

GETTING A START

By
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THE DIARY OF A FOOL.

Monday: Got up late. Bolted breakfast. Rushed for the train. Arrived at office behind time. Boss was there waiting for me. He made a remark about tardiness. Went to dance. Got home at one. Tired.

Tuesday: Got up late as usual. No breakfast, but got to office on time. Felt sleepy and Boss noticed it. Put two letters into wrong envelopes and mailed them. Guess there's going to be trouble. Went out with the boys. Had four drinks and smoked six cigars.

Wednesday: Ten minutes late at office. Boss didn't appear to notice it, but maybe he did. Felt sleepy and made some mistakes. Guess I must cut out this night business. Got home on time, ate supper, went to bed at nine and read until eleven-thirty.

Thursday: Had five minutes for breakfast, but got my regular train. It was late, so didn't get to the office until nine-thirty. Didn't feel like work, but managed to pull through. Six of us went to the movies and then played pool until midnight. Lost three dollars.

Friday: On time at office. Went to lunch at twelve and didn't get back till two. Met a friend and enjoyed a table d'hote with him. Had something to drink. Lucky for me the Boss was out when I came in. Called on Mildred and didn't get home till midnight.

Saturday: Overslept. No breakfast. Twenty minutes late at office. Boss was there, of course, fuming and fussing because there was something for me to do right away. Blew my head off. I'll bet he never was young himself. Life is hard. Lucky for me this was a half-holiday. Had a chance to sleep it off. Don't like the Boss. He isn't fair. Just raised the pay of the fellow sitting next to me. I asked him if he would raise mine, too. Did I get it? Nix! Came pretty near getting kicked out. There's no chance for a young man nowadays. Think I'll look for another job where there's opportunity.

Sunday: Spent morning in bed. Too tired to get up. Went out in the afternoon. Drank three bottles of beer apiece and smoked. All the fellows disgusted with their jobs. Agree with me that there isn't any chance for a young man. Nabby-pambies and goody-goodies get all the snaps. One of the fellows said his boss caught him drinking a cocktail and raised the deuce. Gave him a long lecture. What business was it of his, anyway, as long as John didn't drink in the office? His boss is a fool. Says he has a right to say what his clerks shall do at home. Kicks because they go out nights. I'd like to see my Boss try it on me. It wouldn't take much to make me go anyway. Bill Jones has a good scheme up his sleeve. Guess I'll go with him. Bill says there's no chance for a fellow in this city. Talked it over with Mildred tonight. She doesn't enthuse. Says I'd better make good at home before I get out. What does a woman know about business anyway?

HARD QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

Requests Regarding Matter of Daily Life Are Hard to Comply With.

Why do some men succeed in business and others fail? John A. Sletcher asks in Leslie's.

Why, when a business has been successfully developed by a brainy man, does it fall when it falls into another one's hands?

Why does a business that has failed under one management succeed under another?

Why do some men make fortunes by securing control of a bankrupt property and putting it on its feet?

Why does one family grow up with its members intelligent, conscientious, clean and wholesome, while members of a neighboring family are indolent, improvident, dependent and perhaps criminal?

Why does church membership grow smaller and the crowds around the demagogues at street corners grow larger?

Why does a man receive good wages and working comfortable hours listen to a wandering agitator who tells of Utopia where labor is unnecessary and where the state will support the people?

Why? What's the answer?

Submarine Drill on Pacific Liner.

Orissa, the Pacific liner which, with a valuable cargo, reached Liverpool recently, inaugurated what was called "submarine drill." Without previous warning all on board were several times suddenly summoned to the boats.—London Chronicle.

Speaks Quicker Now. Patience—I understand her husband speaks very quick to her at times.

Patience—Yes, but he's trying to strike an average; it was an awful long time before he proposed to her.

EDUCATION.

The academic school has two distinct provinces—first, to teach the three R's, in order that one may not be illiterate; secondly, to impart knowledge beyond necessity, which will enable its receiver better to meet present and future conditions.

Expert and unbiased educators do not question the value of the first, but are not united regarding its second purpose.

How far should one go academically, if he would enter life properly prepared to meet its requirements?

Opinion is divided. Upon general principles, however, it may be said that one is not likely to become over-educated academically, notwithstanding the fact that the curricula of most schools and colleges contain as much of the chaff as the wheat of learning.

