

## Character Reading

By Frances E. Gale.

Miss Irene Jones was fresh from a course in a stenographic institute, from which she had received a neatly-printed recommendation, stating that she could write one hundred and twenty words per minute, which she could do when the words were familiar ones; and that she could transcribe them with accuracy, which she could—when she could read them; and that she was a young lady of neat habits and excellent character, both statements being strictly true, but the letter did not mention that she never could be induced to amper speed by a slavish attention to the eccentricities of shorthand. Her teacher had once remarked that it was pity she should have taken up a system which required the observance of laws, through one below the line of laws as to the placing of characters. It was, since there were others of a different kind, and she was dazed down in any old place without affecting her legibility or illegibility. Miss Jones did not say how thoroughly she agreed with him, but she joyfully anticipated the time when, freed from his surveillance, she might relax her efforts to remember rules she was sure she could safely disregard.

For two days of her first position she had been a good deal with self-satisfying ease, and had overheard the manager, who, despite adverse experiences with many assistants, was still optimistic, tell one of his associates that he believed she would "make good." Now, however, she drew her nicely-nicled brows into a fearful frown, and her pretty mouth and ran her fingers into the permanent wave of her bobbed hair as though she would like to give her head a good shake thereby. It was Saturday afternoon and the normal office was deserted save by herself and a boy, who sat whittling and waiting for the letter in which Miss Jones, with a perspiring brow, was beginning to admit to herself that she was "tuck." Her wrist watch stated that it was 1.50. In five minutes Harry would be at the Junction of State and Madison and it was a good 10 minutes' walk from the building in which Miss Jones sat the place of meeting, and there she sat with this exasperating thing half-written, and apparently no hope of finishing it, for he never could have had what that ridiculous outline seemed to make him say.

The manager had told her that she should leave over until Monday all of his hour's dictation, except one short te, which she would please write and patch by the boy. She could sign with his rubber stamp. Then he had run out of the office in the comfortable assurance that no mistake could be made by a girl whose performance thus far had been satisfactory. At, alas, Miss Jones' memory, upon which she relied more than her new employer guessed, had been occupied tirelessly with her last interview with Harry, upon which occasion he had almost reached a point that every girl in see around the sharp corner of the small corner. No part of this letter except that bit which connected the dictatory nerve with her fingers. She looked at the words she had typed, then her notes. She pushed the book away off and screwed up her eyes as she had seen the knowing ones do school, but no light came from that source. She drew it close and pored over it, but the sentence looked just as possible as ever.

"Say," gloomed the office boy, "the boss said I wouldn't be wait more than a few minutes and its gone 15 now. I'll go back to my old job at McMichael's. They always close up here on the dot."

McMichael's! That was where Dolores worked. She'd be passing late street, on Madison, just about where Harry had said that he thought all showed sense in not having her hair bobbed. Of course, Irene's was dark, and it made a difference. Oh-oh, what on earth could those words be? What could they be but what she looked like? Men aren't like girls; they said all sorts of things to each other. "Anyway," said Miss Jones to herself, "I'm going to write it."

The keys rattled under her fingers, a rubber stamp dabbed a blurred signature, and envelope was swiftly addressed, the letter snatched by the boy, and Miss Jones, after a frantic dash at a mirror, sped down the corridor and up her finger on the elevator button until the conductor's head appeared, asking if she thought she was turning a fire alarm.

Monday morning found Miss Jones again taking dictation. Her eyes, lifted occasionally from her flying pencil, were filled with a starry light. The door behind her opened and there entered a middle-aged man, a stout man, every stout man. His clear blue eyes and cushiony cheeks were made for

cestors) had also been tamed. Bones of all these animals have been

found in the mud around the stakes and posts which once held up the huts.

The bones of oxen were most numerous. The remains of many wild animals have also been found in lake mud. Brown bears, badgers, martens, wolves, foxes, wildcats, beavers, blons and deer were the animals killed most often by the lake dwellers.

The ability of men of science to tell which animals were tame and which were wild is a great marvel. One way they do it is by noticing small differences in the bones. For instance, certain bones of wild bears have more creases in them than the same bones in tame bears. This is because tame animals have a more easy life.

There must have been herdsman among the lake dwellers to take care of the sheep, goats and oxen while they grazed during the daytime. Perhaps this work was given to boys or old men, so the stronger members of the tribe could go hunting.

At night the animals were driven upon platforms built over the water, near the hut village. Shelters were made to protect them from rain in summer and from snow and icy winds in winter. Rallings kept the beasts from tumbling into the water while being driven back and forth.

Next—The First Spinning Wheels.

