

## LIVELY WORK IN MAIL CARS

Sorting Letters While Going the Speed Limit on Railroads.

## TASKS SET FOR THE CLERKS

Working Hand and Eyes, and Brains Filled with Postoffice Names—Practice Makes for Efficiency.

The fast mail flyer is the pet of the railway service. Not even the limited passenger trains, nor the "specials" hired for unusual purposes by millionaires can interfere with or sidetrack the "fast mail."

Through the black night it goes scurrying across the country, marking time between cities with clock-like regularity, to deliver our letters at the breakfast table or to hurry to our office business communications that mean so much to us.

A mile a minute is practically the standard time for the "fast mails," an average speed that must be maintained in spite of stops and slowdowns. Consequently this often means a much greater speed along certain clear stretches of road where lost minutes must be made up.

The fast mail is the pet of the Postoffice department also, and only picked men are in charge of it. It is a traveling postoffice in every sense of the word. The train usually consists of four cars carrying nothing but mail, amounting sometimes to fifty and more tons. The engine is one of the biggest moguls of the railroad service, a veritable monster of iron and steel, carrying ten tons of coal and 6,000 gallons of water.

When the bulging sacks of mail are thrown aboard and the conductor gives the signal to start exactly on the minute, the gaunt, angular engine puffs and snorts, and starts forth on its swift journey. Besides a picked train crew there are fifteen or more trained clerks riding in the mail cars. Their business begins the instant the mail is aboard.

**A Regular Job.**  
Fifty tons of mail to be sorted and delivered at various points along the route while running at sixty miles an hour. That seems like an almost incredible achievement, but it is being done every night and day of the year. While most of us are sleeping the railway clerks are toiling.

The inside of a railway postoffice looks for all the world like an ordinary country postoffice, with its boxes and pigeonholes, with the exception of certain additions which are necessary for the good of the service. For one thing, there are sometimes series of racks which hold open mail sacks, and into these the clerks dispatch their mail as they fly across the land.

One of these sacks must be dropped off perhaps thirty or forty miles from the starting point, and there is always a hurry and bustle to get this particular sack "tied out" in time.

The work of the railway clerk is hard and exacting, and he must qualify for the position through study and application. It may be said that it is the ambition of about every clerk in the Postoffice department to get into the railway postoffice service. It is not because the pay is so great, but because most young men like the novelty of sorting letters while traveling sixty miles an hour in preference to doing it in a stationary postoffice.

When he gets into the railway service, he will receive a salary of \$60 a year, and in time, when he gets the full appointment, this will be raised to \$90. From that time on his promotion is according to merit.

Each promotion generally means an increase of \$10 a year in wages until he may be drawing \$1,200 to \$1,400. After that he must wait and work for the position of clerk in charge of the mail cars on which he is working. He is at the head of all the other clerks then and his pay is \$1,800.

**Going Up the Ladder.**  
But the limit of his ambition need not stop there. If he qualifies for it, and there is a vacancy, he may be appointed for merit only to the position of chief clerk in charge of the lines running through his particular part of the country. For this he receives \$1,800, and he may eventually receive \$2,000 a year as assistant division superintendent or \$3,000 as division superintendent.

According to the requirements of the law, an aspirant for a position in the railway postoffice service may be anywhere between 18 and 35 years of age. He must take his examinations and pass with high marks to secure his first foothold in the service. After that his advancement depends upon himself and circumstances.

But by the time a railway postoffice clerk has reached the salary of \$1,200 a year he must have developed a somewhat phenomenal memory. To secure this position he must memorize some 15,000 post-offices on his line. That of itself is not an easy job, but it is rendered more difficult by the necessity of knowing the different counties and railroads and junction points. He must also keep accurate track of all the railroad time-tables and their changes which affect his district.

The railway clerks become so familiar with their route that they can tell by "the feel of the road" where they are, and this helps them to prepare the different sacks in time.

Without looking up from their work they know by the grades, curves and crossings just where they are, and they judge the speed of the train through the same sixth sense. Consequently one clerk will often make his decision when rounding a curve that he cannot unaided prepare his sack for the next junction, and he will call upon one of the others to help him.

