

HAVE IT RIGHT

It was in the days of Nelson—or Drake.

The ship-builder looked at a piece of timber and saw it had a worm in it.

"Never mind," said he to himself, "Nobody's likely to see it. It'll do."

So he fixed it in with the others in the hull of the ship, and nobody ever saw it. Some because they weren't there and others because they were too drowned. The worm and its posterity had done it.

That story may be true or it may not. It doesn't matter. If it isn't true in detail, it's true in general sense. Your yourself do what that shipbuilder did—as innocently, as carelessly. Others suffer. You too, sometimes.

You don't always have it right, but sometimes you're content with "near enough" or "it'll do." There is no "near enough" really. Either a thing is as it ought to be or as it ought not to be. One or the other.

You can't "nearly" be a boss or "nearly" be an errand boy. You've got to be one or the other and to be that one right through.

We heard a lot about "The fraud of the Label" some years ago, and perhaps there isn't so much of it now—on bottles and cases. But what about yourself? Are you a walking fraud of the label, or are you first quality goods right up to sample?

If you applied for a situation you would probably stick in the same old tag, "If you are good enough to engage me I shall do my best to further the interests of the firm," or something even more jammy than that.

That's the label you don't line up to.

You may do a lot. You may even do more than you're expected to. But you don't do that which is absolutely your best. You are content to give what you think is value for money and there you stop. And there you're likely to stop.

When you are a student at school doing your exercises you get them as near right as you can, conveniently, without too much trouble. The teacher writes across it "Fair," "Very Fair," or "Good," and you proudly take it home where you find parents foolish enough to say "How clever."

But it isn't your best. You know you haven't it right, and just a little more effort would have got you an "Excellent" mark.

Have it right. Never mind the trouble, but have it right.

You grow up and begin to earn money and live by patching. Your work looks right to one who doesn't know too much about it, but it isn't what it looks. It isn't absolutely indisputably right, and so it's wrong.

There's right and there's wrong and what isn't right is wrong. Right is perfect and all else is wrong. Have it right. Never mind the trouble, but have it right.

You get to the top of the tree because in the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king. You are still followed by "It'll do," the curse of your younger years.

An advertisement of yours. It doesn't quite appeal to you as the best that is possible, but it is late in the day and you are tired. "It'll do." Well it wasn't the worst possible and it brings you a profit of £10.

So you are satisfied and say to yourself "How clever." What a fraud you are. A month ago an advertisement that cost you the same brought you a profit of ten times as much.

A man is working for you and you examine the result of his labour. It isn't quite what you know it ought to have been but it might have been worse. So "it'll do."

You corrupt yourself and you corrupt him. Your will gets flabbier every time you do a silly trick of that sort and he is encouraged to give what is not his best but what will just do. You, in trying not to hurt his feelings, have started him on a downward path and it's much if he doesn't end as a contractor to the War Office.

If you don't have it right all the time you're simply going about making everybody you meet as bad as yourself.

Why do you want to consider other people's feelings so much? You'd do them more good if you took less trouble to make them self-satisfied. Self-satisfaction is no great help to anyone's career. It's much more important they should see their deficiencies and put them right.

HOW I LOST MY FIRST JOB

While the world was yet so new to me that my eye had no cast of suspicion in looking on, I was given employment at a portable sawmill. My duty was to pump water into a barrel which fed the boiler.

During the first day I began to think. During the second day I explained my plans to the "boss." On the third day we began to work on them as our spare moments permitted, and by noon of the fourth day my little world was a realization: a long pole pivoted in the centre of the post, with one end connected by an arm to a crank on the end of the shaft that drove the sawdust drag, the other end being connected to the suction rod of the pump.

It worked to perfection, and it was my own child. No great engineer was ever so proud of his achievements. I spent all afternoon strutting about with an oil can in my hand and my little heart expanding with the extasy of watching that rude piece of machinery work. Would six o'clock never come? Then I could run home and tell my mother of my wonderful creation, and what a jolly time I should have all vacation, just watching it make money for me!

At six o'clock the "boss" came to me and said: "Billy, our contrivance seems to work all right. I'll not need you any longer."

Sudden death would have been more merciful.

I demanded my wages.

"No," he said. "I never give money to children. I'll pay your father."

My poor father's life was only spared thirty-eight years after I was discharged, consequently the "boss" still owes me the bill.

Since then I have put in several labor-saving devices that worked well, but it was only my first that ever kicked me out of my job.

W.H.A.

A BARGAIN

The N.W. quarter of 6-23-12 W. 2nd, about 50 acres cultivated, school on quarter, log buildings.

Also N.E. quarter of 23-19-12 W. 2nd. Qu-Appelle River touches this; about fifty acres cultivated, log buildings.

Either of these quarters to be sold on small cash payments, balance crop payments. \$20 per acre.

254 ft. on Bannerman Street in the city, close to car line. Only \$10 per foot. Easy terms.

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