

GETTING A START

By
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OBSERVATION.

CRAMMING.

Mary Smith—that isn't her name, but it will do—was a junior stenographer for a manufacturing concern. Her prescribed duties were limited to taking dictation and to transcribing the result upon a typewriter. She had two eyes, and she used both of them.

The headquarters of the company are in a large office building. There is a mail chute on every floor, and the mail is collected hourly. Most of the letters of this company are dictated in the morning, and a large proportion of them are ready for mailing by noon. Comparatively few of them, however, are mailed until the close of business.

The company has a large branch house in a Western city. If a letter is mailed before noon, it catches a limited Western train, and will reach its destination the next day in time for delivery in the early afternoon. If it is mailed later, it catches the train reaching the distant city too late for its delivery on the following day.

Miss Smith discovered this, and, of her own volition, saw to it that all letters directed to the branch house were mailed before noon, provided, of course, that they were ready.

The advantage is too self-evident for comment.

The president learned what she was doing. From that moment she was a marked woman in the office, and, to-day, she is at the head of the stenographic department and assistant office manager, drawing a salary of about \$2,000.

John Smith—and that isn't his name either—a few years ago was office boy for a wholesaler. He, too, used his eyes. One day he was obliged to wait in the post office. Instead of going into the street, he poked his head into one of the windows which overlooked the mailing rack. He noticed that letters enclosed in envelopes of ordinary size were immediately placed in the pigeonholes, and that the distributing clerk usually dropped the larger envelopes onto the mailing table, because they did not fit into the pigeonholes and because it was difficult to tie them up with the ordinary string.

John made inquiries, and found that not infrequently the large envelopes missed the earlier mail, and, therefore, were not delivered as promptly as were letters enclosed in envelopes of ordinary size. He reported this to his employer.

The incident, insignificant though it may seem, placed John in the eye of the man for whom he worked. Today he is chief clerk.

Your employer expects you to be on time, to be faithful, and to do the work allotted to you. For this service he pays you the regular market price. He does not ask you to do more, and 50 percent of employees do not do more.

The fellow who uses his brain is always observant, and he is pretty sure to discover something which will benefit his employer. It may be a little thing, or a big one, but it lifts him out of the ranks and is the beginning of his success.

Doing what you have to do, or what you are told to do, means a livelihood. Taking the initiative, and doing what you are not told to do, or expected to do, stand for promotion and a liberal salary.

Laws Against Kissing.

On July 16, 1913, an act was passed forbidding kissing owing to the pestilence raging over England and France. That is the only enactment passed against kissing in England; but in several countries there are stringent regulations against kissing in public. The Bavarian State railway forbids kissing on their railway system, and the New York Central Railway company now build in connection with every new station a "kissing gallery," or elevated platform, where passengers are requested to take leave of their friends, and kiss to the limit of their emotion. One of the French railway companies some years ago promulgated a by-law by which kissing was added to the list of things banned, but the physicians of Milwaukee about the same time went a step farther and prepared a bill for the absolute suppression of kissing on the grounds of the practice being a menace to health.

Saved His Life.

It is probable that no class of men tor more unjustly than that class is lampooned by the stories at their expense, however, are both amusing and good-natured. A recent addition to the list is the tale told by The Bits about the Chinaman who was asked, "If there were good doctors in China."

"Good doctors!" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in world. Hang Chang one good doctor; he great; he saved my life."

"You don't say so? How was that?"

"Me velly bad," he said. "Me called Doctor Han 'Koo. Giv me some medicine. Me called Doctor San Sing. Giv me more medicine. He grow worse. He told me die. Blimey called Doctor Hang Chang. He got no time. No come. Save my life."

This article is not addressed exclusively to students, but also to those who are using the common methods of obtaining information by pressure or force.

So unqualitatively am I opposed to cramming for examination, and to any other similar process, that I have become a strong advocate of a reform in this direction, looking toward the establishment of a new scheme whereby the pupil will be prevented from continuing this vicious practice, which has nothing to recommend it.

I would suggest irregular periods for examinations, so that the pupils would not be advised in advance of the ordeal, and, therefore, would be obliged to study regularly and persistently, if they wished to be prepared for the tests.

It is quite likely that the pedagogic, antiquated and unconventional, would make exceptions to anything which would disturb the dregs of his academic tea, and would claim that examinations were not complete or satisfactory unless they followed a full term of study.

Perfection in this direction, as in others, is impossible. Better be near, or right than farther from right, all ways assumed that there must be objections and often valid ones, to every action, educational or otherwise.

