

# Golden Mean

Fit Into Your Work or Get Out of It

By JOHN A. HOWLAND



**M**OST young men entering business should prepare for an almost inevitable depression which follows the elation natural upon securing a first entry into a chosen work. In proportion as this untried work is the ambition of the young man, the novice has reason to anticipate this mental reaction. In this way often the first few weeks of the young man's apprenticeship may be the most trying and yet the most influential period of his life.

"Yes, I made a mistake in not sticking there when I had a chance," is the typical expression of regret that many a man has had to make when, later in life, he has been able to look back upon an opportunity which he has let slip him because of its undervaluation.

When it is considered that thousands of young men, too, take up their life work with no great attraction to it, this problem of preparation for the discouragements of the undertaking becomes especially momentous. In the life of most young men prior to entry into business most of their actions have been prompted wholly by the sense of enjoyment and pleasure to be found in them. They have cultivated intolerance for the disagreeable facts of life. In the case of such a young man, drawn to an especial work through rosy anticipations of its duties, the chance for a smashing of his idealism is serious.

Work in the abstract is a serious thing. It requires the serious attention and best efforts of the worker. Expenditure of these forces entails the physical and mental weariness which so easily leaves the worker open to the intrusion of depression. The condition is absolutely normal, yet often it invites the abnormal nursing of such a feeling until the victim has lost all sense of proportion with reference to himself.

What is the trouble with this dissatisfied young man?

Somewhere between this dissatisfied young man and his employer something is wrong. To determine just what that trouble is and to correct it as soon as possible is essential. If the young man is at fault he cannot discover the truth too soon. If the employer is at fault, the change cannot be made too speedily.

The serious trouble with the young and inexperienced man, however, is that nursing his intolerance he may have an exaggerated view of his own hard position which his lack of experience elsewhere cannot serve to restore to an equilibrium.

Disaffection in the young employe is not wholly undesirable. Probably one of the blackest marks that might be set against the young worker could come of an absolute sense of satisfaction in his present work. To be supremely content in his present work, nursing no ambition even in secret to better his work in the world, must be indicative of decay. Here and there the necessities of business may make such a man desirable, but more often it is something upon which the organizer frowns.



Manifestly, somewhere between disaffection and the calm of absolute content, the young man must find the golden mean. He cannot escape the obligation which rests upon him to decide. "Looking for a job" too long has been exaggerated out of proportion to its importance; to reconcile one's self to a life work is of infinitely more importance. Fit into it—or get out. You can't escape the exaction.

# German Capital Without Slums

By DR. PAUL ENGELHARDT

of some petentious apartment building. These usually look out upon the garden of the front house and usually consist of a couple of bright, sweet rooms, a kitchen and bath. For this sort of residence he will pay about \$2 a week.

The German workingman does not have to wrestle with the out-of-employment problem to the extent that makes life a burden to the breadwinners of most lands. It would be a hard task to engage a man by the day in Germany, for under our law a worker must be given eight days to four weeks' notice before his employer can tell him he is no longer needed.

In addition he must be given opportunity to find a new place of service and the time he takes in looking it up must not be deducted from his wages. Altogether, I should say that the condition of those in Germany who make their living in the sweat of their brow is better than in any nation unless, perhaps, the United States.

# Prophecies Never Come True

By CLAUDE D. WHEELER

From time to time letters are printed prophesying all sorts of calamities with apparently no foundation other than the writer's yearning for a chance to leap into the limelight—the "leap" being supplied by any disaster that should chance to happen which they could claim as a fulfillment of their prophecy, even if the forecast has to be bent and twisted to fit the disaster.

