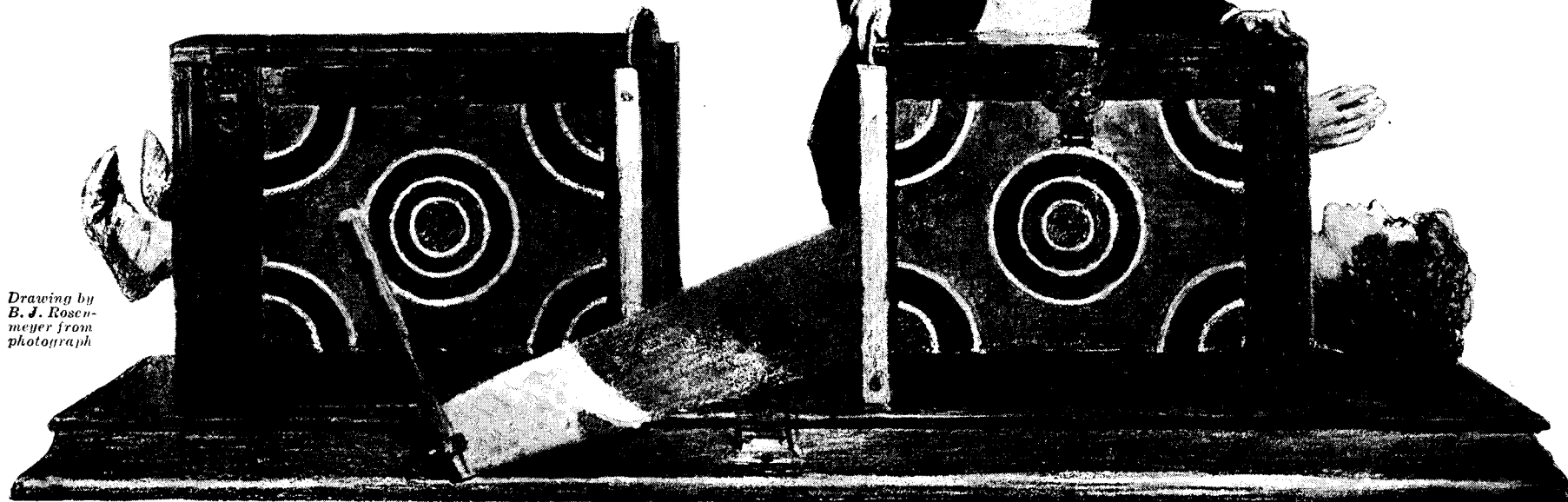


# Nothing up my Sleeve

By THURSTON *the* MAGICIAN

When Thurston played Europe on his road to fame, Emperor Franz Josef of Austria presented him with a great gold watch that struck the hours and minutes. But it proved to be more than a time-keeper; it was a life-saver at that embarrassing moment in Australia when Thurston, penniless and his baggage in pawn for his steamship fare, impressed the managers by ordering up champagne and cigars for all. P. S. He got the contract

A Thurston performance of the familiar but always mystifying illusion of sawing a woman in two



Drawing by  
B. J. Rosch-  
meyer from  
photograph

## III

ONCE more I invaded New York, stormed the Great White Way, bombarded managers and besieged every vaudeville agent on Broadway.

My room and board cost me \$5 a week and I had to buy a new dress suit so as to be equipped to take advantage of the first engagement that might turn up. None turned up! Soon all my money was gone and I was in debt to my landlady. But she was the kindest and most human one in all New York. I shall always remember the twinkle in her eyes and her rich, contagious laugh. All that summer, she never asked me for the money she knew I didn't have. In order that I might make a good appearance on my daily quest for work, she washed my only shirt each night and scrubbed my lone straw hat frequently.

At last I was given an opportunity to show my act. I was told to go to the New York Roof where two agents would look over my turn at ten o'clock one Monday morning. I knew that my chances of impressing the agents were slight, for I depended upon a receptive audience to put over my act effectively. I did not relish the idea of appearing before a virtually empty house with two critical agents as the only spectators.

I hit upon a plan—one that required bluff and plenty of it. I inserted the following advertisement in a Sunday paper:

WANTED: 1000 men for one hour at \$1 each. Apply ten o'clock Monday morning at the New York Roof.

When I arrived at the theater Monday morning the place was thronged. Entrance was impossible. The crowd lined the streets and jammed the elevators. I knew of a back entrance and made my way upstairs. Every seat was taken and more men were coming up. The two agents, who were seated near the stage, were dumbfounded. There was no way to quiet the mob.

I walked on the stage and called for silence. The crowd became quiet.

"Gentlemen," I said, "there appears

to be some misunderstanding. I cannot account for this unusual situation, but I know that everything will soon be set right. Probably the man in charge has not yet arrived; I suppose he will be here soon. In the meantime it would be best for all of you to remain here quietly while I entertain you with some card tricks."

