GETTING A START

By
NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, Jr.

EDUCATION FOR A SPECIFIC PURPOSE.

The passing generation will recall the days of the old red schoolhouse—which, by the way, was seldom painted red—when academic education was primarily confined to two distinct institutions: the common school, which did not then begin with a kindergarten, but plunged the pupil immediately into the 3 R's of learning; and the college, which confined itself to the classics.

In those days only a very small percentage of boys entered college, and there was no higher institution of learning open to girls than the seminary, with a curriculum similar to that of our present high school.

The young man who desired to enter a technical trade or to perfect himself for any vocation, had to learn this business, trade, or profession, "at the last," so to speak. Even the would-be lawyer read law in a law office, and the dentist entered a dentist's office as an apprentice.

Today educational conditions have changed, and there are innumerable technical schools as well as those teaching some one concrete profession.

The young man, then, may learn his trade either in the old way, by entering it, or by attending some institution specializing in the vocation which he is to follow.

Which is the better way?

Both, I say.

If one is to take up a technical trade requiring a scientific or other special knowledge, he would better spend a few years in some institution which teaches one this vocation, or those allied to it, and then finish his education in the workshop or the office of a concern devoted to it.

It is obvious that the factory or the office cannot as easily impart the fundamental principles of a vocation as can a well-equipped institution.

While at work the apprentice is obliged to do many things which are not directly contributing to his education. He obtains experience, it is true, but he is not allowed to have that broadness of view which would come to him in school.

The atmosphere of a schoolroom is conducive to efficiency. One has nothing else to think about; and, therefore, can devote his entire time to obtaining a better knowledge of the work he is to do for a living.

In recommending the technical schools, I am aware that many of them are altogether too theoretical or academic, and that they are, perhaps, too broad instead of specific; but, for all that, the well-equipped technical school places before its pupils the great fundamental principles, which, if rightly understood and applied, are of untold benefit.

Certain lines, however, cannot be taught in school; but a fundamental knowledge of the majority of technical trades can be imparted in the schoolroom and laboratory.

Practically all of our best technical schools, including institutes of technology, are managed by experts, who, fortunately, are composite men, not only understanding science, but having the ability to impart its principles.

A graduate of one of these institutes, while he may begin close to the bottom of the ladder, and while he may work for a year or more alongside of the young man who has not been favored with his opportunities, will eventually, all things being equal, advance more rapidly than will one who entered the trade as an apprentice without good technical school training.

While this school training does not wholly give the experience of the workshop, it will teach one, first, the fundamental principles, and, secondly, how more easily to apply them.

GUMPTION.

Gumption consists of common sense, rational reasoning, attention to details and persistent observation, that one may see more clearly and act more intelligently.

Gumption, like common sense, becomes a habit. To some extent it may be inherited, but the brand of gumption that is good for anything, that may be applied to the affairs of life, is largely acquired and comes to one because he makes an effort to get it.

Ask the successful business man what appears to be the matter with many of his employees, and he will say that the inefficient ones lack gumption, are uninterested, inattentive, unambitious, and, as a rule, fault-finding. They do not make an effort to use what nature has given them. They waste their time and their talents. They are indolent; they perform the duties prescribed, but avoid responsibility; they do not love their work, and they do what they have to do as automatically as machines. Few of them think intently, and most of them are not amenable to reason. They are always looking at the clock, seldom realizing that automatic action in itself does not stand for promotion, or for more than ordinary accomplishment. Because they do not make strenuous effort, because they do not do their best, their ability, even though it may be great, is below par in every market. They begin as clerks, and remain clerks, seldom rising above subordinate positions, allowing others of no greater ability to supersede them.

It is obvious that ability is not distributed equitably—or at any rate does not appear to be—and some men are undoubtedly able to do things which others cannot accomplish; but it is nevertheless an indisputable fact that those who try and try hard, even though they may possess only ordinary capacity, outpoint those of greater ability who plod along dissatisfied with everything save themselves.

The man with gumption thinks while he works. Every effort he makes teaches him to do the same thing better next time. He is faithful, but more than that—he is energetic and looks upon his capacity, whether it be great or small, as a commercial asset, to be used as any other commodity.

Every man is a salesman of himself. Unless he considers his ability a marketable commodity, as he would a sack of flour or a keg of nails, to be sold at an advantage, he is not likely to rise above a mediocre state, but probably will remain at the bottom, or near to it, a plodder, not a pacer.

Get gumption.

You can have gumption if you will; perhaps not as much of it as can be obtained by greater ability, but enough of it to lift you beyond the ordinary and place you in the rising class.

You are master of yourself, even though you have a master. It is for you, not the man for whom you work, to say whether you will stay down or go up.

