

**Chapter 1 : MARY MINDS HER BUSINESS DJVU â€“ FUNCLAND15TIO BLOG**

*Mary Minds Her Business has 1 rating and 1 review. Shelly said: Very interesting - a daughter is the only known heir to the business that has been in the.*

I can speak it, and read it, and write it, and think it Where boys and girls go to school together--at the grammar schools and high schools--the girls are just as quick as the boys, and their average marks are quite as high. It was true at college, too. The girls could learn anything that the men could learn--and do it just as well. He talked for a time about some of the improvements which were being made at the factory and then arose as if to go. Uncle Stanley was the first to lower his eye. Uncle Stanley just managed to control himself. It took an effort, but he did it. Besides, my name is Cutler, whereas for eight generations this concern has been headed by a Spencer. Woodward, lawyers are sticklers for precedent, and it seems to me that as long as there is a Spencer left in the family, that good old name should stand at the head. A few days after the proceedings above recorded, the stockholders of the bank met to choose a new president. There was only one vote and when it was counted, Stanley Woodward was found to be elected. It will poison your whole life and lead you nowhere. Perhaps you remember Burdon, the tall, dark young man who "smelled nice" and wore a white edging on the V of his waistcoat. As far back as Mary could remember him, he had appealed to her imagination. It is hard to express some things, and this is one of them. But among your own acquaintances there are probably one or two figures which stand out above the others as though they had been selected by Fate to play strenuous parts--whether Columbine, clown or star. Something is always happening to them. Wherever they appear, they seem to hold the centre of the stage, and when they disappear a dullness falls and life seems flat for a time. For as long as she could remember him, she had associated him with romance and drama. To her he had been Raffles, the amateur cracksman. He had also been Steerforth in David Copperfield--and time after time she had drowned him in the wreck. In stories of buccaneers he was the captain--sometimes Captain Morgan, sometimes Captain Kidd--or else he was Black Jack with Dora in his power and trembling in the balance whether to become a hero or a villain. As Mary grew older these associations not only lingered; they strengthened. The story was made remarkable by a detail. An old woman was sitting at the corner, grinding a hand-organ, and as the robber ran past her, he dropped one of the rings into her cup. Yet even while she glanced she had the grace to smile at her fancies. She had just finished breakfast when Burdon telephoned. Ancestral paintings and leather chairs had added their notes of distinction. The office of any executive will generally reflect not only his own personality, but the character of the enterprise of which he stands at the head. And regarding then the dark colouring of the appointments, devoid of either beauty or warmth, and feeling yourself impressed by a certain chilliness of atmosphere, I can very well imagine you saying to yourself "Not very cheerful! A fire was glowing on the andirons. New rugs gave colour and life to the floor. The mantel had been swept clear of annual reports and technical books, and graced with a friendly clock and a still more friendly pair of vases filled with flowers. The monumental swivel chair had disappeared, and in its place was one of wicker, upholstered in cretonne. On the desk was another vase of flowers, a writing set of charming design and a triple photograph frame, containing pictures of Miss Cordelia, Miss Patty and old Josiah himself. Mary was still marvelling when she caught sight of Burdon Woodward in the doorway. In another age he might have worn lace cuffs and a sword, and have just returned from a gambling house where he had lost or won a fortune with equal nonchalance. When I told him why I wanted them, he seemed to be as anxious as I was to find the old plates. I had no idea--" "I like surprises, myself," he said. The keys of the desk are in the top drawer, and I have set aside the brightest boy in the office to answer your buzzer. If you want anybody or anything--to write a letter--to see the governor--or even to see your humble servant--all you have to do is to press this button. I wonder if he is Imagine him thinking of the pictures: Yes, he did it again, then! Talk about sausage for breakfast every morning in the year. Honestly, the sameness of it is enough to drive a girl wild. It will be such a change from the usual routine! After she had tied up the papers and carried them to the car, and had made a tour of the new buildings--Archev Forbes blushing like a sunset the moment he saw her--she returned to her motor which was waiting outside the office building.