My suggestion was greeted with a roar of approval. The crowd settled back in their seats and filled the aisles. Then I began my act. The agents were impressed. When I presented the Rising Card Trick I was rewarded with an outburst of applause. When I finished with the Duck Trick, pulling a large duck from the back of a man's coat, the crowd broke out in a riot of laughter.

### A Chance with Tony Pastor

I took my cards, left the stage, and ran down the back steps of the theater.

There were several other acts scheduled to appear, so the agents had no suspicion that I was the instigator of the mob scene. They looked on me as the savior of the situation. My game of bluff had won, and when I called at the agents' offices, they told me that they had several engagements for me.

But my success was dimmed by the news that the first opening would not come for three weeks. I had reached the limit of my resources, and decided to try the game of bluff on someone else.

Among the theatrical agents was a man named Billy Plimmer, who had put off every effort I made to impress him with my act. I decided that this time I would make him listen to me. I went to his office, walked by his secretary, entered Plimmer's office and turned the key in the lock.

Plimmer half rose from his chair and looked at me in amazement. I looked straight into his eyes, and said:

"Mr. Plimmer, I want to show you my act."

He did not reply, but watched me steadily as I began my card manipulations, which consisted of original sleights that I still perform. Nothing like

these manipulations had been seen before. Plimmer settled back in his chair, impressed. He had an eye for originality and said nothing about the locked door. When I had finished I knew that I had succeeded.

He gave me a note to Tony Pastor and arranged an interview with the famous impresario of vaudeville for the following day.

I shall never forget my entrance into Tony Pastor's private office. He seemed to know instinctively that I was at the end of my resources and gave me a kindly greeting. I had fortified myself for the ordeal, but my throat was dry and I found difficulty in starting the conversation. He smiled and said:

"It's an engagement you want?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

He looked me over slowly, pursing his lips and rubbing his chin reflectively. Finally he spoke: "Come to rehearsal next Monday at eleven o'clock."

The whole thing was so sudden I could not realize I had really secured an engagement at Tony Pastor's. A pleasant voice brought me back to earth.

"How much do you want?"

Even in my confused mental state I remembered that vaudeville performers had advised me to value my services high.

So I answered glibly, "Eighty dollars."

Tony Pastor looked at me with a quizzical smile and a twinkle in his kindly eyes. "Young man, I have offered you an engagement. I don't know what you can do, but from your looks I think you're all right. As to eighty dollars a week, I can't afford to pay that much. As you're a stranger in New York your name will not add a cent to my business. Besides I can engage all the well-known acts I want at that price. Fifty dollars is all I can pay you." Then he added with characteristic generosity, "I'll give you a contract for eighty dollars and charge you thirty dollars to put your name on the billboards. If your act's a success, the contract will help you to get a larger salary in future engagements."

In the street the whole world seemed

different to me. I fancied I could see my name in big black letters on the billboard in front of Tony Pastor's and underneath the magic phrase "The Man That Mystified Herrmann."

I advertised at once for an assistant. That night, after supper, a small colored boy knocked at my door. His name was George. He was nine years old. He appeared to be a bright, intelligent boy and after a few questions I engaged him at five dollars a week, and all expenses, including board and clothes. We practiced all day Sunday, and Monday morning we went to Tony Pastor's for rehearsal. I carried a small grip containing my cards and George followed lugging a duck.

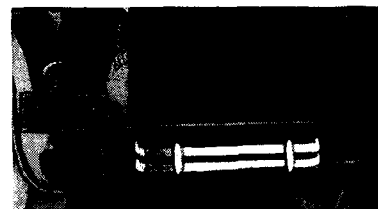
The boy had never been in a theater. I was about to warn him not to be nervous when it occurred to me that it would not be wise to put any such idea into his head.

We were third on the bill at Tony Pastor's that afternoon—the red letter Monday in the calendar of my days. I can close my eyes and recall the scene. The orchestra played the Zenda waltz, and I moved forward out of the wings like a man in a dream, conscious of nothing going on about me until a few scattered handclaps in the audience brought me to my senses.

### A Trying Rehearsal

Nothing seemed to go well with the act. The day was sweltering and the air inside the theater like a furnace. My hands perspired so the cards stuck to my fingers. The footlights were brighter than I had ever experienced and dazzled my eyes. The house was packed, and for the first time I knew what it was to have stage fright. But the boy George was as cool and unconcerned as if he were rehearsing in my room. His absolute lack of self-consciousness helped me. I pulled myself together, managed to get through my card manipulations in some sort of way, and finished by inveigling a man onto the stage and pulling a duck from his coat collar. The (Continued on page 38)

*You'd never make the mistake of buying too small a bumper. Correct battery size is even more important.*



# ... New chart gives correct electrical size of batteries . . .



If you've ever looked at a row of batteries in a dealer's place and tried to pick out the best value for your dollars, you know it is *some* job.

