

PROGRESS of the WORLD

SOME THINGS THE BUSY WORKER IS DOING FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CIVILIZATION

BLUFF THAT WORKED

BRIGHT GIRLS FOOLED THE BOSS AND SAVED THEMSELVES FROM DISMISSAL.

BROUGHT INGENUITY TO BEAR

Action That is Not to Be Commended, But in This Case Dire Necessity Put Itself Above All Moral Law.

The stenographer and the all around assistant in Mr. Mills' office were keen on mental atmosphere—they could tell pretty accurately by the vertical crease above the manager's nose whether the day was to end in a dream of tranquility or a shower of word missiles. The boss was one of that changeable sort who for a day or so move about among their help with genial condescension, and then all at once shut up like a clam or shout anathema at this, that, and the other thing on the slightest provocation.

This morning Mr. Mills looked like a suppressed tornado, and his two assistant saw trouble in the office. They knew the reason well this time.

The day before Mr. Mills had left the office in their charge, expecting to make a trip by boat to a branch office. But having missed the boat he returned to the office about three o'clock and found it empty as a church on Saturday morning. The girls had vanished; he waited till five o'clock, but the truants failed to appear. Then he went home in a purple rage that foreshadowed immense revolutions in the office next day.

The next day had arrived, and about four o'clock in the afternoon, when work began to lag a little, he approached his girls in the rear of the office with a chilly, withering stare which plainly said, "You're in for it."

"You can get your time this evening," he began with portentous calm. "I need more reliable help—girls I can depend on when I leave the city once in six weeks."

The girls, having known all day what was coming, neatly mapped out their campaign during the lunch hour.

First, when accused by their manager, both bowed their heads on their hands in that humble and subservient way which they knew must be gratifying to a man like Mr. Mills, and when that prim obelisk of authority passed on to his own desk, they moped resentfully and made long faces—as though the boss was the most unjust man in the world and had no sympathy for women whatever.

Promptly at the quitting signal the stenographer marched up to her chief; she pouted prettily and flickered her eyelashes as if to say it was a mean shame not even to have a chance to explain the circumstances.

"Mr. Mills," she said, perking up quite boldly, "if you knew the predicament I was in when I left your office Saturday, you would surely excuse me. About two o'clock I received a telegram right here in the office, asking me to meet auntie at the depot. Auntie is an invalid. Here, I will gladly show you the telegram." Without waiting for an answer she spread

it out before him. "I know, Mr. Mills, you would have let me go under the circumstances," she finished.

Mr. Mills was touched. He was even pleased. He studied the air above him a second, and then looking thoughtfully down his nose again, he met the pleading eyes of his general assistant, who had just come up.

"Mr. Mills," said the general assistant, "I am very, very sorry I had to leave the office yesterday afternoon, but if you ever had a real toothache Mr. Mills, I know you will excuse me. I couldn't possibly have stayed, even if I had known that Miss Belles would be called away. Here is the dental card and prescription I received yesterday," she smiled sweetly as she took the same from her handbag and laid them before the chief.

In the face of such feminine pleading and convincing evidence, the boss, grouch though he ordinarily was, could only nod his willingness to overlook the matter for once.

The girls had been to the matinee the day before. During the lunch hour they went out to get some cards from a dental office, and a telegram blank from the neighboring hotel. Ingenuity had saved the job, though it was ingenuity of the dangerous kind.

Very Few Found Complete

FLAW IN ALMOST EVERY INVENTION MADE.

Perfection Long of Attainment, Though the Idea May Be There for Development.

Officials of the patent office at Washington have time and again expressed doubt as to whether there is such a thing as a completed invention. To the popular mind it would seem as if the sewing machine or the steam engine had been so long subjected to the tireless scrutiny of persons bent on suggesting an improvement that perfection would have been reached years ago, and hence that these divisions of the patent office would have found their occupation gone.

Such, however, is not the case. As many important patents are now being issued on the steam engine as at any

time in the history of the office. These are largely derived from the applications of the turbine principle, which opened up an entirely new channel with almost endless ramifications.

The sewing machine division is similarly full of work, although our people have for years had as good domestic machines as anybody needed. The latter inventions relate chiefly to new fields in factory work or leather and heavy textiles.

The direction of invention thus undergoes constant change. Fifteen years ago it was a difficult administrative problem to handle the bicycle invention that were pouring in. Today an examiner or two easily take care of them.

