

GETTING A START

By
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EXPERTS AND SPECIALISTS.

Vocations are divided into four great divisions; mechanics, in the practice of which one works by his hands; business, covering clerical workers, buyers and sellers; the professions, including law, medicine, teaching, preaching, etc., and specialists or experts. It is of the last named that I will speak.

The so-called specialist is one who is expert in some line, whether in mechanics, in a department of science, or in the manipulation of certain parts of business-going.

The majority of specialists are, however, expert in a department of manufacture, like expert engineers, expert electricians, etc.

The large incomes received by this class of workers have been particularly attractive, and thousands of young men train themselves in this direction and enter technical schools with this end in view.

I would not discourage ambition. I would not advise a young man to set too slow a pace or to place his goal only a short distance ahead, but I would caution him against being too optimistic and warn him not to fall under the spell of too great an ambition.

Comparatively few men ever attain expertise in anything. Because they are ordinary they remain ordinary. By study, experience and perseverance, they are able to obtain good incomes, but few of them ever reach the top of the mountain of fame.

To succeed more than nominally as a specialist or expert one must have natural aptitude for his calling. He must have a talent, which is born in him, to be developed by long and strenuous study. Then, even if he becomes an expert, it may be difficult for him to attain a position commensurate with his ability, for the demand is limited.

The technical schools are turning out proficient workers at almost innumerable speeds. They are flooding the market. Their graduates are reasonably sure of positions; but, as there are so many good men in this department of work, it is obvious that competition and over-supply must interfere with the rapid progress of any except those who possess unusual ability.

In the old days, when few enjoyed a liberal education, the highly school-trained man was marked for promotion; and, because he had few competitors, he was pretty sure of obtaining a commanding position. Today there are thousands of good men on the market, many of them able to assume responsibility. Because of competition, because of so great a supply of experts, even the well-trained man of more than ordinary capacity may find it difficult to attain the height of his ambition.

Nothing which I have said in this article should be construed by the reader as direct discouragement. The ambitious man, even if he has only ordinary capacity, can, if he will, meet competition and win, and he will, if he has ability, can surmount every obstacle and reach the goal of his ambition, provided, of course, he does not allow himself to depend too much upon his ability and does not refuse properly to school and otherwise train himself to meet world-wide competition.

A large proportion of failures are down, not because of lack of ability, but because they are unwilling to make proper effort to train themselves to assume responsibility.

I am presenting a typographical picture of fact, words of caution as well as those of encouragement. As President Cleveland said, "We are confronted by a condition, not a theory."

LETTING UP.

Business has little heart or consideration. It does not play favorites. It recognizes largely that which pertains to itself alone. As a young business man or as an employee, you are standing at the crossroads, one the road of business, the other the path of your own individual life and rights. You cannot neglect one without injuring the other. Each has its place, and success never comes to the man who does not recognize the importance of both. The right kind of accomplishment, however, that which counts in the long run, which makes you a better man and a better citizen, does not come from too close adherence to the road of business or from over-devotion to your own personal inclinations.

Success depends upon a proper recognition of both, upon a compromise

DAY OF FORTRESS PASSED

Modern Guns and Mines Have Combined to Render Obsolete Structures Considered Impregnable.

It will continue to be physically possible, no doubt, to build a fort so strong that no shell could penetrate it, whether fired directly at high angles or to fall upon it vertically from the clouds. It would require merely to calculate the force of the explosives and the resistance of steel and concrete, and make the steel and concrete thick enough. But it may have ceased to be worth while. A fort would still be vulnerable from below ground. Its foundation could not be laid so deep that an enemy might not drive a tunnel under it, and then it would be necessary only to put enough high explosive there to blow the fort away. So, perhaps, in the future military strategists will adjust itself to the idea that fortifications cannot be permanent, therefore they had better be even more impermanent, serving only a temporary bulwark against an oncoming enemy. The most rigid, the

between too strenuous business and too great a willingness to do as you please irrespective of your duty.

I would not give much for the man who cannot enjoy a ball game, or for one who sticks to his desk as though he were glued to his office chair.