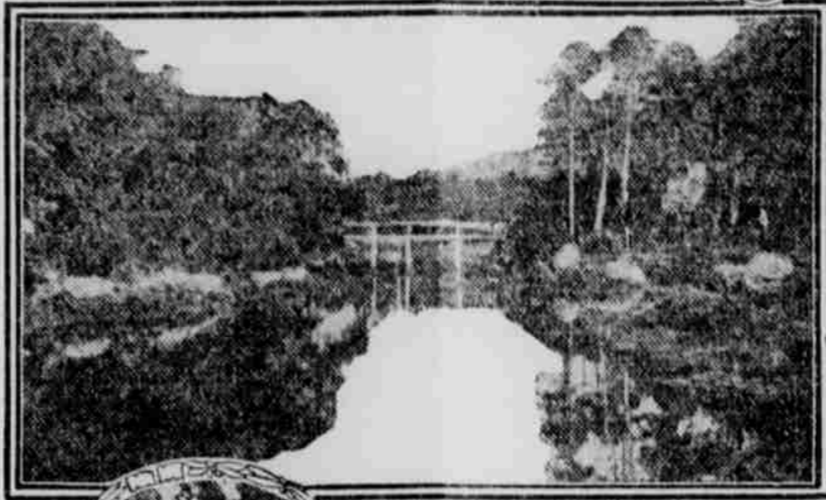
One curious fact about these "prophecies" is that they seldom, if ever, prophesy anything good or cheerful. One predicts the destruction of all of Chicago lying south

of Madison street. Another, a Michigan man, gratuitously makes the pleasant assertion that all of Chicago and all of the animals on the earth will be destroyed. Still another, a New Jersey astrologer, predicted volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, strife, strikes, riots, hard times, war, attempted assassination of President Taft and a cold wave and snow storms for June 6. He even went so far as to give a detailed description of the would-be assassin of President Taft.

No man ever lived who could tell what part of the earth the next earthquake would devastate nor when it would happen.

# IRELAND for PLEASURE

MANY BEAUTIFUL SPOTS



PARKNASILLA, COUNTY KERRY.



SALTON LEAP, KENNARE

It is a remarkable fact that no one ever returns from a visit to the south of Ireland without having something to say in praise of the country he has left behind him.

The south of Ireland on Saxon lips, generally means the Lakes of Killarney; but, as a matter of fact, there is hardly an acre of the kingdom of Kerry, especially of its coast-line, that is not exquisitely beautiful. Now that means of transit are both so rapid and reasonable, it is a pity that all this beauty is not better known. The best way to make its acquaintance is to go by rail to Kenmare, and then, following the coach road round the coast, lead up to Killarney, if desired, as final. From Kenmare the road runs close to the sea, though high above it, leaving Dromore castle to keep watch over the blue waters of Kenmare bay on the left, until the bridge is reached beneath which the river Blackwater (one of 17 Blackwaters in Great Britain and Ireland, by the way), rushes seaward down a fern-clad ravine. Thence the track descends through thickets of wind-garled oak and glistering arbutus, intersected by water-courses, half hidden beneath a luxuriant growth of the great *Osmunda regalis*, to Parknasilla.

Parknasilla is an ideal spot for anyone in search of warmth and sunshine. On the north and east it is sheltered from harsh winds by high mountains, and the breeze that blows in from the Atlantic brings with it a balmy temperature of the gulf stream. In this sheltered spot palms and aloes will winter safely out of doors, and the huge growth attained by delicate, semi-tropical evergreens testifies to the equableness of the climate. Those who can afford to travel in the leisurely manner such surroundings demand should loiter a day or two at Parknasilla at the Great Southern hotel, once a bishop's palace, whose beautiful wooded grounds stretch to the water's edge. Close at hand is the lovely Garinish island, where sandy, sunny coves form an ideal resting place for a summer afternoon.

Winding up from Parknasilla through groves of oak and beech, the road leads at last into the wilder beauty of the hills, which rise on the right hand into the precipitous heights of Crohan mountain. Once upon a time this district was populous with miners and smelters, for the mountains are rich in copper; but there are no signs of human habitation there now. Another interesting relic of the past, close by, is Cahirdaniel, the site of an old Danish fort, eloquent of stormy times. The sea appears once more at Derrynane, where a ruined abbey stands on a rocky peninsula, while the erstwhile home of Daniel O'Connell, "the Liberator," stands within a stone's throw.

