

WORK SHOWS THE EQUALITY OF MAN

Nimble Fingers and Skill Give a Feeling of Littleness to the Average Observer:

By B. C. FORBES.

None of us need put on any airs about what we can do. There are so many things in the world that millions of people can do better than we could do them.

Every time I watch a capable man or woman at work I feel like raising my hat to them. Haven't you often felt that sense of littleness and humility and ignorance and awkwardness when you have stopped to look at other people working?

Walking down Wall Street yesterday I noticed a raw-looking Italian patching the street with macadam. How deftly he handled a heavy iron instrument! He first dropped the soft, warm material into the little hole, then beat it down vigorously, smoothed it out and made the edges taper until they were exactly level with the street—all with the same ponderous tool. He shaved off the surplus material as dextrously as a barber uses a razor.

Watching Trade Workers. Have you ever seen a silk weaver at work? Or have you ever watched girls or men wrapping cigars?

Have you ever seen a marine engineer crawl in among a moving mass of machinery, do some nimble adjusting—and come out alive?

Did you ever look on while a blacksmith shod horses?

Have you ever watched fish-gutters at work?

Or have you seen riveters working on piece-work, driving rivets into the sides of a ship in the making?

Haven't you ever felt a sense of inferiority when you have noted the rate at which expert typewriters can hit the right keys?

In the olden days I used to set up type by hand for nine solid hours a day—and all night extra once a week. The first day I saw the "comps." at work, it looked so simple—merely flipping a hand into tiny box-like divisions in a big "case," picking out a thin piece of metal, and placing it in a receptacle held in the left hand.

But when I was ordered to try and do it, what a difference. In my ignorance I had no respect for the ability of the compositor, but even a little knowledge taught me admiration for their skill. After two or three years I was still learning!

I was like the country cousin who, on a visit to the city, was taken to a concert where a world-famous violinist played. The city cousin, being an amateur violinist, was in raptures, and, when the master sat down, asked his companion: "Can you play the violin any?" "I don't know—I never tried," was the startling reply.

Try The Job Yourself. If you are ever tempted to become swelled-headed, to fancy that you are a very clever and superior being, that there are not many of your kind around, then just try to do the job of the very first person you encounter.

A navy will dip two shovels of dirt for your one; a gardener will prune a bush and improve it in the time you would ruin it with the same knife; a fisherman will make a fool of you at his trade in half an hour; a policeman will grab a runaway horse while you are scooting to safety; a farm hand will milk half a dozen cows before your clumsy fingers have more than succeeded in making the first cow angry; an ordinary housewife can do more things in a four-hour day than you could blunder through in a week; even a street urchin selling newspapers could teach you more wrinkles than you ever imagined were associated with his method of making a living.

The world's praises and applause have been going forth during the ages to exceptional people.

My conviction is that the common people, the rank and file, are to come to the front and occupy a larger place on the world's stage.

The European war promises to usher in an age of democracy.

Victims Of Battlefield? Who have fallen on the battlefield? Has any king or emperor or the son

of any king or emperor lost his life? Not one.

The struggle has been waged as never war was waged before, by the people, by the rank and file.

And who doubts that these same people, the real defenders of frontiers and of hearthstones, will now rise up and assert themselves? The ballot will soon take the place of the bullet.

And the same classes who were called upon to use bullets will henceforth use the ballot—and use it fearlessly in their own interest.

After all, no one of us is such a muchness—our Edisons and a few other servants of the whole human race excepted.

We are all made of ordinary clay. The lowest has much in common with the highest. We all come into the world the same way and we all go out of it when our breathing stops.

There is little occasion for stuck-upness, for priding ourselves on our mental, manual or financial superiority.

Wiseest Only Small Part. The wisest of us knows not a millionth part of the sum total of human knowledge.

Not a laborer or artisan walks the earth but could excel us in some sphere.

We may flatter ourselves that we fill a place in the world that but for us would be empty; the passing of not one of us would stanch the hands of time for the thousandth part of a second or leave the most infinitesimal vacuum.

Democracy, humanity, is to come into its own.

Even national divisions, I verily believe, are to be softened rather than sharpened.

Patriotism, I believe, is to melt into brotherhood.

The Mid-Week Programme at the Recognized Home of Worth-While Attractions.

The Harmony Boys—ARTHUR HUSKINS and DE WITT CAIRNS,

"When We've Wound Up The Watch on the Rhine."

the latest patriotic number from the London Hippodrome success, "Business as Usual."

"THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY"

(Sensational. Episode 18. Wonderful.)

"THE NEWS PICTORIAN"

(Interesting world events.)

"THIRD HAND HIGH"

(A thrilling drama of love and intrigue.)