So far back as 1876 a patent office expert who was in charge of the agricultural machinery exhibit at the Philadelphia centennial was so impressed with the perfection which had then been reached that he discouraged a young friend from attempting further studies in that line. Not much, he thought, remained to be done. Most middle aged farmers of the Mississippi valley could now tell him of his great mistake as they look over their stock of agricultural machines which were not obtainable in 1876.

Each important invention furnishes standing room for many more, relating chiefly to details. The history of invention thus seems to be a continued story, of the kind which always promised to be, but never is, concluded in the next installment.

The "Slow Poke" in Business. Has the inherent "slow poke" any power over himself, and are the nimble ones, who seem to make things whiz without effort, "born," like the poets?

This is a question the newcomer in a factory might ask himself when his work is slow and ineffective beside the lightning speed and astonishing output of his neighbor. A factory foreman says that neither years of experience, nor personal ambition, nor threats of discharge could ever make the naturally "slow hand" reach the maximum speed of the naturally quick and lithe worker. Practice and effort may do much, but cannot entirely overstep certain limitations imposed by nature. This was the conclusion after ten years of foremanship.

After he has acquired the knack of his duties, swiftness of movement and an unerring touch are the main asset of the factory piece worker, for his weekly wages are entirely governed by it. In factories and mail order houses where speed is as essential as accuracy it is a common occurrence to discharge men who, though by no means drones when their willingness to make good is considered, are physically so slow and wasteful in their movements after the coaching period that they barely pass the bottom qualification mark of their department.

On the other hand, the phenomena of muscular speed exist in every factory and workshop. The man with the speed record in the factory is the observed of all observers. Muscular speed is to the factory worker what sharp reason and quick judgment is to the man on the rostrum or behind the desk; it is the thing that brings the coin, if so materialistic a phrase is acceptable.

The Love of Work. To inspire a boy with the love of work, reason with him. Get him to thinking why work is happiness. Direct his mind to the pleasure of earning and its independence of needing to ask for money.

Point out the correspondence between the delight of play, which is action largely, and the same escape from dullness which work offers.

ROAD and FARM IMPROVEMENT



TIME FOR HARVESTING GRAIN

If Left Uncut Until Dead Ripe Many Varieties Lose Both in Quality and Quantity.

(By ROBERT H. CAHOON.) Among the numerous mistakes that lead to enormous wastes on the farm, few are more worthy of attention than that of letting grain, oats, wheat, rye, corn, etc., get too ripe before harvesting.

No one can ride about the country in summer without being struck and amazed at the prevalence of this error.

You will notice field after field that has reached, or is approaching, the period of dead ripeness, and that ought to have been harvested several days before.

The loss arising from this source is more appreciable and more easily estimated, perhaps in wheat, of which we cultivate comparatively little, than it is in other grains, like oats and rye, but the same general principle applies to all.

If wheat is cut two weeks or so before it fully ripens, it contains more gluten and starch and a bushel will weigh more, and it will make a larger quantity and a better quality of flour, with a less quantity of bran or middlings, than if it were allowed to ripen. This is by no means a matter of theory. It is the result of careful observation.

The straw will begin to change color slightly two or three weeks before the grain comes to complete maturity.

In the best and most favorable seasons it will begin to ripen and change color at the bottom. In some less favorable seasons the upper joints turn first.

In the great wheat-growing sections of the far East, where wheat-growing is carried on to a much greater extent than it is here, they have studied this point more carefully than we have.

The best farmers begin to cut while a portion of the stalk is green, as soon as the kernel has passed from the "milky" to the "doughy" state.

The stalk has then begun to change color, sometimes from the bottom, sometimes for three or four inches below the head.

A most careful and accurate experiment was made to ascertain the difference, taking wheat, first, when it was green; second, a week after, when it was changing color; and third, when fully ripe.

The result was in the first case 19% bushels an acre; in the second, 23%; in the third, 23%; and the same difference was found in the straw.

The total value per acre was: in that cut green, \$62.30; in that cut one week after, when the stalk was yellow below the ear, \$64.61; in that cut one week after, when fully ripe, \$56.13.

The first two productions had more fine flour and less bran than that cut last, showing that gluten is converted into starch in standing to get fully ripe.

When either end of the stalk turns yellow, the sap ceases to flow, and the covering or shell of the kernel thickens and becomes hard, and of course gives a larger proportion of bran and less fine flour.

