

Among Men who Work with Hand or Brain

Get a Good Job in Cuba; Men Needed in Sugar Mills.

By Horace Bacon.

HOW many thousands of young men say, "If we only had the chance!" "If we could only get the opportunity to better our positions somewhere!" "To get away from the seething rush of city toilers, somewhere, where we could get ahead of the game!"

Of all the countries the writer has seen, where hundreds of different ways open up to the energetic and ambitious young American, ways which are closed at home by competition, the one that has impressed him most—probably on account of a seven years' sojourn—is the island of Cuba.

It is safe to say that in the year 1898 not a dozen large plantations were in working condition. Those that had not been burned by the insurgents lacked the capital to reorganize (having paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to the insurgents for protection). But since 1900 it is as if a curtain had been lifted and a new scene is presented. Old mills are made new, new ones are being built as fast as the material can be got together. Last year engineering works in the United States could not supply the demand for engines, pumps, and all kinds of machinery.

Many Jobs for Young Men.

In the offices of the different plantations we find, even on all Spanish or Cuban plantations, many Americans. They want cashiers, bookkeepers, clerks, stenographers, capable of getting in and introducing the modern American systematic methods of filing and keeping books. The clerical part, keeping track of the daily pounds ground, the cane bought from different outside parties, pay rolls, storehouse records, railroad department, coal consumption, cost per train mile of hauling cane.

Each plantation is a veritable world of its own, which, during the six months of sugar grinding season, never lets up night or day. There is just as much detail work around the office of a sugar mill as there is in any large corporation in the United States. Cost has to be figured to a nicety, cutting, hauling, loading of cane, transportation, grinding, boiling, centrifuging, sucking, loading on steamers, every decimal point of a cent has to be considered and then the market watched so that when a favorable opportunity offers a sale of 10,000 to 50,000 sacks can be accomplished. Here is where the married man gets in his hand—nothing less than \$100 per month, board in some places, and always free house and bedding.

When the American army of occupation left Cuba, hundreds of the soldier boys whose time was up secured places as cattle managers, "mayordomos," or overseers of different sections of the country, and those who were able to handle clerical duties secured first class positions in different mills, where they today are enjoying excellent salaries and acquiring a little capital to go into the cane business.

How Sugar is Made.

The "Ingento Constancia" is a strictly American sugar plantation about thirty miles from the town of Olaneguas, on the south coast of the island. It may be taken as an example in the study of the making of sugar in Cuba. The Ingento is divided into five zones, or districts, and each district is divided into colonies, the nearest translation we have being "colonies," which are either rented to or owned by natives and foreigners, who sell the cane produced thereon to the mill. The plantation operates about 2,000 caballerias of land (a caballeria being equal to thirty-three and one-third acres). One-third of this will be cultivated by the company while the remainder is rented, the cane thereon being bought from the tenant, it being much cheaper to grind bought cane than it is to raise it and then grind it.

There are on the plantation 150 kilometers of narrow gauge track, 8 Baldwin locomotives, and about 500 cars of various sizes. The five main lines run to the headquarters of the five zones and from them branch off little tracks into the various colonies, to which the cane is hauled and loaded. The Ingento is covered thoroughly by a telephone system and the traffic is handled by two men in the telephone office at the mill.

Mill Runs Night and Day.

The sugar or grinding season opens in November and lasts until the end of May, and sometimes only to April if the rainy season starts in early. The mill never stops night or day, except for twelve hours on Sunday for cleaning up, until the last stalk of cane has been cut, and ground. Cane is pulled through the scale house by oxen. The weight having been taken, the cane is raised by half a dozen men, who pass steel ropes underneath the cane, and by the time "ahé" reaches the electric hoist the ropes are ready. They are hooked on to the hanging crane, and away into the air sails the load of cane, leaving the car empty, but still moving down the track where the empties are being made

up ready for another trip. This crane carries the cane along a runway over the hoppers leading to one of two mills. It is dumped in by means of touching a lever, when the ropes fall apart.

This dry crushed cane runs by means of link belt and slats to the furnaces, where it is fed in automatically, thus providing more than sufficient fuel for the whole plant, the necessity of burning wood only being during the first three days of the crop. Coal never is used. An idea of the saving of fuel may be obtained when the engineer informs us that a steady pressure of 110 pounds has to be maintained and the diameter of the main steam pipe leading out of the boiler is twelve inches.