Until we know what to teach and what not to teach, it is obvious that more than a small proportion of the waste cannot be eliminated.

The higher forms of education undoubtedly discipline the mind and make one better able to grasp conditions and to "make good" in every direction.

Education is of no value unless it makes a man more efficient to himself and to others.

The mere memorizing of a study is worse than wasted time, yet this condition unfortunately prevails to some extent in nearly every institution. The pupil is often ranked by what he is able to repeat, rather than by what he actually knows.

However necessary academic education may be in a preparatory sense, neither the school nor the college can take the place of experience.

The School of the World, or, rather, the School of Experience, is the post-graduate institution which plays no favorites and which has no fads or fancy courses.

Real education does not end with the academic course. It begins after that course is finished.

No amount of book learning, memorizing or academic training, even under the most favorable conditions, can be substituted for experience.

The man who stops learning when he leaves his school stops living. It would be better for him, and for the community, if he used the little sense he has as a weight with which to drown himself.

Many a college graduate goes out into the world laboring under the delusion that what the college has given him is negotiable merchandise, salable in any market, and usually he places an inflated price upon it.

The education which he has received, rightly used, is an asset; but by itself alone it is a drag.

Education, then, has no value in itself. It is valuable only in so far as it enables one to use himself to better advantage.

The parade of the cap and gown, on the college campus, is not the march of real soldiers on a real field of conflict. Each cap and each gown should not stand for graduation, but rather be the insignia of a better preparation for entrance into the School of the World.

To know may be to know nothing. To know how to use what you know counts.

CAUSE OF ELECTRIC SPARK

As to Why a Whip Cracks Is Reasoned Out by an Intelligent Observer.

A theory as to why a whip cracks was discussed in the columns of the Scientific American. Jessie M. Jones of Canton, Pa., had a new and interesting theory expressed in a letter to the Scientific American.

"It was in a half illuminated harness store where the merchant happened to be trying whips," she writes. "One particularly loud snap produced an electric spark at the end of the lash. All of a sudden the idea occurred to me that the snap was not made by the lash at all, but was produced by the action of the lash dividing the air and that it was the instantaneous concussion of the air that produced the snap and the electric spark was the friction caused by a division of the current of air, the same as in a thunderstorm. Why not?"

Job Women Overlooked.

Among the occupations not yet invaded by women is that of the city ale conner, vacant since midsummer day, which carries the privilege of sampling ale sold in the city, together with an annual salary of ten pounds. In Dick Whittington's day it was usual for the ale conner when appointed to take a solemn oath to "know of no brewer or brewster, cook or pie maker, who sells the gallon of best ale for more than a penny half-penny or the gallon of second for more than a penny. . . . And that you, as soon as you shall be required to taste any ale, shall be ready to do the same. . . . So God you help, and the saints."—London Chronicle.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

WATER FOR CHRISTENING.

There seems to be some confusion on the part of certain good people concerning the attitude of the W. C. T. U. with regard to the christening of ships with champagne. The Outlook said editorially: "The opposition of extreme temperance advocates has always been difficult to understand." It contends that inasmuch as "a bottle smashed on the bow of a battleship is one bottle that can never be drunk, such an event ought to be regarded as another blow to the consumption of liquor."

Miss Anna A. Gordon, president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, being asked to give the white-ribboners' viewpoint, said: "Our friends, the 'nonextremists,' are taking a narrow and superficial view of the question. They are losing sight of the symbolism of the rite itself. Consider the root meaning of the word christening. One of the dictionary definitions of to christen is, 'to name, as a ship by a ceremony likened to baptism.' Always baptism in the Christian economy has been with water. If in any gone by spirituous liquors were supposed to give long life and to bring good luck, the revelations of science have thoroughly exploded that theory. Water is a symbol of life, alcohol a symbol of disease, destruction and death, the enemy of life and of efficiency; hence the christening of any ship with champagne is an absurdity and an anachronism."

FUTURE OF KING ALCOHOL.

