

OFFICE WORK BY MACHINERY



This is a parable. He who runs may read; or, to use the modern version, he who travels per Mercedes will see the world.

There was once a too-old-at-forty merchant. He had toiled—toiled into grayness.

But fortune had not come. He pored the point of a quill pen (he remembered his father using one in that very room), and gazed gloomily at an ancient inkstand filled with a viscous, tarlike mass. And the spirit that was in him evaporated and dried up like his ink, with only the dregs of gall and iron left behind.

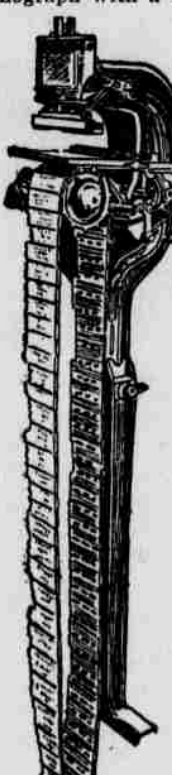
He thought of the days of fret and worry, the nights of cramping pen work, when he had set till the small hours checking Eiffel Towers of figures and writing letters which an office boy had smudged into gray indecipherability with the aid of a copying-book and a brush charged with solid sloppiness.

He thought of the headaches and the restless nights in which he lived again through the petty annoyances of the day, and as he dispatched a boy with a message (he had always hated telephones) he decided to end it all.

So he retired and lived economically in the suburbs, and another man reigned in his stead. This is the prologue.

Six months passed. The too-old-at-forty merchant again visited his old office. It was in the same room, but—

The new manager was seated at a roll-top desk. Before him was a phonograph with a neat recording mouth-



piece. Into this he was speaking quickly: "I want two thousand copies of the following letter posted to our regular customers in time for the four o'clock mail this afternoon. Take down: 'Dear Sirs—Owing to our having new labor-saving machinery in all our factories, we are able to quote lower for all our goods, which you will note are now ten per cent cheaper than those offered by foreign competitors. A glance at the following figures will—'"

For thirty seconds he continued to talk into the phonograph. Then he removed the wax cylinder and handed it to a boy who carried it into the next room where the patter of many typewriters sounded like hail on the roof.

The too-old-at-forty merchant looked on with smiling toleration. "I think you made a mistake in that letter," he said. "I heard you dictate that you wanted two thousand copies. I suppose you meant two dozen."

The return smile was of tender compassion. He was informed that two thousand was correct.

"But you said they were to be sent off by the four o'clock mail, and it is one-thirty now. However big your staff may be you can hardly have two thousand letters typed and the envelopes addressed and stamped in two and a half hours."

"I shall employ exactly one girl clerk and a boy on that job," remarked the new manager, leaning back luxuriously in his chair, "and if they tried they could do double the quantity in the time."

He rose. "Perhaps you would like to see the miracle?" he said as he opened the door next to his room.

A girl typist was taking down in shorthand the words of the letter as they were dictated from the phonograph on which she had placed the wax cylinder. This was completed in one minute forty-five seconds by the watch. She then adjusted a sheet of wax paper on her typewriting machine and typed the letter.

A few minutes later the waxed paper was fitted to a rotary duplicator, and an office boy was reeling off eighty copies per minute.

"Rate of 4,800 an hour," commented the new manager.

The too-old-at-forty merchant looked thoughtful.

Meanwhile the girl clerk was feeding envelopes into the addressing machine, which was printing them (each with a different name and address) at the rate of 2,000 an hour.

The too-old-at-forty merchant seemed to want to ask questions.

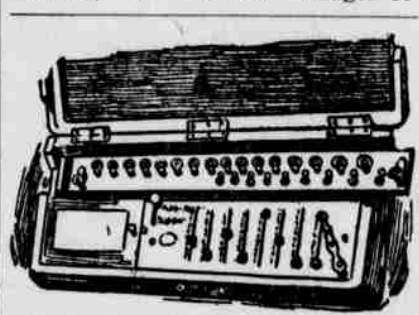
"Quite simple," said the new manager. "Every customer on our books has his name and address set up in rubber type. The boy does this in his spare time. The address, set up in a little metal galley, is then attached to one of these endless chains which pass through the machine. Each time an envelope is printed by the machine the chain moves round so as to bring another address into position for the next envelope. Simple, isn't it?"

"In my time it would have taken a man about four days to do what that machine does in one hour," said the merchant, musingly.

"But this isn't your day; it's ours," said the new manager.

"What next?" asked the merchant of the past.

