considered as human, she did and does enjoin submissive silence. It is the cock that crows, the gander that honks, the father bird that sings, the bullfrog that gulps, and even the masculine grasshopper that stridently rasps his wings. So today, in conformity with barbaric custom, quietude is imposed upon the harem of a Turk as upon that of a chancier, but how long since not without cause did we suppose the disappearance of the habit among civilized peoples!

Are we not, then, driven to the conclusion that women of to-day are beginning to talk less in the hope of thus better pleasing men? If so, while commending the motive, we would unhesitatingly question the method. American women err grievously in assuming that their actual or would-be lords dislike to hear them converse upon all suitable occasions. The mere music of their voices as contrasted with the raucous male note easily counterbalances any possible disparity in the ideas expressed. And, compared with sheer stupidity or studied sulkiness, loquacity is a joy to all mankind. Upon all grounds, therefore—in the interest of progress and enlightenment, for the unbending of the spirit, to enhance cheerfulness, to discourage care, to brighten the home, for sincerity's sake no less than for circumspection's, even for the preservation of peace and quiet within and without the American family—we cry out for a loosening of the delicate tongues now so strangely and so suspiciously stilled.—North American Review.

America's Bargain Counter

By Frank W. O'Malley.

That Englishman of Lowell's, whose notion of America was that of a great stretch of bargain-counter strung along the seaboard, founded his conception of the United States upon a glimpse from a schooner off Atlantic City, neither you nor any one else would blame him. The boardwalk is a string of shops on one side facing the sea, and they are, next to the thousands of promenaders, the most interesting things there. You may have hurried away from the towney shops back in Atlantic avenue when you noted that they sported grossly material things like heads of cabbage and sides of beef, but out here among the Boardwalk shops you will find nothing on sale except everything in the world that you haven't the slightest use for. They've thrown away the fronts of the shops so that you the better may see the near-Japanese gimcracks that our studios and spectacle and suave little brown brothers are selling through the medium of a well-groomed white auctioneer, who repeats the bids offered as though he were revealing a great secret sorrow. Here are Persian, Syrian and Turkish rugs, some designed and built in a post village like Bagdad centuries ago, no doubt, and many more that were designed here centuries ago but only recently have been built for the Western rich in the applied art centres of Camden, which is in New Jersey. Toy-shops fairly embrace one another. Picture post-cards are even more numerous than around the Hotel Venus at Santiago—rows and racks of them that litter tables and climb ceilingward along three walls.—Everybody's Magazine.

Just What Happened To Lot's Wife

By Chemist Lyell M. Rider.

WELL, what happened to Lot's wife? Lot and Abraham were leaving Sodom and Gomorrah to their fate. Lot's wife turned back. She did not merely look back; she actually went back a distance into the zone of a remarkable phenomenon which took place at the time, or perhaps her turning back was merely lagging, which caused her to be caught and overwhelmed by forces of nature there in operation. I said a moment ago that a streak of fire passing rapidly through the air would precipitate nitric acid. So would a bolt of lightning. A bolt of lightning moving for a distance of 200 feet without the zigzag breaks in its course would throw down nitric acid out of the air for a territory a mile in diameter.

Now, suppose a bolt of lightning did dart through the air in the immediate vicinity of what is now the Dead Sea. Suppose that bolt to have traversed a long distance, with its course unbroken by a common zigzag movement of lightning. Enough nitric acid would be thrown down to change all the surface of the earth for miles around to nitrates. And, in my opinion, that is exactly what did happen, causing not only the transformation of Lot's wife to a pillar of salt, but also causing the Dead Sea to become "dead."

Woman's Realm

Councilor of London. The Kilburn ward of Hampstead has elected a woman to serve as borough councilor of London. This woman is Miss M. E. Balkwill, a social worker, who is described as being so popular in her ward that no one could be found to oppose her candidacy. It is said that she had the support of men and women of all sorts and conditions.

