

OPUNTIA

287

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When sending me an emailed letter of comment, please
include your name and town in the message.

THRILLING TYPEWRITER TALES

by Dale Speirs

In April 2005, I did a one-shot zine called **THRILLING TYPEWRITER STORIES #2**, in reaction to all the nerds gushing about their computers. There must have been typewriter fans back then, so why not typewriter zines? I numbered the one-shot as issue #2 so that I could include fake fanboy letters gushing about typewriting.

OPUNTIA was originally produced with an electric typewriter and then photocopied. I held out on the Papernet for as long as I could, but the future had different ideas. Just as dinosaurs evolved into birds, so it is that typewriters have evolved into laptops and tablets.

The lady typist at right is from a 1904-12-10 display ad in **HARPER'S WEEKLY**, plugging Remington typewriters.



I don't collect typewriters myself, since postage stamps take up a lot less space, but I know there are those who do, such as zinester Ned Brooks of Atlanta, Georgia. I did a lot of historical research in the University of Calgary Library until the early 2000s, when it converted from open stacks to closed stacks so closed that even professors have trouble getting books out, much less an outsider like me. (My alma mater was the University of Alberta in Edmonton; I have never been student or staff at the U of C.) My main interest then and now was postal history, but I kept my eyes open as I went through rare magazines, and anything that might be of use in the future was photocopied. I'm glad I did, because those items are now behind a paywall on digital systems or buried deep in closed stacks. I have written on typewriter history and related matters in OPUNTIA #47.1B and #57.3.

Typewriter items naturally caught my eye. I stumbled across a couple examples of typewriter fan fiction which I reproduced in TTS #2. Since I want OPUNTIA to be my journal of record, I once again reproduce these stories for a future generation that will never have seen an actual typewriter up close.

Further on is a short story "The Craig Idea", originally published in the August 1909 issue of SYSTEM, an office management magazine. The O. Henry story "Springtime A La Carte" is from his 1906 collection THE FOUR MILLION.

Across the Room with a Single Push Saves Time and Space Wherever it Goes



Away from the annoyance of dust or draft—from room to room for direct dictation—to the window for light or air

If your stenographer has become a slave to the old-style, cumbersome typewriter table that requires a husky man to move from its accustomed position, she will surely appreciate the wonderful convenience of this new, light, compact, portable steel stand.

No matter how crowded your office may be, it enables her to work where the light is good, with fresh air in the Summer, out of the drafts in the Winter—it enables her to go to the private room for direct dictation, to accommodate herself to every office condition. Make her work better, quicker, more accurate for you, pleasanter, easier, more healthful for her with an

UHL Art Steel Typewriter Stand

A simple lever device sets the casters on the floor, when a child can move it about with ease. Releasing the lever sets it on its legs again—makes it solid and rigid as a rock. Its wonderfully compact design saves half the space of the old style table. The convenient arrangement of compartments keeps everything ready for instant use, right under the finger tips. No bending or twisting to reach supplies—no musty drawers to collect dirt or debris.

The Uhl Art Steel Typewriter Table is constructed throughout of cold rolled, extra heavy steel and finished in Japanese copper. The feet are leather tipped so they will not mar or scratch the finest floor. The legs are fitted with our new high grade bronze bearing, leather wheel casters, swiveled in every direction. The roll top makes it absolutely dust and rust proof, and is made without rods, hinge pins or anything to get out of order or make trouble. It is entirely of steel—indestructible. When open, it occupies a space of 25x42 inches—closed, 25x25 inches.



Free Trial—Mail this Coupon Now

We will ship a stand immediately, all charges prepaid north of the Tennessee and east of the Mississippi Rivers. Give it a thorough test in your own office. Keep it 30 days, and if it has proved in that time all we claim, if it has proved a wonderful convenience, a big time and space saver to you and to your stenographer, send us \$15. If you conclude that you can possibly get along without it, return it to us at our expense, and you will be under no obligation. You do not risk a penny—the stand must make good or lose money for us. But get it at once. Clip the coupon, pin it to your letterhead and mail it now.

Toledo Metal Furniture Co.
Toledo, Ohio

Gentlemen:—We want to try out the Uhl Typewriter Stand in our office. If satisfactory, we will pay you \$15 at the end of 30 days—if not, we will return the machine and relieve ourselves of all obligation.

Name.....
Dealer's Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Toledo Metal Furniture Co.
1427 So. Huron St., Toledo, Ohio

The Toledo Metal Furniture ad at right is from the September 1909 issue of SYSTEM.

The "Craig Idea"

By LYNN SUMNER

*Inspiration put to practice evolves a
new principle of salesmanship*

WHEN Woodruff stepped out of the Western managership at Chicago to take general charge of sales in New York, four men fell naturally into a class by themselves as candidates for the vacancy.

Had you asked Woodruff specifically why they did, he would have told you that Reeves had landed the big Wells-Burnham order for a hundred and forty machines at Milwaukee; that Langley had stood at the head in western sales for three months in succession; that in Toledo they said Hollowell could sell a Kingston typewriter to the gilded name on an office door; and that Craig—well Craig was the originator of the "Craig idea."

And now we will go back to the beginning.

Once down in Evansville, while perusing the day's news between his last call and train time, Craig had chanced to let his eye fall upon a single sentence in a verbose editorial on a pending alien exclusion act. "The best

way to meet competition with cheap labor," it ran, "is to shut the door on it before it gets in."

Now, personally, Craig knew very little and cared less about the faults or virtues of alien exclusion, but he did have a very real idea about competition. It was the most serious thing he had to contend with every day he sold Kingston typewriters. It had lost him an order for two machines that very morning.

His attention arrested, Craig went back and read that sentence again, and unthinkingly, because the memory of the morning's lost sale was still the uppermost thing in his mind, he read it: "The best way to meet competition with the Wentworth machine is to ——"

And right there the "Craig idea" was born. On the train going up to Fort Wayne he began to develop it, three days later he had almost perfected it—it only needed application. And it was something like this:

That it *is* possible to cover your territory so thoroughly that competitors cannot break in; that every day you do keep your competitors out adds a definite re-inforcement to your strength; and that every machine you place before a competitor places his first one, is one more asset in influence.

For example, Craig figured that if he could sell the first typewriter where none had been before, he was absolutely master of the situation—he had one talking point that was exclusively his; but if the Wentworth or the Rex or the Carlton people placed the first one, it was always there to fight against. He had to fight to get one machine in, then, before he was as much as on an even basis.

II

ALL these ideas were back in the assembling room of Craig's mental workshop when, a month after the editorial episode at Evansville, he landed in Springfield. Before he had been in town three hours Craig had an inspiration. The new eight story Sells building stood ready for occupancy. Here was the first real opportunity to test his idea. Why not claim those eight floors as a settler claims new land—work not only an offensive, but a defensive campaign—literally corner the trade of the Sells building! Some old machines he knew were bound to go on the move, but every *new* one—if he could place the first one it would be a talking point for the next, two would be a greater talking point for more.

Within twenty-four hours, Craig had the name of every prospective tenant. He trailed them down at their old quarters, he learned the names and time of service of the typewriters they then had, their probable need of new or additional machines, their opinions of the makes they used. And in each case, first fortified with this information, Craig put the Kingston against all the rest.

