

Among Men who Work with Hand or Brain

Never Despair of Success; Keep Working and Hoping.

By John Coleman.

"A" LI, this talk about success being impossible after a certain age of unaided assistance by certain conditions makes me sick," recently declared a business man whose name is in itself a success synonym. "Of course, it is easier to do good work under some conditions than others, while some kinds of work naturally are to be preferred above their fellows. But, given a worker of the right spunk and spirit and I'll back him to win finally, anywhere, any time."

The true success stories which now and again crop up in every large city would seem to attest the reasonable correctness of this view. There are men apparently predestined to success, who apparently fall into advantageous circumstances, landing on their financial feet at every turn and twist of fortune's wheel. There are other men, who, no matter how unfavorable the situation, manage to extract a surprising success element from it, doing this by sheer force of grit, persistence, and downright hard work. The "look that is spelled with a capital P" may be trusted to hold and to win out over and above every other kind of luck, ninety-nine times out of a possible hundred.

Couple Sell Insect Powder.

Nine years ago a married man and woman, industrious, earnest, with a long record of good working and living behind them, found themselves suddenly facing a penniless old age and with two half-grown children, a girl and a boy, still looking to them for support. The fresh start—the wife never before had done work outside her home—was made in a field peculiarly unattractive, though the only one that offered. The agency of a new kind of insect powder was given the husband, and the wife turned to and helped him sell it—in the poorer neighborhoods and from door to door. It was back-breaking work, going up and down long stairs, from one entrance to another; sometimes it also seemed heart-breaking.

In the nine years intervening between the crash of earlier plans and hopes and the steady future outlook a house and lot have been purchased and paid for, with taxes, improvements, etc. The growing boy and girl have been carried through the conclusion of school and high school, with music lessons and other "extras" to add to their comfort, happiness, and life chances. All the members of the family have been kept well fed, neatly dressed, happy, and comfortable. The health of the brave parents is better than it was at the beginning of their arduous session, while the carking fear of an impoverished old age no longer grinds and tears their hearts. The selling of insect powder represents a means of livelihood making few would care to tackle, save, as did the hero and heroine of the present story, under the spur of necessity.

Wife Bakes English Muffins.

A worthy Englishman, long resident of America, some years since found himself confronted with the trying problem of broken health, a delicate if stout hearted wife, and the doctor's grave warning that to go back to office work, even if a position could be found, inevitably would mean death—and the husband carried no insurance. The outlook was dark, but the man and woman sat down cheerfully to discuss it. Presently a bright idea gave a glimpse of cheer and courage.

The wife made English muffins that were the delight and envy of many a friend and neighbor. It was decided that she should make up a particularly delicious batch of muffins and the husband would try to sell them. Moderate success came from the first, and ere long a horse and delivery wagon became a necessity. By the time the husband's health was sufficiently reestablished to admit of a return to the work he liked better the nice little business sold for a pleasing sum.

A girl stenographer, stranded, out of a position, did odd jobs of sewing and mending for the more fortunate inmates of the women's boarding house where she lived. Presently she found herself making more money by the placing of new skirt bindings, construction of dainty stocks, etc., than she had made by stenography. From this small, accidental beginning a good business grew. Many an impoverished college student, hard up, but dauntless, could tell a similar tale.

Always Demand for Nurses.

The trained nurse courses and enthusiasm put an end—justly—to the careless, hit or miss, unhygienic old time care for the sick, but the high prices demanded and deserved by the trim, clever wearers of stripes and cap naturally render her value prohibitive to many. In almost every neighborhood may be found one woman, if no more, who, lacking hospital training, is well supplied with sympathy, common sense, and the deft endurance needed in the sick room. Such women are sure of generous employment, though not long since popular opinion declared their occupation quite as extinct as Othello's.

Two clever and cultured young girls for years earned their own summer vacations by taking charge of parties of children in the country. One girl taught music, the other drawing, both spoke French and German fluently, and knew something of hygiene and kindergarten methods. Parents having children in their care felt particularly safe and happy. Numbers of other clever girls, perhaps less highly specialized than these, successfully could carry out similar ideas.

Young Man Circulates Books.

When, some time back, the inexpensive subscription libraries first began to take hold in America a certain young man, temporarily lacking occupation, heard his elder brother talking of the plan. Next day, at dinner time, he announced his own variation of the idea, which proved more than successful. In his particular neighborhood, where he had lived long and was well acquainted, were numbers of women well off but not wealthy, great readers, quite willing to pay a small fee to have a choice of new novels at slight cost and with the new books brought to them. This financial makeshift paid so well that its immediate beneficiary, presently returning to the downtown business regions, "sold out" with most satisfactory results.

Similar experiences and successes could be quoted by the dozen, but the lesson already has been rendered sufficiently suggestive. Success of some kind, some order, awaits every man and woman willing to wait for it—and work while waiting. Yours may be hiding itself in the most unexpected corner.

"If you can't do what you want, do what you can!"

Ruin in Envious Discontent; Ignore Other Fellow's Pay.

By M. D. Lynch.

A FEW mornings ago I met, on his way to work, a young man whom I have known for about five years, a bright, clever chap in many ways, but one who does not seem to get ahead in the world.

Having lost track of him lately, I inquired what he was doing. He said he was employed in a certain downtown wholesale house, had been there for six months, but was thinking of leaving soon, because "they don't pay anything." He said lots of "old dubs" were getting \$20 and \$25 a week, while he received only \$10 a week, although he was doing the same work, and, of course, he wasn't going to "stand for a deal like that."

Employers Don't Like "Floater's."

Knowing that the firm he is employed by is a live, wide-awake concern, and a good one, I had my doubts about the \$20 and \$25 clerks being "dubs," so I suggested to him that possibly he was responsible, in a large measure, for the difference in salary between himself and the other men. I also told him that he had hardly been there long enough to give his manager a chance to appraise his value properly, and reminded him that, to my personal knowledge, he had held at least a half dozen jobs in the few years of our acquaintance, and that this must, necessarily, have given him the reputation of being "a floater." I told him that employers, almost without exception, are suspicious of applicants for positions whose records show that they do not stay long in any one place; that, as a rule, such applicants must show that they mean to "stick" before they can win their employer's confidence and receive a good salary. He could not see it that way, however, and I am afraid it will be a long time before he comes to the point, if he ever does, where he will realize that he must settle down and "stick" in order to get recognition.

Boy Looked Like a "Comer."

About five years ago this young fellow had all the earmarks of being "a comer." Starting some four years before that, in a good, downtown house, he had worked out of the "kid" ranks to a point where he was becoming quite a useful man. Being, however, of a discontented disposition, he could see no reason why any one in the office should receive more salary than he, provided that person could do the work no better.

When he expressed himself to this effect one day, his manager told him that his employers had taken good care of him up to that point and would continue to do so, but that he must leave it to them to do it in their own way and time. The boy was spirited, however, and foolish, so the upshot was that he resigned.

He has never since seemed able to get placed just as well as he was then, with the result that he is, today, earning less than he was five years ago. Remember, this young man is a clean cut, good living young fellow, but discontent is his loose screw.

If the foregoing, which is absolutely true, were an isolated case it might not call for any special comment, but, unfortunately, it is only one of many such.

One of the greatest causes of discontent among young men employed in offices is the salary the "other fellow" gets. One of the plaints most frequently heard is: "Am I not doing the same work, and doing it just as well as So and So, and he gets \$20 a week while I am getting only \$17?" It matters not that the "other fellow" is frequently an experienced man, who was able to start right in and at once perform the work the youth has been trained to do only at the cost of much time, patience, and labor on the part of his firm.

Reasons for Discrimination.

Many young men in large business houses, particularly those who have come up from the office boy ranks, receive salaries greater than they could obtain from other houses, simply because of their intimate knowledge of the system and methods of the firm by which they are employed. Their lack of general experience makes them less valuable often than men of more thorough business training who may happen to be employed for the time being with them on the same class of work.

That this is true has many a time been brought home to the young man who has thrown up his position in a huff because some one else was receiving more salary than he. Unless he was fortunate enough to find vacant position exactly similar to the one he just left in a house of the same kind as his old establishment, he has found that strange firms did not consider his services so valuable as he imagined them. His lack of general business experience was a handicap.

The moral then is to pay no attention to what "the other fellow" gets. Attend strictly to business, and if you have better stuff in you than he, you will receive the larger salary in the long run. Water will always find its level, and if "the other fellow" is overpaid the boss will find it out before long. Just as surely as he will discover that you are worth more than you receiving, the boss usually knows his business and, generally, is fair, and will set things right.

In any event it does no good to bring up the question of "the other fellow's" salary because it never will have any influence in raising yours, while, on the other hand, it may bring you to unfavorable notice as a man who does not reason well.



Make Fortune Raising Cane; Need Little Capital in Cuba.

By Horace Bacon.

THREE years ago Cuba borrowed from the United States \$10,000,000 to pay off its army, which had ten years' pay coming. This money was distributed to rich and poor, and many thousands of poor cane cutters working for a dollar a day suddenly found themselves in the possession of several thousands of dollars. Those who had the sagacity and common sense to go into the cane business with this capital today are well on their way to "Easy street."

Cane is paid for by the mill on the basis of every 100 arrobas of cane delivered (an arroba is equal to thirteen pounds) the monetary value of 5 1/2 arrobas of sugar. This value is determined by taking the average sales of the month in the nearest large market town. Settlements for cane are made monthly, usually on the 8th day of the month ensuing the delivery. All the sugar sold from the various plantations, amounting to hundreds of thousands of sacks, is added in pounds and the average price per pound figured, and on this average price is formed the basis for the payment of the cane delivered during the month. This is published by the "Junta de Corredores," or brokers' exchange, which governs the market.

Money Advanced on the Crop.

Now in cases where a man rents the land and does not pay the rent in advance, he signs the contract for 4 1/2 or 5 arrobas of sugar for every 100 arrobas of cane delivered and on receiving his money he can either pay rent for the land or accept the lower rate of payment and have the land free. Of course, all money advanced during the dead season for cleaning and cultivating are deducted the first year, but it never takes more than two years to get on one's feet.

Now, for instance, there is a tract of land, 4 caballerias (thirty-three and one-third acres to the caballeria) for rent. We go to the office and find that the rent is \$200 per annum, house free. We sign a contract, the principal substance of which states that in consideration of the rent paid and that the cane produced shall only be sold to this particular mill, same agrees to pay us 5 1/2 arrobas of sugar for 100 arrobas of cane during grinding season, payments monthly. The company will be responsible for so many cars a day delivered on the track nearest to our land (cars distributed in proportion to the amount of cane a man has), all possible help will be given in case of cane fires, and that we shall be extended full credit at the company's stores, amount of purchases to be deducted monthly from payments. We are given free seed for planting. Now we will have to get for these 4 caballerias about six natives at \$20 silver each. We have to buy at least three yokes of oxen at \$75, and farm implements, and will put the expenses down as follows. Say we start in March:

Expenses of the First Year.

Rent.....	200
Help, six men, at \$20.....	120
Three yokes of oxen, at \$75.....	225
Farm implements, etc.....	150
Living expenses, March to Dec. 1.....	400

Total.....\$1,195
This is computed in Spanish silver, which at \$1.37 to the American dollar makes approximately \$800.

Our ground has to be plowed by means of the native plow (American plows may be all right for the first year, but not afterwards) and oxen. The cane is planted about six inches apart between each stalk, and by the 1st of November, when the grinding season opens, we have the largest part of our property ready to cut, young, rather small, but nevertheless not a bad crop for the first year. Each caballeria ought to yield about 20,000 arrobas, so, perhaps not the first year, but surely the second year onwards we will get about 80,000 arrobas of cane out of our four caballerias. When the time comes to cut it we can use our own men or get in a contractor with colored help.

After a lot of dickering we finally agree to pay him \$1.50 per 100 arrobas, cut, trimmed, delivered in the cars of the company, he to supply the carts and oxen for the hauling from the fields to railroad track.

Enough Profit to Buy Horse.

Bunching our whole crop for the season, say we had 80,000 arrobas, and the average price per arroba was 50 cents American gold, we then would receive for every 100 arrobas of cane about \$2.75 United States currency, or approximately \$2,000 for the crop. We paid our contractor \$1,500 per 100 arrobas Spanish silver, which makes \$1,200 Spanish silver, or at \$1.37 to the dollar approximately \$800; therefore the total expenditure has been—rent, etc., \$800, and cutting, \$800, total, \$1,600, which would leave a nice margin to buy a good horse and get ready for next year's crop.

Of course conditions vary; we might get the

land for \$100, and contractor for \$1.75, according to locality, and there are a thousand and one other things which might tend to make the proposition more economical or dearer. However, the second year is where the profit comes in.

All that is necessary after the crop is to clean away the "cane," or leaves from the cut cane, plow once between the rows, raising the dirt up around the newly cut stumps, and that is all, with the exception of keeping down the weeds. In three months the cane will be two feet high. It never has to be replanted but once in perhaps ten years, and if the soil is exceptionally rich the writer has known cane to stand for fifteen and twenty years without being replanted, and the older it gets the sweeter and thicker it becomes each succeeding year.

Thus a man can start in with a little capital, a small piece of ground, and in a few years, by increasing his acreage as the capital will permit, soon be able to ship in not 80,000 arrobas but 800,000.

Planter's Great Enemy Fire.

The principal enemy to the planter is fire, which may be caused by a spark from the smokestack of some passing locomotive, a thrown away end of a cigar or cigarette, or by incendiaries. To prevent the fire, mentioned every locomotive is equipped with a gauge setting over the stack, which practically eliminates this source of danger, preventing any coal dust or sparks getting out. The second hazard, can be helped. You might as well try to stop the Lake Shore limited with a toothpick as try to stop a native smoking. They were born with the cigar in their mouths and will die so. But, strange to say, this origin is scarce. They realize the danger of a cane fire and take precautions accordingly, and again, when they are cutting, in the early hours of the morning, there is a heavy dew, and ignition is not so probable, and during the day, when the sun is scorching, there is no one in the cane fields.

The third source, and the most dangerous, is one that the rural guards (country police) are ever on the watch for. They usually set fire to the cane out of revenge. They may have been discharged, have a grudge against the owner, and take this as their means of getting even. The usual method adopted is to "take a candle about 3 or 4 inches long, and light it, placing dry straw around the bottom. In about an hour, when they have had lots of time to escape, this dry material catches fire, and inside of two hours from \$2,000 to \$1,000,000 may go up in smoke.

Everybody Helps Fight Flames.

These fires are as terrible as a forest fire. The neighbors and contractors have a mutual agreement to help each other, and when a fire breaks out every one for miles around runs to the aid of the unfortunate brother. There is no redress part of it. It is burned. However, up to three days after the fire burnt cane can be ground at half its value provided it does not rain in the interval. The burnt cane is mixed with the good; and thus sent through the mills, and generally the mill will lend all help possible and get a man's cane in as fast as possible in order to prevent absolute loss. In fact, there is a clause to that effect in the contract.

The fields are divided into squares of about one-quarter mile, and every 300 or 400 yards there are roads left through about ten yards wide. This, unless the day be windy, will prevent the fire from jumping and when it reaches one square, two or three people will run to the beginning of the next one and start cutting the cane away from the fire, so as to make the space greater still. But on a windy day nothing will stop the onrush of the flames, which travel with a rapidity hardly conceivable, burning the leaves and charring the stalks.

Heavy Punishment for Incendiary.

However, today incendiary is seldom known. There is such a strict vigilance kept that it is almost impossible for the criminal to get away, and when he is caught the minimum penalty is twenty years in the penitentiary.

On the plantation we are on when the telephone central is advised of a fire twenty miles up country a spare engine immediately is attached to a few cars. Anywhere up to a hundred laborers are bundled in with cane knives and off they go to the assistance of the unfortunate "colono," and if needs be the mill is shut down (meaning the loss of hundreds of dollars), and every available man goes. Even the horses around the plantation seem to realize the danger. The writer's own horse, a beautiful white Kentucky stallion, "Bill"—once he sets eyes in the distance on smoke and you whisper, "Fire, Bill"—nothing could stop him. He knew the way better than the rider and seemed to appreciate the importance of getting there as fast as his legs could carry him.

More Useful than Money; Nobody Can Do Without It.

By John Coleman.

WHAT is the most indispensable and variedly useful article of modern times?

Door key? Pocket knife? Money? Not by a long way—not for a moment, dear friend and fellow citizen, especially, perhaps, dear feminine friend and fellow citizen.

If you want exact and indubitable information on the subject, try doing without your handkerchief for a single day!

A local business woman not long since left home for the day, and accidentally left at home, by the same token, the handbag which contained not only all the worldly wealth with which fate recently had endowed her, but also all the diversely important objects and paraphernalia necessary to her day's comfort and well being. Most important and indispensable of all, as she presently learned, were the three fresh handkerchiefs invariably carried. The unhappy but philosophic woman managed fairly well without money, keys, railway ticket, cards—everything else that the missing bag guarded. But when it came to the handkerchiefs, she'd have bartered all but her hopes of future happiness for a nice, clean handkerchief in short order! And of all the friends who nobly came to her rescue with offers of car fare, luncheon, etc., not one, of course, had an extra handkerchief to spare.

Some Troubles of a Day.

This was the day as the evening's retrospect showed it.

Took the train, clinger in eye; discovered loss of bag—no handkerchief!

Reached the office; dusty day; face all grimy—no handkerchief!

In washing face spilled water on shirt waist—no handkerchief!

Nicest book on desk in need of attention—no handkerchief!

Roughened edge of stock made neck sore—no handkerchief!

Fixing stock, stuck pin in finger, causing soreness and mischievous drop of blood—no handkerchief!

Invited out to luncheon, wished to remove shine from nose and forehead—no handkerchief!

Hear pathetic story, tears in eyes—no handkerchief!

Wished to conceal lack of laughter at exhausted joke—no handkerchief!

Leaving luncheon, touched wet paint—no handkerchief!

Hurried back to office, warm, face and hands sticky—no handkerchief!

Compliment of casual acquaintance caused blushes—no handkerchief!

Handled dusty papers when three floors from a washroom—no handkerchief!

Discovered shoes were likewise dusty—no handkerchief!

Wanted to carry home some small trinkets—no handkerchief!

Friend loaned money for home car fare—no handkerchief!

Handed flowers with dripping stems—no handkerchief!

Had violent toothache—no handkerchief!

Wanted to bathe eyes with hot water—no handkerchief!

Needs It a Hundred Times.

Felt draft on throat—no handkerchief!

Wanted to flick stray fly away—no handkerchief!

Best friend came with cut finger—no handkerchief!

Sneezed seven times while next best friend related bitter sorrows—no handkerchief!

Wept with sympathy—no handkerchief!

Wanted to signal friend in window across court—no handkerchief!

Ran for homegoing train and longed for fan—no handkerchief!

Reached home and made wild dash for handkerchief drawer.

Resolved to invest lavishly in handkerchiefs of every conceivable kind, size, and order, and description, to secrete them, squirrel away, in all sorts of nooks and places adjacent to the daily trail, to bestow handkerchiefs upon others immediately and forever upon each and every possible excuse and occasion, such as Christmas, birthdays, weddings, and summer holidays.

Any woman who ever has tried to dispense with a handkerchief for a few hours, even, will admit the suggested experience neither overdraws nor undervalues, while the masculine handkerchief need and enthusiasm is but little less marked. A quiet man to whom the above woeeful tale was told expressed his

sympathetic comprehension in unmeasured terms.

At Picnic Without Handkerchief.

"I spent a whole day without a handkerchief once," he said, "and I believe I'd rather die than spend such another. Why, it was simply awful. The occasion was a picnic and not until the boat that had brought us far from civilization—and places where handkerchiefs may be purchased—had steamed away, leaving us to our dreadful fate, did I discover that my coat and handkerchief—had gone with it. And the day that followed! The 'Give me liberty or give me death' exclamation should be rendered 'Give me my handkerchief or give me extinction!' Its true and superlative effectiveness is to be hinted, while as to Shakespeare's famous remark about 'Who steals my purse steals trash,' there is not the shadow of a doubt but that he meant handkerchiefs—possibly a handkerchief with some spare change tied up in the corner. Even the man who uses a handkerchief to help him forget things wouldn't be without it for his life!"

"The day when I had no handkerchief indelibly is fixed upon my memory; it was a day of misery, torture, rebellion against the higher powers that give to mankind such cherished helps and treasures as handkerchiefs, only to match them away now and again. It reminded me of my mother's favorite saying, that the loss of a thing invariably proves and increases its value. I went around trying to beg, borrow, or steal handkerchiefs from the other fellows, but do you suppose a single one could or would let me have the friend of his pocket for love or money? The only ray of sunshine about the whole thing was the conviction forced upon me that I really must be a most superior person; I always carry an extra clean handkerchief about me—only, that day, it was in the missing coat."

Flimsy and Filmy Thing.

"Toward the end of the afternoon a girl did lend me a handkerchief, best I ever had but it was what my married sister calls a dolly, a tiny circle of tissue paper, or something that looked like it, with lace ruffles. And she offered it to me when I'd been rowing hard for an hour or so to remove the thronging sweat of my brow!"

"I cut and tore my hands even so many times that day; worse luck yet, the prettiest girl in the party cut hers and came to me to tie it up. Of course, she had only one flimsy wisp of a handkerchief and wanted me to sacrifice a strip of mine. I'd have laid down my heart, like Raleigh's cloak, for that girl to walk over, but—nothing doing with the kerchief—so she sought the aid of my rival. Now they're engaged!"

"I got becalmed far out in the lake with the ugliest girl of the bunch—just couldn't help it, you know—and couldn't flag for assistance because I had no handkerchief and hers was too small to be seen without a microscope, even if she hadn't had it wrapped around her neck. Another nice girl asked me to carry a nice wet, slimy little frog home for her, and, having no handkerchief, I had to slip it loose into my pocket—couldn't wear those trousers again! Got a severe chill from the icy manner of the other pretty girl who vainly requested the gift of my handkerchief as the foundation of a souvenir sofa pillow, and sneezed and coughed so hard going home that I was ashamed to stay in the car with more fortunate beings. And the last thing I heard as I tried to sink unseen away in the depot was 'O, Mr. Blank, do please lend me your pocket handkerchief to tie up my flowers!'"

Better than Gold or Glory.

"Don't talk to me of gold and glory as incentives to health, happiness, decency, and general right living. It's the nice, large, breezy handkerchief—and plenty of 'em—for mine!"

"The handkerchief, as a notable and trustworthy adjunct to home and foreign missionizing is by no means to be despised," is the grave verdict of a well known clergyman, who also survived a handkerchiefless day, but shivers to recall its sore trials.

And the unthinking girl, who asked if she wasn't eager for Christmas, replied in the negative because she had plenty of handkerchiefs already, need but have desired a handkerchief vainly for a few hours to repent in sackcloth and ashes—or their modern equivalent—for the unspeakable unwisdom of this remark.

An Ideal Private Secretary; Obeys Orders and Gets Fired.

By Allan Wilson.

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who was made to be a private secretary. Everybody said so, so of course it must have been so. He was a quiet young man, with a long, white face and thick glasses, and round shoulders, and a black tie, and a respectful, humble air. His great ambition in life was to obey somebody. It didn't make much difference to him who it was he obeyed, or why—just so long as he obeyed somebody in something he was content. The place in his head where the bump of individuality should have been had been overlooked when his brains were being made up; so it is easy to say that everybody was going on long and well established precedent when they picked him as ideal material for a private secretary.

Thanks His Stars for Luck.

For a long time there was no vacancy in such a position in the office where the young man was employed, so he had to content himself with being a petty clerk. But a prospective secretaryship was before him, so he knew that some day success would be his.

When his chance came he thanked his stars and everybody said he was lucky in being born to be a private secretary, and the boss called him in and gave him his instructions.

"Now," said the young man, "all I've got to do is to obey orders and I win out."

So he obeyed orders. One day the boss called him in to take a letter. The boss was angry. He was red in the face and little sparks flew from his eyes. When he spoke

the office chairs jumped apprehensively. "Here, take this," said he, and he began to dictate. It was well for the private secretary that he had a good supply of sharpened pencils, for the words that he took down even in shorthand melted the lead so it ran in streams. But he took it down, word for word.

But the Boss Was Mad.

Three days later the boss again called the private secretary into his office. The boss was angry again. He was red in the face and the sparks flew from his eyes. He held a letter in his hands.

"See here, Blank, do you know what I've got here?"

Blank did not know.

"Well, it's a reply to that letter I dictated three days ago, that long letter."

Blank said he was glad to hear it. He hoped—

"You blamed idiot, you! Do you mean to say that you mailed that letter?"

"Mailed it? Of course, sir, I—"

"You twice blamed idiot! Didn't you know any better than that? Don't you know anything about your duties? A fine private secretary you are. Get back to your old job on the desk. You may be a good clerk, but you're no good as a secretary. Why—why—why, you don't know any more than I do myself."

The young man has been puzzling over the thing ever since. He has had plenty of time to do it. He doesn't work that clerk's head in the office where he is employed.

One of the greatest preachers in the world is that mean man who doesn't care who knows how mean he is.—John H. Howland.