No man does his best if he devotes his energy to one thing without change or diversion. A friendly game of golf will help the astronomer to discover stars. A day or a half-day in the country will make it easier for the business man to finance a difficult proposition. The over-tired teacher will benefit neither himself nor his pupils if he spends all of his off-time indoors among his books, forgetting that the application of education can not live in a devitalized air.

The time to let up is when you work does not come easy to you, when you dread it, not because you are lazy, not because the ball field is acting as a magnet, when you are so tired that you have to drag through what you do and force yourself to accomplish it. Then diversion is as necessary to you as air is to the lungs. Without it you will suffocate or lose so much of your vitality that you cannot easily return to the firing line of business.

Often I hear a young man say, "I can't attend to my duties if I think of anything else," or "If I do anything else" he is wrong. He is deluding himself. He is robbing himself of the right of existence.

The men who make the most of themselves, who are able to handle great enterprises, who benefit the world by their discoveries and their expertise in science, work when they work, and work hard; but they have brains enough to know how to rest. How to obtain a change, even by force, and they rest as hard as they work, making a business of it, realizing that no machine, human or otherwise, can keep constantly turning in one direction without too great a strain on the bearings and the danger of accident.

To get up, learn to let up.

DESCRIPTION OF OLD BOSTON

Interesting Old-Time Writer Well Pictured Street That Was a Feature of the City.

There is a description of Franklin place in Jacob Abbott's "Marco Paul in Boston," which was first published, we believe, in 1853. Marco and Mr. Forester while sojourning in Boston boarded in Franklin street. "Franklin place is a continuation of Franklin street. In Franklin place the line of houses is straight upon one side, and curved, like a crescent, on the other. This makes the space between the houses very wide, much wider than is necessary for a street. They have accordingly enclosed a part of this space and planted trees and shrubbery in it. The inclosure is long and narrow, and extends up and down the place in the middle of it, and has a paved street on each side between the inclosure and the houses. The inclosure is surrounded by a sort of fence or paling, and it presents a very agreeable appearance as seen from the windows of the surrounding houses; and, in fact, it makes Franklin place, in the summer season, one of the most alluring streets in Boston to the eyes of a stranger."

It was under the shrubbery of this inclosure that Marco hid the fishing pole he bought when he should have bought a flagpole. Do boys today read of Marco's adventures in New York, on the Erie canal, in Maine, in Vermont and at the Springfield armory? They should, and not only for the elements of a salutary moral influence" that the author "endeavored to infuse" into his narrative.—Boston Globe.

Inopportune.

"Is it true that a sense of humor helps to smooth one's path through life?"

"Not if it's an exaggerated sense of humor," replied the melancholy person. "Do you see a slight discoloration under my right eye?"

"Yes."

"It's nearly gone now. About a week ago I laughed at a man who dropped a quart of whiskey on the pavement."

Safe Bet.

A New Jersey town is conducting a contest to find its homeliest man. Without knowing anything about its citizens we'll bet it's the town beauty doctor.—Detroit Free Press.

most irreducible thing so far discovered in this war is a trench filled with soldiers, supported by artillery and machine guns. That protection is what has saved the great fortress at Verdun in France.

The case between coast defenses and warships is very different. There the offensive has not overtaken the defensive. This has been proved in the Dardanelles. The modern warships, carrying the largest guns afloat, failed to reduce land defenses some of which could hardly be called up to date, much less modern. The fire from warships must be direct.

Worth Knowing.

Every housekeeper knows that in a small household where only one or two servants are kept, several guests over Sunday mean a great deal of work—manual labor for the domestics and head work and responsibility for the hostess. If things are to go smoothly and hospitality is to be perfectly expressed somebody has got to do a deal of thinking and preparing beforehand and this somebody is, naturally, the housekeeper and mistress.

