

Sunday September 23rd., 1917.

Last Monday morning as usual at 9 A. M., I reported at the store and started another of these "eventful" weeks. Had hardly got my hat and coat hung up until I was favored with a visit from Mr. George Venini, our Calgary manager. Was mighty glad to see him, as it was like having a "breath of the West" blow in on me. Mr. V.--- is taking a three weeks holiday. Oh yes! Our western division is beginning to see the policy of giving their workers a little time off now and then.

Had a nice visit with George and an interchange of advertising ideas, and he will be in to see again as he intends being in the city some few days.

That evening I was decidedly interested in some window cards that I am getting out, and as the weather was nice and bright and my appetite was not fully "matured" I remained in my office after six P. M., and after the balance of the "slaves" had gone their devious ways. Taking advantage of the daylight, seven o'clock was at hand almost before I knew it, and I received another visitor--Mr. M. H. Conley, our Superintendent of the eastern branches. He had been delayed in his office on the sixth floor, and on his way out he heard me in my department.

He immediately put a "quietus" on my working any further--said, "Here, get your coat and let's get out of this. Come out with me and have dinner". And we had dinner, and then---well, we went to a show at the "Gaiety Theatre", a musical comedy, lots of "girls and pink and blue tights and all that stuff", and a very tall comedian and a very short comedian who were both very grotesque and really funny and they made us laugh, which was of course very good for the health. And they had a clever leading lady who danced most bewitchingly (really I believe I could have enjoyed a "fox-trot" with her, or even a good old-fashioned waltz), and what is more unusual for a "musical comedy, she sang very nicely, which was a surprise and a halt!

(Just discovered that the paper was not in straight--but you discovered it too.) (But it is nearer straight now, thank you). After the show we walked home and "talked shop"--and he thinks we are "going to get along nicely together", and that sounded nice to me, and I know we will get along nicely providing I "produce" the goods". Everything is always lovely when one is "producing the goods".

Tuesday evening Kautzman, his wife, and I dined together. Kautzman, as some of you know was with me in Vancouver in 1913, and has been in charge of the Toronto Victor department for the last four years. But he has just handed in his resignation, to take effect Oct., 1st., and intends to go back to the States. He may change his mind if the Co., offers to come through with a little better salary. But I hardly believe they will "raise", as they do not like to pay bigger salaries if it can be avoided.

Wednesday morning the postman brought in a fine letter from "Geo. I. Jones, First Washington Hospital, Camp Green, No. Carolina". He had left Washington, with his company, Monday the 17th., and at time of writing was enroute, "Somewhere in Kentucky". They had stopped in Cincinnati for two hours and had taken a swim at the Y. H. C. A., which helped some. The weather had been lovely during the whole trip--nice and cool with lots of sunshine. His remarks concerning Cincinnati were, "Some town--I don't think! The more I see of this eastern country, the better I like Seattle". Halt! There are others that feel that way. "All in favor say 'Aye'". Carried unanimously!

While George was writing me his train was running along the Ohio River, which he stated was very muddy. You do not see the pretty snow-water very often here in the east. He also said that they were feeding him well and that he was getting fat, all of which is good news. I answered his letter same day received and will endeavor to follow it up regularly, and hope he will use any spare time he may find to keep the family well posted on his experiences.

Also received a letter from Raye on Monday, wishing me "many happy returns of the day". Well, by Giminy, I don't feel a bit older, anyway, and I believe that getting back to the "old game" is going to keep me young. At any rate I feel, act, and I guess write like a "kid". Raye says she is staying with mother another week. That's fine--wish she could make it a month. But then you know she has to get back to Vancouver where she can "gad-a-bout"--guess I know!

Wednesday we had a touch of sultry atmosphere--seemed to kind of take the starch out of a fellow. In some of our offices electric fans were turned on, but no electric storms came up with it for which "yours truly" was thankful. "No likes" that "stuff", and its too far to the basement from my department. "You know what I mean".

