

When Should Man Retire?

B. F. A. WALKER

IF THE title of this article is slightly confusing let yourself be straightened out by the statement that it is to be a little talk between ourselves about a questioning letter received from a reader.

He asks, "When should a man retire? I am forty-one years old, have been reasonably successful and can live comfortably, supporting my family of three up to their usual habits, if I do not do any more work. Do you think that a man under such circumstances is doing right to retire from active work?"

The quickest and shortest answer is "No."

No man has a right to discontinue being productive so long as it is possible for him to be a producer.

The great trouble with the world right now is that too many men have "retired."

They have stopped giving themselves and other people the full measure of their abilities to contribute to the wealth and happiness and good of the world.

A good many of them, the great majority, are not rich. They work perhaps, but they fall far short of their capabilities.

I read the other day an article on the bricklaying trade and the comparative cost of that part of house construction which consists of putting together bricks and mortar.

In the records of a construction company were found figures showing that twenty or so years ago a day's work for a mason and his helper consisted in laying 1,500 bricks in eight hours.

The day's result at the present time is just one-third of that amount, 500 bricks, although the pay

for the eight hours of labor is far more than the old pay.

It is not difficult to see where the bricklayer is cheating himself as well as the rest of the world.

He is not producing all that he might and therefore he is not getting as much for his efforts as he might well get if he did his work as efficiently as he might.

And he along with other workmen in the building trades by their lack of production make construction so expensive that many who would build homes if they could do so at reasonable prices continue without them.

What the bricklayers do with their hands and tools, the writer of the letter wants to do with all his capabilities and all his energies.

He wants to cut his production down to the vanishing point and be a drone for the rest of his life.

The ownership of wealth does not entitle a man to be a loafer either physically or mentally.

No man has a right at the age of forty-one to forego all the possibilities that he has to do the world and his neighbor service by his efforts.

If he has money enough, let him quit adding to his fortune and let him devote what he can earn to bettering mankind and its condition.

Let him do anything but be a human being with a brain of whom other people can truthfully say: "There goes a man who, except for spending his money, does nothing in the world that is useful or helpful."

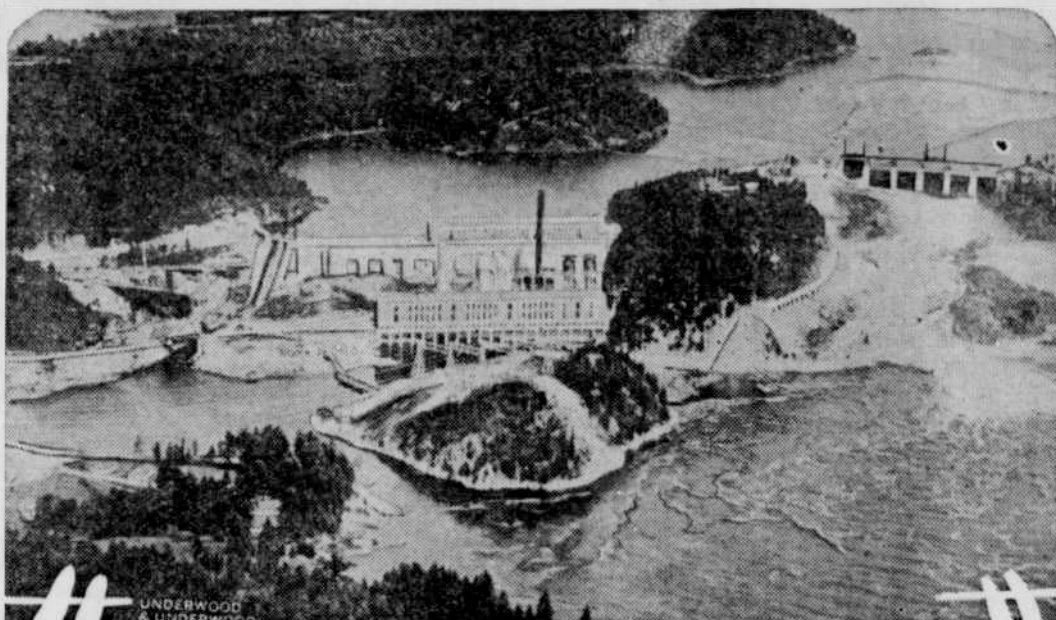
Don't quit on the job of life.