Arranged in tiers on one side of each car there are more than 140 pigeonholes. Each hole is reserved for some special town or city on the way, and the clerks shuffle and assort the letters with great rapidity, flipping the letters into their respective holes. It seems almost incredible that anyone could become so deft in reading the letters without making errors.

**Sorting the Letters.**  
The traveling postoffice clerks do not read names or the streets and numbers of addresses, but simply the town, and occasionally the county if there are two towns of the same name in adjoining counties. It is this which makes the sorting so rapid. The towns and cities on their route are as familiar to them as the names of states may be to the average schoolboy, and the letters go swiftly and dexterously into their proper places.

Occasionally a letter turns up so badly written that the first clerk fails to decipher it. Immediately it is passed on to the next, and so on down the line until every one has failed to decipher the

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# Our Beautiful New Autumn Styles Invite the Most Careful Consideration of All Discriminating Women



A presentation of most authoritative autumn fashions. An exposition of the masterpieces of design and exclusiveness for Autumn wear. Orkin Brothers recognized style-leadership receives special emphasis in our exquisite Fall fashion display.

The infinite care with which we have assembled the season's best styles is reflected on every hand in our new store. The demand of our clientele for authoritative fashions is ever our first consideration.

The wide variety of correct styles represented is characteristic of Orkin Brothers liberal policy of complete stocks. Not only the best at every price, but the largest selection to choose from at every price.

## Rich New Autumn Suits for Women

Individuality the Keynote of Our Styles.

Every woman's thoughts are turning to a new Fall Suit. The quality of smart individuality is an Orkin Brother's suit achievement, that every woman appreciates. The new models are far more attractive than any ever shown before. Quite naturally the demand grows greater here every day. You'll find your ideal Autumn suit ready here tomorrow.

High class imported hand tailored suits. Garments from the foremost Parisian designers. Zibelines, Velvets, Diagonals, Corduroys, fancy Mixtures, Broadcloths. Our direct importations. Prices from \$59.50 to \$225.

American adaptations of the fine imported suits. Reproductions of Paris Novelties, duplicated with infinite attention to detail. Hand tailored by New York's master craftsmen. Wonderful variety. \$19.50 to \$55.

## The Fall Coat Fashions of the Hour

Variety of Styles Never Before so Large

We are particularly proud of our handsome display of street and evening coats. Imported weaves are an important feature not to be overlooked. We've garnered a harvest of exclusive novelties. Styles that are not to be duplicated elsewhere. The chill of Fall is in the air.

Fancy striped Zibelines; English Diagonals; Boucles; Taupe or imitation mole skin; Brocade cloths; wool Persians; double faced materials; French Montegnac. Corduroy, Velvet and Velour Coats. Our greatest showing of Evening and Street Coats at all prices from \$15 to \$150.

## Splendid Fall Millinery Presentation

A Congress of Authoritative Fall Styles

The breadth and scope of our great Millinery Section evidences our desire to be of thorough service to all our patrons. To present for your inspection a most cosmopolitan display, to offer you an opportunity to see the recognized best millinery fashions; to bring quality, fashion and cost together in the harmonious unit of your complete satisfaction.

We direct your attention to the largest variety of ostrich and Paradise hats ever placed on exhibition anywhere in the middle west. For your special consideration, we ask you to see our offerings at \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35.

Tailored and trimmed hats in a remarkable range of smart styles, designed by our own experts from high class imported models. \$5, \$7.50, \$10, \$12.50, \$15.



The Robespierre collar strikes the dominating style note of the season.

This graceful, becoming collar is here in all the new color combinations, beautifully trimmed with the sheerest of lace Chiffon; marabout boas; coat and dress collars, sets in Venice or real lace, white and ecru.

## Laces, Embroidery, Neckwear, Veiling, Ribbons

Your attention is respectfully directed to a most complete display of dress accessories. Newest ideas invite your consideration. The completeness of this section can only be appreciated after a personal visit.