From Derrynane the scenery is a succession of mountain passes until the road descends to Waterville, lying midway between the sea on one hand and Curra lake on the other. Waterville affords ideal headquarters for the fisherman. The lough is well stocked with brown trout, which give good sport throughout the season, and the white trout come up from the sea annually to spawn. The sea angler will appreciate the pollack, a fish which will put up a good fight on a rod with tight tackle and prove equally good eating when landed. The archaeologist also will find Waterville worth a prolonged stay, and the prehistoric remains of Stalgie fort, within easy distance, are reported to be at least 2,000 years old. Other points of interest are the cable stations both on the mainland and Valentia island.

For the remainder of the journey the way crosses rocky moorland interspersed with bog and heather, until the railway is regained at Cahirciveen. The interest in this section of the road lies chiefly seaward, where beyond cliff-bound Ballinskelligs bay lie the two islets known as the Great and Little Skelligs. The Great Skellig is a lighthouse station, and on the summit of the rock are some interesting beehive dwellings reported to be of monastic origin. The Little Skellig is

one of the largest breeding stations of the gannet and puffin round our coasts, and the huge colony of birds who do not leave the rock until the autumn is well worth visiting on a calm day.

The whole distance from Kenmare to Cahirciveen is 50 miles, and there is not a mile of it that is not worth seeing, both for its beauty and its associations; but a shorter route more suitable for cyclists or those who do not care for a long coach journey lies over the mountain pass of Ballagh-bema. By this route the traveler follows the main road from Kenmare as far as the Blackwater bridge and then, turning aside, follows the stream up into the mountain which divides its watershed from that of the Caragh river. Following this river he comes down to Caragh lake, where the railway appears again. The salmon and trout fishing, both in the lake and the surrounding rivers, are excellent, and should he desire to try them he cannot do better than stay at the New Southern hotel. The Caragh river is reserved for the guests here, as are 25,000 acres of shooting. Indeed, a winter visit to Caragh in search of snipe and cock will well repay the trouble of a channel crossing. Bathing and boating are perfect, and there is a golf course close at hand.

## PROSE POEM BY HAWTHORNE.

Description of "Old Maid in the Window" One of the Best Things in the Language.

A taint of insanity affected the whole life of the lover "Old Maid in the Window Street," bereft as she was by the sudden death of her lover. But so quiet, sad and gentle, so utterly free from violence was she, that she was suffered to pursue her harmless fantasies unmolested by the world with whose business or pleasure she had naught to do. She dwelt alone and never came into the daylight except to follow funerals. Whenever a corpse was borne along the street, in sunshine, rain or snow, whether a pompous train of the rich and proud thronged after it, or few and humble were the mourners, behind them came the lonely woman in a long, white garment which the people called her shroud. She took no place among the kindred or the friends, but stood at the door to hear the funeral prayer and walked in the rear of the procession as one whose earthly charge it was to haunt the house of mourning and be the shadow of affection and see that the dead were duly buried. So long had this been her custom that the inhabitants deemed her a part of every funeral as much as the coffin pall or the very corpse itself and it augured ill of the sinner's destiny unless the "Old Maid in the Window Street" came gliding, like a ghost, behind. Once, it is said, she affrighted a bridal party with her pale presence, appearing suddenly in the illuminated hall just as the priest was uniting a false maid to a wealthy man before her lover had been dead a year. Evil was the omen to that marriage. Sometimes she stole forth by moonlight and visited the graves of venerable integrity and wedded love and virgin innocence and every spot where the ashes of a kind and friendly heart was mouldering. Over the hillocks of these favored dead she would stretch out her arms with a gesture as if she were scattering seeds and many believed that she brought them from paradise, for the graves which she had visited were green beneath the snow and covered with sweet flowers from April to November. Her blessing was better than a holy verse upon the tombstone. This wore away her long, sad, peaceful and fantastic life.—From "The White Old Maid," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