Don't say: "I'm through because I've got my share."

Keep producing until the last revolution of the wheels, till the last throb of the engine.

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View of One of the Largest Hydro-Electric Stations



An excellent air view of the new hydro-electric plant of the Gatineau Power company, near Panguan, Quebec—one of the largest hydro-electric stations on the continent. The power house is designed for 272,000 horse power in eight generators of 34,000 horse power each. The main dam is 917 feet long, backing up the river 30 miles and creating a head of 136 feet. Eventually the station will deliver 1,100,000,000 kilowatt hours a year.

GIRLIGAGERS



"The fact that beauty is only skin deep," says Meditative Meg, "doesn't put any premium on a thick skin."

Children's Story About Dogs

"ANIMALS have so many sensible ways which haven't at all," said Bruce, the dog.

"Not long ago a little girl came to see my mistress. She had been brought up abroad and she could not speak English.

"Now my mistress and she looked at each other and tried to talk, each in her own way, but neither of them could understand the way of the other.

"It was different with the dog. This little girl had a pet dog and the dog and I understood each other at once."

Billie Brownie chuckled with amusement.

"But even though I am amused," he said, "I do think you have very sensible ways, you animals."

"Yes," continued Bruce, "I think so, too. The dog and I had a beautiful time. We talked in our dog way and then we each asked the other about games we liked to play.

"We had a splendid frolic and lots of fun.

"When we were given goodies to eat and a fine bone apiece we thanked by wagging our tails and each of the little girls could understand us and our talk!

"When they tried to say anything like that they couldn't understand each other. And the more I thought of it the more it seemed to me so sensible that we animals can understand the language each other talks.

"All dogs understand the language of dogs. Dog language is what might be called a universal language, meaning that it can be understood all over the universe or world or country. Of

when spoken to in either language. "A dog can understand dog talk anywhere, though, as I have said several times. If a dog started to go traveling his friends would not say:

"Now can you make yourself understood in that foreign talk the dogs you meet will speak? Do you know enough words to get along?"

"No, they do not have to say such things to us. Wherever we go it will be all right.

"Wherever cats go it is the same way. They can meow in one land and can be understood as well as in another.

"It is the same with all the different creatures save humans. Ah, poor, poor humans!"

"They'd be glad to know they have your sympathy," Billie Brownie said. "I'll have to tell them about it."

"Do," said Bruce, "if you think it will be any comfort to them."

"And now I must be off, Billie Brownie. I have an engagement down at the Dogs' Luncheon Bone club at noon. It is almost that now.

"We all make speeches and say that we think there is no other place like ours and yet we say we must keep on and make it the finest town for dogs in any place around.

"Ah yes, we do things besides being interested in our bones! We think of how we can improve our fine home town and that's a splendid thing to do.

"But do tell the humans, if you think it will comfort them, that we do feel sorry for them when we think how many languages there are for them to know if they want to speak to people from other lands.

"And tell the children how sorry we are for them that they must study different languages instead of knowing one language as we dogs do—ah yes, tell them we send them our sympathy and an affectionate tail wagging."

So Billie Brownie went off with his messages and Bruce, the dog, went to his Dogs' Luncheon Bone club.

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"Quite All Right," said Billie Brownie. "You Needn't Apologize."

course you mustn't mind if I don't put my words in the right order. Dogs aren't overly particular and I trust Brownies are the same way."

"Quite all right," said Billie Brownie. "You needn't apologize."

"Thanks," said Bruce, "for I hate to apologize if the truth must be known."

"It doesn't have to be known in this case," said Billie Brownie, "but I am glad to know it just the same."