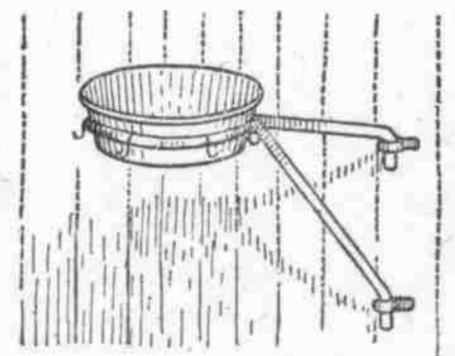
Beside, in early cutting there is less loss from shelling out in handling, and from high winds, which involves a very heavy loss in ripened grain.

Now what is true of wheat is, in the main, also true of other small grains—oats and rye. If we raise them for seed to sow again, they ought to be allowed to ripen fully, but if for grinding or for feed for animals, they should be cut early, if they would be in their best and most nutritive condition.

HANDY DEVICE FOR GRANARY

Contrivance for Holding Bags So That They May Be Filled Quickly—Is Cheaply Constructed.

There are various kinds of devices to be made quickly for filling bags when one has to do it alone, but I think it is wise to have a contrivance in your granary all of the time, writes



A Useful Bag Filler.

Ralph Hersey in Farm and Home. I had a blacksmith make me one that works very well.

I cut the bottom out of a large tin pan and had this mounted on an iron rod as shown in the drawing. Small hooks are placed around this. The bag is hung on these hooks and the grain shoveled in at the top.

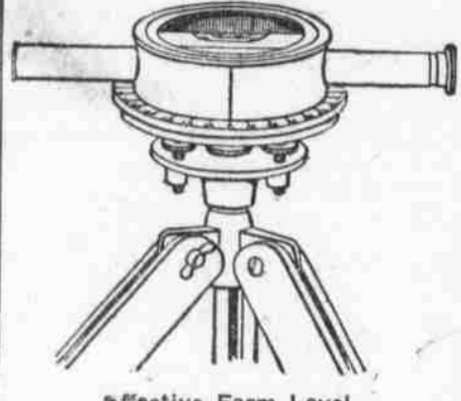
Using Waste Land.

Some western farmers are planting waste land to hickory trees to be used in making axe handles.

FARM LEVEL IS ESSENTIAL

Most Successful Work Cannot Be Done Without Aid of Instrument—Brings Returns.

It is usually found difficult to establish a grade, plan a ditch, or lay out a drain with the eye only to suggest or some cheap device to assist, says a writer in Orange Judd Farmer. I have tried it several times, and have never been satisfied, nor have I been able to do the most successful work without the aid of a real leveling instrument. If all of us were engineers



Effective Farm Level.

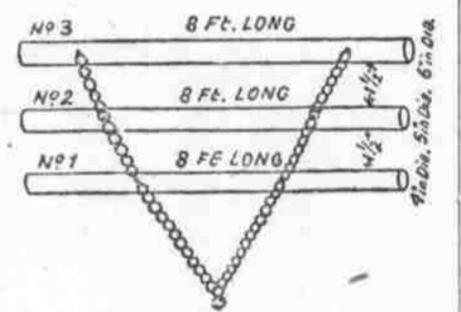
and owned costly levels, these simple matters would be easy. Fortunately, there are on the market simple, inexpensive levels made purposely for the farmer; \$15 will buy one, and so invested will bring in great returns.

The simple level, illustrated here, will meet the requirements for all kinds of drainage, underdrainage, open ditches or drains, all kinds of irrigating work, canals and laterals, terracing land, road building, house foundation work, grading of all kinds, setting out orchards, running fences, getting angles and every sort of farm work requiring a level. Farmers, as a rule, have most of the common tools and implements for doing farm work, the level excepted. Now that this is available to up-to-date farms of the substantial farmers, this recent addition to the farm equipment may prove most helpful in performing many of these tasks that have heretofore been done by guess and, therefore, unsatisfactory.

LOG-FLOAT FOR LEVELING

Can Be Made at Home at Little Expense and When Used Leaves Ground in Fine Shape.

We use plank drags or floats out here, but there is a better way than cutting logs, spend your time to draw them to mill, pay the saw bill, and draw the lumber back home to make a plank drag, says a writer in Rural New Yorker. Any man who can swing an ax and twist an auger can make what you call a float or clod crusher.