## Bound to Have a Brother.

From New York comes a story about a little girl which might have come from one of Mr. Barrie's stories. The little girl, whose age is about 12, wanted for a long time a baby brother or sister. When she told her father of her wish, he said: "You had better keep your eyes open, and some day perhaps you can steal one." Well, the 12-year-old miss took him at his word. She kept a very alert eye on all the babies she fell in with, and one day last week she saw one in a baby carriage outside some small New York shop. She took the baby and ran away with it, but her possession of her prize soon came to an end, for the baby's mother, finding an empty carriage when she left the store, appealed to the police, and the police were equal to the task of restoring the baby to its parent.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## HOW EAGLE CARRIES ITS LEGS

Not Drawn Up in Front, as Supposed by Many, But Trailing Behind When Flying.

When the new \$20 gold piece was issued, in 1907, a critic of the design on the coins asked: "Who ever saw an eagle in flight with its legs trailing behind it?" This touches upon a question that has often been debated, but Dr. C. W. Townsend thinks that the designer was right and the critic wrong. All birds of prey, he says, habitually carry their legs behind in flight, except when about to strike their quarry. Water-birds also fly with their legs extended behind, and pheasants, grouse and other gallinaceous birds do the same thing as soon as they are well under way. But the passerens or perching birds, such as English blackbirds, sparrows, robins, ravens, rooks, crows and swallows, when in flight carry their legs drawn up in front. The habit of humming-birds is uncertain, although some have been photographed carrying their legs in front.



Eagle Flying.

## LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.



At my house, there's a little maid,—  
The prettiest ever seen,—  
Such goodness she does bake for me  
And keeps the house so clean.  
She curls her hair, so thick and fair,  
And wears such dainty frocks;  
Keeps buttons sewed on all my clothes  
And neatly darns my socks.  
I prize this darling little maid,  
Far more than gems or gold,  
And I'd not lose her, not for all  
The wealth this world could hold.

## TICKLISH TRICK OF HINDUS.

Feat of "Bag-and-Spear" One of Greatest of Magician's Art, Requiring Rare Skill.

The feat known as the bag-and-spear trick has been considered one of the greatest of the Hindu magician's art. In this trick the Hindu fakir has his assistant in a sack and then unconsciously burks his helpless victim to the ground. Without a sign of warning, the fakir drives his spear through the center of the bag.

After withdrawing his weapon the fakir stands and gazes dreamily over the heads of the spectators. The body within the bag flounders about as if in mortal agony. At last, when the occupant is apparently dead, the fakir again plunges his spear into the motionless body. The same act is repeated. Then the fakir releases his attendant, uninjured from the bag.

Although the trick is performed with all the carelessness imaginable, it calls for more patience, skill and exactness than any of the so-called black art achievements. From the time the attendant enters the bag both fakir and assistant count every breath they take. When a stated number of breaths have been taken the fakir makes his thrust and the occupant of the bag is prepared to avoid it. Then the count begins again and at the proper time the spear is driven through the bag a second time. In order to evade the spear and make it appear to pass through his body, the assistant doubles up in as small a form as possible. His legs are drawn up close, with the chin resting upon the knees and the arms folded round the lower limbs across the shins. When in this position, at the fiftieth breath, the spear passes under the attendant's arms.

The slightest miscalculation by either the fakir or his assistant would mean a serious if not a mortal wound for one and an unheard-of disgrace for the other. The fakir and his attendant are able to time themselves to breathe in perfect unison.

## Not the Same Thing.

At a certain college there was a master who was extremely fond of figs. He watched his fig tree very closely and tenderly, for he held that in the existence of a fig there was but one fit and proper moment at which the ripe fruit should be eaten. To eat a fig either before or after that supreme moment was, said the master, a neglect of an opportunity and a sad mistake.

One year, for some reason, the tree produced only one good fig, and one day the master's examination of this solitary fruit led him to the conclusion that it would be at its best on the day following. Then he did an exceedingly foolish thing—considering that there were undergraduates about! He wrapped his precious fig in a piece of silver paper and labelled it "The Master's Fig!" At what he judged the exactly right moment of the next day the master went to the tree, anticipating a brief but exquisite pleasure. Alas! the fruit had vanished, and the empty branch bore a label with these words: "A Fig for the Master."