Bolled for Thirteen Hours

The juice running from different canals congregates in three large tanks called "defecadores," where it is mixed with pure lime. It is then pumped up to the "clarifiers," another series of tanks, where it is subjected to a boiling from steam pipes. Here the lime sinks to the bottom, taking with it all impurities. After five hours of this process, the liquid now goes to the triple effects—three large vats, holding probably 200 sacks of liquid sugar each—where it is boiled at three different temperatures for about eight hours. The last boiling process now takes place—the "tachos" or vacuum pans now await the liquid from the triple effects—three in number, one with a capacity of 100 sacks, the other two 700 to 800 each.

In front of these vats is the man on whose shoulders lies one of the most responsible positions on the Ingento—the sugar boiler. Here is where the granulation takes place and a little too much boiling—well 1,000 sacks at \$8 per sack, roughly, is \$8,000 that would have to be boiled over again. He pulls out a long brass rod from the side of the pan, turns it over slightly and from a groove in it runs out a little of the boiling liquid on to a piece of glass which he has. This is examined through a microscope and if the time has arrived he calls Juan or Pedro to open the valve in the bottom of the pan, when the boiling mass runs into a long trough underneath called the centrifugal mixer, where a series of knives working continuously keep the mass from thickening. The sugar usually is in the vacuum pan ten to twelve hours.

Separating Molasses from Sugar.

Underneath the centrifugal mixer are twenty-four centrifugals similar to washing machines—an iron casing with the brass cylinder inside; perforated with innumerable holes. The power is started and in a few minutes the molasses thrown out through the holes and when they are stopped ten minutes later the light brown sugar is left, still warm and all ready to be sacked. These are called "first sugars."

The sugar now is put up in sacks. Each sack weighs exactly 135 pounds, is sewn up and run into the storehouse to await the arrival of a steamer from the north, when from 25,000 to 30,000 sacks are shipped at once. The 6 o'clock whistle now blows, the watches are changed. Each man has his place and they relieve one another every six hours, with the exception of the sugar boiler, who is on day and night, snatching what sleep he can when he puts on a fresh pan of sugar. He is relieved weekly.

Little World Within Itself.

Scattered around the sugar house are the various dwellings of the employees, the laborers sleeping in quarters like soldiers. In the "cafeteria" anything from "Three Star" to native gin can be bought. Here is the barber shop and the drug store, the doctor's office, and the police station, where a dozen dusky natives swing the majesty of the law. Farther around there is the restaurant run by the company, where 500 laborers are fed a day at 40 cents plata (30 cents currency) per head. Then we have the dry goods store and the haberdashery, the butcher shop and the bakery—in truth, a veritable little world completely shut off from everywhere with everybody happy and contented.

On a plantation of this size each mill probably will grind about 45,000 arrobas of cane each per day, making 720 tons of cane. Take roughly 10 per cent production in sugar, which makes seventy-two tons of sugar, or 144,000 pounds, or at 135 pounds to the sack about 800 sacks per day, but of course it runs more or less, according to the cane ground. The market on a particular day is 34 cents a pound for first sugar, making \$7,900 for the day's production.

This Ingento is an average sized one. There are "Hormiguero," Chaparra, Toledo, etc., twice and three times the size of this one. Chaparra turned out last year 200,000 sacks of sugar, which would average about 2,500 sacks per day on a regular crop, and the Nipe Bay company, on the north coast, is planning to start its new plant this year and outpace the 300,000 mark, which, to use a modern Americanism, "is going some."

Checks Go Over the Bar; Workers Should Have Cash.

By George H. Manlove.

EMPLOYERS of labor are coming to adopt the envelope and cash system of paying their men instead of the bank check, in the interest of sobriety and right living.

The easiest place for a laborer to cash his paycheck is in a saloon. He feels more like asking the favor there, and knows he will run less risk of being refused. The saloonkeeper is willing, and if he is given a forged check occasionally he does not kick.

In the smaller industrial cities a movement has been gaining ground among temperance advocates, and it is making some progress toward the change from check to cash. An argument that always proves itself to the manufacturer is simple reason: returned from the bank. The majority will bear the indorsement of a saloonkeeper. This is not a slander on the workingman as a class, for he is no more addicted to the saloon habit than any other class. He has found by experience that the grocer and the butcher and the other storekeepers do not like to cash checks, especially if they do not know the person presenting them. The saloonkeeper does not hesitate, so he goes there.