The Russian minister of finance offers \$369,500 in prizes for the discovery of new methods for utilizing alcohol. Three prizes totaling \$25,000, will be given for the discovery of new denaturing substances, the improvements to be such as will guarantee a general use and make alcohol absolutely unfit for use as a beverage. Twenty-one prizes, totaling \$337,500, are offered for suggestions for adding to and improving the uses of spirits for heating, lighting, motive power and in the industrial branches of chemical technology. The largest single prize of \$37,000 (supplemented by two other prizes totaling \$50,000) is offered for an invention relating to the utilization of spirits in internal combustion engines; the production of such substances as vinegar, ether, chloroform, dissolving agents, fuel, lighting, etc.

Russia's wise and practical policy with regard to King Alcohol points to the time when that most powerful enemy of the human race from the beginning of time shall be transformed into valued servant and friend. Thus do we become "more than conquerors."

STUDY OF ALCOHOL.

That the dangers of alcohol should be emphasized in every school in the land, was the opinion voiced by Dr. G. D. Cameron of Ohio, speaking before the bureau of sanitary science of the American Institute of Homeopathy. While the schools had touched upon the subject, somewhat, he said, it remained for the European war to set forth "the true relation of this demoralizer of human efficiency."

"The utter desolation alcohol creates in the home makes it like war," he asserted. "Like war, it digs the untimely grave. It pauperizes. Through heredity it creates the neurotic. It damns and degenerates wherever it comes in contact with the human tissue. It paves the way for tuberculosis and is first assistant in disseminating the diseases of vice. Yet the schools do not manifest the strong interest in this subject which its importance in social science deserves. Let the forces of enlightenment array themselves where the enemies of society are making their strongest attack. The schools should teach that good health is life's greatest asset."

CONDEMN THE SALOON.

The Catholic Total Abstinence union at its annual convention in Milwaukee voted to join hands with the Dry Chicago federation and appointed a committee to co-operate with that organization. "The saloon," declared the Catholics, "is engaged in destroying civilized society. So long as it confined its destroying influence to the male portion of our population tempering remedies and expedients were first to be thought of, but since the alcohol octopus has enmeshed the whole family in its slimy tentacles with commercialized vice, a symptom of the alcoholic blight, with womanhood dishonored and motherhood destroyed, the manhood that remains unsullied must arise in defense till the whole bad business is swept from our land."

SOCIAL AND CIVIC PROBLEM.

William A. Pinkerton has said that all of us are more or less potentially criminal, and that this innate tendency is kept submerged by most men through habits of temperate self-control.

That the city and state are responsible for deliberately breaking down the resisting power of their citizens there no longer can be any question. In other words, the problem of crime is not merely a matter of individual responsibility. Its prevention is a question of social and civic obligation.

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HIS WELL-CHOSEN RESPONSE

Old Frenchman's Words, in Acknowledging Gift, Were Certainly Short and to the Point.

In a certain country town there lived an old Frenchman named Le Blanc. One night some of his friends gave him a surprise party and presented him with a watch chain. That week the local paper printed an account of the affair, saying that in acknowledgment of the gift Mr. Le Blanc responded in "a few well-chosen words."

Curious to know what the old Frenchman said, someone asked the reporter who was present what those "well-chosen words" were.

"Well, I'll tell you," he answered. "When Charlie finished his presentation speech and held out the chain, the old man—who had been eyeing it greedily all the while—suddenly snatched it from his hand and exclaimed: 'Py chee, dat was a good one!'—Youth's Companion.

Both Exposed to Danger. The man who makes a shell is just as much a hero as the man who fires it."

"I guess that's right. In these days of Zeppelins and aeroplanes, you never know when an aviator is going to drop bombs on an ammunition factory."

Not Too Cheap. "Talk is cheap," said the man who is always quoting proverbs. "Oh, sure," said the man who was waiting for an opening to make a touch. "Lend me five dollars so I can call my wife up on the phone. She's in Chicago."

Luck Opposed. "Here's hard luck!" "What's the matter?" "Nothing but soft drinks."

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.—Emerson.

AGAIN TO BE FERTILE LAND

Building of Euphrates Dam Completed to Restore the Prosperity of Old Mesopotamia.

With the completion of the Hindiyah barrage, on the River Euphrates, the first step has been taken which will ultimately turn Mesopotamia into the fertile land it was in Biblical times. For ages the waters of the Tigris and Euphrates have run to waste in the desert, or accumulated in unwholesome marshes, and devastation and the decay of centuries have set their mark upon enormous areas that once blossomed as the rose. In the great Babylonian plain tradition has placed the Garden of Eden, and the still visible ruins of old dams and canals show how important a part was played by irrigation in the economic prosperity of Chaldea and Babylon.

