

Helping You to Keep Posted

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had some leisure moments every time the reaper went round the field. The wheat had much rye in it and the rye had a great deal of ergot on it. I put in the moments which I could spare from the wheat binding to pulling the ergot off the rye and putting it in the big pockets of my linen trousers. I finally accumulated a pound of it, which I sold to the village doctor for a dollar which looked to me big as a flap-jack. I spent it for a multi-colored necktie and for a daguerreotype picture of myself—the first ever made of me. I have had many dollars, neckties, and pictures of myself since then, but none that I so highly prized.

My first great sorrow, when I was a small boy, was that some of the neighbors took my dog "Ranger," part shepherd and part bull-terrier, and shot him to death on a trumped-up charge of killing sheep. I was utterly disconsolate for many days and never did forgive those men.

—Incompetent Actors

ROMPING into the columns of Vanity Fair with a pot of caustic and a pruning knife, "G. J. N." hacks away at the actors along Broadway and whittles down to the pith of the "proffesh" without finding any proficiency worth speaking about. What he does say is that the average actor, as we lay eye to him in the Times Square district, is approximately as irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial as a love letter offered in evidence at a trial for automobile speeding. He has at his command not even the rudiments of his trade. Called upon to speak three sim-

ple words in French—words easily within the scope of even the humblest Swiss waiter—he finds himself completely at sea. In one of the productions currently on view in New York, an actor who has a record of something like thirty-five years of stage work behind him is summoned to allude to the "Jardin de Plaisir." What comes from his lips nightly is something that sounds like Shardon dee Place-ear.

Called upon to play a few simple chords upon the piano, the average actor is equally at sea and must rely on someone stationed at a keyboard in the wings. Called upon to give a brief turn with the foils, he has to resort to slapping his foil against that of his equally inept opponent alternately above his head and below his knees, for all the world as if he were bouting with the broadsword. Called upon to dance a few steps of the minuet in a play of the yesterdays, the result is a cross between a fox trot and hanging onto a subway strap. Called upon to play a role requiring poise and distinction, the issue is the spectacle of a man who would seem to imagine that poise consists in affecting.

In all New York at this moment there are probably not more than five actors, at the most, out of all the many thousands, who can pronounce correctly the simple French word for "time," the simple German word for "church," the simple Italian word for "yesterday"—or who know how to pronounce correctly the simple English word "poniard." There are probably not more than four who have ever read more than one play, at the most, by Gerhart Hauptmann, the dramatic genius of their time. There are probably not more than three who can tell you one single thing about the work of Giacosa, or Perez-Galdos, or Andreyev, or de Curel.

WHO SENT THIS AIR-MAN DOWN?

By LOUISE MASON

ALL war trophies do not have as congenial a home as has the one pictured below, which found its way last spring from the Canadian front in Flanders to the sanctum of a professor at the School of Applied Science, Toronto. It is an altitude metre from a German airplane, and bears the name of C. P. Georz, a famous maker of cameras and photographic lenses, whose wares found a ready market in Canada "before the war." In fact, it is likely to rub shoulders with other products from the same factory, more peacefully acquired, as the professor is well known around the University as a camera expert and was a patron of Herr Georz in the days when civilized people travelled in Germany.

The apparatus, which looks very much like the box camera beloved of the amateur photographer, was sent by a well-known Canadian Intelligence Officer, formerly a member of the School Faculty, to his confrere on the staff, and the story it tells, as translated by the professor, makes the deductions of Sherlock Holmes appear like child's play in comparison. It is attached to the driver's seat by means

of rubber cords and contains a roll on whose surface, immediately the plane begins to rise, is recorded the height and duration of the flight. From it the man of science gleans the following narrative of its owner's last trip:

"On the day it fell into the hands of the Canadians, the young German aviator to whom it belonged whizzed from his aerodrome into space until twenty minutes later he had reached an altitude of two thousand two hundred metres. After sailing along for about six minutes at this height, he climbed still further up, and at the end of ten minutes more there were two thousand six hundred and forty yards of space between himself and terra firma.

"Just here a short line straight down indicates that he got what airmen call a bump—which usually means the encountering of cross currents—and with a sudden swoop he fell about one hundred and fifty metres before he could right himself. Apparently, as he was stabilizing his machine after the unexpected drop, he became engaged in an aerial fight. The contest took place at an altitude of about 2,200 metres, and lasted for nearly forty minutes. At the

end of that time the British airman's shot went home, and the German plunged to earth, making the drop of some 7,260 feet in a little less than two minutes.

