A PROFESSION WITH A HUMAN INTEREST

Nowadays when nearly every woman has to choose a career the one who cannot afford to graduate or to embark on a long and expensive training seems to be confronted with a difficult problem. She may have had a good general education and be interested in many subjects but feel no urge to pursue any special one. Many a woman placed in this position has found a happy solution in a secretaryship, and paradoxical as it may sound, a good secretary rarely remains a secretary.

By a secretary is not meant someone who taps a typewriter at an incredible speed, nor merely someone who never fails to transcribe her own shorthand notes. Shorthand and typewriting, though essential, are mechanical and do not constitute the secretaryship. Her quality depends on the more elusive mental equipment she brings with her and exercises and perfects as she goes along. Her most important duty is to act as a buffer between her employer, who is probably a busy man or woman with important work to do, and the outside world.

Discretion.

Not until she has made her employer's interest her own, has learnt the joy of willing service, and acquired the ability to handle a difficult situation with tact, can she claim to be a secretary. She must be so discreet that the most private business can be discussed in her presence with absolute certainty that no word of the conversation will be repeated, and that not because she has not understood what it is about. She must be able to act on her own initiative, to write letters without having them dictated to her.

She must inspirt confidence so that callers will willingly tell her their affairs. Her employer, whose time is obviously more valuable than her own, may not wish to talk to everyone himself, and if the matter is so important that he must, it will be helpful to have the gist of the subject before him so that he need not waste time in preliminary inquiries.

Interest.

The secretary must not appear hurried even if she is busy, for each person's affairs seem extremely important to himself. Courteous attention and unfeigned interest do not take any longer than does standing with one eye on the door and the other on the speaker. The result, however, may be vastly different.

But, you may say, where does the secretary come in? Is she to give everything? Certainly she should give all she has, and always seek to add to her store, but her return will be proportionately rich. She has an interesting life, a good salary; is of real service to someone, and earns his confidence and gratitude. She can get an insight into the world's work. If she has a bent for literature, what invaluable experience may be gained by helping someone engaged in it. If to be a journalist is her ambition there is no bettter method of becoming one than to act as secretary to an editor. Many women who have made their way in commerce have served an apprenticeship as secretary to a business man, while social work and politics may all be studied from this useful angle of actual experience.

GIRL REFUSES ROYAL ASSISTANCE

Miss Betts, a London girl, was struck by the King's automobile, on a street in London, a few days ago, and suffered slight injuries. The King, on seeing what had happened, got out of the car and helped the girl up, and offered to take her home. Miss Betts was more surprised on coming in contact with the King than with being hit. She refused, however, His Majesty's offer to assist her, and saying she was all right, departed for her home. The following day she received flowers from His Majesty. This photo shows Miss Betts at her home in London, England.

PAVING STONES MADE AT HOME

The writer recently saw a wonderfully effective garden with many artistic paths and these paths were laid with cement blocks which were all of one size. They were about 6 by 4 inches large, and it was learned they were made at home and were the work of a woman. Another garden which also made a fine effect was paved with large "bricks." In both cases the separate stones of cement were laid as is expensive flagging.

As cement in many parts of the country is much less expensive than paving stone it is of interest to know how these blocks are molded. They may be large or small as taste prefers, and the effect of irregular paving can be achieved by casting a variety of shopes and sizes, but it really never looks like broken stone, therefore the small blocks laid regularly give a finer effect.

The Method.

The materials necessary are good cement and clean sharp sand in equal proportions, and broken brick or stone in the proportion to these of four to one.

Cast the blocks in wooden molds. The work will be hastened if one supplies oneself with plenty of these molds and fills them all at once. They are not at all expensive and may be purchased from garden furniture studios or from a practical carpenter. They will last for many castings. Of course they should be a little larger than the desired size of the "stones" for cement always shrinks a trifle as it hardens.

The first thing is to make a good surface for the stone by pouring in an inch of hard cement and this is done by using only one-third of water to sheer cement, and mixing them thoroughly before putting them into the mold and pressing the mixture firmly into corners. After this the mold should be filled about one-half full with half sand and half cement which has been mixed with a little more water than the first batch. Then the remainder of the space should be filled with the same mixture (half and half) to which has been added 4 times its bulk in broken stone or brick.

This work must be done rapidly if perfect union is to be achieved, for the layers dry quickly, and for neat work they need to mix and intermingle, drying all together. After pouring in the last mixture of all, it is a good plan to draw a straight piece of wood across the top to secure an absolutely smooth surface.

As cement sets quickly, it will be quite hard in about 20 minutes, but those from whom the writer learned of this work said they left the blocks in the molds for two days at least and then they were dry through and through. As they shrink a little in the process, it is very easy to turn them out. Let them stand in sun and wind if convenient.

Cement Must Age Before Planting.

