

RULE FORTY-SEVEN

Little Mr. Turton bustled to and fro in the silk department of Manley's great stores.

"Come, come, Miss Blake! Can't you find something to do? Suppose Mr. Manley himself came in and found you idling in business hours! It is not business—not business!"

He darted away across the floor, bowed obsequiously to a customer, led her to the right counter, and saw that she was properly served.

"Now, Mr. Harrop," he said to the first salesman, "we must push business to-day! It is most important that we should beat the record for this month last year!"

"It is always most important," said Harrop to his chief. "You're never content unless we beat all our past records!"

"If a business does not advance it goes back!" said Mr. Turton anxiously, "and I can't let the department go back. Mr. Manley has no patience with a department that gets behind!"

"I hope Mrs. Turton is better to-day," said the salesman kindly.

"I've every hope that the new doctor will do her good. It's a long business. But she said to me herself this morning that after eighteen months in bed, she must take a turn soon. Very kind of you to inquire, Harrop! Mrs. Turton will be so pleased when I tell her. Oh, dear me—dear me! Here are Miss Sanders' shelves undusted again! I shall have to fine her. Miss Sanders, if you please!"

A girl stepped forward.

"Do look at these shelves—neglected again! Suppose Mr. Manley came in, and saw them! What would you do?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders indifferently.

"He would probably discharge you on the spot!" said Mr. Turton, in a low tone. "And what prospect is there for any young lady who has been summarily discharged from Manley's Stores? I am very sorry, Miss Sanders, but you know Rule 18. I can do nothing else but fine you a shilling. The rules of the firm are meant to be obeyed. Please don't pain me by making me fine you again!"

"I won't forget again, Mr. Turton," said the girl smilingly to the eager little man.

"That's right! I wish I could remit the fine, but conscientiously—"

He shook his head.

"Conscientiously" was his word. His staff knew him as "conscientious" Turton, and recalled joyously the occasion when in a rush of business he had forgotten to put away goods after serving a customer, and had promptly fined himself half-a-dollar for his error.

The tide of business set in steadily. Mr. Turton pervaded the department, being, as it were, everywhere at once. Mr. Manley himself strode in, and gazed grimly at the proceedings.

Mr. Turton dashed to the rescue of all girls who seemed nervous with customers under the great man's eye. A shrill-voiced elderly lady demanded something which she insisted she had been supplied with before, and denounced loudly the girl who said they had never stocked the pattern.

Mr. Turton leaped into the gulf, took over the awkward customer himself, convinced her that she had bought the old pattern somewhere else, sold her something suitable, and led her, a comparatively amiable woman, to the elevator.

Mr. Manley made a sign to him as he returned.

Mr. Turton hurried across to him, trembling.

"Don't waste too much time on these old cats!" remarked Mr. Manley.

"I prefer, if possible, to satisfy them, sir. It hurts me if the department misses sales."

Mr. Manley nodded. And as the occasions were seldom when he did not express vigorously his discontent with what an employee had done, Mr. Turton walked away with an air of pride, like some subaltern who has been commended by his general on the battlefield.

Every day felt happier when Mr. Manley moved away to worry another department.

There was a flow of good business. The returns were undoubtedly going up. None of the staff violated any of the sixty-five business rules.

Mr. Turton gaily calculated that, as things were going so well, he might take his full hour for dinner that day. Then, by eating his dinner in five minutes, he might contrive to rush home to Camden Town and spend ten minutes with his wife.

It would be a treat for the invalid, and he might venture for once to be away from the premises. Cheerful in the prospect, he bustled around the department, and then, turning round a corner unseen himself, young Frank Manley kissed his daughter Mabel!

It came as a tremendous shock to the little man. He moved away to

his tiny office at the end of the department, and pretended to be looking over invoices.