Made Lafayette Kiss Her. Mrs. Caroline Campbell Kellogg, ninety-three years old, died at Pittsfield, Mass. When General Lafayette visited Pittsfield in 1825 Mrs. Kellogg, then ten years old, ran down the aisle of the church where a reception to him was in progress and pulled his coatails until he kissed her. Later she became a close friend of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and they corresponded frequently. Dr. Holmes, Henry Ward Beecher and Sir Edward Thornton, Minister from England, were frequent guests at Mrs. Kellogg's home, a fine old colonial house just west of the Henry W. Longfellow house on East street. Mrs. Kellogg's husband, Ensign H. Kellogg, died in 1831.—New York Sun.

Mrs. Grant's Work For Tots. While many other army women were passing the summer frivolously, Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant was devoting most of her time to a vigorous child-rescue campaign. In it she is the co-operation of Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, of Chicago; Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin; Miss Helen Varick Boswell, of New York, and a score more of women who consider that wealth and position carry responsibility as well as privilege. It is a good work, for the plan is to take youngsters out of institutions and find homes for them with private families. There is a choice of several ways of taking a child into

Our Cut-out Recipe. Paste in Your Scrap-Book. Glaced Raisins.—This is a Russian sweet. Take two large or three smaller perfect branches of Malaga raisins, pour hot water on them to soften ten minutes; wipe and lay aside. Peel four or five sharp, sweet, best apples, cut them into six or eight sections—according to size—and lay them in a neat fashion close together in a slightly baking dish, about one and one-half inches high; add a quarter of a cup of cold water. Over this sprinkle a handful of brown sugar, but no spices and no butter. Put in a brisk oven for twenty minutes and then cover with the apple juice or brown sugar and water.

one's home. The little one may be admitted on probation or adopted in a limited way, or made the subject of absolute adoption. Strict care is exercised to see that every youngster is placed in a home where the influences are of the best. Persons who seek to adopt children merely to save servants' wages are turned away sternly. Mrs. Grant and her colleagues take real interest in the philanthropy, with the result that it is proving valuable in practice as well as theory.—New York Press.

Starving Gentlewomen. Extraordinary cases of starving gentlewomen have come to light, such as superannuated governesses, widows of improvident husbands, and those who in the days of their youth were able to make quite a comfortable income as clerks or otherwise. By gradual stages representatives of all these types have sunk lower and lower, and sometimes, having sought forgetfulness in drink, have come to the lowest grade before drifting into the shelter of the institute.

Here was, for instance, a wretched-looking creature, but with unmistakable signs of having once been "a lady," whose only source of income lay in her handful of boot laces which she sold to mechanics in their midday rest. She proved to be the daughter of a baronet, whose marriage had displaced her family. Estranged from her relatives by the quarrel of early life, she had too much pride to reveal to them the poverty by which she had of late been overtaken; but, absolutely miserable, she crept about the mean streets of our vast city as successfully hidden as if living in another hemisphere, far from the gorgeous mansion, the carriages and the servants which once were hers by right of birth.—London Times.

Hats Off to This Girl. Since women have entered the business world like a tidal wave, there is a good deal of questioning going on as to how they are treated. Half of them complain that men are rude. The others declare that all men are angels of politeness. Some clever people have been trying to sum up the situation, and they believe that the girl to whom "hats are off" in the business world is the one who: Doesn't wear clothes that attract unpleasant attention. Doesn't ogle every man she meets when she is asking him a business question. Doesn't put paint and powder on her face instead of plenty of water and cold cream. Doesn't think it is clever to use the latest slang. Doesn't let men call her at any time without the prefix "Miss." Doesn't make intimates in the com-

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Hickory Nut Macaroons. Beat one egg until light, add one cupful of sugar, beat well together, then add two tablespoonfuls of flour and one cup nut meats, chopped fine. Grease tins, dust with flour; drop the macaroons by teaspoonfuls on them and bake about twenty minutes in a moderate oven.—New York Telegram.

New Peach Pudding. A peach and chocolate pudding is an English novelty that will appeal to those fond of the latter, and withal it is inexpensive, as canned or tinned peaches are used. Take one pint tin of peaches, add an ounce of butter and stew until soft; sweeten if liked and then beat them to a pulp. Boil four ounces of chocolate in a pint of milk until it is smooth. Beat four eggs and add to the chocolate, and after well mixing place the peaches in a deep pie dish, pour the chocolate over them, and bake from ten to twelve minutes in a moderate oven.—New York Times.