Dress trimming section offers a most complete assortment of the new jet, pearl, crystal, tinsel, cut steel, silver and beautiful embroidery bands. Edgings, all over motifs, and fringe. Wide price range—25c to \$15.00 per yard.

The New Bohemian, Rosaline, Duchess, Irish, Venetian, cluny, Maltese, shadow laces—a bewildering profusion of designs, white, black, ecru, an exquisite collection of rare and staple laces 25c to \$15.00 per yard.

Some very clever tailored and fancy bows and stocks; also a full line of laundered collars.

Choice assortments of the popular and much used pleating white, black, ecru. Plain, net, lace trimmed, shadow lace ribbon and chiffon, 19c to \$2.25 per yard.

Veiling novelties we feature are typical of Orkin style-pre-eminence. New-mesh flesh veiling and Maggie. All novelty and staple shades. 25c to \$1.50.

Motor veils all shades and the very new Ombre effects. \$1.00 to \$4.50.



## New Fall Glove Attractions

Famous Reniers, Centemier, Fownes. The most reputable glove makers in the world are represented in our glove section. The most authoritative styles, shades and lengths of the season are here. The widest possible range for satisfactory selection. The most painstaking glove service awaits you.

Women's 12, 16, 20 B. L. Kid Gloves, white black, colors, \$2.50 to \$4.50. Women's 2-clasp imported kid gloves—all colors and evening shades—\$1.50, \$2.00. Stylish street gloves—Cape and Mocha—all prices—89c to \$1.50 per pair. Women's two-clasp good kid gloves, tan, brown, gray, navy, black, white; very special at \$1.00.

Crystal, chiffon robes; practically ready-to-wear. Needs only to be fitted at waist and seamed at back. Some very clever novelty ideas. White, black, light blue and pink, \$15.00 to \$20.00.

Our chiffon and robe section. Exclusive style ideas; best values obtainable 42 inch silk chiffon costume cloth in plain and crepe effects. All newest as well as the staple shades. 89c to \$1.95 per yard.

In All the World, No Store Will Strive to Serve You Better.

# ORKIN BROTHERS

Formerly The Bennett Company

scrawl which somebody intended for the name of a town or city. Finally, after running the battery of sharp eyes, the letter is chucked in a hole marked "Nixies," which in plain language means "illegibles." Before it finally goes to the dead letter office at Washington the clerks in their more leisure moments may give another try at the address.

The railway clerks are so efficient in their work that, according to statistics, not more than one out of about every 12,000 pieces handled by them goes wrong, and probably not more than one out of every 100,000 letters handled by the clerks fails to find its destination eventually.

A point not always appreciated by an outsider is that the railway clerks sort their mail with the idea of making it reach its destination in the shortest possible time, and this often means a great amount of quick mental calculation.

Yet, after all, it is practice and experience that make the clerks efficient and reliable. Day after day and night after night they read over the same towns, cities and villages, and their minds with almost automatic precision respond to the impressions made on the eye. No man could stop and think of all the towns and hope to finish his day's work in time. That subconscious self of

ours comes to the assistance of the memory and enables us to do marvelous things without conscious thought.

The railway postoffice clerks must work at high pressure when on duty. But when the mail is finally sorted and the last bag tied out, they relax and forget all the difficulties of their job. They may enjoy the railroad ride then as the train in the early dawn steams into the last city on the route—Christian Endeavor World.

## JEWELRY SHOPS OF DESERT

Relics of the Time When Precious Stones Were Left Out-of-Doors at Night.

Once men were so honest that the jewelers worked in the open air and left their precious stones out-of-doors at night. No one disturbed their stocks. These men were the Aztecs. They cared little for gold, but they knew the value and understood the art of cutting turquoise. They mined only the most perfect stones. They fashioned them with rude instruments, but no modern lapidary finishes his gems with greater care or more highly than did these workers of a bygone age.

In the southwest men search today for

those ancient jewelry-shops of the desert. They are still to be found and they yield riches. Sometimes men will work for weeks finding one. Then again they will stumble across a dozen or more in the same day. For evidently there were jewelry districts in the old pueblos, where the lapidaryists of long ago carried on their trade.