He showed its durability, its ease of operation, its exclusive features, its invariable adaptability to the very work these firms were doing. He told of the machine's established prestige in the east, its adoption in many departments of the government. Finally, he brought a machine into every office, demonstrated it, placed it at the disposal of the stenographers for ten days. At the end of that time it was available on its merits at the regular price less ten per cent for cash. Any or all of the old machines would be taken in trade at a reasonable allowance.

And on that basis Craig sold typewriters. To begin with, the Kingstons stood the test: they had to, they were built to. As for Craig, he had yet to find an objection he could not answer, an assertion he could not prove. And his advance information placed him a lap to the good over any competitor who followed in his trail.

Furiously, like a thoroughbred straining every muscle to beat the watch, Craig made the rounds of those concerns that were soon to move into the Sells. Once he could get even a single machine into each office, he would trust to his own personal follow-up to make good use of his opening wedge—each ageing rival would be replaced with a Kingston, each new demand would find supply in a Kingston.

When the last firm on Craig's list transferred its equipment to the new offices on October first, Craig knew that thus far at least he held control. Not a competitive machine had been sold in his field in the three weeks he had been on duty. He had placed thirty-eight.

With his customers concentrated inside four walls, Craig devoted more attention to outside sales, but he laid his plan to devote a certain time to the intensive work on the Sells building. Giving his defensive campaign a definite basis, he built up a card index of every tenant. He detailed on each card particulars of the sales he had made and every bit of information that prophesied the chance of a future demand. He tabbed these cards with follow-up dates to preclude any possibility of a tardy call.

Then once each week he personally made the rounds of the building, invariably over the same route. Taking the elevator to the top floor, he called at each office on the eighth, then down to the seventh, to the sixth, and so on. Every office and suite was occupied now except one on the fourth—

room 404. Craig often stopped to peep in through the unlettered door at its barren interior and wondered if it was ever going to have a tenant.

In time, Craig came to be as regular a visitor at the offices as the postman. And each sales talk found him with a stronger talking point. Each day his boundary line remained uncrossed, each new machine he sold, gave him more ammunition.

"What stronger testimony could you ask," he would say, "than that among the thirty concerns right here in the Sells building, Springfield's finest in structure and equipment, every typewriter purchased since the building opened has been a Kingston?"

It was a novel, but a powerful, talking point and it grew in strength each day. Still Craig knew he was the target of a score of competitors, and there was always the chance that some keen rival might any moment break over the border. It became a game in which he strove to protect his goal and he wondered how long he could hold out. If he could keep his defense good till the first of the year, he would have a record to go down in Kingston history.

So while Craig continued to place his machines wherever he found an opening in Springfield, he kept his guard over the Sells building. He knew the equipment and the needs of each tenant so perfectly now that he could foresee every chance opening and anticipate any competitor's move. And no matter how many special calls brought him there during the week, always on Friday he made his scouting tour—up in the elevator to the eighth floor, down to the seventh, to the sixth, never to let his list forget him or the chance of an order slip by.

CHRISTMAS fell on Saturday that year and after his reassuring tour of the Sells building on the twenty-fourth, Craig ran into Chicago for the holiday. Monday at the office he was besieged with congratulations. For a month Woodruff and the local men, catching the spirit of the thing, had been receiving Craig's daily reports like bulletins from the battle line. Already Chase was trying the campaign on the new Mitchell block and Wilson on the Temple.

"If you hold the fort until the first," Woodruff exclaimed enthusiastically, laying his arm across Craig's shoulder, "we're going to feature it in the national advertising."

"That shouldn't be hard," Craig answered, "no one is likely to break in this week. People don't usually buy themselves typewriters for Christmas presents. I don't even expect to sell another machine there myself until after New Year's."

Craig got back to Springfield Wednesday night and Thursday he called on the Bliss people on the second floor. It was the barest chance of a lead and they assured him that they would not be buying before the tenth.

Friday morning, the thirty-first, on his way to make the last round of the year, he stopped at the news stand in the lobby of the building and bought a post card picture of the Sells. Across the upper corner he wrote: "127 typewriters bought by tenants of the Sells building since it opened—*everyone a Kingston.*" Then he addressed the card to Woodruff, stamped it, dropped it in his pocket and took the elevator to the eighth floor.

A tour of the skylit offices developed not the barest possibility of a sale. Down to the seventh, the sixth, the fifth, the fourth. Three calls there. Past vacant 404 as usual—but Craig glanced back, startled, unbelieving. On the door of the old familiar number the gilded letters of a name stared at him: "The Collins Company." Inside were desks, chairs, a girl working behind a high wire screen, a partition farther back that hid the rest from view. Room 404 had taken a tenant almost overnight.

Opening the door, Craig stepped into the little receiving office. A man sat at one side evidently waiting, but Craig advanced to the little window in the screen. The girl did not look up for a moment; she was busy perforating a check, Craig noticed. And then, his eye chancing to fall upon the slip she held, he read the figures, upside down: "\$100." It was a familiar amount and his eye shifted on to the payee's name—"The Wentworth Typewriter Company."

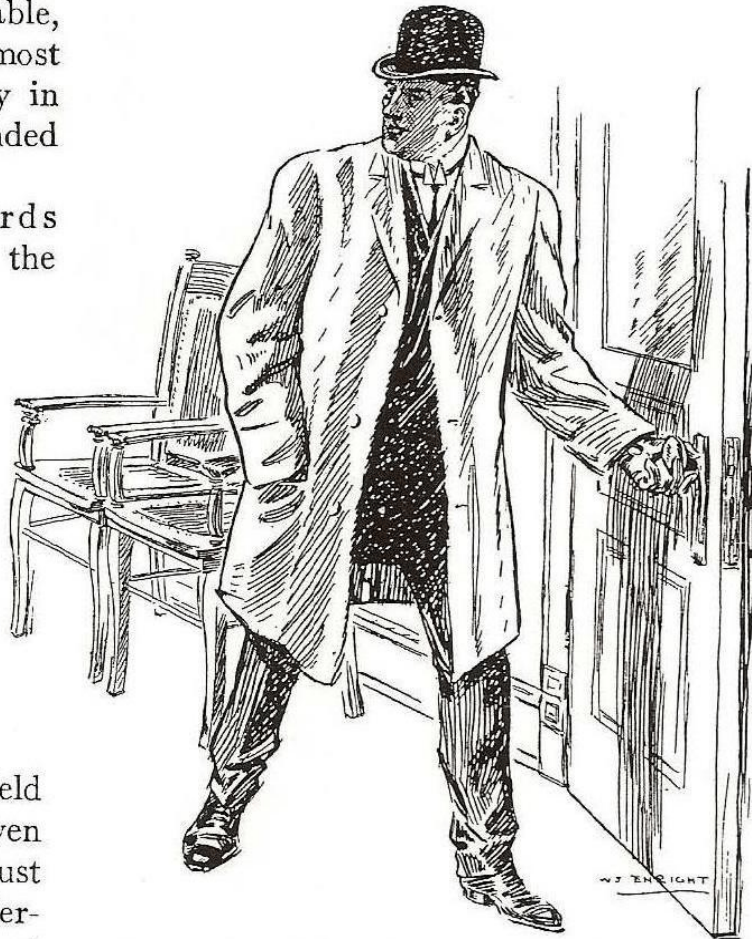
Just for a moment Craig stepped back, and in that moment the whole situation flashed before him. The Collins Company had moved in while he was in Chicago; the Wentworth man, on the trail in his absence, had jumped into the breach and sold them, delivered the machine, and that man sitting there this minute was waiting for the check.