The check cashed, it is customary—almost necessary—to buy a drink. If two go in to cash checks at the same time each buys a drink for both and maybe more. If the worker is addicted to drink he may lose himself and make a great hole in his pay, money his family needs and the loss of which is a handicap.

With the real money in his envelope he is more likely to go home at once and avoid the direct temptation to drink. Where the experiment has been tried for any length of time it has worked well, and manufacturers have been pleased with results.

Temperance workers have been considering the advisability of attempting legislation in this matter, but it is probable such action would not be constitutional and probably it will not be tried.

In the presence of a general movement for sobriety among employees the change has been found beneficial and backs up rules against drinking, making it easier to obey, and taking away one form of temptation from young men who have not formed the habit but might from cashing their checks over bars.



Women Work in Brewery; Wages and Conditions Bad.

By Zelda Ermine Stewart.

THERE seems to be but one industry for women in which the "drinks are on the house." It may be that there are not many instances where men are privileged to boast of this blessing.

In retaliation the envious solons of the Wisconsin legislature are about to pass a bill to prevent the employment of women and girls in breweries, where free drinks are handed out. Of course Wisconsin is not the only state where women work in breweries. The custom in some of these places is to give each girl under 16 years half a pint three times a day; women over 16 are given a full pint at such intervals. In other places the beer is served in glasses to all who wish it and at any time. Not all the girls drink, however.

The work done by women and children in the large breweries throughout the country is of a character requiring almost no skill and thus attracting a portion of the population content with wages that would not permit them getting their drinks any other way.

Wash Bottles and Put on Labels.

In Milwaukee female brewery employees are composed almost entirely of Polish women and children. The work consists in washing bottles and putting on labels and tin foil strips and in wrapping bottles for shipment.

The youngest girls are stationed where they can catch the bottles as they come out of the machines, some putting on the labels and others putting on the tin foil. The older women do the washing and inspecting, working over great tanks of hot water and standing in water all of the time, as the floors are always wet.

The bottles are washed on revolving spindles. One woman holds the bottle against the sponge until it is clean, then passes it across the tank to another woman who rinses it and sees that it is not defective in any way.

The clean bottles are placed on trucks, which are wheeled to the stacks by young girls.

Work Under Hard Conditions.

Breweries are not nice places in which to work, the floor being flooded with water. The girls wear wooden shoes, partly from the habit which immigrated with them, but also to keep their feet dry as possible and to protect themselves from the broken glass which everywhere bestrews the floor. Unfortunately, they have no wooden gloves to protect

their hands from the broken bottles and the severe cuts continuously resulting therefrom.

Colds, rheumatism, catarrh flourish along with the wooden shoes and the three half pints per. Moreover, the steam from the tanks affects their eyes. In summer the heat is almost intolerable, except in those breweries in which electric fans have been installed. Ordinary hours are nine a day, but when the crop of thirst begins to come in, the girls work from 7 in the morning to 9 at night; and the night shift—also girls—begins at 7 in the evening and works until 5 and sometimes 6 in the morning.

Girls sixteen years of age are paid 8 and 4 cents an hour for this extra time, scarcely enough to pay for the supper they are obliged to bring. Girls at neck labeling and tin foil filling get 45 cents a day, and bottle washers 60 to 75 cents. A widow forewoman, who had worked twelve years at the business, was getting \$6 a week. Girls who run the labeling machines receive from \$3.50 to \$4.20 a week.

At one place there was a woman who had been working in the brewery for five years. She received \$4 a week, on which she supported herself and three children, paying 60 cents a week carfare, as she lived several miles from her work.

Social Surroundings Are Bad.

While it is, of course, not true of all breweries, even where women are employed, yet this much may be said, that in breweries we find the worst conditions of woman labor, especially in the matter of the indiscriminate mingling of men and women and young girls in their work.

One important economic effect of the employment of women and children at almost no wages at all frequently has been overlooked. If the factory system has come to stay, and it has, then the quicker it is developed to perfection, the better, and what ever retards its development is not only industrially but socially unwise. Every part of the work done by women and children in breweries can be and is much better done by simple mechanical devices in breweries which do not employ women and children at all. Where labor is so cheap as to prevent the introduction of such simple mechanical processes are needed to round out and complete the factory system in a given establishment, such cheap labor simply stands in the way of progress to enable them to raise their standard of living.