"That's the story," concluded the professor, as he gently closed the box once more and smiled at his visitor's spellbound expression. "The 'plane, of course, was smashed to atoms, but this was quite undamaged. In fact, the recording apparatus still contained ink when the metre reached me after the journey across the Atlantic."

WHAT HAPPENED TO HOAG

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WITHOUT glancing up from the cost sheets he was reading, when Hoag answered the buzzer, the head of Markhams Ltd. said:

"Mr. Hoag, you will have to reorganize the office. Forty girls whose work affects the buying of finished products in the mines and markets of the world can't work efficiently under the Sunday-School system. You are not a Sunday-School superintendent here. You are an office manager. My knowledge of your methods in managing an office leads me to the conclusion that your ideas of personal influence and individual loyalty are all tommy-rot. What those girls must have is loyalty—not to you as a person, even though you are responsible to me, but thorough conformity to a system. You understand—it's a case of consolidating our machinery."

"I understand, sir."

"We have put into effect a rigid cost-and-efficiency system in our shops and factories."

"I have heard of it, sir."

"And we propose to make this office conform to it. If you can tell me why we should have system-efficiency and system-loyalty in the factories and not in the office, I shall regard you as a cleverer man than I am."

"I am not clever, Mr. Markham."

"You are clever enough. I expect you to show it by putting my ideas into action. You must bear in mind that the moment you attempt to exercise personal influence over my office staff you are forgetting that all the personal influence there is in the business comes direct from headquarters and operates through a system cre—"

"Created by you, sir. Yes, I understand that."

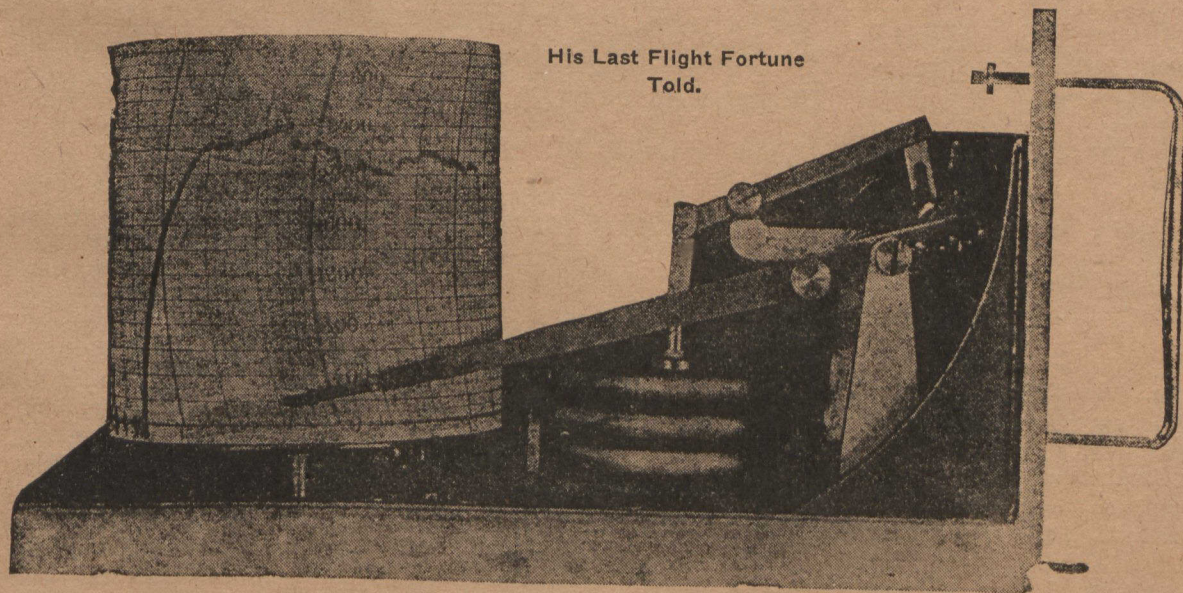
"All right then. . . I'll raise their wages, Mr. Hoag, on a ticket of machine efficiency, according to the work they turn out. I want the factory system put into the office and I expect 'em all to live up to it or get out. Which is exactly the condition I impose upon you."

Hoag's right hand went to his head. He spoke doggedly, as one who knew:

"I don't believe in machine efficiency for human beings. Every man and woman should work with enthusiasm. Girls never can be constantly the same kind of machines that men are. You're making them sweat dividends now the same as you do in your factory. You worship system. But there's

"Some-thing—Greater!"

(To be continued next week.)



His Last Flight Fortune Told.

READ above and see what a Canadian Intelligence Officer deciphered from the code of a German aviator who in this piece of short-hand palmystry recorded all that happened on his last flight—