Along the CORNWALL COAST



MOUTH OF THE TAMAR

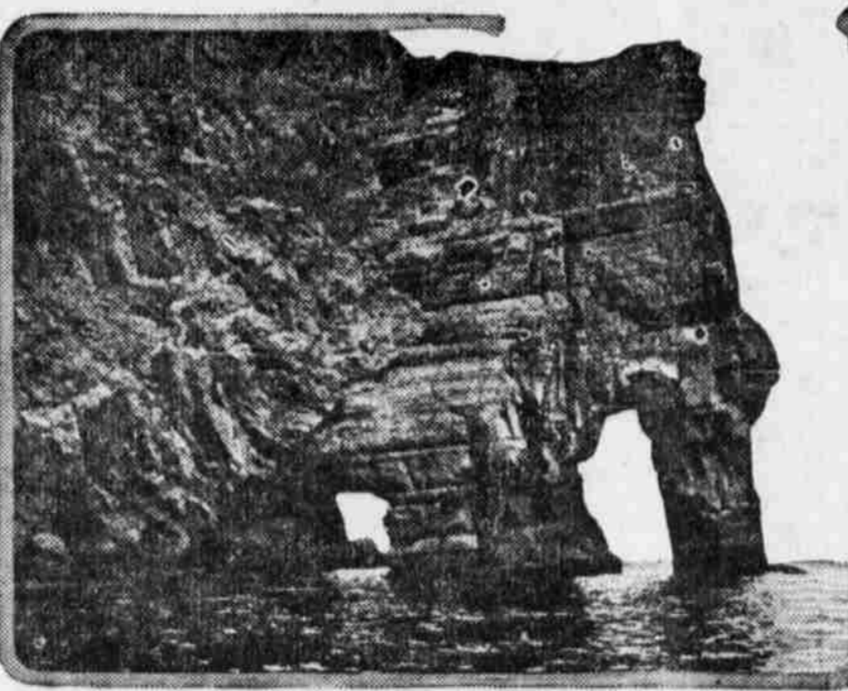
THE quaint, delightful coast country of Cornwall, a favored land of peace and quietness, yet where some of the most important English naval stations are now busy, is described for the National Geographic society by Florence Craig Albrecht. At points along this coast, England holds concentrated great battle fleets. Here, west of Lands End, are the Scilly islands, and, beyond Cornwall, further up the channel, lies Plymouth, military harbor and great naval base. The charm of this old-fashioned, picturesque land of fisher folk and peasants is told by Mrs. Albrecht, who explored its coast before war clouds recalled a martial air to Cornwall, for the society in the following bulletin:

"Here are rock and headland and cliff, now green, now golden with gorse, now bare and rugged; inlet bay and harbor, with here and there an isolated house, a tiny village, a pre-tenanted town, a great port. An unfriendly coast? Yes, with heavy seas and winds, with thick sea-fogs—a dangerous one; rocks ever ready to tear holes in the stoutest vessel, currents ever ready to drive them on. But a picturesque coast; a wonderfully beautiful coast, both upon summer days and in winter storms; a coast with many harbors, none too easy of entrance by reason of rocks and tides, and many impossible for any but the smallest craft."

All Have Splendid Memories. There are splendid memories remaining to all of these ports, the writer says, for too many fleets have sailed up and down the channel since history began not to have visited all these places with the task of making history. Fishing fleets have kept the foreground of the picture through latter years, but signs of war preparation have never been absent from Cornwall's waters and huge squadrons of grim, gray men-of-war have regularly come and gone and gathered there. The writer tells of Penzance, the sunny pleasure-loving little sea city where the most picturesque of pirate types originated; of Newlyn, the home of the true old sort of fisherman, and the Mecca of artists; of Marazion, the old, which, according to Cornish history, was an important city visited by Phoenician merchants in the days of Ezekiel the prophet; of Fowey, once one of the greatest seaports of the land, which sent scores of boats to the crusades, to the siege of Calais, to the plundering of Normandy, a one-time warlike city whose glory has long since faded. Fowey sent more than two score men-of-war to Calais—770 men. How pitifully small are the figures today, when one modern battleship requires a larger crew than did that fleet 450 years ago.

Substitute for Rubber.