"WILD WEST LOVE"

(Chester Gonklin in a Keystone.)

NOTE—FIRST SHOW WEDNESDAY EVENING AT 7 P.M. SHARP—THE NICKEL.

AT THE NICKEL

The love of one land and one people, I believe, is in the fulness of time to widen into love of all lands and all peoples, into love of the human race as one great, homogenous family.

No one individual and no one nation embodies all the virtues or all knowledge. We are all John Tamson's bairns.

How Leprosy Threatens Germany

The possibility that leprosy may spread over their land is the newest danger to threaten the German people as a result of the present war. Leading German scientists are giving serious consideration to the problem of devising ways and means of preventing the disease being brought into the country from Russia by returning troops and prisoners.

The dread disease is endemic—that is, more or less constantly present—in the Baltic provinces of Russia, where the German armies are now operating. It has existed there since the Middle Ages and although at one time it had nearly died out, it broke out again during the last century. In 1910 it was estimated that there were more than one thousand lepers in one of these Baltic provinces.

Extraordinary precautions have always been taken by the German authorities to prevent the disease being brought across the line which separates Russia from Germany. Travelers and immigrants are subjected to careful medical examination at the frontier and any person showing the slightest indications of leprosy is at once interned.

These precautions are all well enough in time of peace, but they avail little now when more than 300,000 German troops are occupying Russian territory where lepers abound and where there is no systematic segregation of them by the Government.

Leprosy is feebly but surely contagious for some individuals. If only one soldier in 10,000 of those exposed contracts the disease, it will be a grave matter, for after the war these sufferers will be scattered all over Germany.

In their efforts to save soldiers from this danger, the army medical officers are constantly cautioning the troops to keep away from lepers and from houses where they are known to have lived. They are also being urged to fight the vermin which are believed to spread the disease by sprinkling their uniforms with naphthalin or powdered cresol.

To Conquer Typhoid? The United States Public Health Service issues a bulletin to cheering humanity on the subject of the justly dreaded typhoid fever. This department believes it possible and even probable that the disease may be eliminated from consideration in 15 years.

"If immunization," says the department, "attains the general recognition that smallpox prevention has obtained, typhoid fever will be a rare disease by 1930, and many of the physicians of today will live to see the time when the infection will be no longer common."

Employees of the government, both in Washington and in the field, have been very anxious to obtain the immunization treatment, and have popularized it greatly. A circular issued by the Treasury Department telling where immunization may be obtained has proved to be very much sought after. At least 100,000 persons were immunized in 1914 and it is expected that the total for 1915 will be about 300,000.

"During the four months of 1898 there were more than 4000 cases of typhoid among 10,000 soldiers encamped in Florida," observes the Public Health Service. "In 1911, among 20,000 men similarly encamped, there were but two cases. If such a degree of immunity can be harmlessly conferred upon a body of men living under adverse conditions and whose age renders them susceptible, the conclusion is that protection can just as easily be afforded ordinary citizens."

There is no doubt about the practical disappearance of smallpox in this country. If typhoid can be as fully conquered, the world will have good cause for rejoicing.

Lick the Kaiser—And the War Stamps

No doubt we'll lick the Kaiser. (The gods speed on the day.) Fair freedom's vile despiser— 'Tis e'er the tyrant's way.

And we who by a trifle Are not accounted fit To handle sword or rifle, May yet perform our bit.

For 'tho our hands and pedals Can't fight or take long tramps, Our tongues may win us medals By licking well "war stamps."

O yes, we'll lick the Kaiser Who has so long retained Satan for his adviser

By whose arts he has reigned; For forty years and over Has he prepared for war. Thinking to enter Dover

By Calais's open door; O'er Belgium he would trample, Knock France and Russia dead, For in his heart did rankle

The hate that turned his head. We'll lick the German Kaiser If we but trust in God— Stronger than men, and wiser, He breaks the tyrant's rod; On Him is our reliance, He will maintain the right, We'll bid our foes defiance, And conquer in the fight, But we who are prevented From filling soldiers' camps Will have to be contented By licking more war stamps.

Written "somewhere" in Canada by —Bill Bert.

Spaniards Organize New Steamship Line

Madrid, Spain, Sept. 15.—Announcement is made here that a new steamship line between Spain and the United States is to be established. The steamers will ply directly between Vigo and New York. It is said King Alfonso will give his support to the enterprise, and that it has also received influential backing in New York.

The new line will provide a shorter route between the two countries than any now in operation. The distance is 2,888 miles.

Mme. Koudachef, well known as an explorer, has been attached to the Russian scout service. She rides the same horse upon which she made her famous trip from Vladivostok to Petrograd.

J.J. St. John

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