NO SYMPATHY FOR NEUROTIC

Medical Man Has Placed Them in a Class That Might Be Called Hypocrites.

Don't use the word "rheumatism," for it means nothing. The same may be said of "neurosis." According to Dr. Louis Casamajor, chief of the Vanderbilt Clinic and instructor in neurology at Columbia university, in an address at Bloomingdale hospital, New York, "rheumatism" is a term "which has been spread, in popular and indeed in medical use, in such a thin layer to cover such a large number of conditions that it has ceased longer to have a diagnostic significance, and conveys now no more real meaning than does the original word 'pain' for which it is substituted. The same may be said of 'neuritis,' merely another way of saying pain—an explanation which explains nothing, and when combined with the foregoing in 'rheumatic neurosis' we have a term of sufficient inaccuracy to satisfy the most fastidious neurotic."

Doctor Casamajor went on to assert a critical study of a neurotic person's talk "quickly reveals the fact that it is a wealth of details with no point . . . for if he should get the point he would cease to be a neurotic. Possibly he might be something worse." Doctor Casamajor calls neurosis an asset. "Every neurotic has something to gain by being a neurotic, and he ceases to be so when this element of gain disappears. . . . At best it gives the individual an excuse for leading a more or less easy life, surrounded by the sympathy which civilized people feel is due the sick."

A Friend Indeed.

"Did I understand you to say that Professor Gaspit is a scientist?"

"I don't know whether you would call him a scientist or a philanthropist. At any rate, he has discovered a face preparation that is guaranteed to make a woman look ten years younger."

Austria last year had 32 works for producing copper ore.

TRIED TO IMITATE CALLIOPE.

But Stage Manager Soon Gave the Matter Up, as Irvin Cobb Predicted.

Stage managers have been called upon to imitate all sorts of things and noises, but one nearly had nervous prostration trying to imitate a steam calliope. In Bayard Veiller and Irvin Cobb's new play, "Back Home," which will soon be presented at New York, there is a circus scene, and the sound of the steam calliope is heard in the distance. The stage manager was ordered to get one, but he told the authors that he could imitate the noise.

Several days later the stage manager had to fess up that the calliope couldn't be imitated.

"We have tried every known kind of rocket maker; we even had an expert flutist under consideration for awhile, thinking he might play very loud—"

"I would have sworn," said Irvin Cobb, "that you couldn't present the sound of a calliope with anything but a calliope. I used to be able to hear one twenty or thirty miles when I was at the age where you sneak into the circus under the tent flap, and it seemed to me that nothing else human or divine was in its class."

So now they have a real steam calliope for the production.

Filling Hollow Trees.

In some parts of the country the practice of filling hollow trees with concrete has been superseded by one involving the use of a mixture of asphalt and sawdust. It is claimed this mixture costs less for both material and labor of handling and is just as durable. It certainly is not of equal strength with concrete, unless there be found some method of making it more solid than would be the case with a loose mixture of the two materials named. Good paving blocks are made of sawdust and asphalt, but they are produced under great pressure. Their use for tree filling has not yet stood the test of time.

Optimistic Thought.

The world bows to one unshaken in prosperous or adverse fortune.

PERSIMMON IS FRUIT MUCH NEGLECTED

A Persimmon Tree Which Has a Drooping Habit of Growth and Produces Fruit of the Oblong Type.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Despite the fact that the only fruit which equals the persimmon in food value is the date, many persons who have persimmon trees on their land are making no use of them, and there has been comparatively little effort made to develop the trees commercially. In a new bulletin, Farmers' Bulletin No. 685 of the United States department of agriculture, some of the many uses to which the fruit can be put are described and methods of propagating the trees discussed.

The persimmon is found in large numbers over the southeastern quarter of the United States and in some places as far west as Iowa and eastern Nebraska, and as far north as Rhode Island, New York and Michigan. The real persimmon belt, however, may be said to extend from Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas westward through Missouri and Arkansas. Where the tree is most abundant there is considerable prejudice against it because of the persistency with which the young sprouts come up in cultivated fields, and also because of the puckering astringent effect of the unripe fruit. There is a saying that persimmons are "good for dogs, hogs and 'possums," but this is unjust to a product which can be made very useful to man.

At the present time a few growers in the persimmon belt who have easy access to markets in large cities have built up quite a considerable demand for persimmons, and the wild fruit can also be sometimes purchased during the autumn and early winter. A number of nurserymen also sell seedling trees for ornamental planting, for which they are very effective, and a few have special varieties developed for the production of the fruit.