My investigations show that fully ninety per cent of college students, including those who are studious, cram for examination. It has become a custom, and still remains in force.

The cramming-for-examination method, instituted in the school is carried through life, and enters business and profession. Instead of learning by study and persistent effort what is required, nearly everybody especially prepares himself to meet some anticipated examination, or test, which is usually scheduled to occur on a definite date. The knowledge obtained in this way does not remain. It is forced in and forces itself out, usually leaving the mind as empty as it was in the first place.

The business or professional man of marked accomplishment is always ready to meet emergency. He as a rule knows in what he should know, ever studying, ever learning, ever open to suggestion, ever anxious to obtain information. Of course, it is an unusual task to prepare for an examination, but he does not depend upon this special loading of the mind.

A short period of daily study accustoms him to that double the time of time spent in cramming. He knows that he is obtaining material and regularly is not easily forgotten, but remains as a permanent asset.

Work, whether you have to study or do something else. Keep everlastingly at it, whatever may be your duty or your vocation. Learn something every day, and do not make a specialty of overloading on any one day. If you do, you will be like the over-charged gun which is more likely to burst than to send the shot to the target.

Another Egg Problem.

Two much-bedeviled porters were given leave to go to the races. They were standing at Fourth and Oak waiting for the car, when a celestial glimmer toward the church caused one of the colored worthy's thoughts to take a peculiar trend. "Look here, Jim," said one of them, "there has been a question in my mind for a long time and can't figure it out. I asked you, you larks chicken, all our ancestors laid chicken, but where did that chicken come from? There had to be an egg before it could be a chicken, an egg laid by a chicken. So you say 'dat aint no chicken on earth how did dat egg here, an' if dere wasn't no aig on earth, how did dat chicken get here?"

James maintained that the chicken was first and he heard forth arguments to that end. His friend became angry, a mixup followed and an officer became interested in the discussion. He heard both sides, gave neither verdict, but decided to let the judge have a chance to hear such a peculiar argument. And as they were being escorted to the jail one of the colored men remarked:

"Jim, I believe dat first chicken was between work of de devil."—Louisville Times.

Sound of Shrapnel.

Have you ever heard a rattle, or a pop, or a bang? Well, it sounds as much as anything else like a winter gale howling through the branches of a pine tree. It is a moan, a groan, a shriek and a wail, and it sounds as though someone had touched off a stick of dynamite under a grand piano. And it is not, particularly cheering to hear it, but it is a warning to you not to harm you, and that it is the one you do not have time to hear that sends you to the cemetery.—Scribner's Magazine.

INDIA'S NEW YEAR DAYS

THEY CELEBRATE THE OCCASION FREQUENTLY BY KNOCKING OFF WORK AND HOLDING FUNERALS. SOME BURY THEIR DEAD, SOME BURN THEM AND SOME FEED THE CORPSES TO BUZZARDS.

INDIA beats the world for the number and variety of its New Year days and this is so because of the large number of religions.

When a traveler who expects to spend some time in the country goes to the bank with his letter of credit, usually a card is handed him on the right, all printed the various holidays. This is for his convenience, so that he will not let himself get out of funds and go to the bank in a hurry, only to find it closed on account of some religious festival.

When the usual card was given me in Bombay, says a writer, I noted the number of these holidays which were ascribed to New Year. They did not exactly bear out the humorous description of every day in the year as a New Year day, but there seemed hardly a month of the Christian calendar which did not have at least one New Year designated, and in some months there were more.

Kaleidoscopic Bombay observes all these New Year days because the stream of Asiatic life which circulates through it includes all the civilization and all the races and religions of the Orient, with some additions from the Occident. The spirit is one of catholicity.

All the races and all the religious sects observe the New Year of the Christian calendar, because British rule of India is reflected in this day; but they also observe the New Year of the different races and religions and regard themselves, at least to the extent of knocking off work.

Whether in Bombay or Benares, the monkey temple has its throng of Hindu worshippers, and the Mohammedans often are not unwilling to share in the observance to the extent of foregoing their business activities. The Hindus on their part are apt to think it a shame to work on a Mohammedan New Year day when the Moslem population may be thronging the Jumma Mosque, and so it goes all round the circle of New Year holidays.

There is a simple arithmetical method of calculating the time from the Hegira in the terms of the Christian era, but the easier way is to accept as such the fact that the New Year of the Mohammedan era. Similarly, the New Year of the Buddhists and the Brahmins and the Jains and the Sikhs may be accepted without bothering about the calendar.

The British New Year in Bombay, Calcutta, or Delhi is much the same as in England.

