

What You Can Be

If I should say to you that you had already done the biggest thing possible to you, that from now on you would begin to decline, that your achievements never again would reach the high-water mark you have already registered, you would feel insulted. And you would be right, my friend. No one knows better than you do that you haven't yet put forth your biggest effort. There is something in you which tells you that you have not yet measured up to the level of your highest gift; that you have not yet brought out the giant in you.

But what are you waiting for? Why don't you begin to do the big thing you dream of doing some day? Aren't you about tired of letting that little fellow in you, that mediocre man, get your living for you? Aren't you ashamed of the reputation he is making for you, doing such little things when you know perfectly well that there is an infinitely bigger man in you who has power to do infinitely bigger things? Aren't you about tired of going through life tagged by this little fellow who is doing substitute work for the giant that is in you?

That vision which grips your heart, my friend, that longing of your soul to do some thing worth while, that dream of high achievement which haunts your imagination, is not a mere fantasy, a whimsical unreality, it is a prophecy of the big things you can do if you get your higher self to work for you. The thing you see in your dreams is a divine exhibition of the thing that you were intended to do in life, that you are fitted to do.

If you could only be introduced to the man you were intended to be, my friend, the larger, grander man you feel beating beneath the little fellow you have so far developed, you would be amazed at the revelation. I doubt if you would recognize him as your possible self; he would be so much bigger and stronger, so much abler than the weak, insignificant fellow back of your job, that you would say to yourself, "Why, that can't be me, it must be somebody else!"

Now, if you want to realize that vision which haunts you, you must change your mental picture of yourself. You must enlarge and improve your model of yourself. Don't hold the dwarf ideal of yourself any longer in your mind. Every time you visualize yourself, picture the man you would like to be, the man you long to be. Don't picture your defects, your deficiencies, or weaknesses, visualize the man you are capable of becoming, the strong, self-confident, able man that matches your vision of your ambition. Say to yourself, "I will bring out that possible me this year; I will put the giant in me to work and I will realize my vision. I will be what I can be."

THE FALL OF THE ARMATURE

No one employed about the Suller Electric Works knew precisely why Jim Madden held a grudge against Rob Martin. It might have been because Rob was a "Tech" student employed in the works during his holidays only, or because he "kept himself to himself," as Madden remarked, or because Rob always washed himself before going home from work, or simply because Jim was Jim, a strong youth noted for "pure cussedness," while Rob was Rob, a youth who did not look so strong and did look very amiable.

With great impartiality the workmen watched Jim "picking on Rob," for they disliked Jim and they were suspicious of Rob, the "rich man's son." What was he working for? It did not seem natural. Wanted to learn the business thoroughly, did he? And when he had learned it, would he not be just one more of those per-
sonal expert bosses who make things uncomfortable for workmen by knowing too much? They liked Rob personally, but they viewed him as one of a different species, and if he could not defend himself against Jim Madden, what business was it of theirs?

If Rob did not defend himself, he at least did not seem to suffer from Jim's gibes. He was placid when Jim addressed him as "Tech-noodle," placid when Jim sneered at "dudes that wear yellow shoes," and provocatively placid when Jim, proceeding from pleasantness to attempted assault, somehow failed to dig his elbow into Rob's ribs. They were working at the same bench when this occurred.

Jim glared at Rob and soon tried again to give him an elbow punch. This time a strange thing happened, for Rob moved his elbow as Jim "crowded," and the youth whose ribs suffered was Jim. He gasped and stared, the workmen on the other side of the bench grinned and laughed, and all the time Rob was apparently as placid as before.

For this Jim must be revenged. That afternoon, as a dozen employees, including the two boys, were going home across the vacant lots that lay between the works and the town, Jim amused himself by tossing burdock burs against Rob's rough clothing.

Each big burr stuck beautifully, but only for a moment, for Rob patiently picked them off as fast as Jim threw

them on. When at last the elder boy wearied of the sport, Rob had nearly a double handful massed together. Jim shouldered alongside of Rob then, lifted his cap in derisive imitation of Rob's way of bowing to a lady, and inquired, "Well, what's his mammy's boy going to do with the burs?"

"This!" said Rob, and with both hands he clapped the whole mass on Jim's hair.

How the men laughed! "He's too smart for you Jim!" "He can lick you, too, Jim!" "Best keep yourself to yourself, Jim!" were some of the comments for the men would have liked to start a fuss, and for this, too, Jim was determined to be revenged!

It took quarter of an hour to closing time the next afternoon when Rob's foreman came to the bench and said, "Martin, I want you and a couple more to help me bring out the rest of those armatures in the 'dry,' as they called the best room in which armatures are kept until the insulation is dried."

"All right, I'll be there in half a minute," said Rob briskly, and the foreman turned away to another part of the floor.