But the check was not delivered! That was the point, and until it was—! A step and Craig blocked the window, searching his mind for the right move, the right word. And before he could formulate a syllable, the girl, in the most deliberate way in the world, handed him the check.

Sluggish words cannot follow the flashings of the mind, especially Craig's mind in that moment when a foolish little absent-minded act brought just a hope out of an utterly hopeless situation. But Craig was not the man to yield to stage fright, even when he was thrust like a startled understudy into the most dramatic part he had

ever played. Carefully folding the check, he placed it in his pocket and then, turning back, "By the way," he said, "may I see Mr. Collins for a moment?"

"Yes, you'll find him there in the back office," the girl answered.



"Once each week he made the rounds of the building"

Craig stepped in briskly to find Collins dictating, the stenographer seated at his left, the shining new Wentworth on the stand beyond. And Craig noted with inward exultation that even at serious work this man carried just a twinkle of good nature in his eye.

"Mr. Collins?" he queried, extending his hand.

"Yes," said the other, grasping it cordially, "and what can I do for you?"

For answer Craig held out the misdelivered slip. "I want to see you," he said, "about this check."

"Why, is there anything wrong with it?"

"Yes, there is something very much wrong with it. In fact, it is made out to the wrong company."

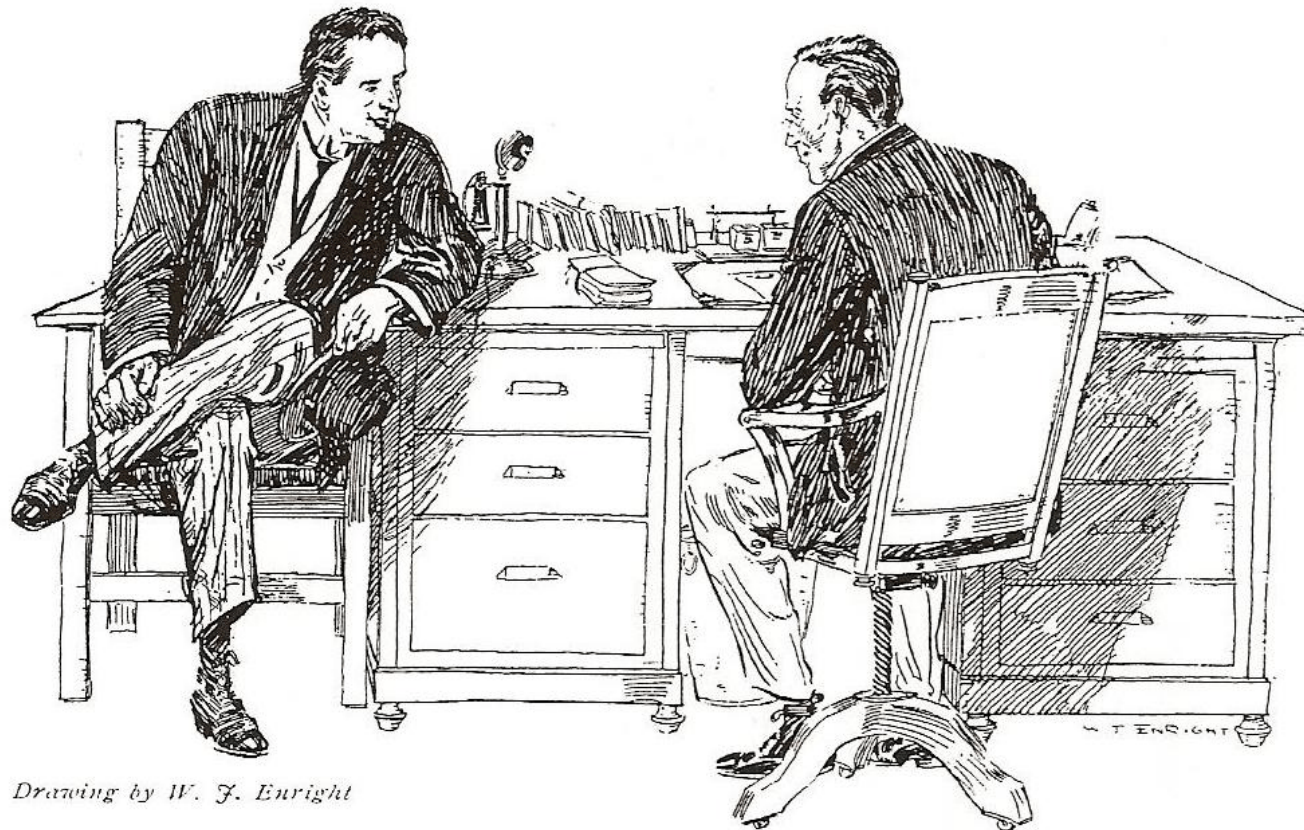
"I don't understand," Collins stammered.

"The point is this," —a smile lurked in Craig's lips as he watched for the words' effect—"this check is made out to the Wentworth Company and I represent the Kingston."

Then, replying to Collins' puzzled look of inquiry, Craig described the little comedy that had been played in the outer office. And when Collins saw it all, he did not stop at a smile, he burst out laughing, first at the undeniable humor of the situation, then in enthusiastic appreciation of Craig's quick turning of events.

"Now, I don't want to make unfair use, Mr. Collins," Craig resumed, "of this simple accident that placed your check in my hands. But aside from the humor of the incident there is a very serious side to this transaction. You are paying \$100 for a typewriter. When you do that you want, of course, the very best typewriter that money will buy, a machine the durability and capacity of which have been proved in everyday service.

"You don't buy a \$100 office appliance every day and when you do you want proof



Drawing by W. F. Enright

"Craig described the little comedy that had been played in the outer office"

of its efficiency, not alone through a salesman's words, but through demonstration of what that machine has done in other offices. In short you want the machine that the experience of others has made their choice, has shown them to be best. And now specific evidence. Do you know Mr. Collins that every machine purchased in this building since it opened has been a Kingston?"

"But that may be a testimonial not to your machine, but to your salesmanship," Collins objected.

"In the case of the first machine, yes. But every Kingston stands or falls on its merits. Eighty per cent of the sales in this building have been re-orders. One machine, given a trial, sells others. I take to myself only the credit for being on hand to get the order."

"Which, after all," Collins smiled, "is not the least important principle of salesmanship."

"Now, Mr. Collins," Craig went on, "I am not going to take another minute of your time. But I do want to ask you simply for an opportunity. I want you to hold this check on your desk until five o'clock this

afternoon and let me put a Kingston machine in here on trial. If you are satisfied after I have demonstrated its qualities that it is the best machine you can buy, I want you to keep that check and give me one instead for the Kingston Typewriter Company. Will you grant that favor?"

"If for no other reason," Collins agreed, "than to give a clever man a chance to plead his case."

That afternoon, when Craig had demonstrated the qualities of the Kingston and the stenographer had voiced her own approval of its ease of operation, Collins drew a check from the top drawer of his desk.

"I made this out just after you left this morning," he said, and a smile prefaced the added remark, "I hope you will find it payable to the right company."

Down in the lobby Craig took care to change that "127" to "128" before he dropped his postal in the mailbox.

* * *

And now you know what the "idea" was that put Craig, instead of Reeves or Langley or Hollowell, behind the frosted glass in the Chicago office.