Successful attempts have recently been made to manufacture a substitute for rubber tubing out of masses of solidified glue. These tubes are even better than those of rubber for certain purposes, according to Technische Monatshefte, since they are more impervious to gases and more resistant to heat. It is also claimed that they do not grow rotten so quickly as rubber, and that when incased in a suitable envelope they will withstand high pressure. Moreover, they are very cheap. The inventor is Prof. J. Traube, and he states that they are peculiarly suited for conductors of petroleum and gasoline as well as gases. However, they are attacked by water, which obviously limits their uses.



CLIFFS NEAR POLPERRO

WANTED ONE DAY OF REST

Insane Man, as Strict Sabbatarian, Could Not Think of "Working" on Sunday.

Orrville L. Kiplinger, chaplain of the Michigan City (Ind.) reformatory, tells the following instance of a scrupulous conscience: "Some years ago an insane patient was given to the immodest, not to say expensive, habit of tearing his clothing from him and converting jeans, ticking, denim or whatever the clothes were made of, into carpet rags. "The prison physician remonstrated with the shredding nut as follows: "'Say, old man, you're certainly making a lot of unnecessary trouble for us. We don't think it's fair. Wouldn't you like to make money?"

"The insane man emphatically averred his willingness to earn ready cash. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," resumed the doctor. "I will give you ten cents every day you don't tear your

IN A RAIN OF FIRE

Australian Tells of Landing on Gallipoli Peninsula.

Turkish Soldiers Tested the Metal of Colonial Troops Who Sought to Press Forward to the Sultan's Capital.

"A sea, smooth as a mirror, covered with a light mist," so relates an Australian, "and beyond great hills and faint outlines of battleships and transports, overhead a hydroplane lurking about the Turkish position, such was the spectacle presented to us on April 25, when we approached the Gallipoli peninsula. Our run was straight forward to the shore toward the foot of Gaba Tepe hill, but the destroyer, it must be understood, was unable to bring us close to the beach. There we lay in an open boat, looking at each other in a puzzled way, while bullets came whizzing past right and left and over us. At last the barges were advanced as much as possible. We quickly jumped into the water, almost to our armpits, and arrived, half swimming, half wading, at the shore. In former times I have often been inquisitive to know how it felt to be in a desperate position. Now I have found that out. I felt as if someone had delivered a terrible blow at my chest with the flat part of a spade. "We passed the first-aid stations, which already were overburdened with stretchers bearing wounded. Then came a tollsome, tiring climb over great sand dunes to the firing line. Snipers lay concealed everywhere in ambush and bullets struck all around in the rocks and bushes. In this way, surrounded by a thousand dangers, we reached the line of fire, where I was detached from my company for duty to ascertain the shooting ranges for an Australian regiment. Through the excellent telescope of my rangefinder I could observe the Turkish retreat and had even a tiny picture of a bayonet charge of our own men. Still came the wounded in seemingly unending streams; then our 're' awoke to life. One of the sharpshooters seemed to have a grudge against the rangefinder, as two bullets struck the immediate breastworks; the man next to me suddenly reared up high and fell to my feet. 'At an end,' he cried, and then added, faintly hesitating, 'money in belt—wife and children—' The Turks had evidently got our range, then the situation became more and more uncomfortable, and those of us who were left had to shift our positions several hundred yards to the rear, until it was finally possible to silence this dangerous marksman.

"On the following afternoon I directed again my glass on this tragic group and saw that the sailor now lay on his back, his face pointing toward heaven. Without a doubt yesterday he was alive and may have been even now after 36 hours still living. And now it shot more violently through my being. In the midst of the group I observed a movement and saw plainly a man extricating himself and slowly hobbling along the bank. With 'four other I set out to rescue the unfortunate, who in the meantime had collapsed. We found yet four others lying and heard from them that last night there had still been eight of them.

"To our right rattled a hostile machine gun like a motor cycle and came gradually nearer. A navalplane from its mother ship, Ark Royal, anchored in the nearby bay, hovered over our heads encircled by white shrapnel cloudlets, coming from the Turks. Soon thereafter the flyer turned about and flew back to make a report. The effect of this was not long in waiting, it came in shape of a ship's shell, which with ear-benumbing screech flew

Oh, Memory!