Burdon must have been waiting for her. He suddenly appeared and opened the door of the car. When she stepped up, she felt the support of his hand beneath her elbow. She slipped into her place at the wheel and looked ahead as dreamy-eyed as ever. Inside she heard the phonograph playing a waltz. But he soon recovered and became his charming self. The door opened and in came Master Wally, looking ready to weep. You know you liked to do it. He looked at the colour of her cheeks, her dreamy eyes like pools of mystery, the crease in her chin which he always wanted to kiss, the rise and fall of the pendant on her breast. He looked until he could look no longer and then he arose and leaned over the desk. Now go back to your chair and be good. I was like that once--thought it was nothing. But after I met you--! Come on in and give it a try! When a man marries, he goes right on with his life as though nothing had happened. But when a woman marries--well, she simply surrenders her future and her independence. There were receipted bills, old insurance policies, letters that had once seemed worth prizing, catalogues of things that had never been bought, prospectuses, newspaper clippings, copies of old contracts. And yet they had an interest, too--an interest partly historical, partly personal. This merry letter, for instance, which Mary read and smiled over--who was the "Jack" who had written it? Yes, dead perhaps, and all his fun and drollery suddenly fallen into silence and buried with him. Wally, watching from his chair, saw the smile which passed over her face. Maybe if I made her jealous She read it, re-read it, and quietly folded it again; but for all her calmness the colour slowly mounted to her cheeks, as the recollection of odd words and phrases arose to her mind. He softened the recital in every possible way, but trust a girl again to read between the lines when she wants to! There was an accident out West--somebody killed--anyhow, he was blamed for it. He must have been dead--oh, let me see--about fifteen or twenty years, I guess. It was dated Rio Janeiro-- "Gods sake cable two hundred dollars wife children sick desperate next week too late. The date of the cable was scarcely three years old. CHAPTER XIV For days Mary could think of little else, but as week followed week, her thoughts merged into memories--memories that were stored away and stirred in their hiding places less and less often. Mary took active part in the work, and whenever visitors came to speak at the meetings, they seldom went away without being entertained at the house on the hill. Surely never before in the history of the world had woman come to the front with such a splendid arrival. The address was given at the Red Cross rooms, and as Mary listened she sewed upon a flannel swaddling robe that was later to go to Siberia lest a new-born babe might perish. It was a long talk--I cannot begin to give it here--but she drank in every word, and hungered and thirsted for more. The long lines of men had vanished, and in their places were women, clear-eyed, dexterous and happy at escaping from the unpaid drudgery of housework. They make the metal parts that hold those lenses, assemble them, adjust them, test them. These are the eyes of the army and navy--surely no small part for the woman to supply. And again, "Ah, the poor women They are making ships, tanks, cannon, rifles, cartridges. How did they train the women? How did they find time to do their washing and ironing? What about the children? Still, if you can picture Betsey Ross, it was thus perhaps that Betsey looked when first she saw the flag. She wrote to the American Ambassadors in Great Britain and France for any documents which they could send her relating to the subject so close to her heart. In due time two formidable packages arrived at the house on the hill. Mary carried them into the den and opened them with fingers that trembled with eagerness. Yes, it was all true Here it was in black and white, with photographs and statistics set down by impartial observers and printed by government. Generally a state report is dry reading, but to Mary at least these were more exciting than any romances--more beautiful than any poem she had ever read. At last woman had been given a chance to show what she could do. And how she had shown them!

**Chapter 2 : Mary Minds Her Business - George Weston - Littérature**

*Mary Minds Her Business by George Weston Part 2 out of 5. calendrierdelascience.com homepage; Index of Mary Minds Her Business; Previous part (1) Next part (3) "Perhaps it's because they have no head for business."*