The sites of these ancient towns are now marked only by broken pottery indicating the sites of the old houses built of adobe and sand brick.

North of El Paso on the Sacramento desert, lying between Sacramento and the Organ mountains, there are a number of these deserted villages. When Coronado passed through the country the villages were occupied. He conquered them and they paid taxes to Spain for years. Then for some mysterious reason the towns were obliterated.

At any rate, the houses have crumbled. Mounds mark the spot where formerly they stood, and the broken pottery with colors burned in so perfectly that they have withstood the action of the weather for nearly three centuries tell of the civilization that existed.

The towns were located at the mouths of canyons, where reservoirs were constructed to impound the water to last through the long, hot summer months.

Some were located in the center of the desert of today. Evidently the ancients used wells, for good water is obtainable at a depth of about two hundred feet.

Once in a while the searcher will come across stones, such as porphyry, flint, granite, and lime, slotted with grooves arranged in a circle. This is or was a jewelry-shop. The workers sat around in a circle, and the stones mentioned were used to polish the turquoise. Reaching into the center of the circle, one may feel about with the fingers and at a depth of three to six inches find the crude turquoise. Sometimes it has been uncovered by the winds and lies exposed. More frequently, however, the treasure is covered and is in as good condition today as when it was first placed in the center of the circle, where it was evidently left every night when the workmen went home. The workmen polished the gems by rubbing them in the slots in the stones and thus wore them down to the shape desired. The process was evidently finished by rubbing on leather, much as is done by the modern lapidary.

These ancient jewelers worked with the crudest instruments, and wrought most artistic designs. They mined only the best turquoise—the clear, sky-blue stone, that will withstand the test of sunlight without fading. While they polished the

gem with rough stones in some manner not known to moderns, they managed to bore a hole through them in order to string them. How these holes, small enough to prevent the passage of a darning-needle, were made is a mystery.

**Dyspeptic Philosophy.**  
Much feeding also maketh a full man. It isn't everybody who knows enough to not to know too much.

Many a man's head has to work overtime correcting the mistakes of his heart. The only way you can draw some men out is with a corkcrew.

The fellow who has money to burn naturally makes light of it.

There is no fool like the fool who is old enough to know better.

Even a woman can't fish for compliments unless she baits her own hook.

Probably one-half the world is happier for not knowing how the other half lives.

Don't judge by appearance. Many a man whose shoes are all run down is well heeled.

Ten chances to one the man who is clothed in his own righteousness has swiped the cloak from some other fellow.

—New York Times.

**Stutterer Holds Up Court.**  
When Hugo Greyhound was arraigned in the Milwaukee district court on the charge of having stolen \$6 from a companion in a saloon, the first question, and albeit the only question, propounded to him by the court, was as to his age. For several minutes Hugo was unable

to reply. Finally, when the patience of the court was well nigh exhausted, he managed to articulate:

"I-I-I-st-u-u-t-e-r, j-j-judge, and c-c-a-a-n-a hard-hardly ex-ex-c-u-s-e I-I-I-t-e-ll how old I am, b-b-be-be-be-c-c-a-use I'm g-g-g-rowing wh-wh-wh-ile I t-t-t-alk."

Five minutes later, while the attorneys were arguing, Hugo interrupted their flood of oratory with the remark:

"T-t-t-t-t-wen-t-t-t-y t-t-t-t-h-ree, j-j-judge."

"That's a hard case to have, my boy," replied the court. "I think about six months in the house of correction will do for you."

"B-b-b-but, j-j-judge—"

"You can finish that remark when you get out," snapped the court. "Call the next case."—New York Telegram.

**His Exclusive Costume.**  
The customer came forward to attend to the nervous old beau who was moping his bald and shining poll with a big silk handkerchief.

"And what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I want a little help in the way of a suggestion," said the old fellow. "I intend going to the French students' masquerade ball tonight, and I want a distinctly original costume—something I may be sure no one else will wear. What would you suggest?"

The customer looked him over attentively, bestowing special notice on the gleaming knob.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said then, thoughtfully; "why don't you sugar your head and go as a pill?"—Lippincott's Magazine.