On the new Willard Chart, in plain figures, beside the name of your car, is the "size" of the battery that automobile engineers recommend for satisfactory operation. Not only is the "size" given in inches, and number of plates . . . but an *electrical size* that stands for active electricity

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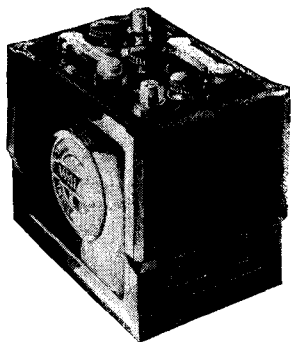
You're sure . . . dead sure . . . that the battery the Willard dealer offers you will do a satisfactory job in your car. You can be equally sure that the extra margin of built-in quality in a Willard Battery will give you more useful battery life.

Another thing to remember . . . wherever you drive your car there will always be a Willard Battery Man to give your battery proper attention and care.

## *The Willard Thread-Rubber Battery*

For every normal condition of driving, you will receive satisfactory service and big value for your money with the Wood-Insulated type of Willard Battery.

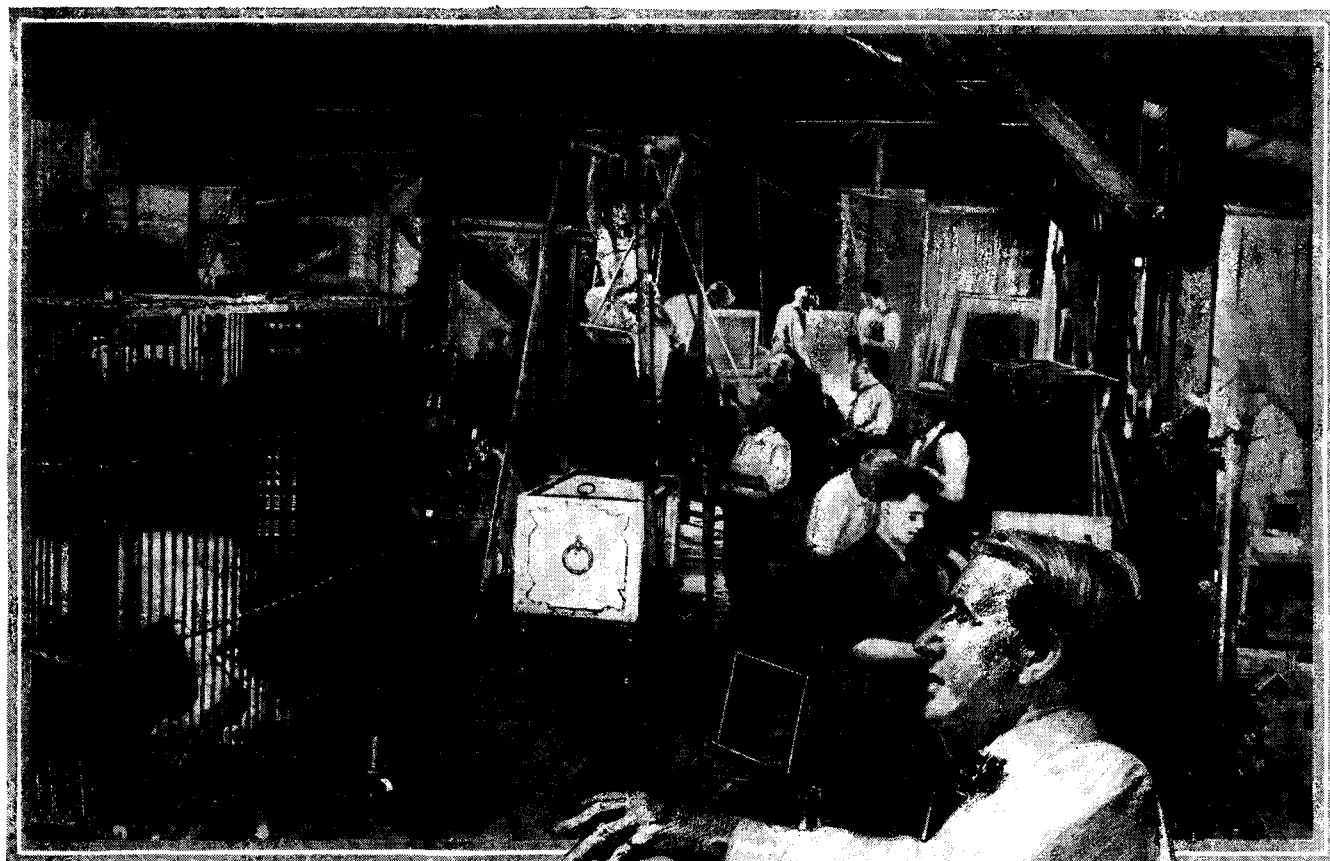
On the other hand, if your driving program calls for high mileages or constant operation of your car for a good part of each day, it will pay you to consider the Thread-Rubber type which Willard builds to meet specific conditions of heavy duty and abnormal mileage.



# Willard

STORAGE BATTERIES





audience laughed half-heartedly as the curtain fell and there was a scattering round of applause.

I went to the dressing-room as soon as I got my "props" together, for I had been told that Tony Pastor always stood in a secret door, behind a curtain, at the opening performance each Monday, to review the acts. I removed the make-up with trembling fingers, and with George at my heels went out of the stage door, expecting every second to hear a voice behind me canceling my engagement.