Stuffed Tomatoes. Wipe and remove slices from stem end of six medium-sized tomatoes, take out seeds and pulp, sprinkle inside of tomatoes with salt, invert and let stand. Cook one-half teaspoonful of minced onion with two tablespoonfuls of butter five minutes; add one-half cupful of finely chopped cooked chicken or veal; one-half cupful of stale, soft bread crumbs, tomato pulp, salt and pepper to taste; cook five minutes, then add one egg slightly beaten. Cook one minute and refill tomatoes with mixture. Place in buttered pan, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake twenty minutes in hot oven.—Epitomist.

Broiled Bananas. Another hostess has a way of broiling bananas. The bananas are slit lengthwise twice and a half inch of peel is stripped off, leaving the fruit in the large part; the body of the fruit should then be opened a bit and a pinch of salt, another of pepper, and a bit of lemon juice can be put on the exposed fruit, and the whole left for half an hour, so that the seasoning may soak in. The butter should be spread over the opened part. The bananas should then be laid in a not too hot broiler, with skins down, and broiled very gently until lightly browned. They should be served in the skins, which if properly handled will retain the juices formed while cooking, and a truly delicious morsel will be the result.

Stuffed Onions Are Delicious. Onions are chiefly employed as flavoring. Take two large onions and remove the outside skin carefully and neatly; cut the root and the stalk end even. Take all the centre out of the onions except three or four of the outer coats, taking care not to make a hole at the bottom; if a hole is accidentally made, it must be filled up with the bit that came out. Put four tablespoonfuls of chopped cooked meat into a bowl, and half a cupful of grated bread, one teaspoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper to taste. Fill the onions with this stuffing and put on the lids. Place them in a small saucepan, pour in a cupful of stock or water, and stew the onions gently for one hour. Serve on a hot dish, with the gravy poured round them.—The Delineator.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER. A spoonful of vinegar put into the water in which meats or fowl are boiled makes them tender. It is said that to butter a cracker and sprinkle it with cayenne pepper will induce sleep after eating. A hole in the spout of an agate teakettle can be mended by cutting a small piece of cork and forcing it into the opening. Cucumber and radishes served on lettuce hearts and covered with French dressing makes an appetizing and seasonable salad. Do not neglect to frequently pour household ammonia, or some other disinfectant, down all waste pipes, especially in summer time. To make a rubber plant throw out branches tie a small sponge around the main stem where a leaf joins and keep it moist all the time. When cutting a tomato pass the knife frequently over the freshly cut surface of a large onion. The resulting flavor is indescribably delicate. Persons whose hands easily become chapped should thoroughly rinse the hands with fresh water after they have been washed with soap, being careful to wipe them perfectly dry. For okra soup such as one finds in the South, boil slowly a shin of beef in five quarts of water with about fifty okras and a few tomatoes for seven hours. Then season with salt and red pepper. A Wilton or Axminster carpet should never be swept with a straw or splint broom. The corners and edges should be carefully brushed with a stiff hair brush, and the rest gone over with a good carpet sweeper. Velvet and Oriental rugs should not be shaken by hand or beaten on the line. Sweep in the direction of the nap, lay face downward on the grass, beat with rattan beaters, then turn and sweep on the right side.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

Even the linen bag bears its silver or gilt monogram. Checks and stripes are both smart for trig, tailor-made suits. The striped serges make serviceable suits and jumper dresses. Striped ribbon just for the moment is taking the place of plain ribbon for ties on the low shoes. Even silk gowns are finished with touches of fine white lawn in cuffs, collar and occasionally the yoke. Odd little ties and stocks are made of ribbon with a fringe of tabs around the neck and a jabot in front. Those inexpensive new white goods called "shadow checks" make up very neatly as simple morning waists. Quite the nicest hat from the point of utility that one could wear in all sorts of outdoor sports is the new one of grass straw. Those who make a specialty of choice ribbons of foreign make are showing lots of the handsome striped Shantung. One of the fascinating new trimmings consists of an irregular line of any of the flowers, with slender green leaves pendant at regular intervals along the band. Some of the prettiest gowns which have the appearance of being one piece are really a draped waist and high corselet skirt which overlap one another so easily as to seem permanently attached. An applique of nasturtiums of velvet and embroidery, bordered on each side by four tucks, which follows the bottom of the skirt and runs up one side nearly to the hip, is the distinguishing feature of a charming afternoon costume of broadcloth.