Cement differs from stone in the active quality of lime it contains. After laying a garden with stone, one can plant bulbs among the crevides, border plants around the edges of beds, and sow seeds broadcast, and they will all do well, but cement has to mellow many weeks before it is advisable to plant near it. Of course, if the blocks have been made a year before the laying of them, they will be quite safe, and no "burn" will remain in the material to destroy tender roots seeking to expand in the earth.

When one has mastered making paving "stones" a whole world of garden endeavor is seen to stretch ahead. Many ornaments can be molded, all inexpensively. Cement takes on a richer color as it ages and if correctly made will not crack when the elements play upon it.

More Than Grass.

On my breakfast table there is a pot of honey. Not the manufactured stuff sold under that name in shops, but honey of the hive, brought to me by a neighboring cottager whose bees often hum in my garden. It gives, I confess, more pleasure to my eye than to my palate; but I like to taste of it, because it is honey. . . . What were honey to me if I knew nothing of Hymettus and Hybla?—if my mind had no stores of poetry, no memories of romance? Suppose me town-pent, the name might bring with it some pleasantness of rustic odor; but of what poor significance even that, if the country were to me mere grass and corn and vegetables, as to the man who has never read nor wished to read. The poet is indeed . . . above the world of sense, trodden by hidebound humanity, he builds that world of his own whereto is summoned the unfettered. . . . Why does it delight me to see the bat flitting at dusk before my window, or to hear the hoot of the owl when all the ways are dark? I might regard the bat with disgust, and the owl either with vague superstition or not heed it at all. But these have their place in the poet's world, and carry me above the idle present.

I once passed a night in a little market-town where I . . . went to bed early. . . . I was presently awakened by I knew not what; in the darkness there sounded a sort of music, and . . . I was aware of the soft chiming of church bells. Why, what hour could it be? I struck a light and looked at my watch. Midnight. Then a glow came over me. "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Swallow!" Never till then had I heard them. And the town in which I slept was Evesham, but a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon. What if those midnight bells had been to me as any other, and I had reviled them as any other?—George Gissinfi, in "Books and the Quiet Life."

Finger prints can be forged, according to a finger print expert who displays evidence of such a case.

Barrel Gardens.

Every gardener concerned about strawberry growing will be interested to learn that enough strawberries to supply a family for a season can be reared in a barrel. This is the proof of an experiment successfully carried out by Mr. Delavan D. Johnson, of California.

He filled with earth a barrel in which holes, each of sufficient size to take a strawberry plant, had been bored. In each of the holes a plant was set, and under each plant was built a screen platform to support it as it grew and bore fruit.

As many as sixty plants can be cultivated in one barrel, and by this method hundreds of plants can be reared in a restricted area.

The berries are said to be better than those grown on the ground, since they get more sun and air and are not so cramped for room.

Good Marks.

"Your son is getting good marks at school I suppose?"

"I'll say he is — cuts, bruises, scratches and black eyes."

Hotter Than Our Sun.

The side of the sun turned away from the earth is hotter than the edge we see, astronomers believe.

Keep Step.

Keep step with the marching hours
That are swiftly moving by,
For they still keep tramping onward
From birth to the day you die.
If you let them get before you,
You'll never your place regain,
And you'll hobble along life's highway
In misery, want and pain.

Keep step with the band of progress
Which plays all the newest airs,
For the great and grand successes
Are always to him who dares.
There are lands on the far horizon
Where never a foot has trod,
Where the gold of high achievement
Lies close underneath the sod.

Keep step with the helpful army
Which threads out the path of good,
Through deserts of human failure,
Through forest, and fire, and flood.
Set the pace for the halting laggards
Who crowd in the army's rear,
And make for the glorious highlands
Of the far-off golden year!

—A. B. C.

A Guide Needed.

"What do you do when winter breaks up?" asked a man for whom Toofus had been guiding.

"I may go to Niagara Falls," responded Toofus, "and be a guide."

"But what is there to guide about at Niagara Falls? Everything is in plain sight."

"A guide goes around with honey mooners," said Toofus "and keeps them from walking into those falls."

Detecting Compression Leaks.

When pistons and rings are taken out of an engine, compression leaks can be detected by black streaks on the pistons and rings after the oil and carbon have been removed.

A Tale About Time-Keeping.

Many thousands of years passed on this earth before man devised any device fortelling the time by the sun. It is known that early man began his day at sunrise and divided it into twenty-four hours, but it was not until about 550 B.C. that Berosus, a Greek, invented the sundial, says C. W. Mitman in "The Story of Time-Keeping."