#### Success Appears at Last

But I was not nervous at the evening performance. The impulse to try again steadied me. Then, too, George's ease had a tonic effect on me. The act was a success from the very start. The card manipulations went with a vim that aroused the most blasé variety audience in New York to a high pitch of enthusiasm. My fingers worked with the precision of pistons, doing their appointed work without slip or hindrance. The comedy finish with the duck went over big, and the curtain fell amid a veritable storm of applause. Again and again, the curtain was raised and each time I walked forward to the footlights to make my bow. As I came off the last time, the thunder of applause still rolling through the house, Tony Pastor, his shrewd eyes beaming, put his hands on my shoulder.

"Well done, my boy. Fine!"

Before the week was over at Tony Pastor's the market value of my services had jumped from fifty to a hundred dollars a week, and it was not long before I was getting double that sum every time the ghost walked!

William Morris, the leading agent at the time, booked me solid in the vaudeville theaters of the United States from coast to coast.

Three times after success was attained I appeared at Tony Pastor's theater, and each time I stipulated that my salary should be the old one of fifty dollars. The last time I played at Tony Pastor's he had become old and feeble and seldom came to the theater. But I waited for him all morning, for it was a matter of sentiment with me that my old friend himself should write out the

contract. When it came to the salary he looked up with his old smile, although his hand was shaking with the palsy of age.

"How much now, Howard?" Tears were close to my lids as I answered, "Always the same, Mr. Pastor—fifty dollars."

I never saw him after that week. My debt to him is still unpaid.

Following my success at Tony Pastor's, I toured the country and was starred in the leading vaudeville houses. Then I left for England, and arrived there in the fall of 1900. I was booked for four weeks at the Palace Theater in London. The Palace was considered the finest vaudeville theater in the world. I was doubtful of success for so long an engagement, and advised the manager, Mr. Charles Morton, to abridge the contract to two weeks. He agreed, but my success on the opening night in London was greater even than my first night at Tony Pastor's. My nerves were taut as I walked out of the wings, but the audience applauded each of my tricks heartily.

Up to this time, I had always finished my act with the duck trick. This comedy feature followed the throwing of cards into the audience. I had never considered this particular feat as extraordinary; but at the Palace that night, as I tossed cards over the audience and to the back of the theater, the applause was interspersed with "bravos," many in the front seats standing to see the cards striking against the back wall.

There are two tiers of boxes in the Palace, and as I threw cards into each box of the first tier, the applause greatly increased. When I had finished with the second tier, it seemed that everyone

Thurston in his workshop, where his large-scale illusions are planned and constructed

was applauding, and amid the roar of "bravos," I sent a stream of cards to the gallery and against the dome of the theater.

I was stunned by the acclamation of the great audience. It would have been folly to attempt the duck trick, and

risk an artistic success for comedy, so I bowed, while the entire orchestra of forty men stood in the pit and applauded. That is considered the greatest tribute that an artist can receive.

The next day Mr. Morton offered me a contract at a salary much higher than any sum I had received in my own country.

Offers came from London managers and from theaters all over England and the Continent. I finally accepted a contract at the Empire Theater in London for three months a year for a period of three years. My outside engagements at clubs and private houses sometimes numbered four and five in one evening. I dressed at home, played a club or two, drove to the theater in time for my act, jumped into a cab again and played two or three private engagements before retiring. My fees ranged from five to twenty-five pounds.

#### Hobnobbing with Emperors

During my London engagement the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, witnessed my performance at the Palace Theater. The Prince was a sleight-of-hand performer himself. Curiously enough, nobody informed me of his presence in the royal box, and I was not aware of it until after the show, when Mr. Morton brought him to my dressing-room.

Prince Edward sat on a trunk, and in a few minutes I found myself teaching him how to hold a card and at the same time show his hand empty, back and front. He mastered the sleight with surprising dexterity, and as he was leaving he asked if he might return at some later date and practice it again. On four different occasions he attended the performance that winter, and each time came back to show me how he was progressing and to see if there was anything else in magic he might learn.

The Queen's death put an end to private engagements in London, and as business would not pick up for several months I deemed it a good time to tour the Continent. In Paris I played before President Loubet and the King of Siam at the same time. At Brussels I appeared before the King of the Belgians, and while in Budapest I gave a performance in the palace of the Emperor Franz Josef in honor of the birthday of one of his grandchildren. The next day the Emperor personally presented me with a large gold watch which struck the hours and minutes.

While appearing at the Winter Garden in Berlin I did my best to arrange a performance for the Emperor of Germany, but I was told bluntly that such a thing as an American vaudeville artist appearing before the Kaiser had never been heard of.

One morning, however, as I was driving in an open carriage down the famous Unter den Linden, a cordon of police forced our driver to the curb in line with hundreds of other vehicles. After the police had gone I ordered our driver to go on. He shook his head and muttered something about the Kaiser, several times. Then I noticed that the sidewalks were filling with people, lining up in serried ranks, and the meaning of the whole incident was plain.