While the Christian New Year is formal and states on account of British authority, it has less standing than the New Year of the Parsees, because it is a single day's observance, while the Parsees take two days. The year happens to be in Bombay was the Parsee New Year, 1275, and the New Year days came on September 12 and 13.

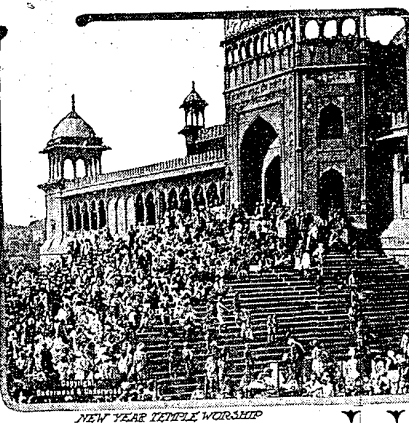
On this day it was afforded the opportunity of witnessing the Parsee services. It was in the Allibhai Bagh, on the Charni road. Their churches or temples of worship are free from architectural pretensions without and within. They are more like an ordinary hall.

In this temple the women were gathered at one end of the room and the men at the other end. In the space between them stood a long table with the eternal fire under glass. The

SOME ADVICE ON FIRST AID

How a Bad Sprain, Which is Worse Than a Clean Break, Should Be Treated.

Sprains should not be considered as "only a sprain." A bad sprain may be worse than a clean break. Bathe as soon as possible in cold water. If cold water is not better, if hot water is available, use it. Use a camp fire, alternate bathing in hot and cold promotes inflammation and reduce pain. If it is



BURNING DEAD IN INDIA

same was very clear. A venerable bearded priest stood beside the lamp. His discourse was earnest and solemn. Both man and woman bearers were very attentive.

The ceremonies of worship are quite simple, but the mysteries of the faith may be less so. The Parsees who have been educated in England and many of those whose English education has been obtained in Bombay resent the designation of fire worshippers.

One of them gave me a monograph, written by a Parsee barrister in London, which explained the creed of the followers of Zoroaster as one of good thoughts, good words and good deeds, with the sacred flame as a symbol of the effulgence of the deity. It is not denied, however, that contact with Hindus and Mohammedans has caused corruptions to creep into the creed. The Hindus and Mohammedans regard the Parsees as fire worshippers.

It was on a New Year day that I drove out to Malabar Hill, where are located the Towers of Silence, or the Parsee cemetery. Every traveler takes this drive. It is part of the other cemeteries, Christian and Mohammedan and burial grounds and the Hindu burning ghats. The cemetery of the Christians is no longer used, but on almost any day there will be Mohammedan funerals and Hindu cremations.

On this day there were two Mohammedan funerals and three parties of Hindu mourners, with their respective burdens at the burning ghats. Malabar Hill is the choice spot overlooking the Arabian sea. Within the cemetery grounds are flagstone steps, shaded walks and arbors and bowers. A luxuriant vegetation covers the rocks, and there is everything that goes to make a beautiful garden of flowers.

The towers of Silence, of which there are five, are built of towers at least. They are about 275 feet in circumference and perhaps 25 feet high. The material is whitewashed stone and cement or mortar. A near approach to the towers is not allowed to strangers. The Parsee creed, nor to strangers permitted to the fire temple, where the sacred fire is kept alive and seven kinds of incense are burned.

A model of the towers is shown in the registry room and an attendant explains to the visitors. The attendant explained to me the circular rows in which the bodies were placed—one for the children, one for the women and one for the men. The bodies are covered by the vultures, which takes perhaps half an hour, the bones remain for a while, and the bones are dropped into the Parsee center, which is provided with drains and water flushes. Charcoal is the chief purifier.

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FROM ONE YEAR'S CROP HE PAID FOR HIS LAND IN WESTERN CANADA

Remarkable as are the reports of the yields of wheat in Western Canada, the marketing of which is now under way, they are none the more interesting than are those that are vouchered for as to the value of this grain crop to the farmers of that country.

Some months ago the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, Canada, wrote to those in the United States who were owners of land in Western Canada that was not producing, advising that it be put under crop. The high prices of grain and their probable continuance for some years should be taken advantage of. Cattle and all the produce of the farm commanded good figures, and the opportunity to feed the world was great, while the profits were simply alarming. The department suggested that money could be made out of these idle lands, lands that could produce anywhere from 25 to 65 bushels of wheat per acre. A number took advantage of the suggestion. One of these was an Illinois farmer. He owned a large quantity of land near Culross, Manitoba. He decided to put one thousand acres of it under wheat. His own story, written to Mr. C. J. Broughton, Canadian Government Agent at Chicago, is interesting.