## YOU KNOW ME AL

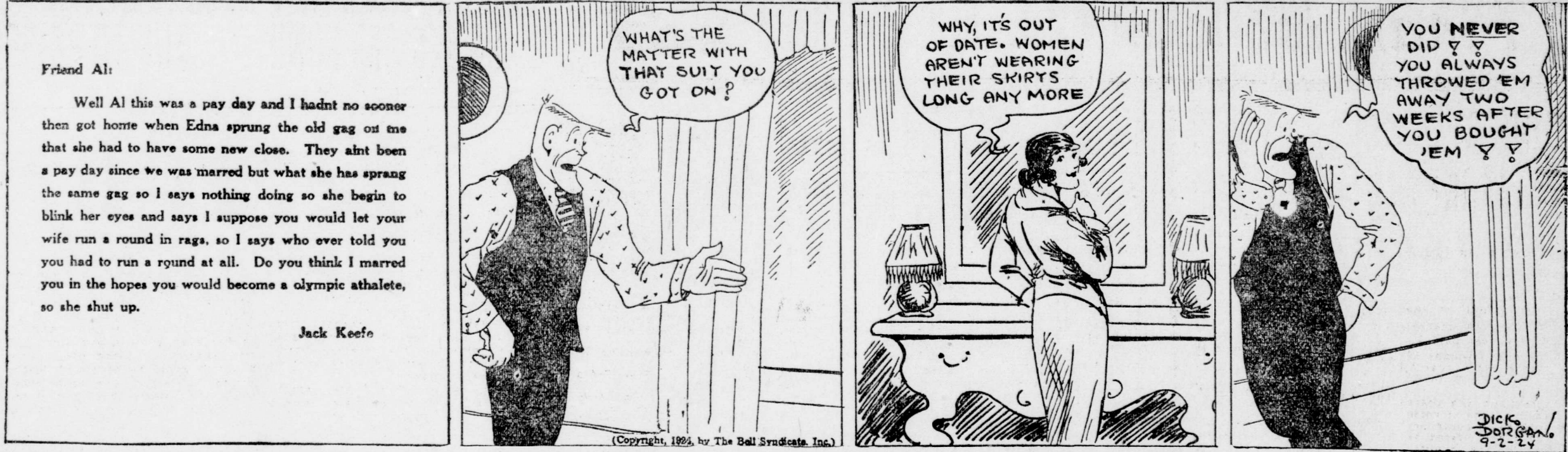
Friend Al:

Well Al this was a pay day and I hadn't no sooner then got home when Edna sprung the old gag on me that she had to have some new close. They ain't been a pay day since we was married but what she has sprang the same gag so I says nothing doing so she begin to blink her eyes and says I suppose you would let your wife run a round in rags, so I says who ever told you you had to run a round at all. Do you think I married you in the hopes you would become a olympic athlete, so she shut up.