This will give you a bit of information on what to expect in Mary Kay, and how Pink Truth may fit into that. I have been a consultant with Mary Kay for 9 years and a director for over 8 years. I was one of those consultants who moved up fast. There are some things I want to share with you that your director or recruit may not. That this negative response is totally understandable, and you can have a little fun showing them that you can make money with this business. By this time you are probably dreaming of being a Star consultant, having a full store and racing up the career path. And that probably includes visions of driving a free car!! You were told many things during your interview marketing plan, Fun Fast Facts. You will be expected to sell cosmetics, and you will be expected to recruit. Selling is the heart of this business, no matter how anyone glosses over it. We are looking for busy women. Busy women are good at delegating. This means that you will have to add at least one Mary Kay activity into your life each week. This can be in the form of a success meeting, a class, a facial or phone calls to book guests for meetings, customer orders, and appointments with you. In reality, you should plan on at least 5 hours per week. You are told you will have flexibility with your hours, that you are your own boss, that you are in business for yourself but not by yourself. Something has to give. There is no balance. You have more month than money. This is when you are told that the products fly off the shelves and practically sell themselves. You were reminded that you loved the product and bought some. So will all of your friends, family and customers. This is patently not true. You will be encouraged to enroll in the Preferred Customer Program, buy business accessories including a website, to discount products or to give products away or heavily discount the products as a booking tool. It will take a long time for you to show a profit if you ever do. You will get free training. You will also be encouraged to attend company and area events as part of your free training. This cost does not include travel, hotel, or meals. You will be told the free product we receive from the company will more than cover these costs. It will not come close. Seminar is in Dallas in July and August. You will be told the only reason to miss Seminar is that you are dead or dialating about to give birth You will be told that this is where you get the big picture of the huge dreams you can build and make come true with your Mary Kay business. There will be additional costs that vary wildly for your area banquet, hotel, some meals, transportation, evening dresses and accessories, and other expenses. You will be told these are business expenses and can be deducted for tax purposes. We are looking for decision makers. This is said to empower you. We would prefer that your agreement be signed as soon as possible so that no one will talk you out of signing your agreement. If the deal is that good, it will still be good a week or month from now. There will be, or there was, extra pressure to have your agreement submitted to the company if you had your interview towards the end of the month, or before the 15th in March, June, September or December. This in when the quarter ends, and your recruiter will earn extra money and prizes and move up the career path if you sign before the quarter ends. Your director will earn a bonus if you come in before the end of the month. We are looking for women who value their families. You will be told your children are your reason, not your excuse. You may, indeed, be physically present in your home, but more than likely you will be on the phone or packing for a class or a facial or a delivery. You will need to pay for a sitter, and they do not like to be paid with Mary Kay products. They want money to buy their own non-Mary Kay makeup. Mary Kay does not know what you sell, only what you order. You are the consultant are the end consumer in eyes of the company. Mary Kay is not and has not been 1 in skin care and color cosmetics for the last 13 out of 14 years. This statistic has been skewed in the surveys. The company actually purchases them for far less. The focus of success meetings is recruiting. Your director may even offer a prize when you bring a recruitable guest. Your friends become your competitors. The time she says she spends working in her business is inaccurate, she works more and earns less than she admits. She does not earn an executive income. Your director may offer a prize for placing a minimum order by the 15th of each month. I wish I could tell you that Mary Kay will work for you. It is unlikely you will make any money. It is very likely you will be manipulated into ordering more

than you sold at any given time. Mary Kay is NOT a dual marketing plan, it is a multi-level marketing company that makes money for those at the top of the pyramid on the backs of women just like you. You will not go up if you show up. You will eat into your limited profit margin. You cannot control the amount of money you make, or move up, give yourself a raise or promote yourself whenever you want. Your business is built on people and people cannot be counted on to come through for you. Those negative people in your life are the ones who speak about reality. They are trying to earn some money from your belief in this dream. You need to protect yourself. Spend some time reading on [www](#). It is known as a negative site to those in Mary Kay. It is known as a lifeline for those of us who walked the path you are now on. Get out now, and get to know us on Pink Truth.