Though Rob at once secured a truck and began to move the lighter armatures, the whistle blew before the work was finished.

"Let the rest go till to-morrow, Martin," said the foreman, coming up to the "dry" for a moment, and then, hurrying off, amid the tramping of many heavy feet.

Rob had just laid hold of an armature, and as he was not one to stop in a half-finished job he kept hold. Then the door closed suddenly, and Rob could scarcely hear the sound of retreating footsteps.

"Hello, there, I'm locked in!" he shouted.

There was no opening for ventilation in the room, and thick tinted walls wholly inclosed him. His utmost strength could not force it. Here was a trap, indeed!

The temperature in the dry room was one hundred and forty degrees, and steadily increasing! It was a huge oven. He must soon die if no escape could be effected. But Rob did not surrender.

Tearing off coat and waistcoat, he plunged against the door—in vain. Then he dropped, trembling and exhausted, on the floor, where he lay for a time, gasping for breath. The air at the floor was less heated.

The rest relieved him somewhat. Staggering to his feet, he groped again for some means of escape.

The temperature of the room was rising. He might perhaps live for hours, but he was sure he must soon lose consciousness, and if not released

Then You've Never Had a Chance!

- If your skies have been overcast with clouds and you've never seen the blue;
- If your days were filled with pain and woe; and the blame is not on you;
- If your heart has aimed at happiness but has hit remorse in lieu—Then you've never had a chance!
- If you've always done the best you could and they "fired" you for it, too;
- If you've sought for Opportunity but it never came in view;
- If disaster's hand has wrecked your life, though misfortune's not your due—Then you've never had a chance!
- If the world has knocked you all about and has always done it, too;
- If a thousand men have done you wrong, not a single friend been true;
- If you've never got a kindly smile for a million smiles from you—Then you've never had a chance!

Birthright

In the dim gray hour of pregnant morn;
In a cot and a palace, babes were born,
And I saw the Fates as they came to bring
To each his birthright offering.

For one were wealth and lineage spread,
And aloof silks hung around his bed,
"How blest!" I heard his nurses croon;
They said, "He is born with a golden spoon."

The other came to a cabin bare,
Dearth and poverty harbored there,
And only a toiler's hollowed mail,
With ax and wedge, lay against the wall.

But had I choice of a weapon strong
To hew life's way through the battle throng—
God wot, I'd rather the pauper's boon
Of mail and ax, than a golden spoon.

THE MOST USEFUL THING YOU OWN

MOST WONDERFUL IS IMAGINATION.

"Your Old Men Shall Dream Dreams and Your Young Men Shall See Visions."

It is his imagination that distinguishes man from the brute. It is the power of man to call up images, figures, acts, to foresee consequences, that makes him what he is.

"Think for a moment about this word 'imagination.' It means the power of creating images in the mind; the power of reproducing old images, once stored in the mind; the marvelous power of combining images already stored there; the marvelous and god-like power of creating images there. When one imagines a thing that will come true, or may come true, he has seen a vision, as the old prophet Joel foretold that he would.

To dream dreams is a little different from seeing visions. One dreams idly, sometimes. The pictures come and go through the brain, whether it is sleeping or waking. But to see the vision one must be fully awake, he must have in his mind a set of images, a set of memories, if you will. They must be related to each other—they must affect each other—they must produce causes—these causes lead to results, thus there is action and reason and logic in the vision.

All great things come from first seeing visions, from dreaming dreams and believing in them so fervently that one makes them come true.

Men often laugh at others because they say that they are "visionary" or have "too much imagination." No one can be too visionary, so that he trains his vision aright. No one can have too much imagination, so that he trains or uses his imagination aright. And this also applies to farming—your farming—as well as to anything else.

Nearly all the evil in the world comes from lack of imagination, lack of foreseeing results of acts. Think of this a little. Would any man commit murder if he could, or would, sit down calmly and consider the act that he was about to commit?—if he would think only of the dreadful deed itself, the taking away of that marvelous thing, life, the horror of sending another soul suddenly into death, the terror of contemplating the dead that he had murdered; and then the sorrow that would follow as the dead man's friends mourned his loss, the children maybe left fatherless, the weeping wife, and afterward all the years of repentance, of hopeless shame, and the terror of being always looked upon as an outcast and a murderer? Is

The Time Will Come—

When everybody will know that selfishness always defeats itself.

When to get rich by making others poorer or injuring their getting-on chance will be considered a disgrace.

When the Golden Rule will be regarded as the soundest business philosophy.

When the same standard of morality will be demanded of men as of women.

When all true happiness will be found in doing the right.

When the business man will know that his best interests will be the best interests of the man at the other end of the bargain.

When all hatred, revenge, and jealousy will be regarded as boomerangs which inflict upon the thrower the injury intended for others.