His own daughter—Rule 47! The terrible rule ran through his mind. It stated definitely that any employee flirting in business hours would be instantly dismissed. Poor Mabel! She would have to leave Manley's! To Mr. Turton it seemed as if she were being cast out of Paradise. And her salary would cease. And that forty pounds a year had been so helpful in paying the terrible doctors' bills. How could she—his own daughter—dare to violate such an important rule!

"I wonder," thought Mr. Turton, "whether I might caution her against any future offence."

Then there came back to him the case of Miss Webber and Mr. Andrew. He had been obliged to report them, and Mr. Manley had cast them out in summary fashion. It was true that they had married, and now had a prosperous little shop at Streatham. Still, they were outside Manley's! And though they were both quite friendly towards him, and said that he had been their best friend—still, he always felt like an assassin when he saw the young couple.

How could he overlook the violation of rules by his own daughter, when he had reported it in others? Then his wife would have to know! The news would be sure to set her back!

Poor "conscientious" Turton bent back over the pile of invoices in agony.

At last he made up his mind. He had to be fair to all. The rule must be enforced. He wondered whether Mr. Manley might be disposed to be merciful, considering that his son was mainly responsible, and then dismissed that possibility from his mind. Mr. Manley always boasted that he made no exceptions, and had no favorites.

At last he felt that he could hide himself in the office no longer. He came out, and dreadingly attended to his duties, though utterly lacking in the cheerful alertness he had always commended to young salesmen. His daughter noticed his sad face, and said:

"You've had no bad news of mother, have you?"

"No, dear. Please attend to your duties. Rule 11 prohibits casual conversation in business hours."

At last, when his dinner-hour came, he went slowly downstairs to Mr. Manley's office. He heard Mr. Manley's great voice thundering away at the manager of the lace department, and trembled as he heard it.

"Improve or go!" roared Mr. Manley.

The head of the lace crept ignominiously out of the private office. Mr. Manley looked up as Mr. Turton entered.

"His returns down three months running!" grunted Mr. Manley. "Can't stand that, Turton, can I? What do you want? Morning returns down?"

"I really don't know, sir."

"Don't know!" shouted Mr. Manley. "I put you there to know. When I managed a department thirty years ago I knew my returns to a halfpenny!"

"I beg pardon, sir, but I have been much upset. I detected an employee in my department violating Rule 47."

"Flirting in business hours! This is a business house, not a marriage agency. Oh, but it takes two to flirt. Who were the people?"

"Miss Turton," stammered Mr. Turton.

"Your daughter! Well, a rule's a rule. She knew about it. You ought to have brought her up better! Tell her to leave to-day. Who was the other—a customer?"

"It was Mr. Frank, sir."

"H'm! Well, I ought to have brought him up better, I suppose. I'll attend to him. You know what to do with the girl. Anything more?"

"No, sir."

"R'ght! You see I'm busy?" Mr. Turton went back to his department. He never troubled about dinner. He sat in his office, and wondered whether it would be long before Mabel got another place.

He speculated whether any firm would take a girl who had been summarily dismissed from Manley's. He thought he would not tell her till she went home. Then he would break the news to her. She would do nothing all the afternoon if she knew, and, after all, she owed a duty to the firm. Then the disgrace, too! How could he face the department afterwards?

He contrived to struggle through the dreary afternoon. Mr. Manley once walked into the department, and Mr. Turton, to his horror, saw him watching Mabel. It would be the last straw if Mr. Manley roared out at her that she was to get her things and go; but, after a terrible five minutes, Mr. Manley moved on.

At six o'clock the departmental telephone rang.

"Mr. Turton, you're wanted in the private office," said a girl.

He hurried down the stairs, speculating what the new trouble would be. Perhaps Mr. Manley would propose to get rid of the whole family!

He entered the office, and saw Mr. Manley standing by the fireplace with his son.

"Sit down, Mr. Turton," said Mr. Manley.

Mr. Turton tumbled into a chair. "There's more in this than I thought," proceeded Mr. Manley. "Frank, here, tells me that he's engaged to your daughter."

"I assure you, Mr. Manley, that I had no knowledge of it."

"Mr. Turton is quite correct, father."

"He ought to have known. Love-making in his department, indeed!" "I assure you, sir," began Mr. Turton.

"Well, there's no question about it—the girl will have to go!" interrupted Mr. Manley. "Can't have this sort of thing in business hours! Do you think it fitting that my son should be engaged to an employee's daughter?"

"I've done my best for you, sir, and it's been a dreadful surprise to me."

"Well, I've talked things over with Frank. He won't give way, so, you see, Mr. Turton, I don't see how I can keep you as manager of the silk department!"

Mr. Turton sat dumb. The expected blow had fallen. He was deposed from his high position!

"Quite impossible—you must see it—that the future head of the firm should be engaged to the daughter of an employee!"

Mr. Manley paused impressively. "So I've only one alternative. I've been looking for a trustworthy man to take Harris's place as general-manager ever since he broke down! You'll take over the duties to-morrow, Mr. Turton, and at the next board meeting you will have his place on the directorate. Now, a director's daughter is a different thing!"

Mr. Turton sat speechless.

"I suppose Frank had to marry someone," continued Mr. Manley, "and I was always afraid of him getting one of those golfing, motor-ing, extravagant girls. One of them can spend more than any three



THE TURK HELPS A WOUNDED BROTHER.
The Turk Has a Heart Despite His Bloody Reputation.

men can make honestly. Now he'll be marrying a girl who knows the value of money, and how hard it is to make. Why, I married his mother from the hosiery department of Webb & Timmins before I was his age. Best investment I ever made. She'd a business head. Well, she's a smart little girl, Turton, and has a nice face. She managed a spiteful old lady this afternoon in a style that convinced me she could manage a husband.

"Put Turton, mind you discharge her to-night!" he added, in conclusion. "How can I go raising Cain in the department if I know that my future daughter-in-law's got her eye on me?"—London Answers.

Peanut as Civilizer.

The peanut seems to be playing the part of "civilizer" in some of the colonial districts of Africa. Traders give a negro a bushel of nuts for seed on condition that he returns four bushels from his crop, and since the yield in good years is twenty-fold, the black man generally has a surplus that he can sell at the rate of a shilling a bushel. From a single station in Senegambia there were shipped in one year 20,000 tons. Small boys and scientists have long been in agreement as to the value of the peanut; now statesmen also will have to do it honor, since it seems likely to lead the native African into the paths of agriculture.

The Usual Result.

"She married him just for his money."

"Did she get it?"

"Yes, but now she wishes he was poor and decent."

HOME

Dainty Dishes.

Orange Egg-nog.—Two tablespoons syrup stock, juice of one orange, one teaspoonful lemon juice, one-half cup cold water and one egg. Mix together syrup stock, orange and lemon juice. Separate egg, beat yolk light, combine, adding water. Pour on to stiffly beaten egg white, beat well and serve at once in a tall glass. To make syrup stock for sweetening acid drinks, boil together two cupfuls sugar and one cupful water for five minutes, using as needed.

Grape Juice and Egg.—One egg, one-half cupful rich milk, one tablespoonful syrup stock, one-quarter cupful grape juice. Separate egg. Beat yolk light and add milk, syrup stock and grape juice and pour into glass. To the beaten white add a little powdered sugar and a taste of grape juice. Serve on yolk mixture. Chill all ingredients before using.

Oyster Stew.—Three-fourths cupful rich milk, six oysters, one-quarter cupful hot water, one teaspoonful butter, salt and pepper. Wash oysters, discard liquor and steam over hot water till edges are curled. Scald milk, add to it the butter, pour in steamed oysters and liquor, season and serve with hot toasted crackers.

