

## PEOPLE WHOSE LIFE DESTINY IT IS TO WAIT ON OTHERS

Their Activities Afford the Comforts that Pad Civilized Man's Daily Existence and Make His Way Through Life Easy and Pleasant in Its Every Physical Aspect



**H**OW many servants have you? Just as many as you have wants to satisfy. There is somebody to do everything. Each day's round brings up a panorama of these familiar faces. There is the waitress who serves your breakfast, the white-jacketed man who gives you your morning's breakfast, the hurrying bell hop who interrupts that last cup of coffee with a summons to the telephone, the hello girl who hunted, perhaps over half the state, to fill your call; the preparation for the day's work has called to your service half a dozen others—the bootblack, the barber, the manicure girl—for there is no end to the servitors whom you may beckon.

Before the day is over there will be a veritable stream of them—the steno girl, the flower girl, the shop girl, the candy girl—girls it seems without end. Each of these, your servants, are specialists. Even the lowly "shine" who cares for your shoes can lay claim to special skill.

In your daily round you will find that the staff of those who wait on you is pretty clearly defined by the paths through which activities lead one. At your favorite cafe it has long ago become a fixed habit to drop into the same chair at the same table to be waited on by the same waiter. The same regularity will follow your rounds to the barber and so through the day you are continually familiarizing yourself with the same series of faces.

Those familiar faces. They are as much a part of life as the closer relationships. The man-about-town has numerous acquaintances whom he cannot call by name and whom he knows well, but only as faces and nameless personalities.

Now there's that little blonde at the candy store, for instance. She makes an impression because she is pretty and flippant, spicily saucy. She has packed that matinee box of chocolates for you every Sunday through the winter and so comes to have a friendly personal interest in the affair. The waiter girl, she, too, has her part. She learned long ago that you want two lumps of sugar in your coffee, and also that you don't like sauces with onion in them. These everyday servants know you better than you know yourself, especially when it comes to the little fancies and foibles; if you are a "regular."

Try it on the telephone girl. Her's is a medium of acquaintance that amounts to nothing more than a voice. If you are in the habit, as many a business man is, of calling a certain number at some set time each day, try the experiment of making a slight mistake of a single figure. The chances are that the girl on the job will catch you.

"Eight-blank-eight-two."  
"You mean eight-blank-eight-one, don't you?" the query will come.

That is, if you and your central girl are on good terms and it pays to be that way. When "central" gets peeved she has a petulant way of letting you work out your own salvation unassisted.

Right here you may rise up and remark that the wise 'phone girl is a myth, sarcastically adding that you can't get any number at all half the time. Figuring the average out, however, will demonstrate that the busy 'phone girl makes a high average of accuracy. If she did not she wouldn't be in the exchange. Two hundred telephones in the humming central office that serves a downtown district will keep her sufficiently occupied.

It is a fact that she is usually so unfailing that makes you peevish when the balk comes. Your personality has to filter through a maze of wires to reach the central girl. There on the switchboard just a flash of light from one of the hundreds of pearly little globules of the lamp is all that tells the operator that you are waiting to give a command. But she knows you marvelously well, consider

ing the limitations. Haste, anger, indifference, fatigue, elation, persuasion, they are all reflected in your accents and if some day when she is not too busy you get confidential with the hello girl she will tell you all about it with surprising accuracy.

Of all the girls that serve, the steno and the nurse have the most attained to fame and recognition. The solemn, serious statistician has not yet turned his attention to the romances and marriages that have resulted from the charms displayed by these fair and deft-fingered persons, but the figures would be interesting.

Many are the hardened and confirmed bachelors who have gone into the hospital never to return as free and single men. The tender ministrations of that beaproned and white-capped young woman with quite a professional air—nurses are life through the lather and towels.

There is a world of appeal in the bootblack's "Shine, sir?" He nails you as soon as you are well out of the clutches of the barber. There is a note in his terse question which, together with the side-long glance at your footwear, gives the impression that he feels really sorry for some fault in your personal appearance. That "Shine, sir?" is just a tentative, modest suggestion, but some way the bootblack gets a lot of "pull" into it. Watch the young rascal as he fumbles making change with your quarter, staying as long as he can on the operation in the bare hope that you will get impatient and walk away with a lofty "keep the change" air.

The barber shop "shine" is having a hard time of it, anyway, with the competition of the imported Greek's 5-cent shine emporium. He's a cheerful sort of chap, this barber shop shine boy. He beats a tattoo on the toes of your shoe with his polishing cloth and again keeps time to the frenzied measures of a ragtime tune with his long-whiskered brush on the back of your coat.