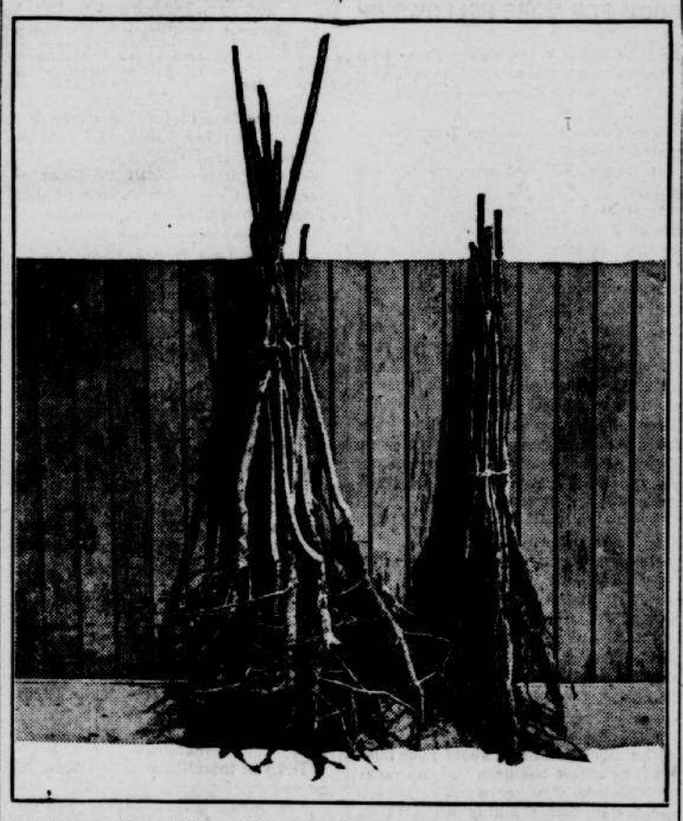
One obstacle to the more general use of persimmons is the mistaken idea that they are not fit to eat until they have been touched by frost. In consequence many persimmons which ripen and fall to the ground before frost comes are allowed to go to waste. As a matter of fact, it may be said in general that the best varieties are those which ripen just before the trees shed their leaves. If a persimmon is not edible before frost, it is simply because the variety happens to be a late one and the fruit is not ripe. In order to be on the safe side, however, it is recommended in the bulletin already mentioned that housewives who are using persimmon pulp in the preparation of bread, cakes and other dishes, add one-half teaspoonful of baking soda to each cupful of pulp in all recipes in which the pulp is heated. This removes whatever astringency there may be in the fruit and does away with all risk of a puckered mouth. A number of practical recipes calling for the use of persimmon pulp are contained in the bulletin.

In the propagation of the persimmon, certain precautions that are necessary in the case of the other fruits should be observed. Seeds gathered for propagating purposes should be stratified at once. If they are allowed to dry out it is often necessary to soak them for two or three days before they are planted, boiling water being used for the purpose. The seed bed in which the seedlings are grown should be well drained with rather light soil and a good supply of humus. The ground should be deep plowed in order to permit the penetration of the long taproots which are characteristic of the tree.

The roots of persimmon trees sprout readily when the top is removed and this accounts for the persistence at times of clumps of sprouts in fields where they are not wanted. It also enables small pieces of roots six or eight inches long to be used for propagating. The ends of the roots should be sealed with grafting wax or pitch in order to prevent decay, and the pieces buried in sand through the winter. If the moisture supply is plentiful they will then grow readily the following spring. Cuttings of branches may be used in the same way as the root cuttings.

In cases where is is desirable to graft, the operation is usually most successful if it is put off until the trees have definitely started into new growth. It is also of the utmost importance that the cut surface of both bark and wood be protected with as little delay as possible from exposure to the air. Grafting wax, waxed cloth or similar devices are used to afford the necessary protection. The various methods of grafting are discussed in some detail in the new bulletin.

In addition to the value of the fruit for household purposes, persimmon wood is used to a large extent by manufacturers of cotton mill supplies, who make bobbins from it. It is also used for shoe lasts. The live trees are in considerable demand for shade and ornamental purposes and one authority states that as a shade tree on private grounds the persimmon compares favorably with any of the other species in this country.



Persimmon Trees After Making One Season's Growth in the Nursery—These Trees Are Propagated by Grafting on the Seedling Stocks—The Bundle on the Left Is the Golden Gem Variety; on the Right the Miller—The Largest Trees Are Four to Five Feet Tall—The Difference in the Size of the Trees in the Two Bundles Is Due to the Difference in the Natural Vigor of Growth of These Two Sorts.

Disposing of Surplus.

If your eggs and chickens have a reputation for quality you can readily dispose of the surplus. Keep books and see if you are making anything above expenses. If your eggs are not paying the ever-present feed bills, there is something wrong.

Secret of Success.

The secret of successful poultry breeding is to cull. Unless a bird has a strong constitution it is not an economical producer.

Need for Thinning Apples.