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Home - Random Browse "You were wrong, Mary, and you know you were wrong. Again he unconsciously assumed a listening attitude, as one who is trying to catch a sound from afar. The question proved a happy one. The riddle was solved the next morning. Her cousin looked relieved. Well, the women have to do it, too At dinner yesterday," she continued, "Wally happened to ask me where I was going that evening, and I told him I was coming over to see you. And really, dear, I meant it at the time. Instead, a little crowd of us happened to get together and we went to the club. But it was nearly twelve when I got home, and he looked so miserable that I hated to tell him that I had been off enjoying myself, so I pretended I had been over to see you. So if he calls you up, tell him that I was over at your house last night" will you? He was listening for your car every minute! For one reason, she had lived long enough to notice that no matter how involved things may look, Time has an astonishing faculty of straightening them out. And for another reason, having two worries to think about, each one tended to take her mind off the other. It always has, so far Another thing that she had lived long enough to notice was the different effect which different people had upon her. But with Archey she always felt restful and contented, smiling at him and talking to him without exertion or repression and" using one of those old-fashioned phrases which are often the last word in description" always "feeling at home" with him, and never as though he had to be thought of as company. They climbed the hill together and began inspecting the bungalows. Mary smiled inscrutably and led the way into the kitchen. I have called it a kitchen, but it was just as much a living room, a dining room. A Pullman table had been built in between two of the windows and on each side of this was a settee. At the other end of the room was a gas range. When Wally opened the refrigerator door he saw that it could be iced from the porch. Electric light fixtures hung from the ceiling and the walls. Then came the bathroom and three bed-rooms, all in true bungalow style on one floor. When they had first entered, Mary and Archey had chatted freely enough, but gradually they had grown quieter. There is probably no place in the world so contributive to growing intimacy as a new empty house" when viewed by a young man and a younger woman who have known each other for many years" The place seems alive, hushed, expectant, watching every move of its visitors, breathing suggestions to them" "Do you like it? Archey nodded, afraid for the moment to trust himself to speak. They looked at each other and, almost in haste, they went outside. At the end of the hall was a closet door with a mirror set in it. She caught sight of her own cheeks. The wages are being spent just the same to pay rent and buy food and clothes" and the savings are going into the bank" more so than when the men were drawing the money! He feels he ought to be doing the work, instead of the woman. You ask any of the women at the factory which is the easiest" the work they are doing now" or the work they used to do. But how about this" I hear it all the time. Suppose the idea spreads and after a while there are millions of women doing work that used to be done by men" what are the men going to do? Mary hardly heard him. On the way a queer thought came to her. I guess it becomes quite important I will leave this with you and when you have read it, I would like to go over it with you in detail. When memory fails he must become a poet, for he has nothing but imagination to guide him. And there it was in black and white, line after line, just how much it had cost to make each Spencer bearing when the men did the work, and just how much it was costing under the new conditions. Archibald Forbes is calling. Headquarters put them off last time, but there are so many men out of work now at other factories that they hope to get a favourable decision. That comparative table had given her another idea" an idea that was part plan and part pride. When she reached the office in the morning she telephoned Judge Cutler and Uncle Stanley. She was finishing this when Judge Cutler appeared. A minute later Uncle Stanley followed him. Lately Uncle Stanley had been making his headquarters at the bank" his attitude toward the factory being one of scornful amusement. Micawber was always waiting for something to turn up, so Uncle Stanley was always waiting for something to go wrong. Looking up at the end of her reading, Mary caught it. She had the newspapers brought to her room that morning, and was soon reading the following quarter page announcement: The first result of this is a finer degree of accuracy than had ever been attained before. To