Home-Made Log-Float.

It consists of three logs eight feet long, the first one being four inches in diameter, the second five inches, the third six inches, with two-inch holes through each log about a foot or so from each end. Then put a chain through each hole, tie a knot in the chain between each log. This keeps them from all drawing together. Have your chain long enough so that it is two or three feet longer than the logs require. This is left in a loop in front to hitch your team on; then it is ready for use. The logs thus fastened do not draw rigid, but what the first log does not do the second one helps, and after the third one passes over it leaves the ground in a fine shape. I know one farmer who never puts a barrow on his oat ground, but uses one of these log floats.

FARM NOTES

Stingy manuring does not pay. The sharp corn plow does the best work.

Careful cultivation will exterminate the weeds.

Rake up and burn all rubbish. Let no weeds go to seed.

A good corn knife makes the work of cutting corn easier.

It's a safe guess that seed corn will be saved right this year.

When Irish potatoes are fully matured, dig them—on a dry day.

Spray the asparagus tops with Bordeaux mixture, as a preventive of rust.

Next to the mowing machine in importance in alfalfa harvest is the side delivery rake.

Beets in the garden are all right where they are until the ground begins to freeze in the fall.

The market garden furnishes a large amount of waste products which may be utilized for poultry food.

The only way to decrease the amount of smut in corn is to pluck off the smut-balls and burn them.

Corn fields are unusually clean this year and those that were best cultivated suffer least from lack of rain.

Harvest the onion crop as soon as most of the tops have begun to turn yellow at the neck and the tops lop over.

The ONLOOKER

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

The Borrier



Miz' Hankinson, she lives next door An' seem to think I keep a store. Why, dear me suz! She borries stuff— Seems-like she never has enoy O' flour, or sugar, salt or tea. An' so she borries them of me. Not that I want to criticize, Fer nebbors all should nebborize.

Miz' Hankinson—well, I won't say How many times she comes each day Fer jest a cup of them or that. One time she borried Lizzie's hat Fer her Alviria Lou to wear. To see a show, an' we was there— You should or seen how fine she dressed An' Lizzie in her second best!

Not that I'm tryin' to complain— But when she borried our door chain Because her man was out o' town And she'd heard burglars was aroun'. Why, I think that was cheek, don't you? Imposin' on good nature, too. 'Most every mornin', like as not, She borries our best coffee pot.

One day I laughed all to myself— 'Tis cleanin' out my pantry shelf An' she come, borryin' a pie! Well, I jest thought that I would die A-laughin'! They'd the preacher in— An' all her pies are hard an' thin, An', say, she made out to him, too, That pie's baked by Alviria Lou!

But best of all was jest last week She had brown-kitties—couldn't speak Out loud, an' when the doctor come He jest out with it, gruff and grum: "You need some ventilation here!" An' then she—Oh, my lawdy dear!— She—Oh, but this is simply fine!— Sent over here to borry mine!

"S. P." and His Dare. We are in receipt of a poem from "S. P." who informs us that he is "another Hoosier and a member of the Indiana Society in good standing." It is in reply to some utterly innocent lines in this column not long ago, which lines mockingly inquired why a man wanted to wear a silk hat. "S. P." says: "I dare you to print it." It being axiomatic that a man who will take a dare would steal sheep, we beg leave to print.

Poor man—No wonder you're wrinkled and gray If you let fashions disturb your mind, You hurt Dunlap and Knox with what you say, And others may think your words are not kind.

Who'd ever think that an Evanston swell With his high-toned airs and Cremona Claro, Would make use of space to holler like—well!

Some 'S. P.'s, when you wear a black Sombreno.

Now, my dear friend, of poetical chat, Nothing you've seen will ever look queerer And straightway I think you'll buy a silk hat.

If you go home and look in a mirror, We are not opposed to the silk hat. If an anti-silk-hat society were organized we should be the first to decline membership. Our good friends Dunlap and Knox will bear witness to the fact that in times past we have adorned ourself with their productions. Confidentially, we think the silk hat is a glossy joy. The trouble with us is that when we put one on we want to run for office. Has anybody a word to say for the uncombed plush hat—especially the wet mattress sort?