What Ails the Ancient Companies ?

(x)

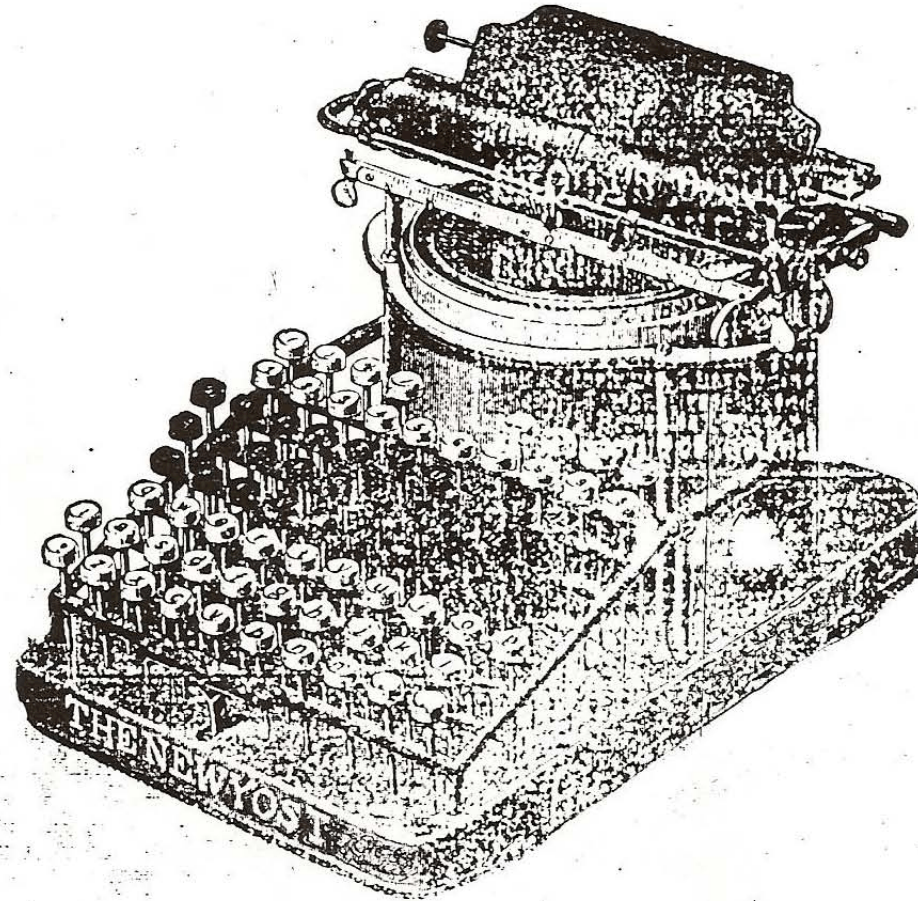
This is what ails them: The FEAR of CHANGE, which Milton says used to perplex monarchs when they saw a long tailed comet in the sky. The CHANGE is HERE; not heralded by a comet but by the New Yost the perfect writing machine.

UNEQUALLED IN

Principle of Construction,
Operation and Alignment,
Speed and Noiselessness,
Beauty of Work & Manifolding,
Clearness of Letter Press Copies.

NEW FEATURES:

No Ribbon,
No Shift Key,
No Dirty Type to Clean,
No Old-Fogy Ideas.



The history of the introduction of the Yost has been marvellous since its very inception. Never did a radical newcomer so rapidly replace its established rivals. Its long awaited improvements, however, gave it a hearty welcome, and to-day its following is world-wide and enthusiastic. Thousands of operators have tried and preferred it, and thousands of others—who lack the courage of their convictions—stick to the old machines from force of habit only—already acknowledge it as THE typewriter. And all of this wonderful success of the past has been won with the early model of the Yost, upon which the NEW YOST is a vast step in advance.

Send for illustrated Catalogue to IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, 134 Prince William Street, St. John, or to

D. B. STEWART

IT was a day in March.

Never, never begin a story this way when you write one. No opening could possibly be worse. It is unimaginative, flat, dry and likely to consist of mere wind. But in this instance it is allowable. For the following paragraph, which should have inaugurated the narrative, is too wildly extravagant and preposterous to be flaunted in the face of the reader without preparation.

Sarah was crying over her bill of fare.

Think of a New York girl shedding tears on the menu card!

To account for this you will be allowed to guess that the lobsters were all out, or that she had sworn ice-cream off during Lent, or that she had ordered onions, or that she had just come from a Hackett *matinée*. And then, all these theories being wrong, you will please let the story proceed.

The gentleman who announced that the world was an oyster which he with his sword would open made a larger hit than he deserved. It is not difficult to open an oyster with a sword. But did you ever notice any one try to open the terrestrial bivalve with a typewriter? Like to wait for a dozen raw opened that way?

Sarah had managed to pry apart the shells with her unhandy weapon far enough to nibble a wee bit at the cold and clammy world within. She knew no more shorthand than if she had been a graduate in stenography just let slip upon the world by a business college. So, not being able to stenog, she could not enter that bright galaxy of office talent. She was a free-lance typewriter and canvassed for odd jobs of copying.

The most brilliant and crowning feat of Sarah's battle with the world was the deal she made with Schulenberg's Home Restaurant. The restaurant was next door to the old red brick in which she hall-roomed. One evening after dining at Schulenberg's 40-cent, five-course *table d'hôte* (served as fast as you throw the five baseballs at the coloured gentleman's head) Sarah took away with her the bill of fare. It was written in an almost unreadable script neither English nor German, and so arranged that if you were not careful you began with a toothpick and rice pudding and ended with soup and the day of the week.

The next day Sarah showed Schulenberg a neat card on which the menu was beautifully typewritten with the viands temptingly marshalled under their right and proper heads from "hors d'œuvre" to "not responsible for overcoats and umbrellas."

Schulenberg became a naturalised citizen on the spot. Before Sarah left him she had him willingly committed to an agreement. She was to furnish typewritten bills of fare for the twenty-one tables in the restaurant — a new bill for each day's dinner, and new ones for breakfast and lunch as often as changes occurred in the food or as neatness required.

In return for this Schulenberg was to send three meals per diem to Sarah's hall room by a waiter — an obsequious one if possible — and furnish her each afternoon with a pencil draft of what Fate had in store for Schulenberg's customers on the morrow.

Mutual satisfaction resulted from the agreement. Schulenberg's patrons now knew what the food they ate was called even if its nature sometimes puzzled them. And Sarah had food during a cold, dull winter, which was the main thing with her.

And then the almanac lied, and said that spring had come. Spring comes when it comes. The frozen snows of January still lay like adamant in the cross-town streets. The hand-organs still played "In the Good Old Summertime," with their December vivacity and expression. Men began to make thirty-day notes to buy Easter dresses. Janitors shut off steam. And when these things happen one may know that the city is still in the clutches of winter.

One afternoon Sarah shivered in her elegant hall bedroom; "house heated; scrupulously clean; conveniences; seen to be appreciated." She had no work to do except Schulenberg's menu cards. Sarah sat in her squeaky willow rocker, and looked out the window. The calendar on the wall kept crying to her: "Springtime is here, Sarah — springtime is here, I tell you. Look at me, Sarah, my figures show it. You've got a neat figure yourself, Sarah — a — nice springtime figure — why do you look out the window so sadly?"