In a few minutes the royal procession appeared. As the Emperor's carriage rolled by I had a sudden inspiration. Jumping onto the seat, I took off my hat with my left hand, and raising my right hand in the air, produced a fan of cards at the finger tips. The Emperor followed every movement of my hand, and as the cards fluttered from my fingers to the ground he smiled and bowed twice.

The next instant two mounted policemen rode up and informed me in German that I was (Continued on page 50)

Drawing by  
B. J. Rosen-  
meyer from  
photograph



# ew and Safer Road Illumination

CONGESTED highways and the constantly increasing number of automobiles has created a need for new and safer road illumination. Tung-Sol BLU-WITES successfully meet existing conditions by providing whiter light and better light with added comfort.

The "red" rays in artificial illumination are irritating. They cause undue strain on the eyes. Tung-Sol BLU-WITES, with their pale *blue* color, absorb these bothersome "red" rays without in any way diminishing candle-power. The road appears in its natural colors. You drive with daylight confidence and grateful relief for the eyes.

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## NO DRAIN ON BATTERY

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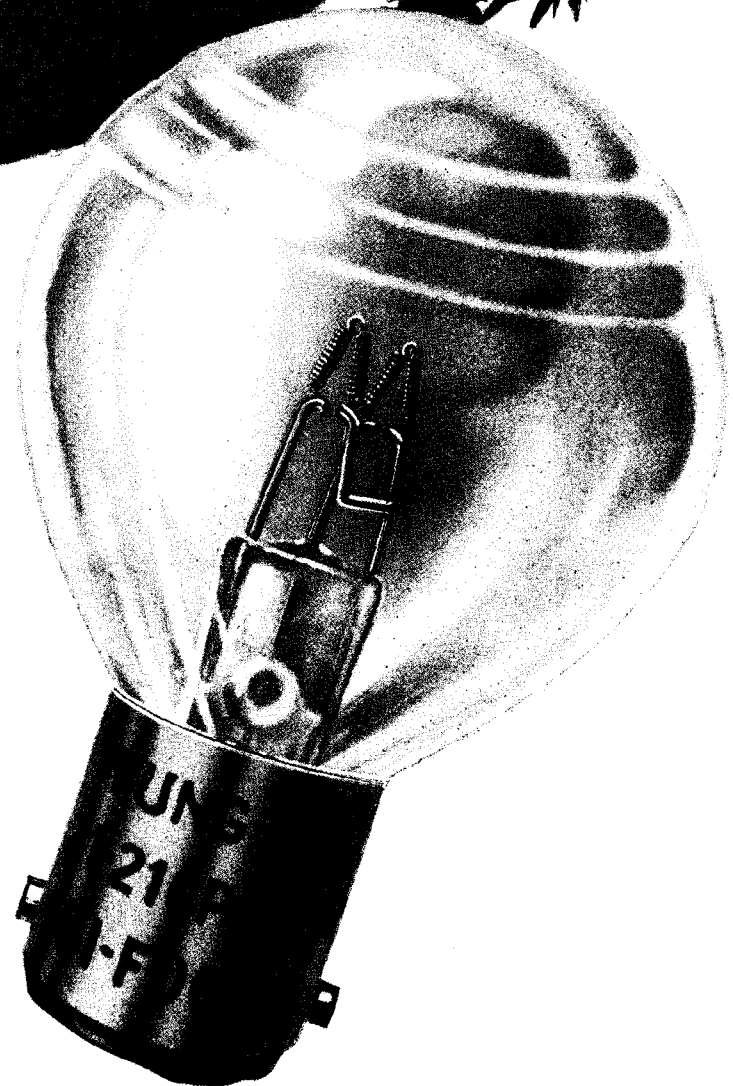
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We recommend 32-21 C. P. double filament bulbs wherever they are legal. A more penetrating beam is available, permitting still greater safety wherever and whenever high speed on the road is permissible.

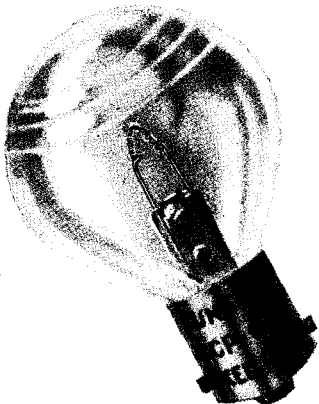
TUNG-SOL BLU-WITE BULBS may be obtained with either single or double filament.