Scraped Beef Balls.—One-half pound round steak, one toast round. Wipe steak with damp cloth. Place on plate and scrape up meat fiber by means of a broad-bladed case knife. Form pulp into little balls, and lightly broil in heated pan, rolling them about until slightly browned. Salt lightly and serve on a hot buttered bit of toast. Do not oil or grease the frying pan.

Junket Ice Cream.—One-half cup

ful of soda dissolved in hot water. Bake in a slow oven. This cake will be improved by adding half a cup of chopped nut meats.

Keeping Lamps Trimmed.

Despite the reign of the electroliner the lamp still has many followers. Many take to lamps because they must; some because the light it sheds is softer, more becoming and better for the eyes.

When a lamp fails to give a good light do not waste time reviling the manufacturing, but look to your own duties.

Perhaps the wick is crooked, or too short or not in squarely. Rub off the top of the wick each day with soft paper, and if it fails to draw, put it up on the catches or get a new one. Unless sure you can put in the wick correctly send the lamp to a store and have it done properly.

Perhaps a new wick is less necessary than removing the oil with which it is clogged. Boil in vinegar and water and dry thoroughly.

Fill your lamps daily. Never light a lamp that is nearly empty, as it increases danger of explosion. Fill a lamp by daylight; if it must be done after dark keep away from a flame and wipe all oil from the outside.

Even with the best oil a poor light results if the burner is not clean. This should be washed once a month in a quart of cold water, to which has been added a tablespoonful of washing soda and a little soap. Boil several hours, pour off the blackened water, cover with fresh boiling water, soap and soda, boil five minutes, rinse in clean, hot water and rub dry with a clean soft cloth that is not linty.

Lamp chimneys may be rubbed off with soft paper daily, and when smoked should be washed in hot ammonia water, rinsed in cold water and polished with a tea towel and soft paper.

Little Hints.

A simple little idea that to pass on to the housewife was suggested the other day by seeing a bride of a few months struggling to wield a broom while wearing her husband's cast-off gloves to save her hands. The gloves were, of course, a good deal too large for her, but in spite of this they were making her hands hot and uncomfortable and sweeping under such conditions was most trying.

Now to make the old gloves usable for housework it is only necessary to split the backs along the seams and then cut a slit or two around the thumbs. The protection to the hands is as good as with the original gloves and the discomfort is reduced to nothing. This cannot be done, of course, with rubber gloves, intended to protect the hands when forced to dip them in hot water or soda, but it is a useful hint for the housewife who does her own sweeping and mopping and wishes to preserve the beauty of her hands.

Some one advised to try clothes pegs to attach cheesecloth to the jar when straining fruit for preserves, or for similar work where a cheesecloth strainer is used. The idea is not bad, but there is another one with far better results. Have you ever seen the little clips that photographers, amateur and professional, use to dry prints? The little clips are strung in a line, and the prints are clipped at the corners and left until ready to mount.

These clips are little wooden affairs, less than half the size of a clothes peg and much more suitable for clipping the cloth to the edge of the pan or bowl than a clothes peg would be. They are for sale in a photographic stock house or in the photographic department of a store. They are cheap and will be found useful in the house in a number of ways. A wire arrangement in the centre permits a string to be run through them without interfering with the clipping part, and they can be strung across the room and used for drying small articles.

The possibilities of the brush in the kitchen have by means been exhausted. The unnecessary waste of time and energy in cleaning jars of any kind is evident when you see a woman struggling to get at the crevices of a narrow necked preserve jar with a cleaning cloth. It is as bad as the struggle to clean the inside of the lamp chimney. Reams of paper have been used to present to suffering womankind various new methods of getting at the interior of a lamp chimney when it is necessary to wipe it out, but there is nothing about cleaning the interior of preserve jars. Get one of those five or ten cent long-handled brushes and just see how simple and easy a job it is to dip right down into the edge of the interior of the glass and remove every bit of dirt without effort of any undue kind.