"Ah yes, dog talk can be understood everywhere by other dogs, and dogs, too, can understand the language of grown-ups in whatever country they happen to be living in," continued Bruce.

"True, if they live in one country they understand what the grown-ups of that country talk, but if the grown-ups speak more than one language the dogs can understand it, too.

"I know a little girl who has a nurse who speaks more than one tongue, and her dog can understand



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Desserts the Family Will Like

By NELLIE MAXWELL

"O, hemlock tree! O, hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches. Green not alone in summer time, but in the winter's frost and rime."

PRUNES are considered one of our wholesome fruits and they are especially recommended for the children. Served simply as stewed fruit with a dash of orange juice they are best. Prune whip is also good for the older members as well as the children of the family.

Prune Whip With Custard.

Pick over and wash twenty-four prunes, cover with cold water and let stand over night. In the morning cook without draining until tender, then remove the stones and rub through a sieve. To the pulp add one-half cupful of sugar, two table-spoonfuls of lemon juice, a grating of lemon rind and one-third of a teaspoonful of salt, then fold in the whites of six eggs. Turn the mixture into a buttered baking dish, set

into a granite baking dish of water and bake one-half hour. Serve with a boiled custard.

Nougat Ice Cream.

Mix four cupfuls of thin cream, three cupfuls of heavy cream, one cupful of milk. Boil one and one-half cupfuls of sugar and one-half cupful of water two minutes, cool and add to the cream. Add one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla and one-half teaspoonful of almond extract. Mix one-half cupful each of chopped walnuts or butternuts, add to the mixture and freeze. Pack in a mold and freeze. Let stand three to four hours to ripen.

Cracker Custard Pudding.

Soak three-fourths of a cupful of cracker crumbs in one quart of scalded milk, add one-third of a cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of butter, two eggs slightly beaten, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and one-half teaspoonful of salt with salt to taste.

Bake slowly one hour in a moderate oven. Spread with a meringue and serve with orange sauce.

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For the Goose and the Gander

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—

SCRATCH a vamp and you'll find a sleepin' mother. Scratch a mother and you'll find a sleepin' vamp.

Everybody knows the saying—Sweets to the Fat.

Poverty is no bar to love. But it certainly ain't exactly a drawin' card.

FOR THE GANDER—

A lotta guys has really believed they was marryin' a girl to save her from a worse fate.

A violinist makes a lot less noise than a boiler maker and gets a lot more money for it.

(Copyright.)

Chinese Types



Employees of the Shanghai-Nanking Railroad.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

SO MUCH misinformation, or rather lack of information, is extant in regard to the every-day characteristics of the Chinese that the present seems opportune to acquaint ourselves with the "man in the street" in China. In numbers he is second only to the agricultural class; in importance as a market for immediate foreign development he stands first.

In forming our opinions of things Oriental, either from a cultural or a commercial point of view, care should be taken in the selection of an informant.

Beware of the much-traveled acquaintance who, upon being asked what the Chinese or Japanese look like at home, tells us that "they all look alike" to him. His information does not extend beyond the resident foreigners, hotels, and steamers concerning which he always is ready to deluge us with a description applicable to any part of the globe.

A real man of affairs returning from the Orient would not refer to the Chinese or Japanese as "all looking alike" to him; he knows better; also, it is not politic. The Orientals resent having this phrase applied to them, feeling it more as a cultural than as a physical slight, an insult to their civilization and its antiquity, of which they are justly proud. Furthermore, because of their diverse occupations and intellectual attainments, they feel themselves differentiated from one another; hence the added offense in grouping them at random.

Our oriental friends, particularly the Chinese, have a physical and cultural individuality comparable with that of any other nation, albeit developed under a different civilization.

In China the variations of type from north to south are so marked that they might be likened to well-defined strata in a sedimentary geological formation having a slight disturbance in the central layers, the disturbance representing a social upheaval in the Yangtze valley. Upon close examination each stratum resolves itself into numerous less clearly defined secondary strata; in like manner the east and west racial belts are made up of numerous weakly defined groups.