Fire All Dissatisfied Men; Sure to Be Poor Workers.

By Jonas Howard.

A LARGE employer of men of many sorts and grades, ranging from the \$10,000 a year superintendent to the \$10 a week laborer, has a system of keeping his working force free from that bane of all employers, incompetent workers, which might be copied with profit by other employers of men throughout the country. It is a drastic system, dependent for its success upon what may be called harsh measures, but the fact that it is a success, as years of experience have proved, justifies its adoption, at least from the employer's point of view.

This man discovers those of his men who are dissatisfied with their work. Then he discharges them. That is all there is to it, and his working force, comprising 800 or 900 wage earners, who operate a large manufacturing plant, offices and salesrooms, is kept as clean of the undesirable worker, the man who "can't do," as the proverbial hound's tooth. There is not to be found a dissatisfied worker among the whole lot of them. That is, when one is found he is quickly separated from his position, so that he is not to be found with the firm long after his state of dissatisfaction has been discovered. There is not a man who does not work as well as he knows how.

Every Worker Expects Promotion.

There is not a man on the pay roll who does not believe that if he works well and has in him the power to do things as they should be done by men in the higher positions that he will not be given the chance to occupy one of these positions at the first vacancy. There is not one, save possibly among the few ignorant foreign laborers in the lowest order of the workers, who does not think that there is a chance for him to better himself without going outside of the firm's employ to do it. It is a perfect force, if such a thing is possible in a world of imperfect human beings. It is a model for other employers to copy after, and is made so by the institution and continuance of the Spartan policy of judging as unfit those who fail to put into their work the best that is in them because of dissatisfaction with their condition.

Once upon a time, not so long ago, this man's working force was anything but a model one. It was a poor organization, as most working forces are in big establishments, if the cold truth is to be told. There were the inevitable gross and petty inefficiencies which hamper and hinder the progress of a firm like poor boilers in steamships. For one period one department was the soul of efficiency; the next it wasn't. As a chain is dependent upon each and every one of its component links for its total strength, so is a firm dependent upon every department for the sum total of its achievements.

Search for Dissatisfied Ones.

The "old man" got tired of the unsteady factory state of affairs. He determined to find

out what was the matter, and he did. He found that in every department there were two or three men who were dragging along at their tasks in a half dead, mechanical fashion, dissatisfied with their work and doing their best, intentionally or otherwise, to make others the same. The old man examined carefully into the records of the dissatisfied men. To his surprise he found that every one of them was to be classed as a "poor man." Not one of them had the efficiency that wins the marks of prospective promotion; not one but had been marked in the records as dead timber.

"Naturally, they are the kind who do get dissatisfied," said the old man. "They can't get out of the lowest positions; they haven't any prospects because of their lack of ability, and I haven't any use for them."

So he weeded them out to the last man. This done, he dictated and distributed to every workman in the plant and to every member of the clerical and selling forces, a letter to the effect that: "If you are dissatisfied, quit before the firm finds it out and fires you; along with certain forcible reasons why a good man had no business getting dissatisfied with his treatment while with the firm, that the firm always was on the eager lookout for said good men, that good men were much fewer in number than the demand of the day called for, and that none who might so be classed would escape favorable notice and promotion."

No Use for the Kickers.

Further, he wrote that for the kind of men who did get dissatisfied, the kind whose ability was of such inferior order that they could hope to hold nothing but the most insignificant positions, the firm had no use, and the sooner they changed employers the better it would be for their own feelings and their self-respect.

The weeding out of the dissatisfied ones—about a score in number—opened the opportunity for a number of promotions. They were made promptly. This created a feeling of confidence in the good intentions of the firm among the workers. Other dissatisfied inefficient workers were weeded out, opening the way for more promotions. The system has been carefully kept up. Whenever a man begins to show his dissatisfaction with his position, and no man becomes dissatisfied without showing it in his work, he is let out without any waste of time. Sometimes this is a good thing for the man himself; it always is a good thing for the firm. It reduces the number of incompetent workers to a minimum, and it gives the rest of the force a spirit of confidence that good service will be rewarded, always. Of course it isn't rewarded always here, any more than it is anywhere else, but from the standpoint of the employer, such condition approaches the ideal. Furthermore, it expounds with splendid clearness the ironbound doctrine of business: "No grrouches need apply."

All Hands Boss the Boss; He Jumps Around All Day.

By Thomas Skelly.