Thursday, the postman brought me a fine letter from mother, written on the 18th., and gave me liberal news from home, and as she mentioned that she had also written Hazel and George, I will not give a resume of her letter as she no doubt gave them the same information. At the time she wrote Ben had not received his "call" but expected it at any moment. It would seem from this that he has passed the examination--although there has been no word from home on this latter subject. It's wonderful how that Jones "bunch" overlook some information that would be very interesting to some of us that are way off on the "ragged edges".

Saturday morning a breezy, short missive from Bob was passed into my office, one that he had evidently written at the works. Said that they were enjoying fine weather, and that they had all been up to Pha's to log the evening before and had a fine time, and that the "kids" had a fine time, too. Now--do you know, I wouldn't mind putting up with some of those "kids'" "meanness" for a few minutes--guess could stand about a whole day of it at the very least if I got the chance.

Glad to see that Bob keeps in such a cheerful spirit. That is more than half "the game". There was a splendid article in August number of "Hearst" by B. C. Forbes on the subject of "Cheerfulness", well worth reading--remembering--and applying. If you did not catch this article, here is some of his short, pithy, forceful conclusions--

"Cheerfulness is one step in the ladder of Success. Gain it early."

"Promotion to-day is for the cheerful, not the choleric."

"A happy boss "oils" the whole plant--laughter is a lubricant."

"Cheerfulness is the parent of competency."

"Smiling will carry you farther than swearing."

"I would give a million dollars to have Charlie Schwab's smile," recently said J. Ogden Arneur, head of the \$500,000,000-a-year packing business."

"If a smile can be worth a million, why cultivate a frown, for which there is no market."

"Good spirits make for good digestion."

"The big men, the leaders of tomorrow, will be those who can blend cheerfulness with their brains."

"Cheerfulness helps you to get more--and it enables you to give more--more of that which is worth while."

It struck me that all these thoughts were mighty good, in fact every paragraph in his article had a "punch" worth letting "soak in". Accompanying the article is a very expressive illustration showing two characters, the cheerful one, with good nature and competency stamping his every feature and pose, and below him the other character depicting a fully developed specimen of malcontent, skeptic, and "grouch", progressed to such a stage that he would almost "hate himself", would be miserable in his unnatural, unwholesome existence, an embarrassment and a disgusting, detestable person with those he would be thrown in touch with. I believe that this big world is "topsy-turvy" today owing to a lack of sufficient, wholesome, cheery, plucky men of the first type.

(Apologies to K. G. B.)

LAST NIGHT, just before
 + + +
 CLOSING TIME and
 + + +
 MY WORK was almost
 + + +
 CONCLUDED, the "next-to-boss"
 + + +
 MR. CONLEY, came into
 + + +
 MY SANCTUARY and
 + + +
 WE GOSSIPED and told
 + + +
 EACH OTHER how nice it was
 + + +
 TO BE ALIVE, and with the
 + + +
 SAME COMPANY and that
 + + +
 WE EXPECTED to do
 + + +
 GREAT THINGS as soon as
 + + +
 WE COULD GET the men, material,
 + + +
 AND ENOUGH MONEY to push
 + + +

OUR BUSINESS, and that until
 + + +
 SUCH TIME CAME, they hardly
 + + +
 KNEW JUST WHAT to advise me
 + + +
 TO DO in my department,
 + + +
 BUT THAT THEY had "lots of faith"
 + + +
 IN THE FINAL OUTCOME--he said
 + + +
 HE WAS PLEASED with my style
 + + +
 AND WAS SURE WE were going to
 + + +
 GET ON FINE together and
 + + +
 FOR ME not to worry but just
 + + +
 SAW WOOD and take
 + + +
 LIFE EASY UNTIL we were
 + + +
 IN POSITION to make a
 + + +
 BIGGER SPREAD. See, isn't
 + + +
 THAT FINE.

Today I have been away, all around town most of the day, and joying the sights and the sunshine. Will endeavor at some later date to give you an "issue" on Toronto, it's a pretty city, and I like it the more I see of it. Saw three swell resident districts today, and have hardly got started on my investigations.

Must close now and "rough up the feathers" again--big, heavy day ahead of me tomorrow.

Love and best wishes to all.

Affectionately,