those who watched the work done by women in the war, neither of the above results will be surprising. Because of the accuracy of her work, Spencer bearings are giving better satisfaction than ever before. Because of her dexterity and quickness, we are able to make the following public announcement: We are raising the wages of every woman in our factory one dollar a day; and we are reducing the price of our bearings ten per cent. These changes go into effect immediately. Are you going to boycott us now? Wherever skilled workmen gathered together her announcement was discussed, and nowhere with greater interest than in her own home town. If women can make bearings cheaper than men, the other bearing companies have got to hire women, too, or else go out of business. You can go to sleep at some of those tools in a motor shop. Pie for the ladies! Or sweep the streets? I voted against the strike. But however much they might now regret the first cause, the effect was growing more irresistible with every passing hour. It began to remind Mary of the dikes in Holland. For centuries, working unconsciously more often than not, men had built walls that kept women out of certain industries. Then through their own strike, the men at New Bethel had made a small hole in the wall—and the women had started to trickle through. With the growth of the strike, the gap in the wall had widened and deepened. More and more women were pouring through, with untold millions behind them, a flowing flood of power that was beginning to make Mary feel solemn. Like William the Thoughtful, she, too, saw that she had started something which was going to be hard to stop. All over the country, women had been watching for the outcome of her experiment, and when the last announcement appeared, a stream of letters and inquiries poured upon her desk. The reporters returned in greater strength than ever. It sometimes seemed to Mary that the whole dike was beginning to crack. Even Jove must have felt a sense of awe when he saw the effect of his first thunderbolt. But if they go too fast. It was signed by three leaders of labour—the same men, Mary remembered, whom Judge Cutler had seen when he had visited headquarters. The first was Helen. Dinner was hardly over when Mary saw her smart coupe turn in to the garage. A minute later Helen ran up the steps, a travelling bag in her hand. She kissed her cousin twice, quotation marks of affection which enclosed the whisper, "Do you mind if I stay all night? Wally out of town? Can I have my old room? As though to avoid conversation, she seated herself at the piano and played her most brilliant pieces. But if he thinks he can bully me!" In the middle of a run Helen topped and swung around on the bench. What have you been doing to him? What a thing to say! I was trying to cheer him up a little. She rose, half stumbling, blinded by her tears and Mary comforted her. Yes, Helen was right about Burdon. Something was evidently worrying him. For the last few days she had noticed how irritable he was, how drawn he looked. At first she thought she was dreaming—but no, it was a mandolin being played on muted strings. She stole to the window. In the shadow stood a figure and at the first subdued note of his song, Mary knew who it was. Another possibility came to her mind and she was still wondering what to do when Helen came in, even as she had come in that night so long ago when Wally had sung Juanita before. He had evidently turned and was walking toward the driveway.

*Mary Minds Her Business by George Weston Part 3 out of 5. [calendrierdelascience.com](http://calendrierdelascience.com) homepage; Index of Mary Minds Her Business; Previous part (2) Next part (4) "We've been discharged," said one with a red face.*

She looked at the hands of the two women below her and saw three wedding rings. She arose and went in the house, and Wally guessed that she had gone to telephone the factory. Burdon Woodward--" They could faintly hear her talking then, but toward the end her voice came full and clear. They are coming right back! Yes, the four of them! I shall be at the office in the morning. Yes, and they ought to be, too, an awful lot more than they are. A breeze was rising from the river and as she looked down at the scene below, as her forbears had looked so many times before her, she felt as a sailor from the north might feel when after drifting around in drowsy tropic seas, he comes at last to his own home port and feels the clean wind whip his face and blow away his languor. The old familiar office seemed to be waiting for her, the pictures regarding her as though they were saying "Where have you been, young lady? We began to think you had gone. Gone, she found, were her feeling of uncertainty, her sighs of regret. Here at last was something real, something definite, something noble and great in the work of the world. He referred them to you. Send them in, please. There were three men, two of them strangers to Mary, but the third she recognized as one of the teachers in her old "school"--a thoughtful looking man well past middle age, with a long grey moustache and reflective eyes. The first had the alert glance and actions which generally mark the orator, the second was a dark, heavy man who never once stopped frowning. Unless the four women who are working in our department are laid off at once, the men in our shop will quit. The fourth, however, held her back straight and seemed to walk more than upright. As a result, the death rate of factory babies has been lower than the death rate of home babies. These four, for instance. They lie and cry--or crawl around and fall downstairs--or sit on the doorstep--or play in the street. You never saw such happy children in your life. Why, almost the only time they cried was when they had to go home at night! They came from every walk of life--domestic servants, cooks, laundresses, girls who had never left home before, wives of small business men, daughters of dock labourers, titled ladies--all kinds, all conditions. During the war we had as many women working here as men, and every one will tell you that they did as well as the men. What are the men going to do if the women take their jobs? All three looked at Mary. There is just so much work that has to be done in the world every day, so we can all be fed and clothed, and have those things which we need to make us happy. The more who work, the easier it will be for everybody. Ridge, her face red but her back straighter than ever. I did think once, when the war was on, that things were going to be different for us women after this. But it seems not Mary was under no misapprehension as to what a strike might mean If these four women stay, the men in our department quit: First in groups of twos and threes, and then thick and fast, the men appeared, their lunch boxes under their arms, all making for the gate. Some were arguing, some were joking, others looked serious. It struck Mary that perhaps these latter were wondering what they would tell their wives. But her smile was short-lived. In the hallway she heard a step and, turning, she saw Uncle Stanley looking at her. You know that as well as I do. You may remember Joe, "the brightest boy in the office. And send Miss Haskins in, please; I want to write a circular letter. Ridge when Mary showed her a copy of it. Most of them never made money like they made it here. At half past ten the old gong sounded in the lathe room, and the old tea wagon began its old-time trundling. In addition to refreshments each woman received a rose-bud--"From Miss Spencer. With thanks and best wishes. Ridge had been appointed forewoman. Just before noon she reported to Mary. I told you she would be. Nearly all the machines were busy the next morning, and new arrivals kept dropping in throughout the day. Mary began to breathe easy, but not for long. In less than half an hour the painters had spread their sheets and the teamster had gone for a load of white sand. The cots and mattresses were put in the sun to air. These were now brought out and inspected. These preparations were completed only just in time. On Thursday she went to New York to select her kindergarten equipment. On Friday a truck arrived at the factory, filled with diminutive chairs, tables, blackboards, charts, modelling clay, building blocks, and more miscellaneous items than I can tell you. And on Saturday morning the grinders sent a committee to the office that they could no longer labour on