GOOD ROADS

Road Building in the South. In discussing editorially the convict leasing system in Georgia in the Sun of August 3 you express your belief that the best employment for prisoners is road making. It may interest your readers to know that the authorities of Fulton County, in which Atlanta is situated, take the same view. For several years Fulton County has kept its prisoners at road making, and it now has 250 miles of well built macadamized roads, which centre at Atlanta like the spokes of a wheel in the hub. General Clifford Anderson, a leading business man of Atlanta, who is officially connected with the great road building work of Fulton County, recently told me that this work had in every way proved the best for the prisoners as well as for the county. Most of these prisoners are negroes accustomed to outdoor life. Imprisonment within brick walls tends to ruin their health, while the outdoor life of road building under official control and maintenance is beneficial to them. The county owns its rock quarries, its stone crushing plants and its road making machinery. It therefore does not have to buy anything from outside. About 400 prisoners are kept at work and the cost of good roads is about \$3500 a mile, which includes much heavy grading.

It is proposed to continue this work by cross roads connecting the lines radiating from Atlanta until Fulton County shall have 500 miles of thoroughly good roads. Many of the leading people of the South, men who have given years of study to the subject, believe that every Southern State should put its convicts to work in building a great system of public highways. A number of counties in other States have been doing the same work which Fulton County is pressing with such vigor. Throughout the South there is a great awakening to the need of good roads, and millions are being expended in this work, but so great is the area of that section that road building is a more serious problem than in more densely settled sections. One reason advanced by some advocates of using convicts in road building is that this avoids any possible injury to labor by prison made goods. Moreover, the scarcity of labor in the South in times of ordinary prosperity would make it very difficult to find men for road building without drawing them by higher wages from the farms and industrial interests where they are so badly needed.

So great is the interest throughout the South in road building, street improvements and municipal undertakings that the work now under way and that which is being planned will represent an outlay of probably \$100,000,000. In this work, Maryland leads with a recent bond issue of \$5,000,000 for the building of 800 to 1000 miles of main lines of roads through the State, while the city of Baltimore is spending and preparing to spend \$25,000,000 or more on docks, sewers, street paving, etc. The whole South has caught the spirit of municipal improvements such as sewerage systems, water works, street paving and schools and other public buildings, while State and county authorities are vigorously working for better roads. This is simply the natural result of increasing wealth, and it is the best indication of how rapidly the South's wealth is growing.—Richard H. Edmonds, Editor Manufacturers' Record, in the New York Sun.

Must Keep Up Roads. According to a recent ruling of the Postoffice Department farmers desiring to continue to receive mail by rural delivery must see to it that the condition of their roads is maintained at a high standard to enable carriers to deliver mail with ease and facility. This ruling should succeed in awakening the farmers in many sections to the necessity of keeping up their roads. Not only will it be a benefit to them in the more speedy delivery of their mail, but the hauling of crops is cheaper on a good road than on a poor one. The withdrawal of the rural mail delivery would work a hardship now that it has become such a necessity in the daily life of a community, so it is likely the farmers who have this privilege will see to it that roads are kept up to the standard set by the Postoffice Department.—Farmers' Home Journal.

On the Ocean Bottom. Sitting inside a submarine on an ocean bottom you would be no more conscious of the enormous water pressure without than if you were going to sleep in your own bed. You might remain twenty-four hours under water without coming up, using only the natural air supplied in the boat without feeling the least uncomfortable. If you wished, you might remain down four or five days, tapping the air tank as you needed a fresh supply of air. In the meantime you would bunk over the torpedoes and torture yourself by letting your imagination loose to your heart's content, or you might read by electric light or play cards or dominoes or checkers, the cook serving you with coffee and canned things that can be heated on an electric furnace without causing too much smoke and making the air disagreeable to breathe.—St. Nicholas.