The other day we printed a couple stanzas having to do with the pronunciation of "Goethe," when mentioned by street car conductors on approaching the thoroughfare of that name. From the responses sent in we culled these:

Man rides upon the trolley car And his location quickly knoweth When the conductor, o'er the jar And rumble, hoarsely shouteth: "Goethe!"

I stood on the car at midnight And I murmured "Holtz-tolty!" When the erudite conductor Stopped the car and shouted: "Goethe!"

Self-Defense. "But why do you wear hunting togs, when you cannot sit a horse?"

"Because none of these threesome story tellers have the nerve to start one of their bear stories when they see me in this costume."

The Lost Column. He lost his heart right at the start, The girl he wished to wed; He moaned and stoned till folk declared That he had lost his head.

Although he planned to win her hand He never went to woo— He hastened on; his nerve was gone, He'd lost his backbone, too.

Wilbur D. Nesbit

On Bearing an Insult

BALM OF PHILOSOPHY MUST BE APPLIED TO ALL BUSINESS REPULSES.

All Men Have Their Bad Half Hours —To Be Supersensitive Is to Invite Disaster—Pity the Offender and Forget the Tribulation.

It is necessary to shield one's self from the chagrin of insult. The abusive reply of an older man when the boy applies for work is most distressing. Contempt is very hard to bear at any time of life. A blow is less than a sneer, and few men can rise above ridicule.

The object of such assault is precisely the discomfiture that results. Disheartened, the applicant for place turns on his heel and is more than half disposed to give up hope. There are men who seem to take pleasure in affronting you. It is easier than argument.

It takes less time than courtesy. It most effectually "gets rid" of a salesman or an applicant. To "kick" him out probably accord with the ill-nature of the man. But an insolent rebuff leads to second thought. Just decide that the offender is overworked and really incompetent. He shows that he is really unequal to his task, and even little things down him.

A bright boy's face, asking for work, startles him out of being a gentleman. He is so near bankrupt in vitality that even his memory has failed; he has forgotten when he himself was in the place of that boy. His sore-pressed mind is oblivious of the fact that he also has salesmen on the road, and that if other men treated them as he has just treated you they would sell no goods. It is honorable to try to sell a worthy article, or to offer a contract on certain hours of your life.

Pity the man and refuse to allow the insult to so much as touch the hem of your garments. Try the next man, for not two in a hundred are hogs. Refuse to believe evil generally or your fellow men. The vast majority are full of bounding life, chivalric competition and a generous live-and-let-live purpose.

A man may be quick, brusque or taciturn without intending an affront. It is best not to be looking for incivility. All men have bad half hours. When we approach a man for business we have no way of knowing the worm that may be gnawing at his heart. As a matter of experience we may at times be hypersensitive. As

the world goes now the pride of person, which is easily offended in dignity, is about as expensive a thing as can be imagined.

To avenge an insult is not a business proposition. It may be a personal qualification, but it never did pay and never will pay as a step in one's career. It simply increases the virulence of the wound. The wise man will treat it as a strong dose of mental opiate. Forget it, least in so far as to forbid it occupying your time or fretting your energies. Let some one else handle the man, for sooner or later some one will take the time to do it.

Indeed, the man who hands out insults is himself accustomed to them. The bank president who browbeats others is often obliged to cringe before some gigantic depositor. To the rude all men are rude. The insolent person often takes a petty pleasure in inflicting upon lesser men the haughty manners that stronger men visited on him.

No man can pass through the day, after he leaves the refinement and affection of his own home, without encountering rudeness. Dare he say he is himself the same considerate gentleman in the fight and scramble of market and forum?

The incivilities of public servants, the bawl and shout of the director of the traffic squad, the taxi driver and the baggeman, what is more absurd than to allow these gnats and flea bites to knock out a day or land a gentleman in prison for assault? A cheery heart and a high aim soothe an insult with oblivion every time.—Rev. Emory Haynes, in Chicago Journal.

Profit in Intensive Farming.

It is the intensive farming that pays best. There is so much uncertainty in every line of ordinary farming that the progressive man is led to diversify and strike out on new lines.

There is a good profit in bees at times, and they came in well with chickens, squabs, mushrooms and the like on a diversified farm. Experience is needed in all these lines to make them pay, but if they are taken up one after the other and handled practically the little farm will soon become a business enterprise yielding a good monthly income.

The effect on the family is important. If farm boys and girls had better chances and were not made to work so hard, so many would not leave the farm for the city.