Four Outstanding Types.

In coastal or mid-China, omitting the west or highlands, the following four distinct types or strata stand out between Manchuria on the north and Cochinchina on the south, or very roughly between Peking and Hongkong:

1. North of the Yellow river the Manchus predominate. They are a tall, large-boned, stolid type, with a dull facial expression.

2. South of the Yellow river, but within its basin, there has been sufficient admixture of the original Chinese element to modify somewhat the Manchurian characteristics. This type is not so tall, large-boned, or stolid as its northern neighbor. The features are more expressive and the vision is keener.

3. South of the Yellow river basin is the Yangtze valley, which up to the middle of the Nineteenth century contained a type, a distinct mean between the northern Manchut and the southern Chinese. The social upheaval caused by the Taipings unstabilized the existing blend and a new one is being evolved, medium in stature and inclining to the south in facial characteristics.

4. South of the Yangtze valley are the native Chinese, as distinguished from the Manchut or mixed races, culminating in their marked characteristics in the Cantonese. They have a slight, rather graceful stature, intelligent and mobile features, quick perception, and a profound contempt for the foreigner.

The type occupying the Yangtze valley is the largest, the most accessible, and probably the best known to the foreigner. In this large group there is far less homogeneity than in any one of the other three, and, generally speaking, this rather curious

fact may be traced to two entirely different causes—one natural, the other artificial.

The natural cause is the intermarriage for nearly 400 years of the northern, or Manchut, type with the southern, or Chinese.

Today the inhabitants of the lower reaches of the Yangtze basin are largely an average of all the former types between Siberia and Cochinchina and east of the Himalayas. Strange to say, this complex blend of several widely differing components does not vary greatly from the type of the days before the rebellion.

Adult Chinese, particularly women, are shy and superstitious, and greatly resent being photographed; even a liberal "cushaw" often fails to secure the good will of a desirable study. Happily, where money fails strategy sometimes succeeds. By facing at right angles to the objective, suspicion is allayed, and in the case of a folding camera, location in the finder is no more difficult.

Lack of self-consciousness is a Chinese characteristic. And yet this statement is relative. The upbringing of the Oriental and that of his neighbors is identical and has been standardized for centuries. Consequently in his own familiar environment from day to day there is nothing to startle him; all that life has to offer he has experienced. But were he forced unexpectedly to don western clothes, including morning coat and silk hat, and set about his duties, his discomfort would be just as great as would be ours attending to our affairs in coolie garb.

In large measure the Chinese are as much boulevardiers as the Parisians; in fact, they outvie the Parisians by having their entire meal in full view of the passing crowds.

Pushing a wheelbarrow in China is a dangerous occupation, many a broken rib and back resulting therefrom. This is so contrary to our own experience that to understand it we must have a conception of how a native wheelbarrow is constructed and handled, a high degree of specialization being involved in each.

The construction is somewhat as follows: the wheel, nearly a yard in diameter, is shod with a heavy, grooved tire to prevent skidding, an ever-present danger, and is placed centrally between two slatted platforms, each about three feet long and a foot wide, carried on a framework some inches above the axle. Part of the frame extends beyond the platform, ending in two strong handles; below is the usual pair of legs.

Operating the Wheelbarrow.

Operation of the wheelbarrow is somewhat complicated. Assume a load of cotton, one most difficult to manage. Two bales, half a ton, are securely roped onto the parallel platform. The coolie then enters the shafts, or handles, first slipping over them the loops of his strap, which is of such length that, with his shoulders straightened, the legs of the wheelbarrow clear the ground.

The handles are grasped with palms down, for remember, the shoulders carry the unbalanced load; the arms, assisted by the weight of the body, are exerted only in controlling the balance. The balance also may be accomplished by raising and lowering the shoulders and planting the feet firmly—a sort of emergency measure requiring a halt, and therefore seldom used, for every coolie knows that time out is money out.

