

Remington Notes



Vol 4 No. 7

MISS REMINGTON TELLS HOW THE TYPIST CAN HELP WIN THE WAR

Frankly, I do not think one typist in ten has ever thought of this question. I don't believe one in a hundred has ever stopped to think just how the typist figures in the matter. But she does figure just the same, and the time has come to do some serious thinking about it.

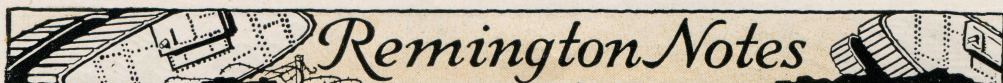


War is something that used to be regarded as exclusively man's business. But we know better now. I don't know whether war has changed or whether men and women have changed. Perhaps both have changed. But one thing I do know, and everybody knows, and that is that THIS war cannot be won without the women. That one name "Red Cross" is enough to prove it, and if need be I could pile up the proof.

However, I am not going to talk about what women can do to help win the war. I am going to talk in particular about what the *woman typist* can do. And that at once raises the question: "Can the woman typist do more than the average woman?" *Yes, on an average, about ten times as much.* If you doubt it, listen to me.

I am not talking now about knitting for the Red Cross, or obeying the food regulations—and all that. The knitting, of course, is good as far as it goes, but let me tell you I have taken more than one peep into those knitting bags and some of the things I have seen there were never intended for any soldier or any Belgian. That kind of "winning the war" won't carry very far. But then there are knitters and knitters. If you had ever heard of the disease known as trench feet, and if you realized that a pair of good, warm woolen socks in those muddy, oozy trenches, may save a limb or even the life of an American soldier, you would knit a pair every spare chance you got.

And right here, before I go on to the main thing, let me say that the food saving is important. It is important because there happen to be nearly five hundred thousand of us typists scattered over the face of this U. S. A.—so you see we make up a pretty sizeable item of the population. If you could see with your mind's eye all of the food that half a million healthy people will consume in one day, it would give you a little jolt of surprise.

The header features the text "Remington Notes" in a decorative, cursive font. On either side of the text are illustrations of typewriter components: a carriage and paper support on the left, and a roller and carriage on the right.

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Now I don't want to accuse my fellow typists, *as a class*, of eating too much. Far from it. Fact is, I have known typists now and then, who, I am sure, did not eat enough, or at least not enough of the right things. But I do know that in normal times everybody eats too much. We should all sleep better, work better and feel better if we ate less. By everybody, of course, I mean the average person, and I guess that typists are just about as average as the general run of people. A strict observance of the meatless days and the wheatless days, and the eatless this and that, won't hurt you. On the contrary, it will put money in your pocketbook, and, just on the side, it will be a great big help to your Uncle Sam.

Now this matter of waste brings me up to the great big question that I want to talk about. And here is where the typist will figure as a war winner—not merely along with the rest of the people, but all by herself.

Food waste is not the only kind of waste which today is handicapping the nation. We are suffering from all kinds of waste, and in particular from *clerical time and labor waste*.

Waste is a strange thing. It may go on for a lifetime and no one seems to feel it—until there is a shortage. Then the pinch comes.

There is a *shortage of clerical workers* in the United States today. Such a thing never happened before in all our history. It may never happen again. But it is here now. And what are we going to do about it?

American business today is asking itself that question. And it can find only one answer—the clerical labor saving machine, and the operator that goes with it. And that operator means YOU.

How great is this shortage of clerical workers and what has caused it? Last December a leading business magazine made a census of representative business concerns throughout the country which showed that 17 per cent of all their clerical office men had enlisted or been drafted to the colors. Mind you this was last December. The number is far greater now and will keep on growing as long as the war lasts. Meanwhile, the clerical tasks have not lessened. Rather, they have grown with the war activities of the nation. And who is to perform these tasks? If ever the nation needed the stenographer, the typist, the bill clerk, the ledger clerk, and *all the machines they operate*—that time is now.

Clerical labor saving now means *man power saving*—and that has become your job—and mine.

REMINGTON NOTES readers, does the nation need our help? I guess yes!

But you may say, "Other women must come to the front. I can only fill one person's job."

True enough! But you *can* make that job a bigger job. You can make it carry further and cover more. I verily believe that in nine cases out of ten you can make your day's work a bigger and better day's work if you will. And if you can, depend upon it that the rewards are certain.

You can do this by simply adopting the slogan "*War on time waste*" and applying it to every one of your daily tasks. By doing this, you can increase the production capacity of every hour of your day—with no greater effort and no greater fatigue.

As Dickens said, "The truth of this sayin' lies in the application of it." If you are a Remington typist I can make the application in a few words.

Know your machine. Remember the definition of your machine. It is a time and labor saver, and *everything on it* is a time and labor saver. Everything on it is put there for one purpose—to help *you* in your war on time and labor waste. The end guide, the carriage release, the margin stops, the shift lock, the back spacer, the variable line spacer—every one of these are put there to help YOU to do more work with less effort. Do you know, do you understand, and do you USE them all?

And then the *Remington Self Starter*. I have told you and proved to you that

this one feature saves 15 to 25 per cent of time in letter typing. Do you realize what it would mean if every letter typed in the country could hereafter be typed on the Self Starting Remington? That one item of labor saving would go far to relieve the country's clerical labor shortage. Of course, you can't answer for the country, but you can help by answering for yourself.

Just think of it! Four seconds saved every time a Self Starter key is used—but those four seconds pile up into hours, days and weeks in the year's work of every typist.

