FIRST DUTY

Find Means of Support Without Aid

By FRANK CRANE

"A MAN'S first duty," said an eminent English scientist, "is to find a way to support himself, thereby relieving other people of the necessity of supporting him."

That I consider a shrewd observation.

Whatever may be your nature, whether you feel yourself to be an artist, or experience within yourself the movings of poesy, it is well to learn to do something that will enable you to exist with self-respect by taking yourself off other people's backs.

The one work to take up is some kind of work the world is willing to pay for.

You may be created to do something wonderful or beautiful or wise, but primarily you are created to do something for men that will persuade them to feed and clothe you.

First earn your salt, then come on with your message.

In the olden days the Jews taught every child a trade. The youth might grow up to be a learned rabbi, but on a pinch he could mend chairs.

Saint Paul was a tent maker. He discharged his debt to the race by making tents; he threw in his gospel as boot.

It is what you do to boot that brings you glory and honor, praise and power. But don't forget your main duty, which is to earn your wage.

If you don't have to work for a living it is too bad. You may amount to something, but the chances are against you.

A few endowed gentlemen and ladies have helped the world along a little, in the course of history, but no enough to matter.

Most people look upon a condition where they would be freed from the struggle for bread and butter and house rent as a heaven devoutly to be wished.

Hence we have erected universities and scholarships and endowments so that superior folk might devote all their energies to higher things. For the most part those segregated and sheltered classes have done nothing much but maintain old ideas long after they are dead and should have been buried, or contribute to the already endless bric-a-brac of learned uselessness.

Wage labor is work. What you do after you work is play.

Your play is the best thing you do. All true art, philosophy and religion is the soul's play. There's no wage for it, and there never can be.

If you work all the time you become stupid, like the huge money getters.

If you play all the time, like the endowed folk, you become silly, probably also vicious.

If therefore you would be normal, healthy and happy, do something each day that mankind is willing to pay money for, put forth some effort reducible to the common denominator of human activity—money; do that first, then do something that cannot be paid for.

Perhaps you can do both at the same time.

Nature Favors Active and Busy Life

By Eleanor R. Larrison, Chicago

Connoisseurs say that fish living lazily in deep pools where existence is easy are poor in quality, whereas those in running water where food is hard to get and dangers are all around to be guarded against have the finest, the real exquisite flavor.

So it would seem that nature favors the strenuous life—not that purposeless, resultless buzzing about in the squirrel cage which some people call life, any more than the eternal sitting with folded hands and empty brain, but the great common lot, that of hustling for a living for self and loved ones.

Plenty of love, work and play are what are good for us—play to build us up when we are weary, work to keep us from getting into mischief, love to make work worth while.

And if we are unhappy, most likely there is something wrong with that great life trinity. The ideal lot would be congenial work—that into which one could put one's very best, loving and being loved by delightful people, and having the means of real recreation—that which verily recreates—always at hand.

But in this very practical world, which is only a training school anyhow, it would seem that it is enough for the average man if these three are present, even in imperfection.

Most of us must love very ordinary folks, for we are ourselves of the ordinary sort; most of us haven't had the time or means to develop all that may be in us, much less find the round or square holes that exactly fit our round or square shapes; most of us can't choose between golf, automobiling, tennis, horseback riding and fancy gymnastics at the athletic club, but must content ourselves with walking home from business or a game of ball with the boys in the back yard.

But only when we love heartily and work well and play whenever we get a chance will life be wholesome, human, real.

Subtle Nerves Are Hard to Control

By WILLIAM G. JOHNSON, Altoona, Pa.

In a railway or other accident a man may be scared within an inch, or even within half an inch, of his life; he may get such a fright as will all but kill him, but unless the fear leaves permanent and painful physical effects, he has no redress in a suit for damages. A decision handed down by a North Carolina court says that "mere fright is not actionable." A person must suffer both in body and in mind and be made sick in order to recover damages.

That sounds like good common sense, and it is doubtless good law, but can a general rule be applied in all cases? Suppose two persons occupy a seat in a railway car that is wrecked, but neither is injured physically in the least. Suppose also that one of the two is hardy, robust, courageous, with a strong nervous organization, while the other is weak, timid, with shattered nerves. The shock might easily cause the nervous person to suffer both in mind and in body and be made sick, while the other escaped with no unpleasant permanent effects whatever.