The danger lies in having an upset, which frequently occurs through skidding; hence the heavy, grooved tire. Collisions, too, are common, as generally the coolie cannot see over his load.

Owing to the demands of the work, wheelbarrow coolies are generally recruited from a locality near Chin Kiang, on the Yangtze river, where the people, largely of Manchut stock, suffered little dispersion in the Taiping rebellion. They are larger and stronger, though less intelligent than their neighbors.

Self Hate Most Always the Worst Kind of Hate

By M. K. THOMSON, Ph. D.

SELF hate is not only possible; it is the worst kind of hate.

We hate in general when we fear the loss of some cherished possession. The degree of hate that we feel depends on how strongly we have attached ourselves to the thing that is taken from us or the degree of difference it makes in our life. The hate is directed toward the person or object responsible for our loss.

The function of hate is to kill and destroy or otherwise get rid of the cause for our misfortune and anguish of soul. Human beings react in this manner to objects as well as to persons; witness the common practice of kicking the door that one runs into in the dark.

In self hate we blame ourselves for robbing ourselves. The true self within, the one we really care for,

rises up and condemns the lower nature or that part of us which is keeping the real self from realizing his aims.

We hate ourselves when we have no one else to blame for our folly. Actual self hate is of course very extreme and means the complete breakdown of morale and self respect. The result is suicide or at least some form of the inferiority complex.

Ordinarily we save ourselves from this fate by shifting the blame of our failure to hard luck or unfavorable circumstances or to some other person, anything or anyone but ourselves.

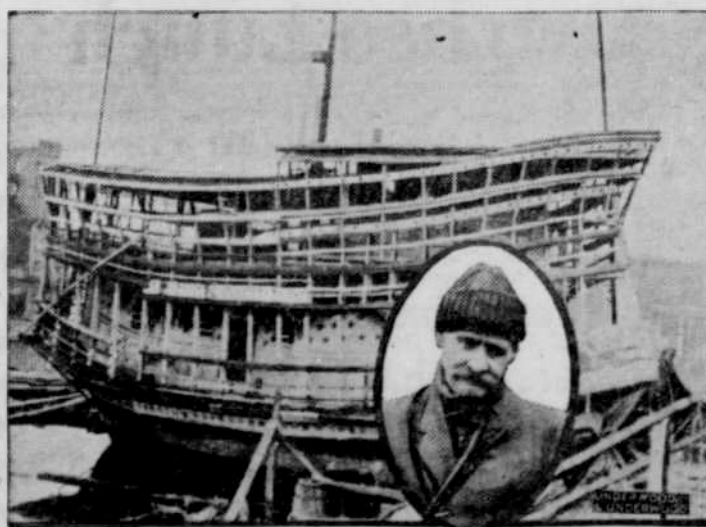
An ancient fable describes a man who was hard put to it for something to eat so he sold his clothes to buy food until he had disposed of everything except the undergarments and his overcoat. He chanced to see a bird of spring singing gaily and concluded that spring had come so he went and sold his overcoat. The next day it turned bitter cold. The unfortunate man went to see the bird of spring and found him on the ground dead and frozen stiff. He began to scold the poor bird, saying, "You are the cause of all my misfortune."

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Control Your Weight

Now, ladies and gentlemen, you can be thin or fat as you desire. But you must do your part. If you want to reduce eat more of your food in the morning. And if you want to increase your weight eat heavily in the evening. These are the conclusions of Frederick Hoesel, volunteer worker in the physiological laboratories of the University of Chicago.

HAS ARK READY FOR THE NEXT FLOOD



This is the "Ark" which William Greenwood of Olympia, Wash., (shown in inset) has built for his own personal use in the flood which he says will soon devastate the entire Pacific coast because of the wickedness prevailing there. It will carry no animals. The Ark is 80 feet long, 20 feet wide and 25 feet deep. It has no steering gear for Greenwood says "the good Lord will steer it."