If your work is typing tabular or statistical work the Key Set Remington will help you in the same way.

Right here is another point. Have you ever thought of branching out into bookkeeping or accounting work? Here is a field where the scarcity of man power is becoming greater every day and the accounting machine is the only remedy. Every time a Remington Accounting Machine displaces the pen for ledger posting or any other accounting task it cuts out half the former labor. This is a specially good field for any typist who is not a stenographer, for the work is just as important and the rewards are just as sure. To do the work formerly done by two—what better service could you render at this time?

Yes, when all is said and done, I guess that now IS a time when every typist has an exceptional opportunity to serve the nation.

And now one more thought. This great war will end sooner or later—let us hope soon. But lots of things that the war has caused will not end when the war ends. One of these is the war on waste and in particular the war on time and labor waste. This war will never end in my day or yours. And it is the kind of war in which no typist can afford to be a pacifist—either now or hereafter. Do not forget that our very profession is based on the time saving idea—that's the reason we are here. And the more time we can save, the more useful we will become.

MORE REMINGTON PRIZE WINNERS

Three Young Typists Pass Latest Error Proof Test

And still they come!

At the last semi-annual Remington accuracy test three more typists won the error proof prize—a new Remington Typewriter. This makes 17 typists in all who have won this prize to date. The conditions are the writing of 60 words per minute for fifteen minutes, copying from unfamiliar matter, *absolutely without error*. The three latest winners are:

Mr. Abraham Gamse, of Washington, who wrote

61 words per minute, Mr. Frank Griffiths, of Tacoma, who wrote 61 words per minute, and Mr. Eli Gans, of Chicago, who wrote 60 words per minute.

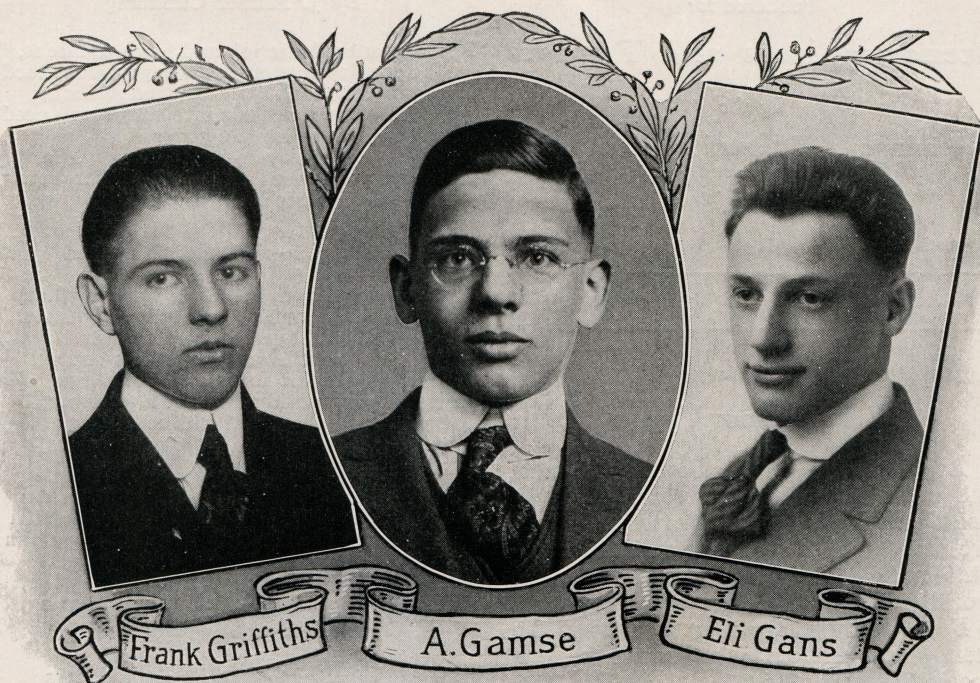
All of these records are attested by disinterested outside judges who were present at the tests.

Although these tests are open to all Remington typists except employees of typewriter companies, it is a very significant fact that all of these three latest Remington accuracy winners are very young op-

"KNOW thy self," said Solon, the Greek sage.

"Know thy machine," is the next best rule for the typist.

And that means, know the Remington Self Starter and all that it will do for you.



THE LATEST REMINGTON PRIZE WINNERS

erators, and two of them are mere beginners. Mr. Griffiths is only 18 years of age. Master Gamse is not yet 17. Mr. Gans, the oldest of them all, is 20.

The purpose of the Remington Typewriter Company, in offering these prizes, is to encourage the development of better and more accurate standards of typing, and the increasing number of mere beginners who are qualifying as winners, proves

that correct methods of typing will do the trick.

Would *you* like to become an "error proof" typist and win the Remington accuracy prize? If so, we suggest that

you apply for particulars to the nearest Remington office. These tests are held semi-annually at every Remington office and the next test is scheduled for the third Thursday in June.

THE *Self Starting* Remington helps you over the bumps in letter writing.

The *Key Set Remington* does the same in tabular writing.

Whichever kind of writing goes with your job, here is your helper.



REMINGTON NOTES

Published for

Stenographers and Typists

by the

Remington Typewriter Company

(Incorporated)

374 Broadway, New York

Circulation - - - 250,000 Copies

Volume 4 May 1918 Number 7

Two Famous Typists

Are there two names better known in the world today than Woodrow Wilson and David Lloyd George, the two men who are directing the destinies of the United States and Great Britain in the present world struggle?

Both of them are men in whom the stenographer and typist should have a special interest.

President Wilson is a typist—he types his own addresses with his own hands. Furthermore, he is a shorthand writer—the first one who ever occupied the presidential chair.

Prime Minister Lloyd George was one of the pioneer typists of England. Thirty years ago, when he was a struggling young lawyer in Wales, and the typewriter was still a novelty in Great Britain, he owned and operated a Model 2 Remington.

So much for the two great leaders in the struggle to make the world safe for democracy. As to the leaders on the other side, the information is meager. We only know that the Kaiser is reputed to hate the typewriter—which seems quite fitting, all things considered.

EVERY worker today is a war worker, every task is a war task, and everybody's time is the nation's time. Think it over!

THE STENOGRAPHER

(With Apologies to Kipling)

By J. Palmer Cumming

If you can hold the job and learn to like it, And swallow lots of things to get your speed; If you can see each little key and strike it And make them sizzle into words you need; If you will never leave a covered letter Or leave a musty spot upon the white, And with your speed grow ever neater, better, And take a pride in all the things you write;

If you can speed—and not make speed your master, Or slowing down, do better work by that; If you can conquer all your dreams of "faster," And strike each letter full and flat; If you can bear the cutting bit of temper That angers him for whom you slave And still peg on and never lift a whimper, Or fight the tears and still be brave;

If you can see a bit of wonder-work completed, And take a bit of pride in all you've done, And see it marked and penciled and deleted And know you must rewrite it as you run; If you can watch the clock still turning And see the hour to leave the office gone, And grit your teeth or feel a fever burning, Until you almost say, "I can't hold on,"

If initials of your name are on the papers Where all will learn to know you as they read And there's something in the trademark of your capers, While years have added neatness to your speed; If you can see the ribbon streaming, streaming, Beneath the keys that raise Ambition's haunch, It won't be long before your work and dreaming Will make life broader than the keys you punch.



I looked at my Brother with the Microscope of Criticism and I said, "How coarse my Brother is!" I looked at him with the Telescope of Scorn and I said, "How small my Brother is!" Then I looked in the Mirror of Truth and I said, "How like me my Brother is!"

—BOLTON HALL.

THE FATHER OF THE TYPEWRITER IS DEAD

In the little Mohawk Valley town of Ilion, the home of the Remington Typewriter Works, there lived until recently an elderly gentleman who was always spoken of with love and reverence as the "Grand Old Man" of the town. Now his familiar face is seen no more, for he died on the 18th of last January at the ripe age of eighty years.

This man was William K. Jenne and his memory deserves more than the love and honor of his neighbors and townspeople. It should be held in equal honor by stenographers and typists everywhere throughout the world. For William K. Jenne was in a sense the creator of their profession—he was known to all as the "*Father of the Writing Machine.*"

We wonder how many readers of REMINGTON NOTES know that wonderful story—the story of how the typewriter came to be. Today the writing machine is as familiar to us as the sun or the moon or the blue sky. We take it as a matter of course. It has become so indispensable to us that it is hard to realize that it has not always been.

And yet the writing machine is young—one of the youngest of all the great modern inventions. Its actual age by the calendar is just forty-five years. Men today who are scarcely past middle life remember when it was unknown and undreamed of. The machine which today gives a livelihood to hundreds of thousands of typists is a creation of our own time and one of the men whose labors did so much to make this machine a reality has only just passed away.

The main facts of Mr. Jenne's life are quickly told. He was born at Lancaster, Mass., in 1837, the son of a well known inventor from whom he inherited his mechanical genius. In 1861 he removed to Ilion, N. Y., where he was destined to spend all the remaining

years of his long, active and useful life.

Ilion was then as now the home Remington town and even in those days the name "Remington" was already famous, for it was in those Civil War times that E. Remington & Sons, the great gun-makers, were establishing their world-wide reputation. It was to be the destiny of Mr. Jenne to make this name even more famous in connection with the typewriter.

The young Mr. Jenne soon entered the service of the Remingtons and in the year 1873 held an important position in their sewing-machine department. It was in that year that the typewriter entered the story.

The history of the attempts to invent a typewriter carry us back 150 years. The first known attempt, shown by the records of the British Patent Office, was that of Henry Mill in 1714. The first American attempt was made by William Austin Burt of Detroit in 1829. Many other efforts, mainly in America, followed during the next 40 years. Charles Thurber of Worcester, Mass., built a typewriter in 1843, Fairbanks in 1848, Oliver T. Eddy in 1850, A. E. Beach in 1856, and other attempts were made in 1858, 1859, 1860, etc.

All of these machines wrote, some of them wrote well, but not one of them was practical, because they all lacked the prime essential—that of *speed*. Without exception they were slow—slower even than the pen.

The problem was finally solved by three mechanics of Milwaukee, Sholes, Soulé and Glidden, whose names will have a lasting place in history as the inventors of the writing machine. Sholes and his associates began their labors in

the year 1867, and the story of their perseverance in the face of difficulties is an interesting chapter in the romance of invention.

After six years of

"DO your bit" in the *war on time*
waste by using the Self Starting
Remington.

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labor they thought that the machine was sufficiently perfected, and in that year 1873 it was brought to the great Remington gun works at Ilion in the hope of interesting the Remingtons in its manufacture. The negotiations were successful and the inventor's model was placed in the hands of Mr. Jenne for development. Mr. Jenne's labors during the following year constitute his principal claim to fame. The inventor's model was so crude as to be of little value except to show that the idea was practical. Under Mr. Jenne's efforts the machine was reduced in size, improved in design, and developed into a model suitable for manufacture and sale. Early in the year 1874 the first machines were placed upon the market.



MODEL 1 REMINGTON

This machine was then known simply as "*The Typewriter*." Today it is known as the "*Model 1 Remington*." Its correct historical designation is "*Ancestor of Writing Machines*."

We show here with a picture of this first practical typewriter. It was enclosed in a wooden case, it was mounted on what looked like a sewing machine stand,

the carriage return was operated by means of a foot treadle, it wrote capital letters only, and altogether it was a very crude and imperfect forerunner of the present-day Remingtons. But it contained those two great, fundamental features, the step by step escapement and the type striking at one central point, which constitute the underlying principle of all present day writing machines. These principles of construction are so obvious and self-evident today that it seems strange indeed that they were not discovered until after a century and a half of inventive effort.

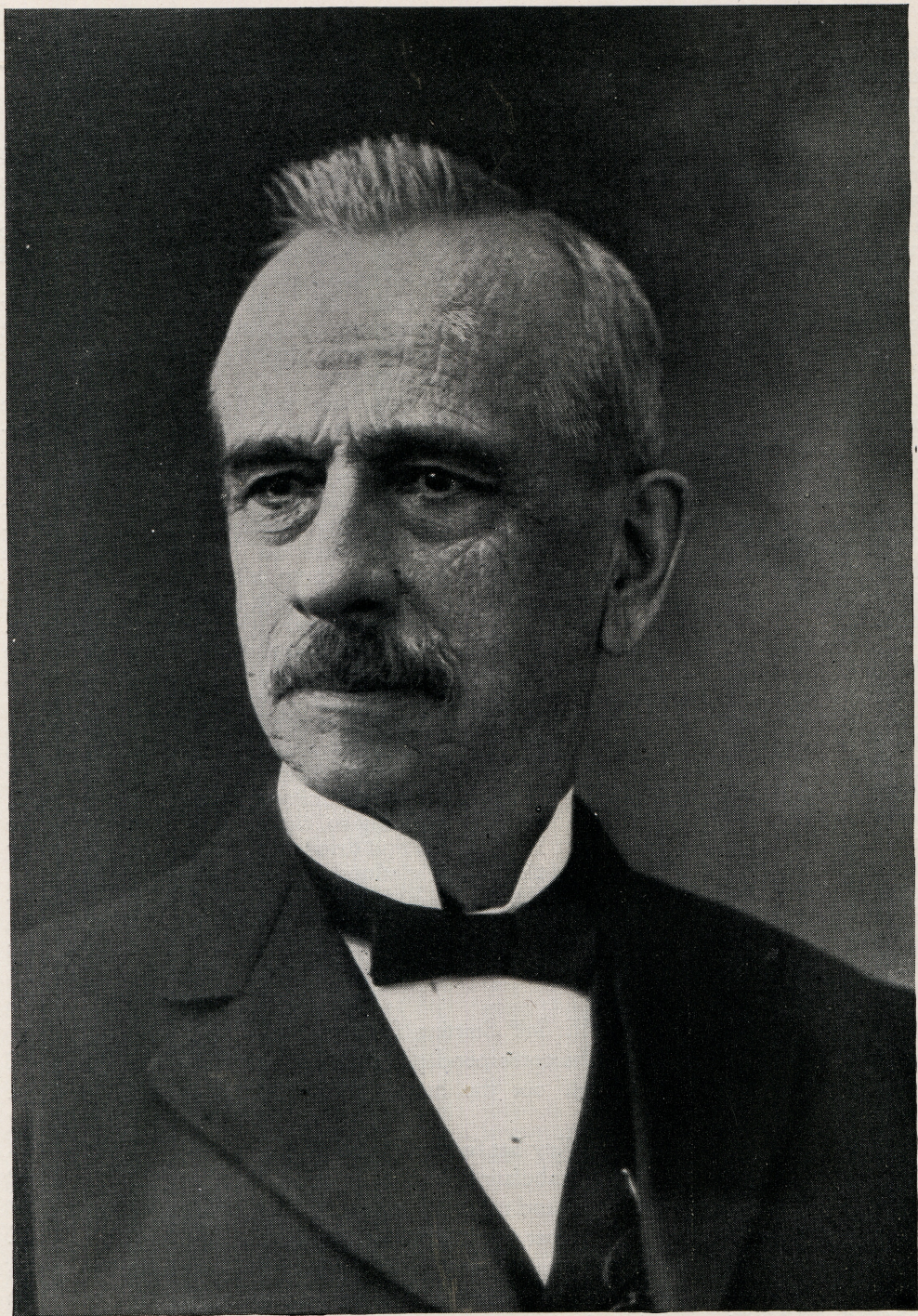
Mr. Jenne's services did not end with the appearance of this first Remington. He continued until 1904 the active Superintendent of the Remington Typewriter Works and, during the first thirty years of its history, he did incomparably more than any other man in the development of the writing machine. It is impossible to enumerate all of the improvements which were due to Mr. Jenne or achieved under his direction. Nine successive Remington models, all of them in fact except those now current—belong to the Jenne period. The greatest single advance in typewriter construction after the advent of the first Remington was the model 2 Remington, which appeared in 1878. This was the first machine which wrote both capitals and small letters. This was done by mounting two types on one bar and the use of a *shift key* in printing the capital letters, another original Remington feature which has now become standard in nearly all present-day writing machines. This feature proved to be what the public wanted and thereafter the typewriter, which at first had made very slow progress, began to gain rapidly in public favor.

Among the many great improvements of Mr. Jenne's time, one other feature of vast importance must not be passed over.

This was the decimal tabulator

YOU use short cuts in your shorthand; why not in your typing? The best short cut in letter typing is the Remington Self Starter.

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WILLIAM K. JENNE
1837-1918

which made its appearance in the early nineties. This mechanism was at first an attachment, but is now "built into" the Remington Billing, Tabulating and Accounting Machines. This great Remington improvement opened to the typewriter the whole field of billing, tabular and statistical work and was the fore-runner of the first Adding and Subtracting Typewriter, which was also a Remington. It was Mr. Jenne's privilege to live to see the first typewriter with tabulating attachment develop step by step into the great Remington Accounting Machine (Wahl Mechanism) of the present day.

Mr. Jenne retired full of honors in 1904. During the last fourteen years of his life he rested from his long and strenuous labors, and he enjoyed during the evening of his days that homage from typewriter men which he had earned by his many years of remarkable service.

The passing of the "Father of the Writing Machine," is an impressive reminder that the Remington was the first typewriter and its advent created the typewriter industry. It is also a reminder of the extent to which typewriter history is Remington history, and how very many of the great contributions to typewriter progress have been Remington contributions. The story of Mr. Jenne's life shows how true this has been in the past and such later features as the *Self Starting Remington*, the *Key Set Tabulating Remington* and the *Remington Accounting Machine* prove that it is equally true in the present.

No typist needs to be reminded of what she owes to the typewriter. But the whole history of the writing machine shows that this debt, in a special sense, is a debt to the Remington.

THE STENOGRAPHER'S WAIL

(Intermingled with advice to her employer)

By A. H. Winfield-Chislett

Hearken, thou little god of finance and merchandise, for thy stenographer cries aloud unto thee.

Is it not she who, more than anyone else, is best acquainted with thy real inner-most nature?

Doth she not note carefully thy changing disposition—thy different methods of dealing with various types of people?

Dost thou not dictate all thy private matter to her? She knoweth thy successes and failures.

Thy business life to her is as an open book. She is a witness of all that transpires. Thy virtues and thy shortcomings are to her no secret. She knoweth them all.

Why dost thou limit her efficiency by thy efficiency? Give unto her leeway. Why should she merely be a cog in the grind of business? Doth she not work valiantly for your interests?

Doth she not listen to thy time-worn expressions scattered through thousands of letters without deviation? Give her the opportunity to show her ability, and, in doing so, thou wilt get away from the cut and dried line of talk, and shed a ray of gladness to help her day's work.

EMPLOYER, WAKE UP! Think-est thou that thou hast all the executive ability? Dost thou consider it lies

dormant in all thy auxiliaries? Treat not thy stenographer as a machine.

For what are thy educational institutions provided? No business man is big enough to do all things. Trust thine employee. Pass thy minor work along. Save thyself for the more important things. **PASS THE WORK ALONG.**

THE Self Starting feature of the correspondence Remington cuts out the hand carriage settings.

The Key Set feature of the billing and tabulating Remington cuts out the hand tabulator settings.

Whether your work is tabulating or letter typing—the latest Remington improvement will help you to do it faster and better.

THE TELL-TALE RIBBON

How Nell Gregory Did Her Bit

"I can't bring myself to believe that girl is a spy. The idea is absurd on the face of it. She is agreeable, industrious, and competent—and her whole manner is open and aboveboard." This, in the deep, gruff voice of the "Big Chief" Benson himself.

Henry Wilkinson, the Superintendent of the Arkadelphia Works, shook his head doubtfully. His practical mind was trained to see facts—and facts only.

"See that 'h' with the head line nicked so that the letter looks like an 'n' sometimes," he said, pointing to the paper on the table before him. "See those figures—erased and spelled out for camouflage. You know she herself had those special numeral types put on her machine so as to minimize the possibility of errors—perhaps also to contribute a mite of emphasis to the 'individuality' of her work."

Some employee of the Benson Company, in the works, at Arkadelphia, had been retailing to confederates in New York City information about the output of the plant, the plans for alterations and extensions, and the nationalities and names of workmen who might be "useful" and amenable in times of strikes or other disturbances. A detective agency had been clever enough to intercept a few of these unsigned letters and put them straight into Mr. Benson's hands.

Two hours before the moment at which our story begins, Wilkinson had seen the incriminating letters for the first time. It was apparent to him at once that the unsigned letters had probably been produced on some machine in the Arkadelphia factory. His systematic mind had made him go into every office in the plant and collect, without a moment's notification, a sheet of typewritten copy from each stenographer. Then there had been the careful letter by letter comparison of the work of each machine with the typing in the intercepted letters. It had taken no long time to identify the machine which had written these letters as Nell Gregory's own.

Thus, in a flash, suspicion had been laid at her door. Obviously, whether she was guilty or not, she would have to be the first to undergo an examination.

"Please ask Miss Gregory to step into my office," said Benson. It was an unpleasant duty that confronted him and this fact made his voice gruffer than usual.

Nell Gregory quickly appeared and Benson motioned her to a seat without speaking. She sensed at once by the grave look on his face that something serious had happened.

"Please read these," he said, as he handed her the unsigned letters.

Nell Gregory read them rapidly, and her active mind quickly saw their purport. This, indeed, was something *serious*.

She finished the reading and looked up inquiringly, instinctively dreading what was to come. But still Benson was silent.