CARBERRY had wanted to be boss for a long time. He didn't say that he wanted to be a permanent boss, for Carberry is humble in his ambitions and admits that he doesn't expect to finish his life anywhere else than on a pay roll some place and under somebody who is duly authorized and disposed to boss him. But he wanted to be boss once—just once in his life. After that—after one experience as boss, one experience over other men and with the power to tell them what to do—he would be content to sink back in the great and much bossed mediocrity which was his level. But he didn't want to be boss, just once. As he put it: "I've been bossed all my life. I just want a chance to tell for a while without having anybody to tell me what to do. I want to be boss so I can do just as I please for once in my life, and with nobody to take orders from under the sun."

It was a dream with Carberry, a pleasant dream, but one that he never expected to realize. But he kept on dreaming—and then the chance came. The head of the department had to go to Europe on business, and the day after he left the assistant head jumped off a car and broke his leg, and went to a hospital. And, like a blaze of glory, the department leaped up and lighted upon the shoulders of Carberry, he being the only man available who could run it.

Fondlest Dream Came True.

Carberry went home the evening after the news had been broken, filled with the joy of a man whose fondest dream is fulfilled. Tomorrow he was to be boss. Tomorrow, and tomorrow he was to be boss. Tomorrow, and for at least two months after it, he would be a free man. He would have no one to take orders from, no one to tell him what to do. He would be free, the boss of others and of himself.

He felt so good over his prospective liberation from the thrall of being bossed that he took Mrs. Carberry to the theater that night, bought a little supper after the play, and generally jubilated after the manner of a man who has before him a period of great enjoyment. He told Mrs. Carberry that he didn't care how much she spent for her new gown; he didn't care what happened around the house; he was going to be a boss for a spell now; in which joy the trivial annoyances of life would be completely swallowed up.

On the morning of the beginning of his bossship he lingered much longer than was his custom. He was his own boss, now, he told Mrs. Carberry; he didn't have to pull any time clock, now; he didn't have anybody to say anything to him if he came down late; he could get down just about when he pleased; he was boss, now, and he certainly was going to make the best of it while it lasted.

So when he came down at 8:30 he was surprised to find that a part of his department was in an uproar.

"Called" for Coming Late.

"Mr. Carberry, these orders must be signed by you before they are put through," said his head clerk. "They are the daily orders for the branch houses. They come up from the mailroom at 8:05 every morning, and they are always in a rush. This morning they are delayed terribly. Mr. Johnson, before you, always got down at 8:05 and put them through, sir."

"Eight five!" roared Carberry. "Why, good heavens, man, the clerks don't get down until 8:15. What's the sense of the boss getting down at 8:05?"

Save All Castoff Clothing; Can Be Exchanged at Profit.

By Thomas E. Bourke.

SOME one of these days an old man, wearing a long beard and carrying a large sack on his back, will call at the rear door of your home. Tied to the sack will be innumerable household articles. He is one of a branch of a new industry, so you need not be frightened into locking your door and turning him away.

This new occupation has already become popular with housewives and many have made arrangements with this "old man" to have him call regularly on a certain day each month. The plan is to trade useful household articles for castoff wearing apparel, and no one should now be compelled either to burn or throw away their old clothes, shoes, or hats. "The man with the bundle" will give you in return for these worn out articles your choice of at least a dozen useful utensils.

Brooms, pots, kettles, carpet sweepers, boilers, window brushes, coat hangers, rat traps, or in fact anything which you may be in need of can be furnished. Unless he has the article you may need when he calls, he will "take your order" and deliver it on his next visit. Should you require a new stove, pot, shaker, or coal scuttle it would be an easy matter for the "old man" to make a note of your wants and have it at another time.

Trade Shoes for Ash Sifter.

Don't you think this a good idea? For an old pair of shoes of which the soles have been so badly worn that you do not think it worth while to have them repaired you may have in exchange a brand new ash sifter. An old coat and vest which would serve the "head of the house" well enough to wear to work, would fetch an elegant new carpet sweeper.

Each article of castoff wearing apparel has a value to the "old man" which would surprise you were you to know the inside workings of his little operations. Much depends on how badly worn is the article you wish to exchange. If it is practically as good as new you may be certain you will receive in exchange an article well worth its value.

Every article you save for the day the "old man" is expected to call on you has its required value. This comes with experience in trading. A great many persons have wondered what on earth became of the enormous amount of castoff clothing one of these men would gather in a day. And they also wondered how they could afford to furnish a new broom for "Johnny's old cap or hat," which they intended to give to "some poor tramp." Perhaps a great many more persons did not know that in Chicago, and especially

The head clerk looked pained. "Why, sir, there are always two clerks here at 8 o'clock to put these orders through to the shipping department, and it is one of the customs of the house for the head to be here to sign them. You know, Mr. Johnson—"

"Yes, I know Johnson got down at that ungodly hour, come to think of it. Never thought of it before. I'll have to get down at 8:05 after this, then?"

"Yes, sir," said the head clerk. "That is—"

"That is what I'll have to do," interrupted Carberry angrily. "All right. That's all, Smith." To himself he said sundry things which have no place in this story, Carberry being a man of large vocabulary and much dexterity of tongue.

Makes a Few Discoveries

"Fine state of affairs when a boss has got to be told to get down ahead of the people that are working under him," he grumbled. "Still, I'm boss; nobody can tell me what to do during the day."

He really thought that this was so. He never had been boss before, so he didn't know. But he found out that day. Here is what he discovered:

That the boss takes more orders than anybody in the place.

That everybody in a department tells him what to do, or is the direct cause of making him do something.

That he never has a moment when he isn't subject to the orders of his alleged subordinates.

That he does more work than anybody else. That he gets down earlier and stays later than other workers.

That, generally speaking, he is the most bossed man in the office.

This is what Carberry did not the first day of his tenure of the boss' position, and which he had to do simply because he was boss:

Took 123 orders from his subordinates. Did twenty-nine things which he would not have had to do if he was a clerk.

Felt like a slave and was ready to jump every time anybody spoke to him.

Wished he was back in his old clerk's position.

Takes Orders from Everybody.

The orders which he took and obeyed—classified as follows:

Ordered to answer the telephone forty-three times.

Told to sign papers thirty-three times.

Told to order somebody else to do something twenty times.

Ordered around miscellaneous twenty-seven times.

Among the twenty-nine things which he had to do because he was boss, and which he didn't want to do, was lying to customers, lying to salesmen, and refusing salary advances to clerks who he knew should have had them. Besides this he had to do a lot of things which were too petty for a clerk to do, and which therefore were part of the boss' duties. And he felt like a slave, because he knew that there were things for him to do no matter which way he turned, duties to be suggested to him no matter whom he spoke to, and he didn't have a minute that he could call his own.

"Well, dear, are you glad that you're a boss?" asked Mrs. Carberry, a few evenings later.

"You bet I am," replied Carberry promptly; "you bet I'm glad that I'm a boss. Now I'll be able to appreciate my old job when I get back to it."

Bartering Reduced to a Science.

It is in these places the "old man with the bundle" finds a market for the clothing and other articles which he takes from you in exchange for a small household item. Bartering is his business. Sometimes he will travel from one dealer to another so that he may obtain a better price for "Johnny's old cap." Likewise with an old coat and vest which he received for a pair of shears.

Whenever the "old man" is given an overcoat in exchange for a wash boiler he usually sells it for a price large enough to equal a good day's wages. Deducting the price he paid for the boiler, which would be about 90 cents, and allowing that he received \$4 for the overcoat, his profit would be \$3.10.

The old pair of shoes he received probably would sell to a second hand dealer for 75 cents. They cost him the actual cost of a broom, 20 cents. His profit on this would be 55 cents. No less than half a dozen pairs of shoes are exchanged during a day's travel.

Dealers Make Big Profits.

It is surprising the amount of profit there is in this little industry. Continual visits by the "old man" to the same neighborhoods have warned householders and wives to save things which they formerly had thrown in the waste-heap to be burned or destroyed. Now they even gather up "George's" old shirt, ties, collars, and hats and save them until the "old man with the bundle" calls, "Just to see what they will get for them." Four neckties usually bring a good windfall brush—just what they need.

There is one woman in particular whom I know to have saved enough money through dealing with the "old man" to pay for three new dresses, two new hats, two pairs of shoes, all her other necessities for a year, and now is saving to purchase a pair of earrings. This, of course, will sound absurd to some. But try it. Let your castoff clothing and the clothing of other members of the family accumulate and then sell it to a dealer. If you are not fortunate enough to be on the "calling list" of the "old man" select the name and address of a dealer along West Madison street some day when on your way downtown. Drop him a postal asking him to call. He will do the rest.