When a man who seeks amusement by causing pain or taking the life of innocent dumb creatures will be considered a barbarian.

When every man will be his own physician, and will carry his own remedy with him—when mind, not medicine, will be the great panacea.

When men will realize that there can be no real pleasure in wrongdoing, because the sting and pain that follow more than outweigh the apparent pleasure.

When it will be found that repression and punishment are not reformative, and our prisons will be transformed into great man-building and woman-building institutions.

When it will be found that physical and chemical forces were intended to release man from physical drudgery,

and emancipation from the burden of living-getting, so that he can make a life.

When no man will be allowed to say that the world owes him a living, since the world owes him nothing that he should not pay for. It owes a living only to cripples, invalids, children and all others who can not help themselves.

When the "grafter" and promoter who fatten upon an unsuspecting public, wear purple and fine linen and live in luxury, will be meted out the same measure of justice as the vulgar foot-ped receiver who knocks a man down and picks his pockets.

When the "best society" will consist of men and women of brains, culture, and achievement, rather than those whose chief merit and distinction lie in the possession of unearned fortunes which they make it the business of their lives to squander.

When a man will be ashamed to harbor such an unworthy ambition as the accumulation of an unwieldy fortune, merely for the sake of being rich; when no woman will live simply to dress and waste her time in a round of idle and exhausting pleasures, or what she has hypnotized herself into believing are pleasures.

When the human drone who eats the bread and wears the clothes he has never earned, who consumes the products of others' struggles and triumphs, who lives in luxury by the sweat of others' brows and on others' sacrifices and ruined ambitions, will be looked upon as an enemy of the race and will be ostracized by all decent people.

The Best Rules for Success

Keep in good physical condition. Much of one's success depends upon his energy and his energy is dependent to a great extent on his physical condition. If he is blessed with good physique, he has a great advantage, but he is not necessarily at a great disadvantage if he is not strong physically. Theodore Roosevelt, as a boy, was a weakling, but he became a man of powerful physique. So, if a young man has a strong physique, he must keep it strong. If he is not fortunate enough to have a strong body he must begin to build it up.

He must have care for his personal appearance. This may seem superficial, but it must be remembered that when a boy seeks employment, practically all that the prospective employer has to judge by is his personal appearance. You may have the finest of mental and moral qualities, but these qualities may be nullified, in the mind of another who does not know you, simply because you present a slovenly appearance. If you had started in business and your employer

realized your real worth, that is no reason why you should neglect your personal appearance. The first impression you make is a lasting one. Be thrifty. It is not a mere act of putting away money for future use, which makes the habit of thrift so valuable; it is the other characteristics which this habit involves. A man who thinks far enough ahead to set aside a small part of his weekly pay as insurance against the uncertainty of the future, is at the same time cultivating in his own mind powers of self-control, foresight, orderly thinking and business acumen. These qualities furnish a direct road to business success.

These three rules alone will not lead to success in business, but they are strong helps, and in these days of keen competition for every worth while position in the business world, no helpful hints should be regarded lightly. The man who does not care need not pay attention to them, but the man who does care ought to follow them.

help others from the same visions, if the young man can see himself far ahead, can get clearly the ideal of what he may be, of what it is his privilege, his right to be, and work toward that, then will our laughing girls and bright-eyed boys begin to grow into the strong, sweet, courageous men and women that God meant them to be.

We live too lightly, most of us, too much without purpose in the world. We need the awakening that the prophet Joel foretells in his wonderful words:

"And it shall come to pass afterwards that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions."

They Kept On.

They on the heights are not the souls Who never erred nor went astray; Who trod unswerving toward their goals.

Along a smooth, rose-bordered way, Say—those who stand where first comes dawn.

Are those who stumbled but went on, They who have reached the dizzy crags And not the ones whose paths were peace;

Whose lives nor hunger knew, nor rage; Who never prayed for want's succorance. No, they who to the crags have gone. Are those who weakened but went on.

When on the silvered clouds you see A name engraved, as the one Who has transcended you and me In that which he has sought and won, Know this: O'er stony ways he's gone;

But when he stumbled, he went on.

Ever the Scapegoat.

Teacher observed that, although all the other pupils had departed, one youngster was hanging about.

"What's the matter, Harry?" she asked. "I don't remember ordering you to remain after school hours. You may go home now."

"I don't want to go home," said Harry. "There's a new baby at our house."

Teacher smiled. "Why," she exclaimed, "you ought to be glad of that. A dear little baby—"

Whereupon Harry interrupted vehemently with:

"I ain't glad. Pa'll blame me. He blames me for everything that happens at our house."

His Only Grievance.

"Who is the indignant caller?" "One of our prominent citizens," said the editor of The Townville Clarion, "who gave an interview to our local reporter and expressly stipulated that his name must not appear in print."

"Then it evidently got into the paper."