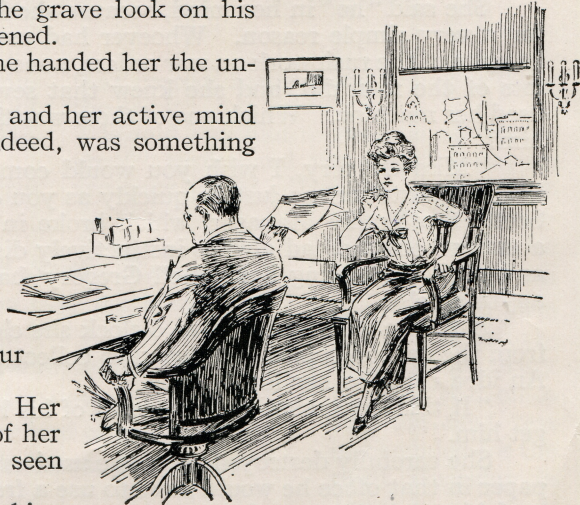
"Well!" she said finally.

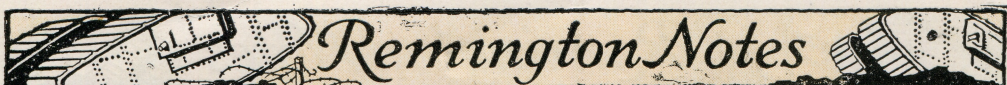
"Only this," replied Benson.

"Those letters were written on your typewriter."

"I know it," she said simply. Her trained eye had recognized the work of her own machine, the moment she had seen the first page of writing.

"Can you explain how your machine





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came to be used for such a purpose?" Benson spoke as gently and quietly as he could, but each word was like a blow. Miss Gregory rose slowly and said:

"No, Mr. Benson, I cannot. But what good is my simple denial in the face of such evidence—and without knowing who really did this thing. I wish I could find that out for you—and myself."

The tears came at last—quiet ones. Pulling herself together—clasping one hand tightly in the other, she stepped a little nearer and said in a lowered voice: "Mr. Benson, I will gladly undertake to help capture your spy for you. After all this, I *want* only to clear myself."

The calm, straightforward way in which Miss Gregory conducted herself during these trying moments entirely convinced Mr. Benson that his first estimate of the young woman was exactly right. It was annoying to think that he had been compelled to do what he had done. Perhaps Miss Gregory's offer was worth accepting. Why not enlist her in the quest of the spy? The compliment would, for the present, be subtler and finer than an apology.

With the passing suggestion of a fatherly smile, just perceptible to Miss Gregory, and the usual deep, gruff voice, Mr. Benson said:

"We must sift this matter out, Miss Gregory; I shall remain in Arkadelphia a day or two at least. Your services will be required until this mystery is solved completely. Thank you. You may go back to your work."

Just as she was walking out Mr. Benson called after her. "Do not forget, Miss Gregory, that there are only three people here who know anything about this. They are you, Mr. Wilkinson and myself. Try your best but do not tell anybody what you know. That's all."



Nell Gregory returned to her desk—her head in a whirl. She slowly collected herself and tried to think it all out. She owed it to herself and to her employers to clear this thing up if she could. But how could she do it?

One ray of light—and of hope—quickly came to her. Clever as this spy was, there were some things about the typewriter that he evidently did not know. He did not know that typewriting could be identified almost as easily as pen writing. That was doubtless why he had thought it safer to type, and not pen those unsigned letters.

She said "he" in her mind, because she knew the guilty person was a man, and for a very simple reason. Whoever had used her machine had done it at night. In spite of the rush work on war orders, none of the girls ever worked at night. But lots of the men did, and she knew that several of them, at different times, had used her machine. Which one of these was the guilty one and how could she catch him?

"Miss Gregory, I wish you would come out of that trance and copy these traffic reports for me just as quickly as you can." It was the acrid voice of Bert Scott, the Traffic Manager, which broke in suddenly on her train of thought—a man whom she had always instinctively disliked. The reports were voluminous, and until the closing hour, Nell Gregory had little time to do or even think of anything else.

A few minutes before five o'clock she closed her desk, separated the originals from the carbon copies and began to collect the carbon sheets. *The carbon sheets!* An idea came to her like a flash.

"If this spy makes carbon copies of his letters," she thought, "I know how to get him."

She carefully destroyed all of the used carbon sheets. If anybody used carbon paper in that office he would have to use a fresh sheet. She left the fresh paper in its folder right on top of the desk.

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The next morning it was undisturbed. There was no used carbon in the waste basket or on the floor, but her trained eye told her that the machine had been used because it distinctly showed erasure dust on the type bars.

Nell Gregory could have cried in her disappointment.

"This spy is too smart to use carbon paper and then leave it lying around," she thought. "I shall have to try something else." Then she began her day's work—but with her mind on the great problem. Then another thought came to her and again her depression vanished.

"That spy doesn't *have* to use carbon paper but with the ribbon its different. That's how I will catch him. But it will take a brand new ribbon to do it."

She 'phoned to Jemkins, the typewriter mechanic, to come and put a new ribbon on the machine. Jemkins did as he was asked.

Hastily she wrote a few sentences on the new ribbon, then removed the ribbon from the carrier and eagerly scanned the impressions. Again she was disappointed. The letters ran all together and made only a jumbled mass. Another 'phone call brought the mechanic to the scene.

"Mr. Jemkins," she said, "this ribbon movement doesn't suit me. Is there any way you can make the ribbon travel four times as fast?"

"Yes, I can," grumbled Jemkins, "but you seem to be fussy this morning, Miss Gregory. That other ribbon was not half worn out."