## Poor Charles.

A grade teacher at Colby, relates the Kansas City Journal, after having a medical examination in her school room recently, wrote the following note to the parents of a certain little boy: "Your boy Charles shows signs of astigmatism. Will you please investigate and take steps to correct it?"

To which she received a note in reply, saying: "I don't understand exactly what Charles has been doing but I have walloped him to-night, and you can wallop him to-morrow, and that ought to help some."

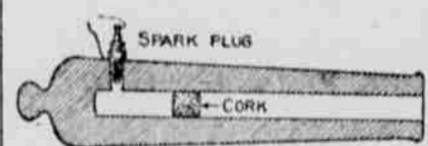
## Find States Named Here.

Mrs. Ippl wouldn't let Ida hoe in the garden nor Della wear Carolina's new jersey, because, she said: "wint jon to go riding with the other girls. Miss Guri rode Island, Virginia said: 'I'll mount Tana,' but Georgia said: 'I'll stay home so I can sass na.' It had a race up the main road, but wouldn't let Mary land a winner."

## EXPLODING TOY GAS CANNON.

Fitted with Spark Plug and Connected with a Small Battery Gives Loud Report.

If you have a small cannon with a bore of 1 or 1½ inches, bore out the fuse hole large enough to tap and fit in a small sized spark plug such as used on a gasoline engine, says a writer in Popular Mechanics. Fill the cannon with gas from a gas jet and then push a cork in the bore close up



Gas Cannon Loaded.

to the spark plug. Connect one of the wires from a battery to a spark coil and then to the spark plug. Attach the other wire to the cannon near the spark plug. Turn the switch to make a spark and a loud report will follow.

## STATES CALLED FOR FLOWERS

Patriotic Way of Finding Partners for Dinner During the Holiday Season.

A patriotic way of finding your partners for supper at a holiday season is by states and state flowers. Each girl is given a card on which is painted or pasted the picture of one of the state flowers, and below it is written the name of the state. Each boy is given a card on which is drawn one of the states in outline, while below is written the name of the state flower. It is sometimes surprising to find how different a state looks without its surroundings on the map. The girls and boys have to find the cards that correspond, which usually takes them sometime. The following list gives the flowers for different states. Alabama, goldenrod; Arkansas, aster; California, columbine; Delaware, peach blossom; Idaho, syringa; Iowa, wild rose; Maine, pine cone and tassel; Michigan, apple blossom; Minnesota, moccasin flower; Missouri, goldenrod; Montana, bitter root; Nebraska, goldenrod; New York, rose; Oklahoma, mistletoe; Oregon, Oregon grape; Rhode Island, violet; Vermont, red clover; Washington, rhododendron.

## SOME SUMMER CONUNDRUMS.

- What does Sweet William carry when he goes out walking?—A sugar cane.
- What does Black-Eyed Susan use to keep her hair in order?—Cockscorn.
- What form of entertainment is common among the flowers?—Hops.
- What disease is common to young flowers?—Nettle Rash.
- On what does the Wandering Jew rest when tired?—Toadstools.
- Which parent made Johnny-jump-up?—His poppy.
- What tree always uses the second personal pronoun?—Yew.
- What tree is formed by two letters of the alphabet?—L. M. (Elm).
- What tree is the most dapper?—Spruce.
- What tree is the sweetest?—Maple.
- What tree is the most melancholy?—Weeping Willow.
- What tree is proud of being a parent?—Pawpaw.
- What tree is a sorry invalid?—Sycamore.
- What tree is used in building materials?—Lime.
- What tree keeps one warm in winter?—Fir.
- What tree does history make constant use of?—Date.

## War Time Ink.

In the south war time ink was made from the juice of poke berries compounded with vinegar, or from the distillation of vegetable products known as ink balls. It was a fair substitute when freshly made, but soon faded from its original purple or crimson color to one of ugly rust.