There is the same need for thinning apples as for thinning vegetables. No one would think of leaving 20 melon plants in a hill nor beets as thick as they come up. Good, smooth and large apples can be secured only by thinning the overloaded branches.

Lime for Turkeys.

Remember, fresh-slaked lime will kill young turkeys, but lime that has been slaked a long time is fine for turkeys, any age, to pick at

ANOTHER DAY.

By HOPE BROWNING.

"If you could give me just a day's option, Mr. Betz." Marian frowned slightly, looking around the big, restful studio longingly.

"I'm sorry, but I must give myself a chance to think it over. I'll 'phone early in the morning."

She went out into the square and sat down near the fountain, trying to make up her mind. It had been eight months since she had left there. Seabury had received his appointment as staff artist at the front, and it had meant so much to his whole career. They were engaged. Sometimes it seemed to her that they had always been engaged ever since she had taken the studio below his and he had dropped roses on her window sill.

"Go up to mother's and stay with her until I get back. You can write all you want to, and she'll love to have you. She has me all dead and buried already, and it will brace her up to have you laugh at her. Go along, Marian."

And Marian had gone. Up into the heart of Vermont to a great, rambling old farmhouse perched on a spur of land that overlooked mountains and valleys for miles. Seabury's mother was a darling little old lady, cheerful and motherly—too motherly. Marian, after seven months, began to feel like a progressive duck with a hen parent. She fretted after town environment and the incentive to work. Her stuff was flat and she knew it. Seabury was on the point of sailing when he got an offer from an English paper and wrote he would wait three months longer if she did not mind. If she did not mind? Marian packed furiously and sent back a cablegram: "Going back to work."

That night she dined out with friends of the Quarter down at a little Italian place on West Eleventh street. And someone spoke his name.

"You knew that Seabury was back, didn't you, Miss Earle? Made a smashing record for himself, too. Looks awfully fit. I met him up at Nannie Bell's last evening at dinner."

Marian smiled. No, she had not heard of Mr. Abbot's return, but she was so glad of his success. He was always such a clever, nice boy.

"I'd like to see him marry Nannie Bell," went on her right-hand partner at the long table. "She's just the sort of girl to develop and supplement the gifts of a man like Seabury."

"Yes?" Marian's tone was sweetly interested and impersonal. "Are they engaged?"

"I don't know, but I suppose so. He's been around everywhere with her since he got back."

Marian slept little that night. Wrapped in a kimono, she sat by her window, thinking. And here she had been ready to even take back the old studio for sentiment's sake. It was all very well to tell herself that she needed the old environment. She just wanted to be back where they had first met and been so happy together.

The following morning she was rather late, but determined. Mr. Betz stood on the basement steps, talking to the janitor, when she came along.

"Go right up, Miss Earle. I'll be there in a minute," he called to her, and she went up the long flight of stairs. The door was ajar. She passed through the high, narrow passageway into the studio and stopped short. Over by the window, looking down on the little patch of garden, stood Seabury.

He turned around at her step, and gave a quick exclamation, brimful of the boyish, explosive happiness she loved in him.

"By Jove, it dragged you back, too, didn't it?" he cried, catching her hands in a grip that hurt. "I've been trying to rent the place from old Betz, but he's put me off, telling me he had another party after it, and I'd have to wait another day. Lord, it's good to see you again, Marian."

"You're looking well," said Marian, trying to draw away.

"I am not. I'm sick and disgusted and miserable, and I can't eat or sleep—"

"No? I thought you were dining rather regularly."

"What do you mean? Oh, with Nannie Bell? That's only business. She's doing the writing end of my series for the Dispatch. I didn't think you'd mind."

"Why should I mind?"

"Why?" He glanced beyond her to be sure of privacy and caught her suddenly in his arms. "That's why," he told her, after a minute. "Because you happen to be the only woman that can upset my life for better or worse, don't you see? I dropped everything when I got your cable and came over. I understood how you felt. And when I got here I couldn't find you, so I did the next best thing. I was going to rent the old studio because I knew you'd come back here some time."

"Let me go," she said, struggling. "Somebody's coming."

Mr. Betz whistled jovially as he approached, perhaps as a kindly signal of warning.

"Well," he asked, "what do you think about it?"

Seabury beamed on him, his hands deep in his pockets.

"We are going to take it directly after the wedding, Betz. Fix up your lease."

The Difference.

Little Clarence—Pa, what is the difference between a professional and an amateur?

Mr. Callipers—Why, one does it because he has to, and the other because he doesn't have to.—Puck.

Blowing His Money.

Mrs. Flatbush—My husband went and bought a cornet when he got his pay, last Saturday.

Mrs. Bensonhurst—Well, he might just as well 'blow' his money that way as any other.