"Next comes the envelope sealing machine," said the new manager re-



THE ARITHMOMETER.

morselessly. "Now in your day one office boy using single tongue power would probably stick down about forty envelopes in an hour. This little machine seals nine thousand in that time. You see, it is quite small. You just put the pile of letters in at the top and turn this handle. Then the letters (now typed, duplicated, addressed and sealed by machinery) fall out on the table. Oh! I wouldn't try to count them. It might strain your arithmetic to keep pace with the machine."

The rotary duplicator and the "Addressograph" were still working merrily. "Would you like to see the other things?" asked the new manager.

"Now this machine," he said, moving over to another instrument in a neat-looking case, "not only prints letters in exact imitation of typewriting, but it also prints a different name and address on each and adds a perfect imitation of your signature in black ink at the bottom."

"I begin to feel very old," said the former owner of the business. "I suppose your chief cashier is made of levers and sprockets and your confidential clerk is driven by a mainspring?"

"Well, I think there are cog wheels and spacing gears in them, too," said the new manager. "Now, here is the book typewriter, with which we keep our ledgers, and, in fact, all the books in our firm. We only use pens here as pipe cleaners. You lay the book on the table, so, draw the machine over it, and make your entries cleanly and neatly."

"But bound books are now out of date. The loose leaf book is the modern idea. Dr. and Cr. sheets are of different colored papers, and the leaves can be removed and reinserted in the binder at a moment's notice."

"Then all you have to do is to cast up the figures," said the old merchant.

"Pardon me, we do nothing of the

kind." With calculating machines that will tell you in ten seconds what 9,756,834 multiplied by 456,873 amounts to, and which will extract the square root of 587,807,901 with a few turns of a handle, the human brain becomes too slow for practical purposes.

"Now, if you will look at this 'Arithmometer' for a moment, you will see that all you have to do is to place the pointers at the figures which you wish to multiply, subtract from or add together, then turn this handle, and the result will appear in that row of spaces at the top."

An office boy now came up and reported that the two thousand letters had left the office at 3:30.

"It seems to me that brains are quite obsolete," said the antediluvian merchant.

"And that is the biggest mistake of all," returned the twentieth-century manager. "Brains are what we want, and all we want. We are freed of the old grinding routine that business men used to break their hearts over; now we have time to think. Our clerks have shorter hours and are better paid; but those we do employ have brains, otherwise we should have no use for them."

"No, brains are not at a discount, but brainless handwork is."—Montreal Star.

FISH RESTAURANTS.

A Feature of London and Paris Life that is Less Common Here.

Returning travelers from London, Paris, and Berlin describe with pleasure the "fish restaurants" in those cities, and express some wonder that there are not similar restaurants here.

A "fish restaurant" is not one at which fish is served exclusively, or even chiefly, but a restaurant at which a specialty is made of the service of fish, and at which usually some special fish dish is offered to patrons each day.

In London and Paris such restaurants make as their chief specialty sole, as popular in England as in France. The Paris restaurants, in addition, make a feature of crayfish, cod, and mussels, and the London restaurants of whitebait and shrimp.

The variety of fish procurable in these two cities is almost without limitation, but a different fish each day requires, in fact, only seven varieties, in the preparation of which there are many specialties.

Washington has a larger variety of fish than either London or Paris. The oysters, lobsters, and crabs in the market here are superior to those to be found in large European cities, and the general demand for fish is in excess of what it is in the big cities of other countries. But the custom prevails for the most part here of making fish or sea food a part of the meal furnished at a restaurant, and not a feature of it.—Washington Post.

Geordie's Revenge.

A certain butcher in a village in the north of England was standing before the shop of Geordie, the baker, whose loaves of bread were rather small, when Geordie came up the street. "Just been in your shop, Geordie, buyin' a loaf," said the butcher. "Where is it?" asked Geordie. "In my waistcoat pocket," said the butcher. No more was said, but Geordie thought for a long time how he could pay the butcher back in his own coin. A few days later, as he stood before the butcher's shop, an idea came to him. Meeting the butcher on his way home from market, Geordie said: "Been in your shop buyin' a calf's head?" "Where is it?" asked the butcher. "Under my hat!" said Geordie, with an annihilating look.

A man's mental balance isn't synonymous with his bank balance.

HOW TO SLEEP AND WHEN.

A Physician's Advice on the Subject—Exercise, Bathing and Eating.

The following brief quotations are from "Sleep and Its Regulation," by Dr. J. Madison Taylor, in The Popular Science Monthly:

During childhood and exhaustive states too much sleep is rarely possible. For those in full tide of vigor too much sleep is often distinctly hurtful.

The action of narcotics presents none of the characteristics of normal sleep except the temporary arrest of consciousness; hence narcosis is not true sleep.

The best position to assume in sleep to invite the least disturbance of the functions of the great organs is on the abdomen, or nearly so.

Many obscure forms of digestive or circulatory disorders may have been initiated in infancy through lying too long upon the back.