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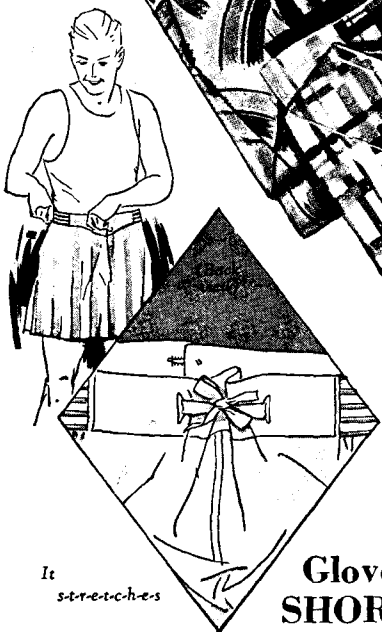


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# GLOVER



## Glover SHORTS

Glover Shorts (track pants) also have the exclusive Adjusto-band construction. They fit firmly and snugly on the hips, yet give an entirely new freedom of movement. Proved the most comfortable two-piece underwear made — and the most satisfactory — by thousands of wearers!

## Pajamas Illustrated

Representative Glover styles—and values. Now made with Adjusto-band at no increase in price!

The plain color suit on the central figure is made in three different qualities of Broadcloth in a variety of colors (Green, Blue, Helio, Tan, Canary, White):

TOURAINÉ, \$3 GALWAY, \$4 BROOKLANDS, \$10

The suits shown at the left are, from top to bottom:

FOLKESTONE—Green, Helio, Blue Twillette . . \$4.50  
 AINTREE—Rose, Brown, Green Charmeuse . . \$7  
 BERWICH—Orange, Rose, Blue Broadcloth . . \$5  
 WEMBLY—Slate, Tan, Blue Charmeuse . . . \$6  
 RAMSGATE—Copen, Red, Blue, Green Fancy Print, \$2.50

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# PAJAMAS



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Glover has improved on Glover's!

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Yet does not depend on its stretch to fit you—it is completely adjustable to your exact size. Tested in use for more than a year—and guaranteed.

This is exclusively Glover. It typifies the thought for your comfort—for your pride of appearance—for your enjoyment of

the niceties of life—that has made Pajamas by Glover so definitely the choice of the discerning, of every age.

You know Glover Pajamas, of course, as pioneers in the modern trend. Skilfully combining colorful style with luxurious ease and freedom, they introduced the new vogue of Pajamas for lounge wear, which has swept the country.

But if you have not yet experienced for yourself the thrill of satisfaction that comes with wearing Glover's, look over the selection at your favorite store. The beauty of their *fast-color* fabrics—the perfection of cut and finish—the exclusive advantages, such as *Adjusto-band*—quickly reveal why Glover Pajamas have so marked a leadership. And their moderate pricing makes them doubly interesting.

The few styles and patterns pictured are typical of the broad range of Glover Pajamas at every price from \$2 to \$25. Look for the woven label. If your store cannot supply you, write us.

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY • New York • Chicago • Dubuque  
(Address Executive Offices, Dubuque, Iowa)

*Adjusto-band* has trouser front, elastic sides, six-inch take-up adjustment at back



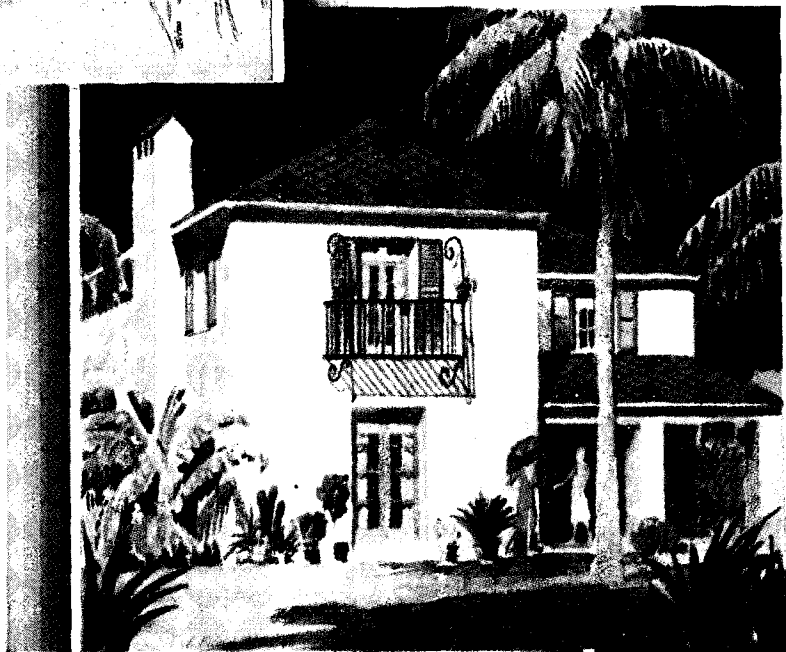
AIKEN  
Blue, Black, Navy  
Pongee  
\$5



Ice and snow have no more effect on J-M Asbestos Shingles than on granite. Impervious to weather, unburnable by fire, they make a roof which everlastingly ends roofing expense.

# Weather will *never* wear them out

On new houses  
or old, J-M Asbestos Shingles are everlasting



The most intense tropical sunlight is merely pleasant warmth to J-M Asbestos Shingles, which are not harmed by white heat of a furnace.

Spring showers or summer thunderstorms serve only to brighten the charming colors of everlasting, fireproof J-M Asbestos Shingles.