Would the fright in one case be actionable, and not actionable in the other? Would the railway company be held responsible for the nervous condition of all the passengers? In that case it might be necessary to have specialist to examine passengers before they board the trains or trolley cars, in order that the company might not be liable. Such delicate and subtle things as nerves are hard to control, even by profound and well-established principles of law.

FACTS TO THINK ABOUT

In the matter of street car service Lincoln has a greater car mileage than any other city her size in the United States.

Lincoln's street cars cover every twenty-four hours a distance greater than from Portland, Maine to Portland, Oregon.

The Lincoln Traction Co., pays annually more than $375,000 in wages to citizens of Lincoln. It is the largest employer of labor in Lincoln, apart from the steam railroads.

It pays to the city in the shape of taxes and percentage on the gross earnings more than any other corporation or concern---more than enough to pay for the maintenance of the police force.

The interests of the Lincoln Traction Co., and of the city of Lincoln are mutual.

The prosperity of one is the prosperity of the other. The two corporations should be working in harmony.

Help us to make street car travel easier and safer; help us to develope the city and surrounding territory.

The Lincoln Traction Company

HOW KANSAS DOES IT.

Kansas is the best known state in the Union because she has advertised herself. Kansas never does things by halves. She goes to it with a vim, or she doesn't start. When she starts she either finishes with a whoop or manages to make people forget the start.

We were in Kansas the first of this week, and spent three days at Topeka. While there we spent all the time we could trying to ascertain how Kansas gets all this publicity. We found out. She secured a man who knew Kansas, knew how to tell about her good points and an enthusiast in the telling. Then she paid this man a good salary, made his position secure against partisan political intrigue, and told him to "go to it and Kansas will foot the bills."

And Kansas not only pays the bills without a murmur, but she is tickled to death with results.

F. D. Coburn loves his work. He has made Kansas famous because he has had the ability to tell about her and the backing to make his voice ring around the world. When Coburn gets out a particularly good bulletin on Kansas he isn't limited as to number. He can print 'em by the million if he wants to. He spends more money for postage on advertising dope for Kansas than Nebraska allows for the maintenance of her bureau of statistics. He hasn't got any better subject for song and story than a man similarly placed in Nebraska would have. But the great difference is that when Coburn sings of Kansas the whole state plays the accompaniment. He sings about Kansas wheat, and the whole world listens and hears; but Kansas doesn't raise as much wheat to the acre as Nebraska. But because of Coburn's splendid work Kansas is the best known wheat producer, while the better wheat producer is seldom heard of away from home.

Nebraska provides about $2,000 a year for collecting her agricultural and manufacturing statistics, printing them and then distributing them. Kansas gives Coburn anything he wants. While Nebraska is spending $2,000 a year in an effort to collect and publish her statistics, Kansas is spending ten or twelve times that much. Nebraska spends an average of $400 for a biennial report of her bureau of labor and industrial statistics; Coburn's biennial report costs from $11,000 to $15,000. Nebraska's commissioner has to plan and scheme and sweat to keep within his appropriation, but Coburn merely goes ahead and the people gladly pay the bills because he delivers the goods. He delivers the goods because h is not handicapppd. In the matter of agriculture Nebraska is far and away ahead of Kansas. But because Kansas has seen the wisdom of judicious advertising she has made the world believe that she is the greatest agricultural region in the world. That's one reason why Kansas has 1,900,000 people and Nebraska 1,275,000.

Coburn doesn't do a blooming thing but gather the statistics of Kansas, put them into interesting shape and scatter them all over the world. The man who is expected to do similar work in Nebraska has a stenographer to help him, while Coburn has a half-dozen men under him. And the Nebraska commissioner has other work loaded off on him—work that Kansas employs from twelve to seventeen men to do. And Kansas men do it. They are paid for doing it, are expected to do it, and have the means to do it with. The fact of the matter is, Kansas conducts her public business on real business lines. When she wants a thing done she employs a man to do it who knows how to do that particular thing. Then she pays him decently. We haven't got that far along in Nebraska. We select men to do certain lines of work, not for their fitness but for their genial ways, then do not expect them to do it properly and make the fact known by not paying them a decent wage. As a result it isn't done.