"Yes, and he's mad because it was spelled wrong."

The "Ducking Chair."

The Ducking Chair was used in olden times for the punishment of scolding women. The culprit was fastened into a chair attached to a sort of derrick. By its means she was lowered into the water and raised again after her cold bath.

A Ducking Chair may still be seen in lod Fordwick, on the Stour river, not far from Canterbury, in England.

Portuguese is the language of about 30,000,000 people.

Ten Points for the Worker

- 1.—Honor the chief. There must be a head to everything.
- 2.—Have confidence in yourself and make yourself fit.
- 3.—Harmonize your work. Let sunshine radiate and pentrate.
- 4.—Handle the hardest job first each day. Easy ones are a pleasure.
- 5.—Do not be afraid of criticism—criticize yourself often.
- 6.—Be glad and rejoice in the other fellow's success—study his methods.
- 7.—Do not be misled by dislikes. Acid ruins the finest fabric.
- 8.—Be enthusiastic—it is contagious.
- 9.—Do not have the notion that success means money making.
- 10.—Be fair and do at least one decent act every day in the year.

THE PARLIAMENT OF SCIENCE

ROMANTIC STORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

The Oldest and the Most Distinguished Scientific Institution of the World.

Although little known to the general public the Royal Society is the world's premier scientific institution.

Professor Sherrington, the eminent physiologist, has just been elected as its new President—the greatest honor in the scientific world. To have earned the right to append the letters "F.R.S."—Fellow of the Royal Society—to one's name is to be admitted a scientist of the highest distinction.

The Royal Society was organized some two hundred and seventy-five years ago, when various doctors, philosophers, and mathematicians met in the Bull's Head Tavern, Chancery Lane, London, to discuss "physics, anatomy, astronomy, navigation, magic, mathematics, and experiments," to quote the earliest records.

Christopher Wren, John Evelyn and Dr. Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester, were among the earliest debaters, and were instrumental in arousing the interest of Charles II, who granted the Society a valuable charter, arms, and a muse.

The King took the greatest interest in the Society, although he had a fondness for upsetting the dignity of the members at times by making the learned philosophers recant, such as: "Why is married life superior to the wife than to the husband?"

Roll of Members.

A treasured possession of the Society is the Charter Book, wherein, after election, the Fellows inscribe their names. It is a folio volume, bound in crimson velvet with gold clasps and corner-pieces. The autograph portion opens with the signature "Charles II, Founder." "James, Fellow" (i.e., the Duke of York, afterwards James II) and "Rupert, Fellow," Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queen Anne, signed, but the Queen never did. Queen Victoria inscribed her name in 1832, being the only woman on this historic roll.

This book presents a collection of autographs unequalled in the world. The membership of the Royal Society is about four hundred and fifty, only fifteen persons being elected annually. The competition for membership is very keen, the candidates averaging about sixty every year. Only men highly distinguished in science

and exploration stand a chance of election, although now and again individuals who have rendered indirect service to the cause of science are admitted. A notable instance was the election of Viscount Grey in 1914.

Help for Explorers.

Every year Parliament makes a grant of £5,000 to the Royal Society for scientific investigations and exploration. It was responsible for Captain Cook's historic voyages and since those days it would be difficult to specify a scientific expedition which has not been equipped under the advice of the Royal Society. The latest illustration of its activities is the wonderful journey which the Rev. John Roscoe made under the Society's auspices into East Africa, where he made extraordinary discoveries regarding the life and customs of little-known people.

The investigations of the Royal Society into tropical diseases, such as the dread sleeping sickness, malaria, yellow fever, and plague, have also resulted in much valuable knowledge.

For many years the Royal Society's headquarters were in Crane Court, Fleet Street. Later quarters were assigned to it at Somerset House, and finally the Society migrated to Burlington House, with its wonderful library of 100,000 volumes, portrait galleries and other treasured records.

"Me and the Prince."

The secretary of King George tells an amusing story in a British weekly about one of His Majesty's body servants. The servant was explaining to the secretary an incident that had recently taken place.

"Me and the prince," he began, when the King's secretary stopped him.

"You should say 'the prince and I,' he observed.

The man gazed at him for a moment and then replied:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I did not know you were there at all. However, you and me and the prince—"

Belgian Toy-makers.

About one-half the employees in the toy shops in Belgium are women and girls above 16 years of age. They are paid from 1.10 to 1.50 francs per hour for an eight-hour day, with Saturday afternoon off.

Chinese Raised Dogs for Food.

Among the Chinese, a particular species of dog is reared for the table. The flesh of black dogs is preferred to that of animals of another color on account of the greater amount of nutriment it is supposed to possess.

World's Oldest Industry.

Ceylon's pearl fisheries are believed to be the world's oldest industry, as they have been carried on for more than 30 centuries.