"Never mind," snapped Miss Gregory, "if you can do it, please do it."

Jemkins fumbled in his repair kit and found a larger wheel which he inserted in place of the smaller one on the ribbon mechanism. Then Miss Gregory wrote a few more sentences and again inspected the ribbon and now a satisfied smile played over her features. "The trap is well set this time," she thought.

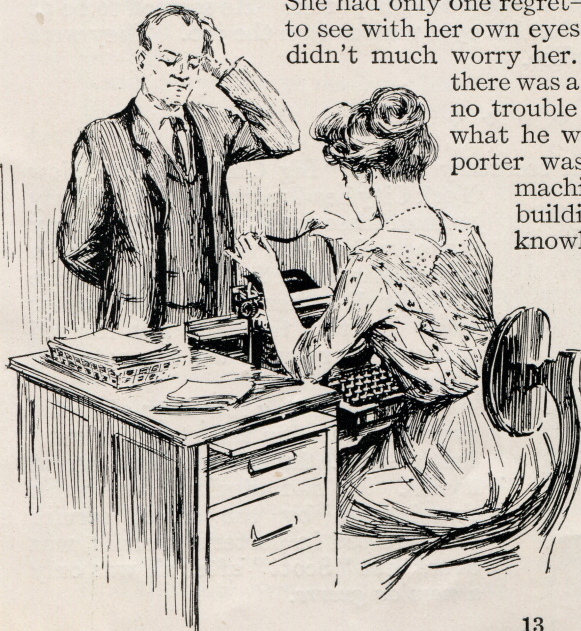
If honest Jemkins had been puzzled by Miss Gregory's complaint about the ribbon mechanism he would have been more puzzled had he seen what she did next. Carefully she removed the new ribbon which Jemkins had just placed on the machine and reinserted the old one. Several hours later, when her heavy day's work was done, she again took off the old ribbon and reinserted the new one.

It was almost in a spirit of elation that Miss Gregory closed her desk that night.

She had only one regret—that she would not be able actually to see with her own eyes and identify the spy. But that part didn't much worry her. Only that day she had heard that there was a new night porter on duty, and she had no trouble in guessing who this porter was and what he was. She knew that as long as that porter was on the job, nobody could use her machine or anybody's machine in that building after hours without Mr. Benson's knowledge.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

It is safe to say that no typist ever regarded her machine with such interest as Miss Gregory did when she seated herself before it on the following morning. For she hoped and believed that it contained the precious secret which would mean much to her and her employer. Carefully she removed the ribbon from the carrier and drew it slowly out, but as she did it, self-possessed as she was, she knew that her hand



Remington Notes

trembled. Eagerly she held the ribbon to the light and there she found the tell-tale impressions, each letter as clear cut as a cameo.

Just at that instant the office boy ran up to her desk. "Mr. Benson wants to see you right away," he blurted.

"Tell him I will come in just a minute," said Miss Gregory. These were unusual words in response to a request from Mr. Benson. But Nell Gregory was bound that she would not leave that machine even for one second until she had possession of that precious ribbon—spool and all.

A moment later she was in Mr. Benson's office. As she entered the office she had a glimpse of the new night porter passing out of the other door.

"Miss Gregory," began Mr. Benson abruptly, "your machine was used last night and we know who used it."

"Yes," replied Miss Gregory quietly, "and I know what he wrote."

She unwound the ribbon which she held in her hand and pointed to the used portion. Benson understood instantly. Holding it up to the light he read aloud: "Added fifteen Austrians, three Germans. Forty cases T. T. T. consigned to Pier Fourteen. Quantity of rifles increased; bullets less. Don't write or telephone me. See you Sunday."

Benson was silent for some moments. Then he turned to Nell Gregory and said slowly and impressively:

"Miss Gregory, you have redeemed your promise and in doing so you have done us a great service, and your country as well. You may depend upon it that this service will be remembered."

But Nell could no longer restrain her excitement. "Oh! Mr. Benson," she said, "how I wish I could have seen him and caught him myself!"

"You did catch him," replied Mr. Benson smiling, "and you shall have the satisfaction of seeing him this very minute." Then he reached to the side of his desk and rang a bell and the office boy appeared at the door.

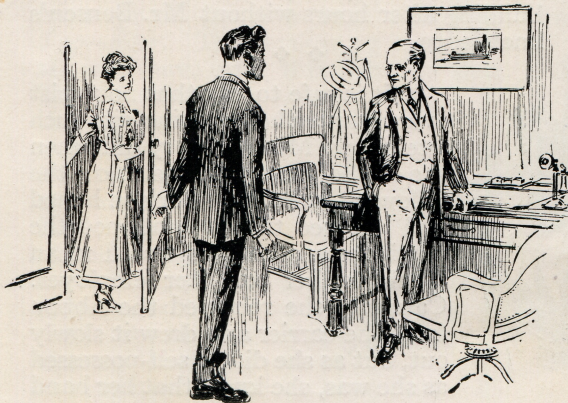
"Please tell the Traffic Manager that I wish to see him," said Mr. Benson curtly. As Bert Scott entered the office Nell Gregory walked out. When she saw his face she knew, with a girl's intuition, that he had no idea of what was coming. Outside the door of the office she again saw the supposed night porter. He seemed to be at work on the radiator but she noticed that his eyes were not on the job. They were riveted on the door of Mr. Benson's office.



Miss Gregory is now confidential secretary to the "Big Chief" at the New

York City headquarters. She is a busy woman these days. Nevertheless, any stenographer who wants to become a competent detective on short notice should call on her and get a lesson or two. By this time she has learned several new rules in the spy-catching game.