To secure the most perfect repose the temperature of all parts should be equalized before retiring. Cold feet induce delay in securing sleep, and it is then shallow when attained.

It is most unwise to overfill the stomach before retiring; thus disturbs sleep almost as much as hunger, but moderate eating before sleeping is not hurtful, and is often salutary.

Body clothing at night should be loose, not dense, permitting the ready passage of air, never of wool next to the skin.

Bed clothing should not be too close of texture, blankets being preferable to dense "comfortables" and not "tucked in" too closely. Air should be allowed to pass occasionally under the sides at least as one turns about more or less freely.

Early rising is a salutary custom, especially when the day comes early, not otherwise.

More sleep is required in winter than in summer. The best sleep is had during the hours of darkness.

The sleeping room should be cool, abundant air being always admitted. This should not be interpreted to mean that the room may safely remain intensely cold.

In the modern treatment of tuberculosis fresh air is recognized to be imperatively needed all day and all night. Artificial heat can, and should, be supplied along with the fresh air, till the temperature of the room be at or near 50 or 55 degrees Fahrenheit, for some even 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

THE TRAGIC ISLE.

Some of the Abuses Which Prisoners on Sakhalin Suffer.

Sakhalin, the island which Japan is taking, or rather, retaking, from Russia, is the place to which Russia sends her violent convicts. The convict at Siberia has some liberty to console him for his detention, but the convict at Sakhalin none. When a party of convicts (having been pronounced "violent" by the governor at the Siberian station) is landed at Sakhalin the procession to the jail is as follows: First among the prisoners come men with fetters on their legs and linked together in pairs, the clanking of their chains making a lugubrious noise. Next come half a dozen men each without fetters, but secured by the hands to a long iron rod. Then follow female prisoners and after them the most affecting part of the whole—the wives and children who have elected to accompany into exile their husbands and fathers. Behind them rumble "telegas," or rough wagons, wherein are transported baggage and those children who are too young or infirm to walk.

When on the march the prisoners are allowed three pounds of bread and one-half pound of meat each day, and they are not forbidden to receive alms. But when they arrive at their destination their lot is a pitiful one. Their cells are damp and fungus covered, their food is less than the allowance during the journey and their work in the salt mines is most exhausting. Many of the prisoners are very ignorant. Few of them can read excepting the Caucasians, but they are all put to the same laborious work and in the event of their being physically unable to perform their allotted tasks their punishments are very cruel.

The English "cat-o-nine-tails" is nothing to the terrors of the "bodiga." In this instrument of torture the prisoner is so fixed that he can neither move nor cry out, and wire thongs bound at the end with pointed tin strike his back at frequent intervals. Other tortures to which prisoners are subjected are too dreadful to write about, and during all these tortures the prisoner is prevented by gags from obtaining the poor relief of a scream. Surely the horrors of the salt mines of Iletskaia are nothing compared with the abominations of Sakhalin.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Wise and Wealthy Treasure.

"Well, you married a wealthy woman. Is she the treasure you hoped for?"

"Can't say she is. She won't give me any of her money."

"Then, by George! she is a treasure. She not only has money but common sense, too!"—Cleveland Leader.

MRS. EMMA FLEISSNER. Suffered Over Two Years—Health Was in a Precarious Condition—Caused by Pelvic Catarrh.



HEALTH AND STRENGTH RESTORED BY PE-RU-NA

Mrs. Emma Fleissner, 1412 Sixth Ave., Seattle, Wash., Worthy Treasurer Sons of Temperance, writes:

"I suffered over two years with irregular and painful periods. My health was in a very precarious condition and I was anxious to find something to restore my health and strength."

"I was very glad to try Peruna and delighted to find that it was doing me good. I continued to use it a little over three months and found my troubles removed."

"I consider it a splendid medicine and shall never be without it, taking a dose occasionally when I feel run down and tired."

Our files contain thousands of testimonials which Dr. Hartman has received from grateful, happy women who have been restored to health by his remedy, Peruna.

The Young Philosopher.

"'Nother piece of pie, please, pa.' 'But you haven't finished your first piece.'"

"No, pa. But you know you told me not to eat fast. And if you give me a second piece now I shan't eat so fast, because I won't be afraid that the second piece will be gone when I get through with the first piece. Please, pa."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY, FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Strenuous Life.

"Say," roared the irate citizen as he rushed into the office of the village weekly, "where's the editor?"

"Want to see him personally?" queried the office boy.

"You bet I do," answered the i. c. "I'm going to thrash him within an inch of his life. See?"

"Oh, all right," answered the boy. "Just have a seat, please. There are three others ahead of you."



Evidently Mr. Cleveland Never Expects to Run for Office Again—Chicago Tribune.



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