Sarah's room was at the back of the house. Looking out the window she could see the windowless rear brick wall of the box factory on the next street. But the wall was clearest crystal; and Sarah was looking down a grassy lane shaded with cherry trees and elms and bordered with raspberry bushes and Cherokee roses.

Spring's real harbingers are too subtle for the eye and ear. Some must have the flowering crocus, the wood-starring dogwood, the voice of bluebird — even so gross a reminder as the farewell handshake of the retiring buckwheat and oyster before they can welcome the Lady in Green to their dull bosoms. But to old earth's choicest kin there come straight, sweet messages from his newest bride, telling them they shall be no stepchildren unless they choose to be.

On the previous summer Sarah had gone into the country and loved a farmer.

(In writing your story never hark back thus. It is bad art, and cripples interest. Let it march, march.)

Sarah stayed two weeks at Sunnybrook Farm. There she learned to love old Farmer Franklin's son Walter. Farmers have been loved and wedded and turned out to grass in less time. But young Walter Franklin was a modern agriculturist. He had a telephone in his cow house, and he could figure up exactly what effect next year's Canada wheat crop would have on potatoes planted in the dark of the moon.

It was in this shaded and raspberried lane that Walter had wooed and won her. And together they had sat and woven a crown of dandelions for her hair. He had immoderately praised the effect of the yellow blossoms against her brown tresses; and she had left the chaplet there, and walked back to the house swinging her straw sailor in her hands.

They were to marry in the spring — at the very first signs of spring, Walter said. And Sarah came back to the city to pound her typewriter.

A knock at the door dispelled Sarah's visions of that happy day. A waiter had brought the rough pencil draft of the Home Restaurant's next day fare in old Schulenberg's angular hand.

Sarah sat down to her typewriter and slipped a card between the rollers. She was a nimble worker. Generally in an hour and a half the twenty-one menu cards were written and ready.

To-day there were more changes on the bill of fare than usual. The soups were lighter; pork was eliminated from the entrées, figuring only with Russian turnips among the roasts. The gracious spirit of spring pervaded the entire menu. Lamb, that lately capered on the greening hillsides, was becoming exploited with the sauce that commemorated its gambols. The song of the oyster, though not silenced, was *diminuendo con amore*. The frying-pan seemed to be held, inactive, behind the beneficent bars of the broiler. The pie list swelled; the richer puddings had vanished; the sausage, with his drapery wrapped about him, barely lingered in a pleasant thanatopsis with the buckwheats and the sweet but doomed maple.

Sarah's fingers danced like midgets above a summer stream. Down through the courses she worked, giving each item its position according to its length with an accurate eye.

Just above the desserts came the list of vegetables. Carrots and peas, asparagus on toast, the perennial tomatoes and corn and succotash, lima beans, cabbage — and then —

Sarah was crying over her bill of fare. Tears from the depths of some divine despair rose in her heart and gathered to her eyes. Down went her head on the little typewriter stand; and the keyboard rattled a dry accompaniment to her moist sobs.

For she had received no letter from Walter in two weeks, and the next item on the bill of fare was dandelions — dandelions with some kind of egg — but bother the egg! — dandelions, with whose golden blooms Walter had crowned her his queen of love and future bride — dandelions, the harbingers of spring, her sorrow's crown of sorrow — reminder of her happiest days.

Madam, I dare you to smile until you suffer this test: Let the Marechal Niel roses that Percy brought you on the night you gave him your heart be served as a salad with French dressing before your eyes at a Schulenberg *table d'hôte*. Had Juliet so seen her love tokens dishonoured the sooner would she have sought the lethean herbs of the good apothecary.

But what a witch is Spring! Into the great cold city of stone and iron a message had to be sent. There was none to convey it but the little hardy courier of the fields with his rough green coat and modest air. He is a true soldier of fortune, this *dent-de-lion* — this lion's tooth, as the French chefs call him. Flowered, he will assist at love-making, wreathed in my lady's nut-brown hair; young and callow and unblossomed, he goes into the boiling pot and delivers the word of his sovereign mistress.

By and by Sarah forced back her tears. The cards must be written. But, still in a faint, golden glow from her dandeleonine dream, she fingered the typewriter keys absently for a little while, with her mind and heart in the meadow lane with her young farmer. But soon she came swiftly back to the rock-bound lanes of Manhattan, and the typewriter began to rattle and jump like a strike-breaker's motor car.

At 6 o'clock the waiter brought her dinner and carried away the typewritten bill of fare. When Sarah ate she set aside, with a sigh, the dish of dandelions with its crowning ovarious accompaniment. As this dark mass had been transformed from a bright and love-indorsed flower to be an ignominious vegetable, so had her summer hopes wilted and perished. Love may, as Shakespeare said, feed on itself: but Sarah could not bring herself to eat the dandelions that had graced, as ornaments, the first spiritual banquet of her heart's true affection.

At 7.30 the couple in the next room began to quarrel: the man in the room above sought for A on his flute; the gas went a little lower; three coal wagons started to unload — the only sound of which the phonograph is jealous; cats on the back fences slowly retreated toward Mukden. By these signs Sarah knew that it was time for her to read. She got out "The Cloister and the Hearth," the best non-selling book of the month, settled her feet on her trunk, and began to wander with Gerard.

The front door bell rang. The landlady answered it. Sarah left Gerard and Denys treed by a bear and listened. Oh, yes; you would, just as she did!

And then a strong voice was heard in the hall below, and Sarah jumped for her door, leaving the

book on the floor and the first round easily the bear's.

You have guessed it. She reached the top of the stairs just as her farmer came up, three at a jump, and reaped and garnered her, with nothing left for the gleaners.

"Why haven't you written — oh, why?" cried Sarah.

"New York is a pretty large town," said Walter Franklin. "I came in a week ago to your old address. I found that you went away on a Thursday. That consoled some; it eliminated the possible Friday bad luck. But it didn't prevent my hunting for you with police and otherwise ever since!"

"I wrote!" said Sarah, vehemently.

"Never got it!"

"Then how did you find me?"

The young farmer smiled a springtime smile.

"I dropped into that Home Restaurant next door this evening," said he. "I don't care who knows it; I like a dish of some kind of greens at this time of the year. I ran my eye down that nice typewritten bill of fare looking for something in that line. When I got below cabbage I turned my chair over and holstered for the proprietor. He told me where you lived."

"I remember," sighed Sarah, happily. "That was dandelions below cabbage."

"I'd know that cranky capital W 'way above the line that your typewriter makes anywhere in the world," said Franklin.

"Why, there's no W in dandelions," said Sarah, in surprise.

The young man drew the bill of fare from his pocket, and pointed to a line.

Sarah recognised the first card she had typewritten that afternoon. There was still the rayed splotch in the upper right-hand corner where a tear had fallen. But over the spot where one should have read the name of the meadow plant, the clinging memory of their golden blossoms had allowed her fingers to strike strange keys.

Between the red cabbage and the stuffed green peppers was the item:

"DEAREST WALTER, WITH HARD-BOILED EGG."

Typewrite Your Minutes and Records

It is neater and quicker than with pen and ink—they are read easier, and greater legibility reduces chance of error in reading. Besides, typewritten pages hold more than twice as much as those written by hand, thus saving a substantial amount of space, as shown by comparative illustrations.