His subservient "Yas, sah," is worth an extra nickel if he can work it on you in time.  
Your all around handy man, that is the "bell hop."  
"Front," roars the clerk.  
"Ice water to number empty leventh. Quick."  
Away dashes the young man in buttons and braid, up a dozen flights of steps if the elevator is not in sight. Mere than likely, however, the young rascal is on the floor just above out of sight of the office waiting for the car to come by.

This bebattered Mercury is the impromptu baggage man, the errand boy, and withal the handy reference for miscellaneous information. There's where he shines, this youngster of the bench. He knows what time the Lincoln train comes in and where the next fight is coming off, what the odds are on Johnson and the bills at all the theaters.

The joyous bell hop is the most alert of all the "tip soids." He knows the look of ready money in the face of a guest and has a happy way of getting in the way when chances are good. The bell-hop's job is not one to be despised, either. The industrious youth can pick up a matter of a hundred dollars in a month if he's on the job. The picking is so good, in fact, that there are many itinerant bell boys who follow the pleasure-seekers into the southland in the winter time and back to the northern lakes in the summer. They travel with their clients, only a little ahead.

In the album of memory there is one face that brings no association of dull care. The smiling bartender, the genial gent to whom one repairs alike in times of joy and seasons of sorrow. The bartender's smile is like the glow that comes out of the first full round dram of warm bourbon. It beams its best in the moments when relaxation has its way over hurry and strife.

to have a good line of regular customers here."  
"Just exactly the trouble," answered the barber. "Too many friends to shave, so I'm always busy when the guys with the fat tips come in."

"Funny sort of vanity crops out in men in a barber shop," remarked one of the gentry of the razor. "Seems like they all like to think that they are hard to shave, tough beard and tender skin, etc. Kind o' tickles masculine vanity to think that he is some pumpkin when it comes to raisin' whiskers."

"There's a lot of difference in customers, though. Some of 'em like to be fussed over by the hour and others want it to be over and done with as soon as possible. There's some fellows just can't keep from going to sleep in the chair and there's others that insist on telling the story of their life through the lather and towels."

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If a trip to the cheer emporium is a part of the daily program, the importance of choosing a good bartender needs no emphasis. He has to meet your individuality in the drink set forth. Nothing will mar the day like a poor drink at the start; it is a momentous matter that the hand that builds it be cunning.

There's a homelike sort of feeling in the effect of having one's own chosen brand appear beside the glass in answer to one's appearance across the mahogany, and the bartender knows the secret. It is the bartender who must listen to your troubles and laugh at your jokes. He's all sympathy, that chap.

In his role of a diplomat the bartender is seen at his best when on both sides of an argument, trying mightily to put it to an end. It is an actual delight to observe with what easy grace he insists on buying a drink just when things commence to look serious.

The real strenuous life is that of the shop girl. She stands behind the counter to meet and satisfy the whims of a public of persistent shoppers. Picture her task on a bargain day. Nothing to do but work. Long hours of an endless procession of buyers, those who wanted to buy and those who just came to see. They must all be listened to, they must all see the goods.

The shop girl must match the goods, give advice for trimming, deal out assurance that the delivery will be made in an hour, explain away mistakes—and keep cheerful. She must be a walking directory of the store she works in and be able to keep things moving generally. She has a sprightly assistant in "cash." Now "cash" is only the little girl who isn't big enough to sell goods, but fast enough of foot to run errands and handle change. She's the special messenger boy, to state it paradoxically, of the city that has its being inside of the big department store.

There are dozens of these little misses in the big stores, and they are indispensable parts of the system. The cash girl is small, but handy in the saving of footsteps for grownups. They all are your servants, standing in waiting to do their part in filling out the day's routine of functions, each with an essential share in the making up of the sum total—and you whom they serve, you are serving somebody, too, whatever the capacity may be.

Nor is this list complete, by many vocations of service; nor must it be imagined that because it is service that it is rendered with servility or any sense thereof. These people serve because in the great scheme of modern civilization it is essential that some must do this necessary work. It is their share in the economy of the times to do those little things that pad the daily existence of mankind with the little creature comforts that make life worth living, or to achieve the connection between beginning and ending of transactions, not of any especial moment when viewed singly, but of considerable importance when given their proper aspect to the whole. So these people all contribute in a most impressive way to the general sum of human happiness. In the line of activity selected each is as essential and as useful as the man who bulks big in the more noteworthy affairs of life. The head of the great corporation is only of value as he serves those who depend on him, and so the man of science, the doer of great things, gets credit only as he achieves something for the race. And these workers, humble and unobtrusive, never likely to hear the trumpet call of fame, doomed to go quietly through life, are proving every day that service is in the end the great destiny of the useful member of society.