As for Scott, a few days after the events narrated in this story, he went south—to Atlanta—for his moral health. He had admitted, before his examination by the secret service man dressed in porter's overalls, was over, that "Scott" after all was only a *nom de guerre*.



PRACTICAL POINTS FOR TYPISTS THAT WILL MAKE YOUR WORK WORTH MORE

Time waste these days is as bad as food waste. Cut them both out.

❖
“The more you do the more you get paid for,” is a rule that is pretty sure to work out in the long run.

❖
To help you do more without increase of effort is the aim of these practical points.

❖
“Sometimes,” writes Mr. M. H. Hill of Smith Center, Kan., “it is desirable to ‘x out’ portions of a manuscript. This can be done with greater speed and ease if the ‘x’ is struck with the left hand and the ‘m’ is struck alternately with the right hand.”

❖
In this same connection Mr. A. G. Mellow of New York, suggests that underscoring can be done at greater speed by using the shift lock and triking the underscore alternately with the forefinger of each hand.

❖
The above is a good plan where speed is the first necessity.

Where the most perfect underscore is required, the best way is to set the shift lock and turn the ribbon handle with the right hand while striking the underscore with the forefinger of the left hand.

❖
Train yourself, when making underscoring, to spell mentally the word you are underscoring—one letter for each stroke of the key. Much time is lost on account of the erasures due to over-running a letter or two when underscoring.

There is one vital point about the Remington Self Starter which REMINGTON NOTES has mentioned before, but it is so important that we must say it again.

The *backward operation* of the Self Starter keys is the one which saves the most time. Let us say that you have reached the end of the last line of the paragraph at 40 on the scale. The first line of the next paragraph starts at 15 on the scale. In order to reach this starting point *you don't have to return to the beginning of the next line*. You simply line space and return the carriage (a simultaneous motion), with the right hand, and at the same time press the second Self Starter key with the left hand, and the returning carriage stops exactly at the point on the next line where the writing is to begin.

The point we wish to emphasize is that *nine times out of every ten* that a Self Starter key is used, this single backward motion is required—and *it is the only motion required*. Generally speaking, the only forward motion ever required in letter writing is for writing the date at the beginning of the letter.

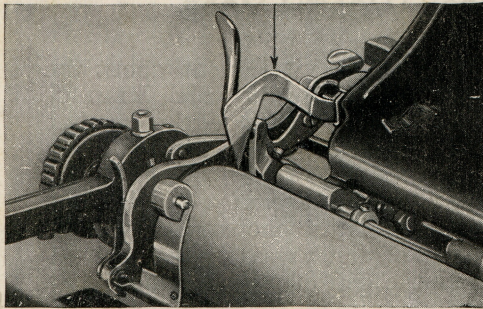
It is strange how many Remington typists, even today, have not yet learned this “backward setting.” The stenographer who always uses the double motion, back to the beginning of the line and then forward to the writing point, is only saving half the time that the Self Starter can and should save.

Practise this backward setting until you *get it*, and then you will know what a wonderful time saver the Self Starter really is.

DON'T fuss any more with those hand - settings of the carriage. *Let the machine do it.* It will, if it's a Self Starting Remington.

❖
In the “*Practical Points for Typists*” in our last issue we spoke at some length about

the side guide and its various uses. We are surprised to find from letters since received that many REMINGTON NOTES readers do not use this side guide and do not even know its location on the machine.



In the accompanying illustration an arrow shows this side guide in position for use. This side guide may be thrown back when not in use, but it always *should be* in use, no matter what kind of work you are doing. The use of the side guide insures a uniform left-hand margin, it permits the reinsertion of the paper with hair-line accuracy, for making corrections, and, if used as we suggested in our last number, it provides a sure means of knowing the distance of each writing line from the end of the paper.

These certainly are advantages enough to justify the use of the Remington side guide under any and all circumstances.



There is one habit into which we have noticed that even good touch operators are likely to fall, and that is of looking at the machine and away from the copy when the end of the line is approaching. This is absolutely unnecessary and slows up your work more than you realize. The warning bell and the marginal stops are all that the operator needs.

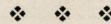
A BIGGER and better day's work for everybody is the sure way to win the war.

The Self Starting Remington makes the day's work of the typist bigger, better—and *easier*.

And when you reach the end of the line, practice a quick carriage return. The carriage should be returned with a whip-like action of the right hand and wrist, preferably using the second finger on the line spacer. This whip-like action makes the line spacing and the carriage return one operation. Do not make two operations. That is lost motion.



Above all, never return the Remington carriage with the left hand. The left hand should always be kept on the keyboard for the following reasons: where the next line is to be indented, this hand must operate the Self Starting key in connection with the carriage return. This is the backward operation of the Self Starter already mentioned. Then again it must be remembered, that on the standard keyboard the left hand does nearly two-thirds of the actual key fingering. This is the big reason why the carriage return should be on the right hand side—as it is on the standard Remington models. The left hand therefore, should always be in position to strike the first letter of the new line, as it must do in the majority of cases.



Now is the time when we are all striving to save "man power." One way in which the typist can help to save "man power" is by taking the very best care of her machine. We know that a great many of the adjustment calls on mechanics can be obviated if typists will exercise a little more care in the use of their machines, cleaning them frequently and oiling them in the most essential places about once a week. If you do not know the parts of the typewriter which should be kept carefully cleaned and oiled, call at the nearest Remington office and they will give you the necessary instructions.