MANN YALE LOCK TYPEWRITER BOOK

can be used with any standard typewriter or billing machine, and is particularly adapted for Secretary's and Directors' Minutes; Corporation Records and Committee Reports; Federal, State, County and Municipal

Records; Land Records; Records of Deeds and Conveyances; Title and Land Transfers, and Insurance and Inventory Records; Special Detail, Formula and Private School, College, War and Navy Records; Sales, Cost and Price Records.

The book looks just like an ordinary blank book and the Yale Lock feature gives it the same security of leaves. A sheet must be literally torn out to be removed without the Yale Key, as the vise-back mechanism grips the sheets firmly—it has all the good points of

the Mann Yale Lock Ledger. When the book is filled, it is permanently locked by merely destroying the Yale Key.

Good business judgment prescribes for perpetual records the use of the best method, and the Mann Yale Lock Typewriter Book fulfills this requirement, and in addition gives the protection sanctioned by law, together with the advantages of typewriting and the loose leaf idea.

Our leaflet goes carefully into every detail of the subject—let us send it to you. Tear out this page—right now—write your name, address and business on the margin and mail it to us at once. Get the information immediately, and without any cost or obligation.

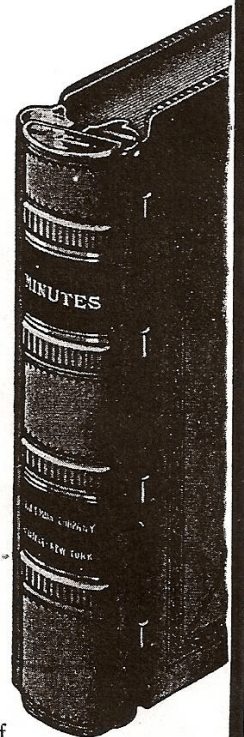
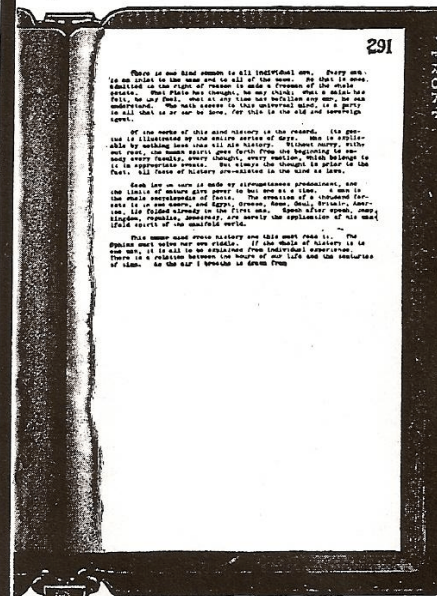
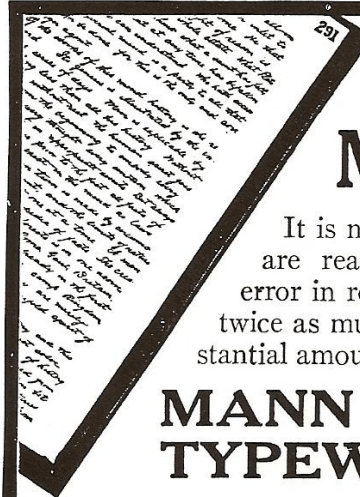
WILLIAM MANN COMPANY

Makers of Loose Leaf Devices, Copying Books and Papers

529 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

New York Branch; 105 Chambers Street.


Copying Paper Mills at Lambertville, N. J.



The Yale Lock Typewriter Book was from the November 1910 issue of SYSTEM. The two ads below were from the August 1909 issue.

The New Yost typewriter ad on page 10 was from the 1893-06-10 issue of the DAILY EXAMINER newspaper (Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island).

TYPEWRITING SPEED PAYS



**GET SPEED!
AND THE
SALARY
IS
SURE**

Typewriter Users:

Study The Tulloss Touch System. It can be learned in your spare time, will enable you to make the change from sight to touch without losing a day from your regular work, and will bring you the speed and the salary of the expert.

Send for our

72-Page Free Book

which describes this fast and accurate method. It will tell you more about actual, practical, fast typewriting than any instruction book you ever saw. It is filled from cover to cover with new ideas and valuable helps. It tells how high speed is gained; how mistakes may be prevented; what kind of practice work is best; 72 pages of vital helpful facts for the typewriter user.

It costs you nothing more than the trouble of asking for it. If you want more speed; more accuracy; more ease in writing; more salary—send for this Book today.

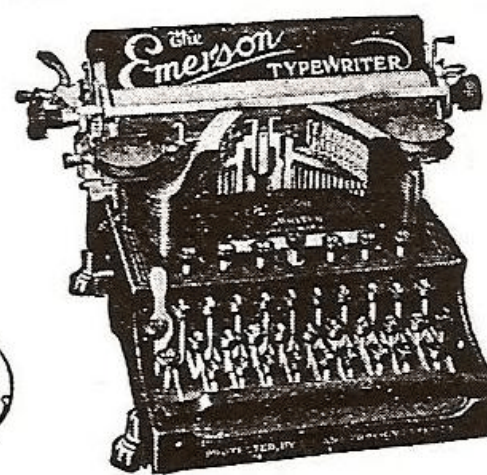
The Tulloss School of Touch Typewriting
535 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

\$50

Two Color Ribbon Movement

The best features of the best typewriters together with superior points, exclusively its own, makes

THE EMERSON



Tabulator

Universal Key Board

The Leading Standard Visible Typewriter

of today. All of the standard excellence at
one-half the old-time price

THE EMERSON TYPEWRITER CO.
501-2-3 Marquette Building
CHICAGO, ILL.

\$50

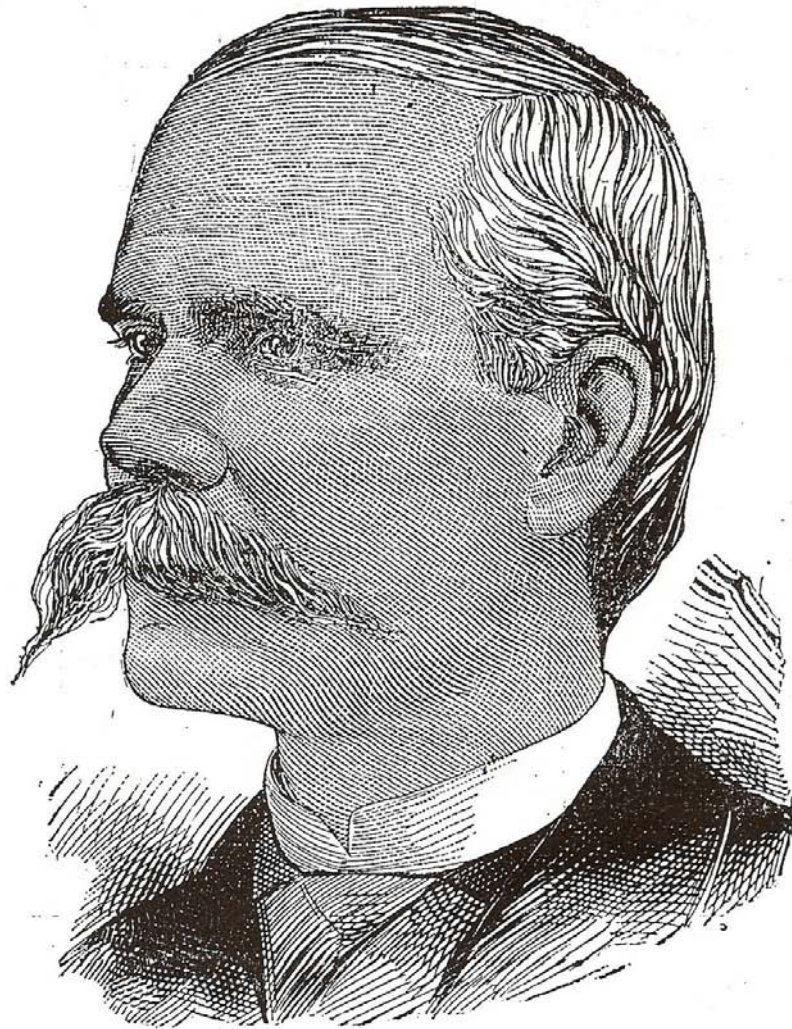
\$50

Back Spacer Key

\$50

JOHN NEWTON WILLIAMS.