The value of Berosus' invention was soon recognized and sundials were erected in many places. They were not, however, always gratefully received, as indicated by an old Roman conservative:—

The gods confound the man who first found out
How to distinguish hours! Confound them all
Who in this place set up a sundial
To cut and hack my days so rigidly
Into small portions! When I was a boy
My belly was my sundial: one more sure,
Truer and more exact than any of them.
The dial told me when 'twas proper time
To go to dinner (when I had aught to eat),
But nowalays, why . . . . .
I can't fail to unless the sun gives leave.
The town's so full of these confounded dials
The greater part of these inhabitants,
Shrunk with hunger, creep along the streets.

Measurements.

"Can you give me a description of your absconding cashier?" asked the detective.

"Well," answered the angry merchant, "I believe he's about five feet five inches tall and about $700 short."

TRAVEL BY AIRPLANE BECOMING SAFER

RESEARCH WORK BY BRITISH MILITARY MAN.

Pterodactyl, a Tailless Machine, is Made Laterally Stable at All Speeds.

For some three years Capt. G. T. R. Hill has been engaged on research work in connection with "safety in flight," and before the members of the Royal Aeronautical Society, London, he recently gave details of some of the results attained. Faced with the fact that many lives are lost yearly owing to loss of control in the air, he studied the question of "aerodynamic safety" or freedom from accident due to lack of control. His investigations led to the conclusion that the controls of a normal type of airplane were adequate, so long as the stalling angle was not approached, but that they all became ineffective in stalled flight, while at the same time serious lateral instability developed.

Captain Hill was of opinion that the tailless airplane evolved by J. W. Dunne some years ago achieved greater success as regards stability than any built before or since. His own design, he thought, more nearly resembled the most efficient gliding birds, such as gulls or the tailless pterodactyls, which were said to have been capable of several hundred miles' flight at a stretch. He therefore set to work to design a tailless light airplane and decided to make his early trials with a glider, which decision was afterward amply justified.

Satisfactory Tests.

In the winter of 1924 he came to the conclusion that, with slight modification, his structure would be able to carry a passenger. The airplane arranged as a glider was completed in December, 1924, and was tried out in a remote spot where he had done some gliding in the early days of flying. His tests were so satisfactory that he was satisfied that the machine would fly under power and that no alterations in design were necessary.

Fitted with a Bristol Cherub engine, the Pterodactyl, as Captain Hill christened his machine, was ready to fly by October the following year. His first flight proved satisfactory, and up to date 21 flights have been made. At top speed with a total load of 658 pounds the speed was 70 miles per hour, with engine revolutions per minute of 3340. Stalling speed was 25 miles per hour. The airplane proved laterally stable at all speeds, and if the control stick was released when side-slipping, it immediately returned to the centre and the machine assumed a level keel. It would fly with feet off the rudder bar, and if this were kicked over and released it returned to the central position and a steady straight flight was resumed.

Gliding Power.

There proved to be no definite stalling point, though there was a definite minimum speed. With throttled engine the airplane would glide at, say, 40 miles per hour with the wing chord roughly horizontal; if the stick were pulled slowly back the speed decreased and the true angle of descent increased, but the airplane still maintained the same attitude to the horizon; although it might thus be said to be stalled, yet it was under good control even in bumps. In such flight the rudder control appeared adequate to maintain direction and carry out gentle turns even in bumpy weather. Landing proved so easy that it seemed to be almost impossible to make a bad landing.

What Bobby Wanted.

The tiny brother of the bride was given a piece of wedding cake to put under his pillow.

The following morning his mother said to him:

"Well, Bobby, did you sleep with the wedding cake under your pillow and dream of your future wife?"

"No, mummie," replied Bobby. "I eated the cake, 'cause I want my wife to be a surprise."

Found After Twenty Years.

When some desks were being moved in a London solicitor's office a sovreign, dropped and lost by a client twenty years ago, was found.

Too Well Defended.

Edna—"You say Jack was the victim of a heart attack?"

Mildred—"Yes, he tried to attack mine."

For Children's Hospital.

The Duke of Portland has offered aspacious site in the Dukeries for the erection of a large county hospital in Nottinghamshire for crippled children.

The cost of lumber and other building materials is a good argument in favor of placing additional insurance on the house and barns. Many are carrying the same insurance they were many years ago. If these good folks were to have a fire, it would be almost impossible for them to rebuild.

SEEING ROUND THE WORLD

A New Use for Wireless

Actually taking shape now are pieces of apparatus, inhumanly human, which will enable operators not only to control pilotless aeroplanes while they are high in the air, but to endow these manless machines with a power of "seeing" electrically what is in front, on either side, or above and below, and of flashing back that bird's-eye view by wireless so that it is reproduced on screens, miles distant, at a point where the controllers sit with their intricate gear.

In the bodies of such weird winged craft will be special lenses which one might describe as "automatic eyes." Through them will be passed a picture of all that lies within visual range.

These images will be focused upon light-sensitive receivers. Then they will be transmitted wirelessly to the land-station which has sent aloft these all-seeing eyes, writes Harry Harper in "The London Daily Chronicle."