**E**VERLASTING is a strong word. Yet you can truthfully call your roof everlasting if it is made of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. To produce this roofing, unburnable asbestos and cement are blended under terrific pressure into monolithic stone shingles. No natural rock can be so free from splitting, so completely impervious to fire. These sturdy Asbestos Shingles have the further advantages of colors to meet every requirement, and absolute uniformity of quality in every shingle.

Consider what these points mean to you in protecting and beautifying your own home.

When you re-roof your present home with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles you re-roof for the last time. Or if you cover your new house with J-M Asbestos Shingles you will never have to buy another roof, nor make repairs.

### *J-M Roofs Improve with Age*

The process of making J-M Asbestos Shingles is as if rock were produced to meet specifications. These Asbestos Shingles can be raised to white heat, then plunged into cold water, without harm. No other natural or manufactured roofing (except sheet metal) would stand such treatment.

In fact, the toughness of J-M Shingles is such that the only effect of weather is to make them harder and stronger. It is literally true that the longer J-M Asbestos Shingles are exposed to the weather, the less the weather can injure them. Actual tests show that the portions of J-M Asbestos Shingles exposed to the weather are stronger after 15 years of service than the portions which are covered.

### *Beauty plus Utility*

Any home, from a tiny cottage to a great house, is improved by a roof of these colorful, rough-textured, sturdy Asbestos Shingles.

When you order a roof of our Shingles you receive from your contractor a certificate which attests to the genuineness of the roof. Ask for this. It protects you from disappointments due to substitution of inferior material. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are everlasting.

The famous J-M trade mark also stands for quality on automobile brake lining as well as on packings, heat insulations, built-up roofings, flooring and numerous other products. By using Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles your home receives the benefit of this same engineering skill.



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Send me your free booklet telling the  
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RS-16-4



# The Lady's Engaged

By Merle Thorpe

Editor, Nation's Business

*The female of the species is more visionary, intuitive and tactful in business than the male, Mr. Thorpe finds. But she has an inferiority complex! There are 9,000,000 women employed in this country. Our national industry is undergoing an extensive interior decoration*



Men in earlier days treated the woman worker like a dinner guest

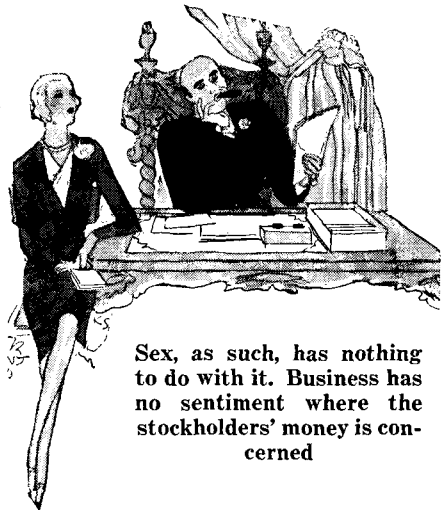
FOR nearly a year I have been asking executives about women in business. Are they able to compete with men in the higher positions? Do employers consciously or unconsciously discriminate against them in favor of men? What does the future hold for women in business?

I have discussed these questions with life insurance presidents, bank officials, manufacturers, department store owners, hotel managers, a railroad president, and perhaps twenty leaders in a dozen other fields.

Herewith, not a detailed statistical analysis of trends and tendencies, but an impression—for I took no notes—an impression of what American Business thinks of the woman in business.

It is noticeable, even to the casual observer, that women in great numbers have boldly entered the business arena and that the increase is by geometrical progression. The census showed 8,500,000 women gainfully employed in 1920; unofficial government figures estimate the number today at 9,000,000. This is roughly one woman for every four men, who work for a livelihood in the United States. No figures as to women in executive positions are available, but a few straws in the wind point to fairly safe conclusions.

First straw: One married woman in twenty-two was working for pay outside the home in 1890, says the Department of Labor, while one in eleven was similarly employed in 1920. My guess is that the census next year will show a still greater increase, and, while this pictures all women, it is fair to assume that those in the higher positions have increased accordingly.

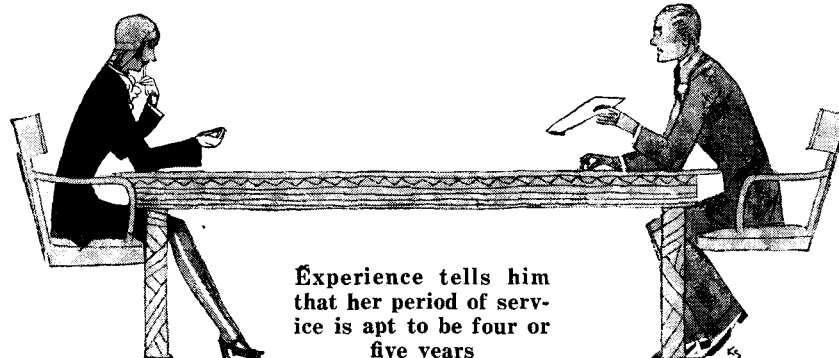


Sex, as such, has nothing to do with it. Business has no sentiment where the stockholders' money is concerned

Second straw: Changes in family life are significant. Professor Ogburn, of the University of Chicago, reports that from 1900 to 1920 the number of restaurant waiters increased about three times as fast as the number of families; restaurant owners four times as fast. Delicatessen dealers increased by forty-three per cent, or about three times as fast as population.