Eminent Inventor of the Williams Typewriter Owes
Strength and Health to Paine's Celery Compound.



The old-time visionary inventor has given place to the practical, hard-working professional inventor of to-day.

The successful inventor must now be a business man as well as a man of mechanical ideas.

The high tension of the nervous system, often kept up for months and months, makes tremendous drafts on the health of those busy brain workers. Many succumb to nervous prostration when they seem just on the point of surmounting every difficulty.

Of all the countless recent useful inventions none has passed through so many or so rapid a course of improvements as the typewriter. To-day, the latest perfected machine is undoubtedly the Williams Typewriter, which represents a vast amount of cumulative invention.

Many of the best commercial houses and large corporations in Canada are now using the Williams Typewriter. This perfected machine has also been adopted by some departments of the British and Canadian governments.

John Newton Williams, its inventor, was born in 1845, in Brooklyn, N. Y. He spent his early manhood on the western frontier. Subsequently he settled in Kentucky, where he became known as one of the most successful stock breeders in the state.

But it is as an inventor that he has won his national reputation. Several most useful and important inventions were made by him before he produced the Williams Typewriter, a machine, that probably excels all others in the most important features.

Mr. Williams, speaking of the labor expended in bringing the machine that bears his name to its present perfection, says:

"Some four years ago, when engaged in experimental work on the Williams, I was putting in about 16 hours per day of hard work and worry, and came near breaking down. Although very particular and regular in my habits and careful about eating, my stomach troubled me. It was difficult to eat, and more difficult to digest and assimilate my food, my stomach acting in sympathy with my over-worked brain. A friend had sent

some Paine's Celery Compound to one of my business associates, and knowing him personally, and seeing what it did for him, I thought I would try it. I commenced taking it before meals, and it at once stimulated my appetite and aided digestion. I took two bottles and was much benefitted.

"Again, two years later I was troubled with nervousness and indigestion, and again took Paine's Celery Compound with great benefit. My wife, after her long illness last summer, and severe nervous prostration, and some trouble from indigestion, concluded to try Paine's Celery Compound a few weeks ago, and she is now taking it with steady improvement. Several of my friends have taken it on my recommendation, and are now practical believers in its great restorative powers. I have found the Celery Compound a tonic and restorative that I could lean upon with confidence in time of trouble."

Paine's Celery Compound makes people well! As a spring remedy it is unsurpassed.

Tired after those long shifts on the computer keyboard?
Eat some celery!

This ad is from the 1895-05-09 issue of the WINNIPEG
FREE PRESS newspaper.

ZINE LISTINGS

by Dale Speirs

[I only list zines from the Papernet. If the zine is posted on www.efanzines.com or www.fanac.org, then I don't mention it since you can read them directly.]

[The Usual means \$5 cash (\$6 overseas) or trade for your zine. Americans: please don't send cheques for small amounts to Canada or overseas (the bank fee to cash them is usually more than the amount) or mint USA stamps (which are not valid for postage outside USA). US\$ banknotes are still acceptable around the world.]

[SF means science fiction. An apazine is a zine for an amateur press association distro, a perzine is a personal zine, sercon is serious-constructive, and a genzine is a general zine.]

BANANA RAG #44 (\$15 for two issues from Anna Banana, 3747 Highway 101, Roberts Creek, British Columbia V0N 2W2) News about the mail art world, project lists, and, of course, goings-on in the world of banana fruit.

AS THE CROW FLIES #12 (The Usual from Frank Denton, 14654 - 8 Avenue SW, Burien, Washington State 98166) Perzine with trip reports of wanderings up into British Columbia and around the Pacific Northwest and the Southwest states.

OSFS STATEMENT #426 (The Usual from Ottawa Science Fiction Society, 18 Norice Street, Ottawa, Ontario K2G 2X5) SF clubzine with news, letters, and astronomy updates.

CHRISTIAN NEW AGE QUARTERLY V21#3 (US\$5 from Catherine Groves, Box 276, Clifton, New Jersey 07015-0276) Most of this issue discusses whether Jesus Christ was just a myth or a real person. Outside the Bible, he is not mentioned save in a few texts that may have been altered by Christians. However, he could have existed as a real person with myths subsequently attached to his name. That others didn't mention him means nothing; he was obscure at the time and living in an out-of-the-way place.

SEEN IN THE LITERATURE

Kump, L.R. (2014) **Hypothesized link between Neoproterozoic greening of the land surface and the establishment of an oxygen-rich atmosphere.** PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES (USA) 111:14062–14065

Author's abstract: "*Considerable geological, geochemical, paleontological, and isotopic evidence exists to support the hypothesis that the atmospheric oxygen level rose from an Archean baseline of essentially zero to modern values in two steps roughly 2.3 billion and 0.8–0.6 billion years ago (Ga). The first step in oxygen content, the Great Oxidation Event, was likely a threshold response to diminishing reductant input from Earth's interior. Here I provide an alternative to previous suggestions that the second step was the result of the establishment of the first terrestrial fungal–lichen ecosystems. The consumption of oxygen by aerobes respiring this new source of organic matter in soils would have necessitated an increase in the atmospheric oxygen content to compensate for the reduced delivery of oxygen to the weathering environment below the organic rich upper soil layer. Support for this hypothesis comes from the observed spread toward more negative carbon isotope compositions in Neoproterozoic (1.0–0.542 Ga) and younger limestones altered under the influence of ground waters, and the positive correlation between the carbon isotope composition and oxygen content of modern ground waters in contact with limestones. Thus, the greening of the planet's land surfaces forced the atmospheric oxygen level to a new, higher equilibrium state.*"



Speirs: The Earth's atmosphere did not become oxygenated until relatively late in its history, and then only in a two-stage process. A time traveler going too far back into history would asphyxiate on arrival.

[This is actually a review by Rosenfeld of a book ALTERED PASTS: COUNTERFACTUALS IN HISTORY (2014) by Richard Evans. The word "counterfactual" more correctly refers to essays about What If?, whereas "alternative history" is the fictionalized form (and almost always incorrectly called "alternate history").