bearings which had passed through the hands of women workers. Mary tried to argue with them. Now let me ask you something. The more people there are to do that work, the easier it will be for everybody. So Mary had to ring for Joe to bring in the old employment cards again, and that night and all day Sunday, Mrs. At least history repeated itself in the case of the grinders. Before the week was over, the places left vacant by the men had been filled by women, and the nursery and kindergarten had proved to be unqualified successes. Many of the details I will reserve till later, including the growth of the canteen, the vanishing mirror, an improvement in overalls, to say nothing of daffodils and daisies and Mrs. And though some of these things may sound peculiar at first, you will soon see that they were all repetitions of history. They followed closely after things that had already been done by other women in other places, and were only adopted by Mary first because they added human touches to a rather serious business, and second because they had proved their worth elsewhere. Before going into these affairs, however, I must tell you about the reporters. The day the grinders went on strike, a local correspondent sent a story to his New York paper. He gave it a heading, "Good-bye, Man, Says She. Other editors saw the value of that "Good-bye, Man" idea and they also sent reporters to the scene. Was her equality theoretical--or real? Now that she had the ballot and could no longer be legislated against, could she hold her own industrially on equal terms with man? Or, putting it as briefly as possible, "Could she make good? Judge Cutler made a collection of them, and whenever he came to a good one, he showed it to Mary. It has many dark pages where none but man has written. If she is not the equal of man, the New Bethel experiment will help to mark her limitations. Unless for demonstrated incapacity, upon what grounds shall we now deny them equal opportunities? The day after the bills were posted, Archey went around to see how they were being received. Two men came out and got in. With increasing frequency, Helen was coming home from the Country Club unconsciously scented with that combination of cigarette smoke and raspberry jam. Burdon had a new car, a swift, piratical craft which had been built to his order, and sometimes when he called at the house on the hill for Helen, Mary amused herself by thinking that he only needed a little flag-pole and a Jolly Roger--a skirted coat and a feathered hat--and he would be the typical younger son of romance, scouring the main in search of Spanish gold. But she did worry about the growing intimacy between Helen and Burdon and, one evening when Helen was driving her up to the house from the factory, Mary tried to talk to her. But he has such a reckless, headstrong way with him. Suppose last night, instead of coming home, he had turned the car toward Boston or New York, what would you have done then? I could have stopped him. How could you, if he were driving very fast? It came loose in her hand and the engine stopped as though by magic. Robert can fix it in a minute. People will begin to notice it, and you know the way they talk. The Saturday afternoon before, when Burdon was taking her to the club in his gallant new car, they had stopped at the station to let a train pass. A girl on the sidewalk had smiled at Burdon and stared at Helen with equal intensity and equal significance. That very afternoon, when Mary had tried to warn her cousin, Helen had gone to the factory apparently to bring Mary home, but in reality to see Burdon. She had been in his private office, perched on the edge of his desk and swinging her foot, when the same girl came in--the girl who had smiled and stared near the station. When Helen passed through the outer office she saw the girl again, her cheek on her palm, her head bent over her desk, dipping her pen in the red ink and then pushing the point through her blotter pad. Once in the night Helen awoke and lay for a long time looking at the silhouette of the windows. I wonder what they said to each other The next morning Mary was going through her mail at the office when she came to an envelope with a newspaper clipping in it.