Another suggestion for the brush in the kitchen is to get a stiff nail brush for use when cleaning celery. You will find it useful in a number of ways when cleaning vegetables.

It is easy to tempt those who sit around and wait.

"Privates in the army eat more than the officers." "Is that right?" "Yes. There are more of them."

A smile goes a long ways and is sometimes a far better traveller than a punch.

GRL IN THE SERBIAN RANKS

REGRETS THE LOSS OF HER BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

The Father, Having No Son, Made Her Swear to Fight Turks If War Came.

A correspondent of the London Daily Mirror, who has been with the Serb Army in Macedonia, sends a story of a young woman who has won distinction for herself as a soldier in the hard marches and fighting that have marked this campaign. She is Miss Sophia Yovanovitch, who is described as being 19, fair, slim, of medium height, and expressive dark blue eyes, with "hair cropped, dressed in rough but serviceable military uniform, and carrying a carbine, looking a soldier and being a soldier."

The correspondent had a talk with the girl at Uskub, and this is what she said:

"I was born at Belgrade on Jan. 28, 1893, and my parent, were comfortably well off. My father and his parents at one time owned a great deal of land in Macedonia, and had suffered much at the hands of the Turks."

Wanted Serbia Free.

"He was keenly interested in any political movement which might help to achieve his ideal of a free Serbia. For over twenty years he belonged to a committee, an independent and irregular band of Christians who helped to keep the Albanians at bay."

"My father's one sorrow was that he had no son to whom he could hand his rifle. When he was on his deathbed in September, 1911, he called me to his side, and, placing my hands over his heart, asked me to swear by his memory and our name that if ever the occasion arose I would take the place of a son in fighting the Turk. I swore that I would do so, and ever after that oath was like something burning in my brain."

"When there was talk in September of a possibility of war with Turkey I twice wrote the Committee of Public Safety, and begged them to obtain for me an audience of the King, as I wished to join the army. They replied that the King was very busy, and that they could do nothing for me."

Approached King Direct.

"I was eating my heart out with grief, but, of course, could do nothing. Then one day I had a happy idea. I would approach the King direct. I waited until King Peter opened the Skupschina, and then approaching his Majesty implored him to let me serve with his soldiers. The King was most kind. He told me to see Gen. Yankovic (now commanding the third army), and the next day I received a letter to take to the General."

"By the time I got to Nish, where the General had preceded me, I found that he had gone further on, but had left instructions for me. I was sent to Procupine, and there I was taught how to use a rifle and was made a member of a committee."

"After a fortnight's stay we moved on to Vranja. I then had my hair cropped quite short. I am afraid that I did mourn the loss of my hair, of which I had always been so proud."

"A day before the declaration of war we crossed the frontier. Our committee was fifty strong, and the men were just like so many big brothers to me, but of course I did my full share of the work."

Threw Bomb at Foe.

"Our first fight was on the day before the declaration of war at Veyaglave (Vey's head), when a band of Albanians attacked us. We entrenched ourselves behind a karaul (stone block house), when the enemy fired on us. At the word of command I took aim and fired."

"Afterward I was hoisted on to the top of the block house and threw a bomb at the enemy. There is something fascinating about the sound of rifle firing. I don't think I bothered about the danger."

"Then we marched to Czernagourka and had a long struggle against the Albanians. Being towared I suffered much in hill climbing and sprained my foot, but that did not stop me from taking part in the fighting."

Miss Yovanovitch's sweetheart is a fellow member of the committee. He is an engineer, and said he was going to England next year, and after a short stay there would proceed to the United States. Directly after the campaign the couple were to marry.

Obvious Reason.

"My husband has deserted me and I want a warrant," announced the large lady.

"What reason did he have for deserting you?" asked the prosecutor.

"I don't want any lip from you, I want a warrant. I don't know what reason he had."

"I think I understand his reason," said the official feebly, as he proceeded to draw up a warrant.