Author's abstract: *"Richard Evans's new book, ALTERED PASTS, offers a perceptive but flawed critique of the field of counterfactual history. The author provides a useful historical survey of the field's recent rise to prominence and intelligently analyzes its respective strengths and weaknesses. His overall assessment of the field is quite skeptical, however. Evans cites many reasons for his skepticism, but his overall critique can be summarized in three words: plausibility, politicization, and popularity. Evans faults works of counterfactual history for their frequently implausible narratives, their promotion of political agendas, and their distressing degree of popularity. In advancing his critique, Evans makes many valid observations that call attention to important deficiencies in the field. But his view is a partial one that neglects countervailing evidence and never penetrates to the heart of why the field has left the margins for the mainstream. ... "*

"Most of Evans's book, however, focuses on works of counterfactual history that have appeared since the 1970s, especially those that have been published in the last two decades. ... In surveying this large body of literature, Evans is mostly interested in judging rather than explaining. He sees little value in counterfactual history's alleged goal of "showing how things might have turned out differently," calling it "banal". ... Evans is at his best in highlighting counterfactual history's famed Achilles' heel, its disregard of plausibility. He duly credits "counterfactualists"—as he calls the authors of "what if" narratives—with drafting sensible rules governing the creation of their speculative scenarios. Most of these rules attempt to limit arbitrariness and impose a rigorous methodology for extrapolating the consequences of a historical point of divergence. Evans approves of two rules in particular: Philip Tetlock's and Geoffrey Parker's "minimal rewrite" rule, which says that a chain of counterfactual consequences should not extend beyond a certain logical point; and the concept of ceteris paribus, which says that "a counterfactual must only make one change in the causal chain and leave everything else the same as it was in reality"."

"Evans also criticizes counterfactual history for its increasing popularity. ... Worse still, according to Evans, is the possibility that counterfactual history's growing popularity may be having a dangerous impact upon historical consciousness. He suggests that counterfactual history may be dulling our awareness of history by encouraging a flight into fantasy. Evans sees this escapist impulse everywhere in contemporary culture. He writes that the "worlds of alternate reality" produced by counterfactual history are the same ones being sought out by "increasing numbers of people . . . in search of spaces for their imaginations to roam free, unfettered by facts. Frustration at the complexities and uncertainties of modern life leads them to inhabit the Middle Earth of Tolkien's Lord of the Rings rather than the Middle Ages of real historical time, or the rational world of Sherlock Holmes's Victorian London rather than the conditionally complex world of the late Victorian city." These kinds of fantasy worlds, which Evans says are "particularly appealing in times of political and cultural anxiety," sap the appeal of traditional history and thereby promote ignorance. Evans goes so far as to claim that "many people now learn about medieval Europe primarily from fantastical representations such as Game of Thrones or The Lord of the Rings" ... Lastly, Evans worries that counterfactual history's popularity may pose a danger to professional historians' livelihoods. He writes that "the 'what-if' question has often threatened . . . to put historians out of a job by reducing everything to a matter of chance."

Speirs: Popularity of a subject among the general public often attracts the scorn of mundane humanities scholars, who prefer fiction that is often unreadable and never reprinted. As Rosenfeld remarks in his review, Evans is exaggerating when he writes that counterfactuals will be the death of serious history. I do agree that far too many people hide from the real world in front of their DVD players, memorizing tracts of dialogue from sci-fi or fantasy movies and television. I find real history just as fascinating, for all that I enjoy reading alternative history novels and writing counterfactuals. I would point out one thing that is commonly unnoticed among counterfactual critics, that lawyers use them everyday in court trials. "My client would not be in a wheelchair today if Smith had not run the red light." "Jones would not have crushed to death by his neighbour's tree if the tree had been properly pruned." And so forth.

Shi, Yong, et al (2014) **Inefficient star formation in extremely metal poor galaxies.** NATURE 514:335-348

Authors' abstract: *"The first galaxies contain stars born out of gas with few or no 'metals' (that is, elements heavier than helium). The lack of metals is expected to inhibit efficient gas cooling and star formation, but this effect has yet to be observed in galaxies with an oxygen abundance (relative to hydrogen) below a tenth of that of the Sun. Extremely metal poor nearby galaxies may be our best local laboratories for studying in detail the conditions that prevailed in low metallicity galaxies at early epochs. Carbon monoxide emission is unreliable as a tracer of gas at low metallicities, and while dust has been used to trace gas in low metallicity galaxies, low spatial resolution in the far-infrared has typically led to large uncertainties. Here we report spatially resolved infrared observations of two galaxies with oxygen abundances below ten per cent of the solar value, and show that stars formed very inefficiently in seven star-forming clumps in these galaxies. The efficiencies are less than a tenth of those found in normal, metal rich galaxies today, suggesting that star formation may have been very inefficient in the early Universe."*

Speirs: Metals up to iron in the periodic tables are formed by fusion within stars, while heavier elements require events such as neutron star collisions to form. Just after the Big Bang, when the first galaxies were forming, there were no metals and it took time for stars to go through their life cycles and subsequently create metallic elements. Every atom of metal was once inside a star.

Beech, Martin (2014) **Electrophonic sound generation by the Chelyabinsk fireball.** EARTH, MOON, AND PLANETS 113:33-41

Author's abstract: *"Electrophonic sounds were widely reported by eyewitnesses to the Chelyabinsk fireball. The available data indicate that such sounds were heard at ranges to at least *100 km from the fireball's atmospheric path. We estimate that the fireball may have generated of order 625 W of energy in the form of very low frequency radiation, and we find some tentative evidence to indicate that the acoustic conversion efficiency at a 100 km range was of order 0.1 %. Numerical simulations of the atmospheric flight path indicate that electrophonic sounds should have commenced some 5 s after the fireball first became luminous and would have lasted for some 7.5 s prior to the moment of catastrophic break-up. ... Much has already been published with respect to the*

15 February 2013 Chelyabinsk fireball and meteorite fall. The parent object was likely derived from the Flora asteroid family, but has a relatively young cosmic ray exposure age of some 1.2 million years. Within the first month of the fall date, several kilograms of LL5 ordinary chondrite meteorites were collected, with the largest fragment so far being recovered weighing-in at 654 kg. Infrasound detectors situated around the world recorded the end-phase air-burst detonation and the data indicates an energy of 500 ± 100 kiloton's of TNT equivalent for the Chelyabinsk event"

Speirs: One interesting aspect of meteorite falls is that it has become much easier for astronomers to collect data because there are so many dashcams and security cameras that can catch a glimpse of fireballs. Eyewitnesses are quick to post on blogs or YouTube, meaning that observations are more accurate than those done weeks or months after the fall.

Scott, I.M., et al (2014) **Human preferences for sexually dimorphic faces may be evolutionarily novel.** PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES USA 111:14388–14393

Authors' abstract: *"A large literature proposes that preferences for exaggerated sex typicality in human faces (masculinity/femininity) reflect a long evolutionary history of sexual and social selection. This proposal implies that dimorphism was important to judgments of attractiveness and personality in ancestral environments. It is difficult to evaluate, however, because most available data come from large scale, industrialized, urban populations. Here, we report the results for 12 populations with very diverse levels of economic development. Surprisingly, preferences for exaggerated sex-specific traits are only found in the novel, highly developed environments. Similarly, perceptions that masculine males look aggressive increase strongly with development and, specifically, urbanization. These data challenge the hypothesis that facial dimorphism was an important ancestral signal of heritable mate value. One possibility is that highly developed environments provide novel opportunities to discern relationships between facial traits and behavior by exposing individuals to large numbers of unfamiliar faces, revealing patterns too subtle to detect with smaller samples."*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN WAY
photo by Dale Speirs

East end of Mount Rundle as seen from Canmore. The slanted slash across the mountain is the road leading up to Spray Valley.