"What beautiful thought comes to mind, boys, on this bright, crisp morning?" asked the teacher. "I know," said Jack, shooting up his hand. "The beautifullest thought that comes to me today is of that day when it was so scorching hot that they had to close the school."

Not So Easy. "My doctor tells me I ought to go south for the winter." "Well, why don't you go?" "He doesn't tell me how to raise the money."

Scares 'Em.

"How did you get rid of that life insurance agent so quickly?" "Oh, I'm always prepared for those fellows. I keep a large bottle of cod-liver oil in plain sight on my desk, and when an agent calls I greet him with a hollow cough."

What Ignorance. "Shall we have champagne or some other wine?" "Are there other wines?"—Punch. "An ordinary bookkeeper's hand travels about 10,000 miles a year over ledger pages."

Out of Sorts

THAT IS, something is wrong with baby, but we can't tell just what it is. All mothers recognize the term by the lassitude, weakness, loss of appetite, inclination to sleep, heavy breathing, and lack of interest shown by baby. These are the symptoms of sickness. It may be fever, congestion, worms, croup, diphtheria, or scarlatina. Do not lose a minute. Give the child Castoria. It will start the digestive organs into operation, open the pores of the skin, carry off the fetid matter, and drive away the threatened sickness.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

GATHERING IN THE HARVEST

Every Month in the Year Finds Workers Busy in the Fruitful Fields of the Earth.

Somewhere every month in the year harvesters are eeling. The world's schedule for cutting grain is as follows: "January—New Zealand, Argentina. "February—East India, Upper Egypt. "March—Egypt, Chile. "April—Asia, Minor and Mexico. "May—Asia, China, Japan, Texas. "June—Turkey, Spain, Southern United States. "July—United States, Austria, Southern Russia, England, Germany, Switzerland. "August—Canada, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Poland. "September—Scotland, Sweden, Norway, Siberia. "October—Northern Russia, Siberia. "November—South Africa and Peru. "December—Uruguay, Australia. "Then it all starts over again, beginning with New Zealand and Argentina. The United States exports harvesting machinery to all the countries named and also many others."

Love-making Misunderstood. No matter where they were, he made love to her. Their engagement had lasted for several weeks, but he could scarce bear to wait for comparative privacy to whisper his devotion and to ask for vows of constancy. And so it was that he murmured sweet nothings across the little glass-topped table in the drug store where they were consuming cooling beverages and messes. He looked deep into her sparkling eyes. "You are all mine!" he breathed. And then a doubt seemed to come over him, and he whispered anxiously: "Could you bear to think of another?" "Oh, darling!" she whispered, blushing a little. "I've already had two. But I don't think one more fruit sundae would hurt me. You're so thoughtful, dear—and so extravagant."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Simply Waiting. "Why don't you learn the new dances?" "Too lazy. I'll just sit and wait for the waltz to come back."

Flattery. "Do you ever flatter your husband?" "Yes; I sometimes ask his advice about things."

A woman always tries to make a secret of what she doesn't know.

Curative Value In Food?

"Recalling that 90% of disease results from errors in diet, then foods properly prescribed by the physician can justly be said to have curative value."—Dr. Henry B. Hollen, in The Medical Standard.

One of the errors in the diet of many people is the use of foods robbed of the vital mineral salts (phosphate of potash, etc.) which are absolutely necessary for proper balance of body, brain and nerves. The result is a long list of ills, including nervous prostration, kidney trouble, constipation, rickets in children, and so on.

Twenty years ago a whole wheat and barley food, containing all the nutriment of the grain, including the priceless mineral elements, was devised especially to correct errors in diet. That food is

Grape-Nuts

Another physician says: "Nearly half the year my breakfast consists of a dish of Grape-Nuts, one or two eggs, or fruit. I RECOMMEND IT TO MY PATIENTS CONSTANTLY, and invariably with good results."

This wholesome food not only builds sturdy health and strength, but fortifies the system against disease. Ready-to-eat, nourishing, economical, delicious—

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts