

THE UNPRODUCTIVE MAN.

He Who Has Neither Imagination Nor Ideas in Business.

It is a commonplace that the really valuable man in business or anything else is the man who has ideas or imagination. Mr. Lorin F. DeLand, writing in the Atlantic Monthly, tells of a young man who went to him for advice as to some way of getting an increase of salary. He was even debating whether he had not better give up his situation and trust to luck to find something better. "I urged him at once against such a course," says the writer, "and told him to look for something better while he was holding his present situation. I said to him:

"Mills, the important thing for you in this matter is to ascertain whether you are paid all that you are worth and, that settled, whether you can make yourself worth any more. But first of all let us see if you can make yourself worth any more, whether you are paid it or not. If you can, you had better stick and look for your raise at the first fair opportunity." He agreed, and I went ahead with my plan.

"First I told him for thirty days to put his mind on one thing—to devise some method whereby his house could sell at least \$100 worth more of goods. It must be a practicable plan and should be presented as any interested employee would present such a matter to his superior.

"Thirty days passed, and Mills came in again. With all his thinking he had found no method by which the business of the firm could be extended even \$100 a year.

"I then put him to work on his second month's labor—to discover any method by which the firm could transact its present volume of business with greater economy, so that by improved methods there should be effected a saving of at least \$50 a year.

"At the end of the time he came back to me with his report. He had been able to discover no new method whereby the firm could economize. He had, however, discovered one thing—namely, that he would not need to go ahead for another thirty days with our experiment, for he had about made up his mind that he would continue where he was.

"My boy," I said to him, "just realize for a moment where you stand. You are not able, though you have worked three years in this house, to increase the volume of the business \$100 a year, nor can you point out a way to save that amount. My warning is, lie low! Attract as little attention to yourself as you can. Don't let the proprietors or the manager remember that you have been three years in their employ if you can help it.

"You are an absolutely unproductive man. I don't mean that you are a bit inferior to thousands of other young men who are in the stores and wholesale houses of this city, but you, like them, are simply sitting upon the head of one of the bright men in the counting room. He has to solve all these problems. You and fifty others in your establishment are just sitting on the top of his head, like so many dead weights. If the business prospers you expect a raise of salary when it is his headwork that has gained every inch of progress. He has to carry you all."

"The young man went off, sadder and wiser than he came. For five years thereafter, in which I was able to follow his course, he held the same place at the same salary."

Heroes and Cowards.

Courage is an uncertain quantity; it varies with circumstances. A man who fancies that he is afraid of nothing ventures on the slippery pavement in winter and suddenly discovers that he is very much afraid of falling and hurting himself.

It is on record that a man who was as bold as could be in the morning could never be relied upon for courage after dinner.

Some French soldiers during the war of 1870 gallantly assaulted an almost impregnable position, although death seemed certain. Three years later two of those gallant fellows were in a theater when an alarm of fire was given, and they displayed extreme cowardice, pushing over women and children in their frantic efforts to escape.—Pearson's Weekly.

No Need to Hurry.

The scorching cyclist was on the road to Stratford-on-Avon. He was bent over the handle bars, and the beads which bespeak the strenuous toiler were trickling off his face.

"Hi, sonny," he called to a passing youth, "am I right for Shakespeare's house?"

"Yes, you're right, mister," was the dreamy reply of the leisurely youth, "but you needn't hurry. Shakespeare's dead." — London Queen.

FOOD OF THE ANCIENTS.

In Greece and Rome Great Cooks Were Privileged Persons.

That the ancients knew little about the actual component parts of the substances that they ate is a fact that is clearly indicated by the qualities with which these foods were endowed. Thus many grave writers held that beans exerted a stupefying effect upon those who partook of them. Hippocrates trembled for his patients when beans were in blossom, and some authorities even asserted that hens that were allowed to eat this vegetable would cease to lay eggs.

Lentils, on the other hand, were regarded as the ideal food for children, "enlightening their minds, opening their hearts and making them of a cheerful disposition." To Hippocrates a dish of boiled cabbage, with salt, was a sure cure for violent attacks of colic, while Erastriatus regarded the cabbage as a sovereign remedy in cases of paralysis.

The onion and the leek were not only considered a cure for diseases, but Apicius asserted that he would wish to preserve his health should eat young onions, with honey, every morning before breakfast. Alexander the Great fed them to his troops because he believed that they had the power to incite martial ardor. Garlic was also given to those who were about to fight, that their courage might be excited, and Galen held that the man "that eats bacon for two or three days before he is to box or wrestle shall be much stronger than if he should eat the best roast beef or bag pudding."

In Greece and Rome the master of the culinary art was always a privileged person. He alone was entitled to carry a knife at his girdle. He was immortalized by the noted writers of the age as the "preserver of mankind," and when by chance one of his inventions attracted more than usual commendation fortunes were showered upon him.

Lavish as were the fees that were paid to cooks in those days, the biggest tip recorded in history was that of Antony, who bestowed an entire city upon the cook who prepared a repast that pleased the palate of Cleopatra.—Exchange.

Hanging of a Peer.

May 5 is celebrated as the anniversary of the last occasion on which an English peer was executed for murder. The peer was Laurence Shirley, fourth earl of Ferrers, who shot his steward and was tried for the offense by his peers in Westminster hall, April 16, 1760, and universally condemned, in spite of the plea of occasional insanity. On the eventful morning he set forth on his journey from the Tower to Tyburn dressed in his best suit of light clothes, embroidered in silver and driven in his own landau, drawn by six horses. It is said that he was the first to suffer by the new drop, just then introduced in place of the barbarous cart ladder and three cornered gibbet and as a concession to his rank he was hanged with a silken cord.—London Chronicle.

Australian Grasshoppers.

Here is something funny. In Western Australia, where domestic servants are almost unobtainable and housewives do nearly all their own work, husbands are known as grasshoppers. The connection is not obvious, but may be explained after the manner of other households much nearer than those at the antipodes. Wives who are their own servants are compelled to recuperate at the seaside, and consequently Western Australia lords of creation in their absence prepare their own meals and do other domestic duties. Locally husbands thus employed have received the name grasshoppers as the masculine for the more familiar word grass widow, long since applied to the deserted wife.—Boston Herald.

Women in Korea.

In Korea when a girl is married she appears at the wedding ceremony with her face painted a ghastly white, her lips dyed scarlet and her eyelids pasted together so as to deprive her entirely of sight. Korean women are compelled to work very hard; but, as a rule, they are well treated by their husbands. They have pretty names, meaning plum, blossom, treasure, etc., but after marriage are known only as So-and-so's wife until they have a son, after which they are known as the mother of that son.

Refining the Torture.

A convict in a German prison had been extremely refractory. One morning the warden said to the keeper: "I say, Huber, the scoundrel is acting worse than ever. Put him on bread and water."

"But he is already doing two fast days."

"Then give him a cookbook to read."—Argonaut.

BARRIE'S EARLY CAREER.

The Opposition He Encountered and His Friend the Tailor.

Among the confidences that J. M. Barrie has made concerning the early years of his career there is none more intimate or more enlightening than this bit, which adds the pathos of a story strangely in contrast with his own:

The malignancy of publishers could not turn me back. From the day on which I first tasted blood in the garret my mind was made up. There could be no hum-dreadful profession for me. Literature was my game. It was not highly thought of by those who wished me well. I remember being asked by two maiden ladies about the time I left the university what I was to be, and when I replied brazenly, "An author," they flung up their hands, and one exclaimed reproachfully, "And you an M. A.?" My mother's views at first were not dissimilar. For long she took mine jestingly as something I would grow out of, and afterward they hurt her so that I tried to give them up. To be a minister—that she thought was among the fairest prospects, but she was a very ambitious woman, and sometimes she would add, half scared at her appetite, that there were ministers who had become professors, "but it was not canny to think of such things."

I had only one person on my side, an old tailor, one of the fullest men I have known and quite the best talker. He was a bachelor (he told me all that is to be known about woman), a lean man, pallid of face, his legs drawn up when he walked as if he was ever carrying something in his lap. His walks were of the shortest, from the teapot on the hob to the board on which he stitched, from the board to the hob, and so to bed. He might have gone out had the idea struck him, but in the years I knew him, the last of his brave life, I think he was only in the open twice, when he "flitted"—changed his room for another hard by. I did not see him make these journeys, but I seem to see him now, and he is somewhat dizzy in the odd atmosphere. In one hand he carries a box iron. He raises the other, wondering what this is on his head. It is a hat. A faint smell of singed cloth goes by with him. This man had heard of my set of photographs of the poets and asked for a single sight of them, which led to our first meeting. I remember how he spread them out on his board and after looking long at them turned his gaze on me and said solemnly:

What can I do to be forever known
And make the age to come my own?

These lines of Cowley were new to me, but the sentiment was not new, and I marveled how the old tailor could see through me so well. So it was strange to me to discover presently that he had not been thinking of me at all, but of his own young days, when that couplet sang in his head and he, too, had thirsted to set off for Grub street, but was afraid, and while he hesitated old age came, and then death, and found him grasping a box iron.—Argonaut.

Had All the Symptoms.

The learned hobo was dispensing knowledge for the benefit of his less enlightened companion.

"Have you ever been bitten by a dog?" he asked.

"Many's de time," replied the unenlightened one.

"Are you not afraid of hydrophobia?"

"Nix on de hydro."

"Tis a curious disease. When a person contracts hydrophobia the very thought of water makes him sick."

"Is dat on de level? Youse ain't stringin' me?"

"It is a scientific fact."

"Den I bet I've had it all me life an' never knowed wot de matter wid me!"—New York Times.

A Polite Interpreter.

When the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz arrived in London to marry George III, the people, on seeing her appearance, cried, "Pug, pug, pug!"

"Vat is dat dey do say—poo?"

said the princess to the Duchess of Ancaster, who was sent to accompany her. "Vat means poo?"

"Oh, that means 'God bless your majesty,'" promptly replied the duchess without the slightest hesitation.

Limitations of Money.

Money can't buy everything. There are no admission tickets to a sunset; you wouldn't trade the look in your boy's eyes when he greets you at night for a million dollars of anybody's money, and if you keep a well furnished mind you can go into it any time you like as you would into a child's playground and amuse yourself watching your thoughts play leapfrog with one another.—Success.

MEN AND THEIR NAMES.

A System That Was Used For Correctly Connecting Them.

For 15 cents at a stationery store I bought a little alphabetically indexed book that fitted comfortably into my vest pocket. In its pages I wrote the names of all persons I could recall having met. Beside each name was placed some distinguishing word or phase of identification—thus:

Jones, Silas H., black haired coal dealer; Lamson, John, teller First National bank; Kendricks, Hiram, ticket agent at depot.

I not only indexed the names, but also adopted a cross reference system—for example:

Coal dealer, black hair, Silas H. Jones; teller First National bank, John Lamson; ticket agent, Hiram Kendricks.

By thus associating the face, name and distinguishing words I hoped that I could, by a hurried and perhaps secret reference to my book, secure any desired name.

Every night when I came home from my daily parade of the streets in search of a job I went over the names in the book. In two or three weeks, as I added names that had slipped from me and those newly acquired, I found no less than 200 on the list. I now adopted the practice of calling every one by name, even if I merely passed the time of day or waved my hand in greeting. Before this, even with my best friends, it had always been, "Hello!" or "Say!"

A new world began to dawn when I put myself to the task. I found that by concentrating my mind on a man's name when I met him and associating it with his face and business there was no trouble whatever. It gave me great joy to find one night that I could remember every person I had met during the day. I also found that I had complete control of all the names in my book. Soon that little book became superfluous. I could easily impress a new name and face upon my memory. Little tricks were resorted to, such as associating Mr. Long's height with his name, and a common name such as Smith, Clark or Brown was instantly made mine by classing it with the constantly increasing list of Smiths, Clarks or Browns, thus remembering a great many people in groups of dozens or more. I would visualize all these groups. Whenever the name of Brown was uttered the faces of all the men I knew answering to that name filed before me. By associating the name with the face the name popped into my head when I saw the face again.—Bookkeeper.

An Antidote For Suicide.

They tell of an Atchison girl who thought her heart was broken. She was so convinced of it that she began reading up on deadly poisons and cried softly to herself over the thoughts of an early death. At this juncture a friend sent her a box of chocolates. She ate one; life looked a little brighter. She ate another; why not put off that death till next week? She ate a third and forgot she ever had a trouble. All of which is proof of the claim of an Atchison physician that when people are morbid or unhappy the most effective cure is something to eat. No one, he says, can long for death while engaged in chewing something palatable. The man who talks suicide should be given a beefsteak instead of advice.—Atchison Globe.

Butter Centuries Old.

Ghee is used in India as is butter in America and European countries and, in fact, is butter so prepared that it never grows stale, instances being known of its preservation for as long as 200 years.

In preparing ghee, butter is boiled until all the watery particles and curds have been thrown off by repeated skimmings. When the liquor is clear oil it is poured into a vessel to cool. When cooled it is in granulated form and will keep for years without becoming rancid or of bad odor. Ghee has been found in deserted castles, where it must have been left more than two centuries ago.—Popular Mechanics.

Too True! Too True!

The baby was being questioned playfully as to his senses.

"What are these for?" touching his eyes.

"To see with," he answered.

"And this?" touching his nose.

"To 'mell wiv."

"And your mouth?"

"Oh, to eat."

"What are your ears for?"

This was a puzzler, but after a moment he said with firm conviction, "To wash."—Delineator.

Pop's Answer.

Tommy—Pop, a man is a bachelor until he gets married, isn't he?

Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son.

Tommy—And what does he call himself afterward?

Tommy's Pop—I'd hate to tell you, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

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