**Chapter 5 : How Mary, a shoe vendor in Nairobi, saved her business after | AXA**

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You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.MaryMindsHerBusiness.com](http://www.MaryMindsHerBusiness.com). Author: George Weston Release Date: July 27, [EBook ] Language: In the latter part of the seventeenth century, there was a young blacksmith in our part of the country named Josiah Spencer. He had a quick eye, a quick hand and a quicker temper. Because of his quick eye he married a girl named Mary McMillan. Because of his quick hand, he was never in need of employment. And because of his quick temper, he left the place of his birth one day and travelled west until he came to a ford which crossed the Quinebaug River. There, before the week was over, he had bought from Oeneko, the Indian chief, five hundred acres on each side of the river—land in those days being the cheapest known commodity. Above the ford was a waterfall. Josiah put in a wheel, a grist mill and a saw mill. By that time Mary, his wife, had presented him with one of the two greatest gifts that a woman can ever bestow, and presently a sign was painted over the shop: On a visit to New Amsterdam, the young man had already fallen in love with a girl named Matilda Sturtevant. They were married in and had one of those round old-fashioned families when twelve children seemed to be the minimum and anything less created comment. So by that time, as you can see—and this is an important part of my preface—the Spencer stock was a thrifty mixture of Yankee, Irish, Scotch, Dutch and French blood—although you would never have guessed it if you had simply seen the name of one Josiah Spencer following another as the owner of the Quinebaug Wagon Works. In the same year that the fourth Josiah Spencer succeeded to the business, a bridge was built to take the place of the ford and the waterfall was fortified by a dam. By that time a regular little town had formed around the factory. The town was called New Bethel. It was at this stage of their history that the Spencers grew proud, making a hobby of their family tree and even possibly breathing a sigh over vanished coats-of-arms. The fifth of the line, for instance, married a Miss Copleigh of Boston. He built a big house on Bradford Hill and brought her home in a tally-ho. The number of her trunks and the size of her crinolines are spoken of to this day in our part of the country—also her manner of closing her eyes when she talked, and holding her little finger at an angle when drinking her tea. She had only one child—fortunately a son. This son was the grandfather of our heroine. So you see we are getting warm at last. The grandfather of our heroine was probably the greatest Spencer of them all. Under his ownership the factory was rebuilt of brick and stone. He developed the town both socially and industrially until New Bethel bade fair to become one of the leading cities in the state. He developed the water power by building a great dam above the factory and forming a lake nearly ten miles long. He also developed an artillery wheel which has probably rolled along every important road in the civilized world. There were three children to this marriage—one son and two daughters. I will tell you about the daughters in my first chapter—two delightful old maids who later had a baby between them—but first I must tell you about the seventh and last Josiah. In his youth he was wild. This may have been partly due to that irreducible minimum of Original Sin which they say is in all of us—and partly due to his cousin Stanley. At first the idea probably struck him as a sort of a joke. Did young Josiah want to leave the office early? Stanley smilingly did his work for him. Was young Josiah late the next morning? Stanley smilingly hid his absence. Did young Josiah yearn for life and adventure? Some say he married an actress, which was one of the things which were generally whispered when I was a boy. A Russian they said she was—which never failed to bring another gasp. Others say she was a beautiful bare-back rider in a circus and wore tights—which was another of the things which used to be whispered when I was a boy, and not even then unless the children had first been sent from the room and only bosom friends were present. Whatever she was, young Josiah disappeared with her, and no one saw him again until his mother died in the mansion on the hill. He turned up at the funeral with a boy seven years old; and bit by bit we learned that he was separated from his wife and that the court had given him custody of their only child. As you have probably noticed, there are few who can walk so straight as those who