Bakery production increased sixty per cent for 1914 to 1925, while population increased fifteen per cent.

Third straw: Several cities have a Woman's Chamber of Commerce, where a woman, to be eligible, must either own or manage a business. There is a Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, national, with chapters in forty-seven states and more than 52,000 women members. The Zonta Club, a civic organization of women executives, similar to the Rotary Club, has sixty-six clubs. The Soroptomist



Experience tells him that her period of service is apt to be four or five years

Club, a similar group, has 1,500 members.

Recently, I attended a business dinner in Petersburg, Virginia. The guests were seated at five long tables. One table was labeled: Business and Professional Women. There were about sixty women, and I was told by the toastmaster that they were all actively engaged in business. And remember, this was Virginia!

## The Impersonal Attitude

Forty, and even twenty years ago in some sections, a woman who sought a means of livelihood had rare courage to face the ridicule and contempt of her neighbors, the objections of fathers and husbands, the slings and arrows of men competitors. Now, she arises from the breakfast table, nonchalantly announces she is going to look for a job, and by noon has been accepted in as matter-of-course a way as the application was made.

The executives I talked with were unanimous upon one thing: Sex, as such, (that is, skirts)—has nothing to do with it. They employ ability, capacity, nothing else. Business is full of sentiment, but not where stockholders' money is concerned. There it is glassy-eyed, hard. I believe the business man, off-guard, has as much sentiment as a doctor, preacher, lawyer, teacher. But in the choice of assistants to do a job effi-

ciently, race, religion, or previous condition of servitude have nothing to do with the case. A Steinmetz, immigrant hunch-back Pole, found his opportunity to fight to the top of a glorious career in a great American company.

The first observation can best be told in the words of a chief executive. I had asked him, "You say you pay women less for the same quality and quantity of work than you pay a man. Why do you thus discriminate?"

"If two persons applying for a position of an executive nature," he answered, "one a man and one a woman, sat opposite my desk, I should consciously fix a figure for their services on this basis: I should apply an actuarial table. I should look at the man and say to myself that here is a man who shows latent ability. With proper coaching and training there is likelihood that in twenty-five years he may become a wheel-horse in the organization.

"For a period, any new addition to the staff is a liability. We put more in than we get back. Soon comes a turning point, when the new member gives back more than he takes out. He has become an asset. When we hire anyone we take that chance. By long experience we have found that the best investment in new personnel is the one where the employee stays longest after that turning point has been reached.

"I look at the woman. My actuarial table, made up of experience and observation, shows me that instead of a probability of her staying with us for twenty-five years, the period is more apt to be four or five years. The liability is greater. The chance of the woman's staying twenty-five years and becoming indispensable to the organization is infinitely less probable.

"It becomes a matter of hard common sense. We can afford to pay the man more money than the woman, because over a period the investment will produce more."

"I should like to know," I interrupted, "if you have had occasion to change your actuarial tables in the last ten years?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," he replied, "ten years ago, I should say, I never figured on the possibility of a woman representing more than temporary employment. Today, I find myself applying the test immediately and trying to satisfy my-



Social small-talk slowed down the office routine ten years ago

self on the point of how long she will be with us. I find myself cross-examining her, in an effort to bring out evidence as to her future.

"We buy the market. To the run-of-the-mine employees we pay the market price. To those who show promise of a long-term investment, we pay more."

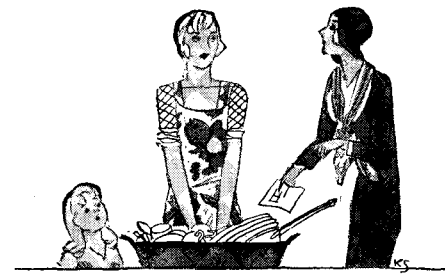
It must be said, however, that in a good many organizations there still prevails the feeling of twenty years ago, that all women are temporary, using the job as a stop-gap until they marry and transfer their activities to home-making. The keener executives, however, have sensed the change that has come about in twenty years, have adjusted their sights, and are attaching to their organizations women of promise, on an equal basis with men. Ideas change slowly.

## Measuring Woman's Value

"What do you try to buy, in addition to hand and foot labor, when you employ a new member of your administrative staff?" has been a favorite question of mine, and, "How do you evaluate these qualities in men and women?"

The great majority placed first the qualities of vision and imagination. Most of them do not call them by these story-book names, but, in the last analysis, that is what they mean. They were inclined to say that they looked for assistants who could think ahead, who could see the business undertaking a year from today, or even five years from today.

I know that it is an age-old theory that men use reason and women use intuition. (Continued on page 70)



A business career on an equal footing with men offers the woman an attractive alternative to home-making