"I had 1,000 acres in wheat near Culross, Manitoba. I threshed 34,000 bushels, being an average of 34 bushels to the acre. Last Spring I sold my foreman, Mr. F. L. Hill, 240 acres of land for \$9,000, or \$37.50 per acre. He had saved up about \$1,000, which he could buy seed with, and have the land harrowed, drilled and harvested, and put in stock or sheep."

"As a first payment I was to take all the crops raised. When he threshed he had 8,300 bushels of wheat, which is worth in all \$1,000 per bushel, thereby paying for all the land that was in wheat and more, too, there being only 200 acres in crop. If the 240 acres had all been in wheat, he could have paid for it all and had money left."

"That is a story that will need no corroboration in this year when, no matter which way you turn, you learn of farmers who have even higher yields than these."

G. E. Davidson of Nanitau, Manitoba, had 34 acres of breaking and 14 acres of older land. He got 2,186 bushels of wheat, over 43 bushels per acre.

Walter Tucker of Darlingford, Manitoba, had 5.54 bushels of wheat per acre, or over 55 bushels per acre. Forty acres was breaking and 20 acres summer fallow.

Wm. Sharp, formerly Member of Parliament for Lisgar, Manitoba, had 50 acres of wheat on his farm near Nanitau, Manitoba, that went 53 bushels per acre.

One of the most remarkable fields in this old settled portion of Manitoba was that of F. Scharf of Winnipeg, who threshed from 15 acres the phenomenal yield of 73 bushels per acre.

These reports are but from one district, and when it is known that from almost any district in a grain belt of 30,000 square miles, yields are not as large generally as these quoted, but in many cases as good, it is no wonder that Canada is holding its head high in the air in its cheering career as the first wheat yielding continent.

When it is pointed out that there are millions of acres of the same quality of land that has produced these yields, yet unknown and unexplored, it is not surprising that a homestead, or in some cases may be purchased at from \$12 to \$20 an acre from railway companies or private land companies. It is felt that the opportunity to take part in this marvelous production should be taken advantage of by those living on land much higher in price, and yielding infinitely less.—Advertisement.

Austrian Youths in War

The Austrian newspapers are devoting considerable space at present to the part played by schoolboys in the present war. They are affectionately termed the "war boys" and in the operations in eastern Galicia they were of great assistance to the troops.

In some of the artillery battles, especially those which centered around Cernowitz and Velaberg, schoolboys in large numbers braved the shells and carried water and ammunition for the troops.

After a battle they would go over the field and gather pieces of shrapnel and the shells of cartridges to be made over again into ammunition. Occasionally a boy thus sacrificed his life, but this did not deter the ardor of his companions.

Many of the boys followed the infantry regiments and fought and slept with the soldiers in the trenches. The boys who remained at home took the place of their fathers and brothers who were at the front.

The story is told of a fourteen-year-old youngster who all alone managed the biggest hotel in Cernowitz. He looked personally after his own guests, the shells of cartridges to be made over again into ammunition. Occasionally a boy thus sacrificed his life, but this did not deter the ardor of his companions.

Some became guides, and many an army automobile had as guide a bright schoolboy who sat beside the chauffeur and showed him the right road. It is said that when the history of this war is written the schoolboys of Austria will deserve a prominent place in its pages.

Mistake Somewhere.

A helpful friend recently requested us to write a funny piece about a game day used to play in boyhood's glad days, called "biting in the barn."

He alleged that part of the gang hid and the rest searched for them, and when they were found all hands jumped and yelled most gleefully. This he tried to remind us, was very funny. Either our memory is failing or we have lost our sense of humor, for as we recollect it, our father did the hiding and we jumped and yelled. And it does not seem amusing to us, even yet.—Kansas City Star.

Sure of That Point.

Office boys being scarce, a certain schoolboy who was interviewed by applicants for the job.

He eyed rather suspiciously a fair young thing who wore a somewhat flimsy silk blouse, and asked if it, quite a dollar's worth of jewelry.

"I—hope you were carefully brought up?" he stammered nervously.

"Oh, yes, thank you sir," replied the damsel; "I came up in the elevator."

Incredible.

"Nero fiddled while Rome burned." "I don't believe it," replied the man who likes to disagree.

Who likes to disagree? Nero would have with Nero's fiddle pull would have as a rival performance.

Every dog has his day, but, like men, they always want more.