How It Will Be Done.

At this ground-station an operator will sit before his illuminated screens. On them, ever changing, will be a series of pictures, and as he studies them they will show him everything that is visible within range of that pilotless plane he is controlling, and which may be rushing through the air many miles distant.

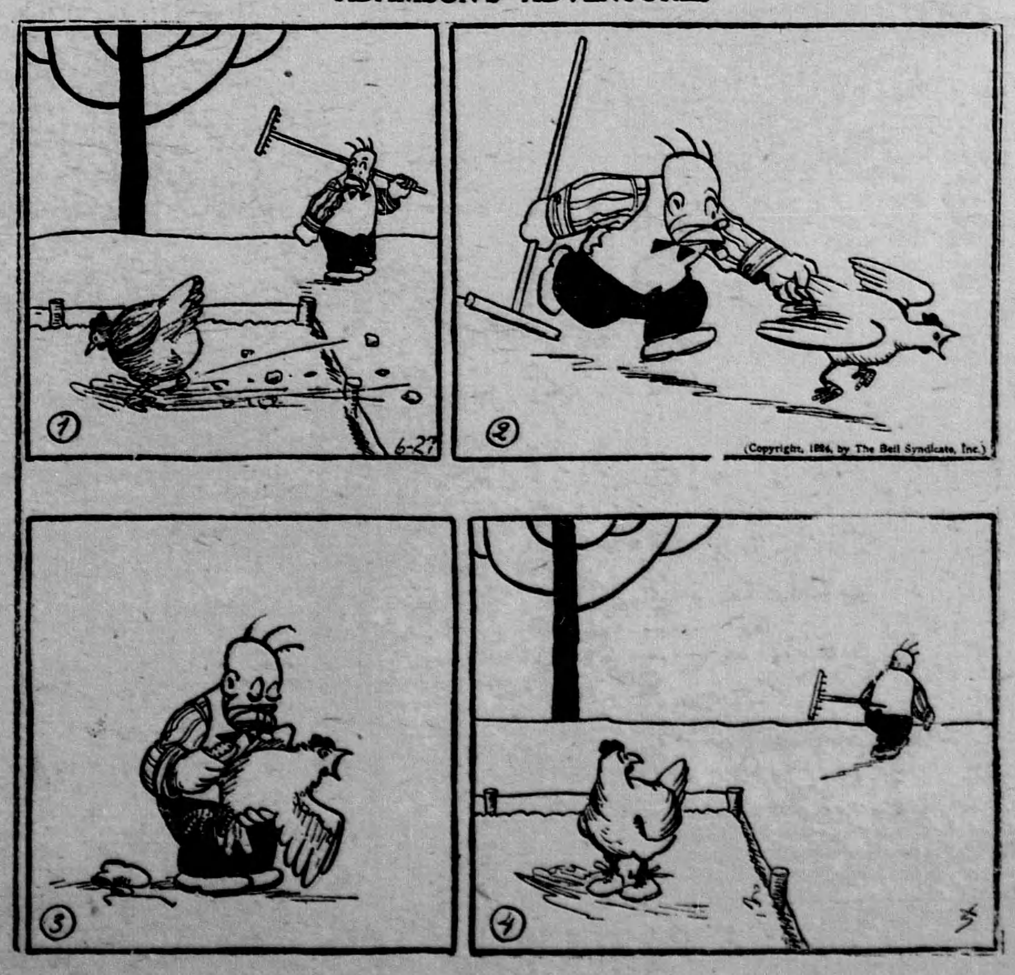
Could there be anything more amazing? Picture what it all means! It means, ultimately, that when some great event is to take place, no matter in what part of the world, light-sensitive screens will be raised aloft above the spot in specially-designed hovering machines of the helicopter type controlled automatically from the ground.

Focused on these air-borne screens by powerful lenses, just as it transpires, will be the actual scene it is desired that the rest of the world shall see. The thousands of sensitive cells on the screen, "seeing" what the lenses project upon them, will flash their marvellous vision for thousands of miles in all directions.

We shall study the newspapers and note when something we are interested in is to take place at some point an immense distance away. But this distance will not matter in the least. When the time comes for the event to take place we shall just stroll into the cinema where one of the great receiving screens has been erected. There, reproduced faithfully in every detail, we shall see that scene enacted thousands of miles away, perhaps on the other side of one of the mighty oceans!

Sight and Sound.

Great horse-races, great boxing matches, great ceremonial events, the beauties and wonders of foreign lands —we shall see them all with our air-borne eyes! And we may hope to see them not just in different shades of black and white, but in all their natural, true-life colors.

We shall see the blue of the sea, the green of the trees, the flash of many colors in a great horse-race. And, as sound is already transmitted so perfectly by wireless, we shall have the final and complete illusion not only of living movement and natural color, but of the roar of some great delighted multitude.

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