have once been saved from the crooked path. There are few so intolerant of fire as those poor, charred brands who have once been snatched from the burning. By that time the patents on the artillery wheel had expired and a competition had set in which was cutting down the profits to zero. Young Josiah began experimenting on a new design which finally resulted in a patent upon a combination ball and roller bearing. Indeed the returned prodigal grew middle aged in the process. He also saw the possibilities of harnessing the water power above the factory to make electric current. His name was Paulâ€”Paul Vionel Olgavitch Spencer," he sometimes proudly recited it, and whenever we heard of that we thought of his mother. The older Paul grew, the handsomer he grew. And the handsomer he grew, the wilder he became and the less the truth was in him. At a bend below the dam he had found a sheltered basin, covered with grass and edged with trees. And there he liked to lie, staring up into the sky and dreaming those dreams of youth and adventure which are the heritage of us all. These were his quieter moods. Ordinarily there was something gipsy-like, something Neck-or-Nothing about him. A craving for excitement seemed to burn under him like a fire. The full progression of correction marched upon him and failed to make impression: You know, dear â€” you were rather wild, yourself â€” when you were youngâ€”. You remember what I say: One morning he suddenly and simply vanished with the factory pay-roll and one of the office stenographers. In the next twelve months Josiah seemed to age at least twelve yearsâ€”his cousin Stanley watching him closely the while â€”and then one day came the news that Paul Spencer had shot and killed a man, while attempting to hold him up, somewhere in British Columbia. If you could have seen Josiah Spencer that day you might have thought that the bullet had grazed his own poor heart. And what have I doneâ€”! You know as well as I doâ€”there has never been anything like that in our family. They were busy on a new generation of the Spencer- Spicer genealogy, and if you have ever engaged on a task like that, you will know the correspondence it requires. But now for a time their pens were forgotten and they sat looking at each other over the gatelegged table which served as desk. They were still both remarkably good-looking, though marked with that delicacy of material and workmanshipâ€”reminiscent of old chinaâ€”which seems to indicate the perfect type of spinster-hood. Here and there in their hair gleamed touches of silver, and their cheeks might have reminded you of tinted apples which had lightly been kissed with the frost. And so they sat looking at each other, intently, almost breathlessly, each suddenly moved by the same question and each wishing that the other would speak. For the second time it was Cordelia who broke the silence. Of course," she hurriedly added, "he is fifty-twoâ€”but it seems to me that one of the Spicersâ€”I think it was Captain Abner Spicerâ€”had children until he was sixtyâ€”although by a younger wife, of course. They gazed at each other then, those two maiden sisters, like two conspirators in their precious innocence. As I think you will realize, it would be a story in itself to describe the progress of that gentle intrigueâ€”the consultations, the gradual eliminations, the search, the abandonment of the searchâ€”which came immediately after learning of two elderly gentlemen with young wivesâ€”but no children! She had come east to attend the wedding of her brother and was now staying with the Pearsons a few weeks before returning west. Her age was twenty-six. She had no parents, very little money, and taught French, English and Science in the high school back home. For a moment it might be said that Miss Cordelia purred. When their guest had gone, the two sisters fairly danced around each other. They started by taking Martha to North East Harbor for the balance of the summer, and then to keep her from going west in the fall, they engaged her to teach them French that winter at quite a fabulous salary. Who is she, anyway? His two sisters had never allowed themselves to be courted, but they must have had their private ideas of how such affairs should be conducted, for they took Josiah in hand and put him through his paces with a speed which can only be described as breathless. Flowers, candy, books, jewellery, a ring, the ringâ€”the two maiden sisters lived a winter of such romance that they nearly bloomed into youth again themselves; and whenever Josiah had the least misgiving about a man of fifty-two marrying a girl of twenty-six, they whispered to him: You would be his wife, of course, but you would be our little sister, too; and Patty and I would make you just as happy as we couldâ€”" Later they were glad they had told her this. It was a quiet wedding and for a time nothing happened; although if you could have seen the two maiden sisters at church on a Sunday morning, you would have noticed that after the benediction they seemed to be praying very earnestly indeed â€”even as Sarah prayed in the temple so many years ago. There was this curious

difference, however: Sarah had prayed for herself, but these two innocent spinsters were praying for another.

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