After lying dormant for ages as the result of devastating wars, Tartar invasions and Turkish apathy, fertility is about to be restored to those desolate regions as by the wave of a magician's wand.

The magician is the modern engineer, in the person of Sir William Willcocks, who in 1905 was commissioned by the Turkish government to prepare an irrigation scheme. In its entirety Sir William Willcocks' plan entailed an expenditure of \$75,000,000, and it is the first portion of the works which were inaugurated.

The Hindiyah barrage, 47 miles south of Baghdad, has been built just above the town of Hindiyah and to the east of the present riverbed, and it distributes the waters of the Euphrates through regulators down the old Hillah branch, past Babylon to Hillah. It is 800 feet long and consists of 35 arches fitted with sluice gates 16 feet wide. The arches are supported by piers 19 feet high and four feet thick, with key piers measuring 11 feet. This structure rests upon a foundation of three feet of concrete and six feet of brickwork. Adjoining the barrage is a lock with a 35-foot opening for the use of the river traffic.

Their Conversation. In the days of Henry Clay a Kentucky farmer sent a servant to Lexington with a note for the president of a certain bank. When the man returned he said to his master:

"I met Marsie Henry Clay in the bank and had a conversation with him."

"Indeed! and on what topic did you and Mr. Clay converse?" inquired the master with interest.

The darky removed his hat and made a sweeping bow. . . . "Says Mr. Clay to me. . . . And another very low bow. 'And I the same to Mr. Clay.'—Everybody's Magazine.

Ready Finance. Hart (on country road)—Look at those toughs ahead of us. I shouldn't wonder if we were held up.

Smart—It's not unlikely. By the way, here's that dollar you lent me this morning.

Father Adam may have had troubles of his own, but at any rate, Eve never flashed his old love letters on him.

Backache Is Discouraging

Nothing is more discouraging than a constant backache. Lame when you awaken, pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to work or to rest. Backache often indicates bad kidneys. If the urine is discolored, passages too frequent or scanty, there is further proof. Delay is dangerous. Prompt use of Doan's Kidney Pills now may spare you serious trouble later. Doan's is the world's best-recommended kidney remedy.

A Montana Case

"My friend, 'Toby' says: J. W. Harrison, blacksmith, 55 N. Wallace St., Bozeman, Mont., says: 'I suffered terribly from weak kidneys and had a dull, aching pain in the small of my back. The kidney secretion was so bad that I was unable to work. I had spells of numbness. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me as soon as I used them and three boxes completely cured me.'

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In the Society Islands.

Pigs represent a kind of concrete idea of position among most of the natives of the Society Islands. These animals, in fact, are just as carefully nursed as children. Only male pigs are esteemed, however, and are tied all their lives to a pole under a little roof, while the sows run wild.

"The pigs are carefully fed," writes Doctor Speiser, "but this, their only pleasure, is spoiled by constant and terrific toothache, caused by cruel man, who has a horrible custom of knocking out the upper eyetooth of the male. The lower teeth, finding nothing to rub against, grow to a surprising size, first upward, then down, until they again reach the jaw, grow on and on, through the cheek, through the jawbone, pushing out a few other teeth on the way. Then they come out of the jaw again and curve a second, sometimes a third, time, if the poor beast lives long enough.

A Benevolent Refusal.

"Senator, I wish you would give me a job as your private secretary." "Oh, my boy," responded the oily senator, "don't get mixed up with the government service. Nothing to it. Ruins a young man. Besides, I have promised that position to my son."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Keen Disappointment.

"Congressman Blowster says he didn't think much of the San Francisco fair."

"I think I know the reason why."

"Well?"

"He hoped to launch a presidential boom while out there, but it failed to materialize."

First Trial. "Did you ever try a fountain pen, judge?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," replied his honor, "and found it guilty."

It's a good thing our buried hopes don't need tombstones, or the supply of marble would run mighty short.



Hurrah! They're Here!

The New Post Toasties—a delicious sweetmeat with all of the true corn flavour! A flake that won't mush down when cream is added—a flake that stays fresh and crisp.

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