Jack Keefe

## Adventures of Jack Keefe

BY RING W. LARDNER



## SALESMAN SAM

Pessimistic Sam—Optimistic Guzz

BY SWAN



## "CAP" STUBBS

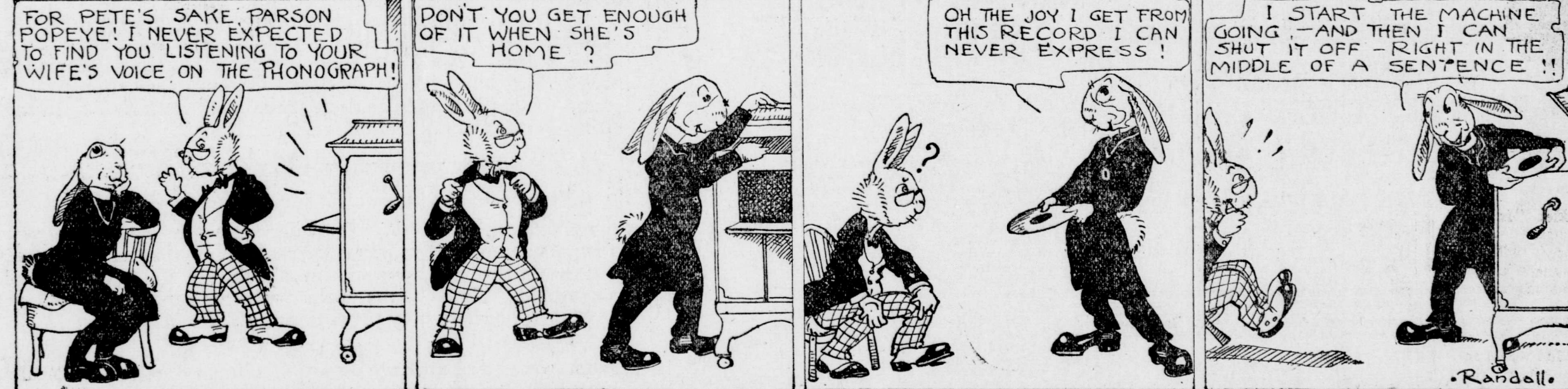
Told In Detail

BY EDWINA



## IN RABBITBORO

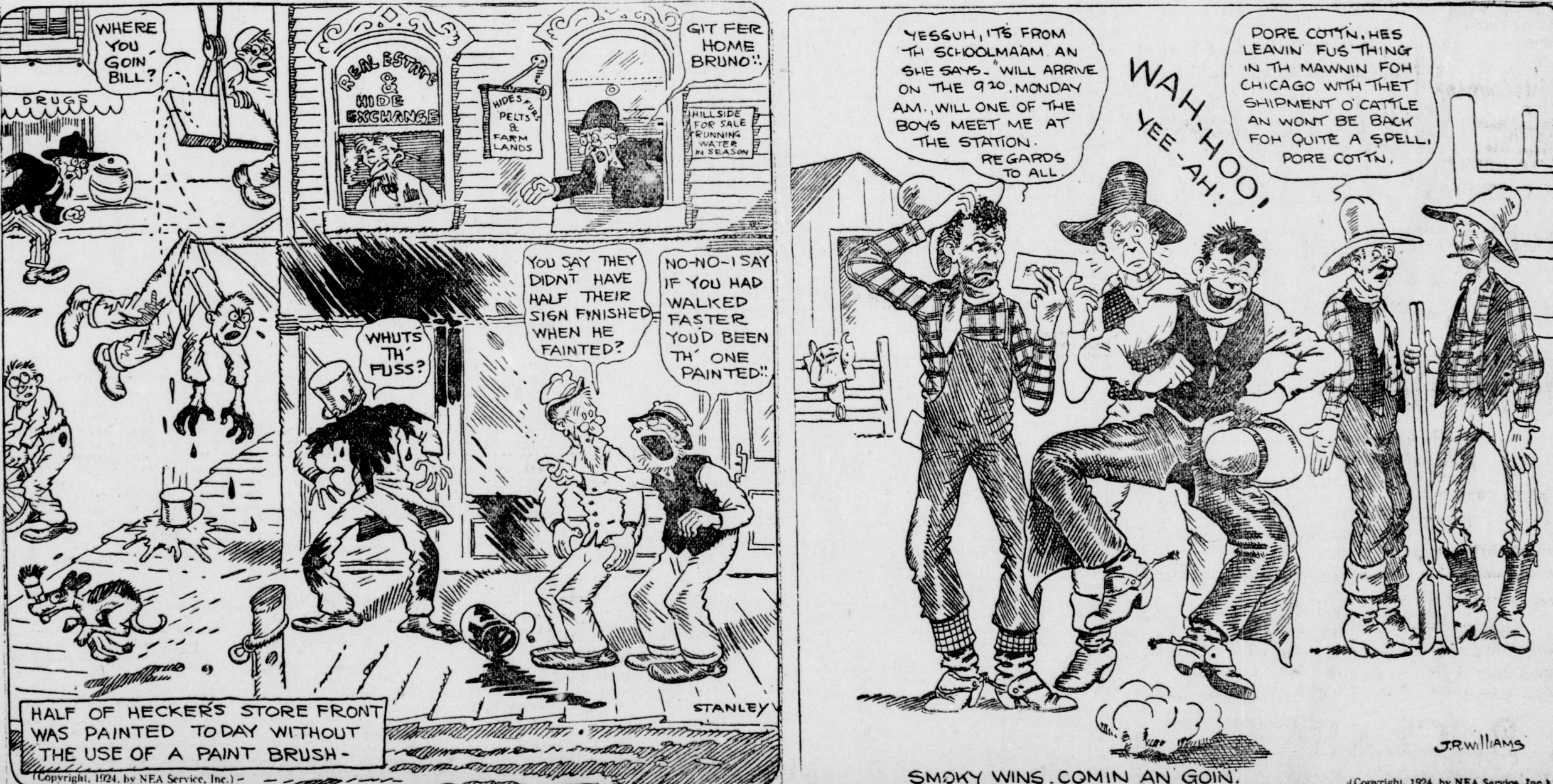
BY ALBERTINE RANDALL



## THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Stanley

OUT OUR WAY—By Williams



## CHILD'S STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE

By Uncle Ray

CHAPTER L-LAKE DWELLERS AND THEIR HERDS.

Why do you suppose thousands of people of the late Stone Age built hut villages over the surface of lakes in Switzerland, Northern Italy, and other parts of Europe?

The main reason must have been a life for safety.

There was now a special cause for fear. Lake dwellers owned herds of animals which might be killed by tigers or bears, or stolen by members of other tribes.

We have already spoken of tame horses, sheep and goats. Great numbers of oxen and a few boars (pig ancestors) had also been tamed.

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