Nebraska could get better results than Kansas from the proper advertising of her agricultural resources. Why? Because she is a better agricultural state than Kansas. She has more advantages to offer the homeseeker and the home builder. She could make a better showing along many lines of human endeavor. And she has men who can sing about Nebraska just as musically and just as fetchingly as Coburn sings about Kansas, and who would do it if they had the same music that accompanies Coburn.

A mighty fine man, F. D. Coburn. He knows his Kansas. Kansas knows her Coburn. There you are! Kansas says: "Tell 'em about us, Coburn, and send in your bill." Coburn does it, does it right, and Kansas comes across without a whimper.

Nebraska ought to be getting into the publicity game. It isn't necessary to spend millions at it, but it is necessary to quit being parsimonious and foolish and appropriate a sum that won't be a joke.

"How much am I allowed for printing?" replied Coburn when asked the question direct. "As much as I want. I've never been denied a requisition. I simply ask for what I think my department needs, and I never fail to receive what I ask for."

Now you know why Kansas is so well advertised. She has the man and pays him a fair wage. Then she trusts him to do the work right and cherfully foots the bills he contracts.

Uncle Tom Bloodhounds Are Eaters

ST. LOUIS.—Four large hounds, possessed of appetites commensurate with their size, are perplexing William U. Halbert, of Belleville, public administrator of St. Clair county, Illinois. The dogs formerly belonged to an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show owned by E. C. Chunn, who died in East St. Louis several months ago, and Halbert says they rapidly are eating up all that is left of the estate.

The hounds, each one of which stands a few hands shorter than a small pony, came by their appetites honestly, it would seem. For years they chased the elusive Eliza across the papier mache ice, always just a trifle too far behind to sink their teeth in the persecuted young woman. After the show was closed they cried for Eliza for a while, but later signified they would be satisfied with plain, ordinary beef, or something better.

When Halbert first came into possession of the dogs the rest of the estate of the one-time owner of the show was intact, and he even could afford to buy porterhouse for the animals if they insisted on having it. Halbert hadn't had charge of the estate long, however, when the dead owner's father, J. C. Chunn, filed a claim for the personal effects of his son. These personal effects consisted of a passenger coach and scenery and other paraphernalia necessary to the show.

Halbert fought the giving up of the passenger coach with the idea that if the worst came to the worst he could house the hounds in it and ship them from place to place that they might "board around" on their relatives. He lost the suit, however, and found himself the mortified possessor of the dogs, which, after the manner of their kind, lost no time in signifying they would be pleased to sit down to a good meal.

So far they have cost him more than $100, and none of them has indicated he is ready to get old and die or quit eating just because the novelty has worn off.

"If they were elephants," Halbert soliloquizes, "I could feed them hay. They eat as much as a horse, but they won't touch oats. I hate to think that meat is higher than it has been in 20 years."

Frisco Laborers Find a Wine Cellar

SAN FRANCISCO.—That men may drink champagne on a steam beer salary has received convincing proof. Around the ruins of the Grand Hotel at Stevenson and New Montgomery streets were a lot of $2-a-day laborers the other day who were nursing assorted "heads," but who were very happy just the same.

During the work of clearing the ruins an old rock crusher that stood on the lot was toppled over under the instructions of the foreman. The foreman, the day being hot, then adjourned to a nearby buffet to quench his thirst. When he returned to the field he found that every man jack of his laborers had disappeared.

Their coats were still hanging around on fences and the foreman was puzzled, not having reason to believe there had been a walk-out, until the sound of popping corks, coming from the near distance, mingled with gusty laughter, attracted his attention to where the rock crusher had stood.

He hurried over there to discover his entire crew sitting around the floor of the wine cellar that had been exposed, drinking the cream of the choice stock of liquors that had made the old Grand hotel bar famous.

After the wreck of the hotel in 1906 no one gave a thought to the wine cellar and the stock of old wines, assuming that the stock had been ruined.

Colonel Kirkpatrick of the Palace, when advised of the find and asked what disposition he wanted made of the wines, said:

"Let the laborers dispose of it. The wine is theirs by right of discovery. For once in their lives let them drink the wine that men drink who can better afford it and who used to drink it in the Grand hotel bar in the old days."

Barrel Cleaning Made Easy.

A machine which thoroughly cleanses 300 barrels an hour by washing them inside and out and rinsing them several times has been invented.