

REAL ESTATE?

It is a comprehensive occupation that offers the ambitious boy several distinct and profitable lines of advancement. How he may break into the business, and how he may advance along several lines. The remuneration of various positions. The possibilities of getting into profitable business for himself.

BY C. W. JENNINGS.

WHILE you have been thinking over the problem of your boy's life work, has it occurred to you that the apparently well known real estate business might be just the thing?

But don't think for a moment that all your boy would have to do after he got started in this line of endeavor would be to buy and sell lots; for, though that is an important phase of the business, and one, to make a high success, requiring much ability, modern advancement has raised the real estate business to such importance as to embrace the best efforts in a large number of distinct specialties. So in this truly comprehensive occupation will be found such a variety of work that, after he is started in it, your boy can develop his choice of several lines of work, each of which may lead on to a good sized competence, perhaps a fortune.

There is no special preliminary education that would be of particular value to a boy taking up real estate for his lifework, and more than all the general learning he can acquire. Even the schools and colleges have not seen fit to take up real estate as a branch of learning, all that is being done in a direct educational way being a few courses taught by the Young Men's Christian association in some of the large cities, and a few more or less complete correspondence courses.

So a boy's only chance to learn the business is to go right at it and get a job with a real estate firm. Of course the larger the firm, the greater variety of opportunities he will have to advance, and some of them are great enough to take him to the very top of the profession.

His first job will be that of ordinary office youth at a salary of four or five dollars a week, if the candidate should be particularly young and inexperienced, or, if he has gone through high school and can write and figure pretty well, he might be put on at a minor clerkship at eight or ten dollars a week, or even might start in as a stenographer or typist.

Your boy, of course, will wish to get a general knowledge of the business before he attempts to take up any particular line, and so he will likely go through some or all of the different stages of filing clerk, record clerk, auditor's clerk, mortgage clerk, etc., being promoted from time to time, till, after three to five years, he will be getting \$18 to \$25 a week. He can stick to the clerical end and become a chief clerk of one of the departments at say as much as \$35 weekly.

In the meantime, however, if he desires to get out of the purely office end, he will be picking up pointers on outside work, and, perhaps, he learning how to sell and buy lots. There is more in this than appears at first thought, for the qualities that make a successful book agent are not enough to make a successful real estate salesman.

To sell lots successfully, your boy must know pretty much everything that enters into a variety of things that don't appear on the surface. He must, for instance, have a good acquaintance with the general values of property in the neighborhood; the cost of various obvious improvements that have to be made; the price of adjoining and nearby property; street improvements and assessments; what will be charged to make connections with sewer and gas mains; the facilities and cost of the prospective owner getting to his place of business; advice as to the cost and difficulty of getting a mortgage on the property, etc., etc. In addition, he must have the ability of a salesman; for, granted that he can furnish all these details, he still has to convince the caller that the particular piece of property under consideration is just the one he wants; and then your boy has to deal with the seller, who may be an uncompromising individual.

A first class salesman, generally speaking, will earn anywhere from \$3,000 up to \$15,000 or more a year in commissions. Some become so proficient that they scorn all other lines of work and offers of salary and stick to selling real estate until they accumulate the stake to retire on.

The other lines open to your boy? Well, almost every phase of this business is a specialty. He must know all the details about unimproved property. This may be suburban lots, which it is desired to acquire in big chunks for the purpose of making improvements and selling as improved property. Then he has to know how to advertise and

make opportunities to unload the property after it is improved. He must know the cost of building apartment houses, and the attractive features of various modern improvements in such dwellings so as to lure tenants to them. He must be a student of the trend of traffic, so as to appraise office buildings and the value of land adapted to such purposes. Factory sites, transportation facilities, tenements, stores, boulevards, parks, small farms (including the adaptability of the soil for agricultural purposes), the trend of population of various classes, the probability of this particular section becoming a residence or a business section—all this has to be within his ken; and, if the customer should wish to build a store or a house or an office building or an apartment house or a factory, he must be ready to tell him glibly of the cost, and the formalities to be gone through, and the probable revenues, and the taxes, and details about possible loans.

All this enters into the real estate business, as well as other specialties, such as civil engineering and laying out and grading the property; various phases of finances, such as raising money and mortgages, and financial returns, such as rents, etc.; probable cost of administration, including janitors, porters, scrubwomen, firemen, etc.; the cost and consumption of coal; the cost and placing of fire insurance, most of the big operating companies placing insurance on the property they handle; the placing of mortgages, etc. Then there are companies that take a suburban wilderness and turn it into a habitable section, lay out the ground and erect buildings—work which requires close acquaintance with building regulations and real estate laws—and employ their own architects and building superintendents and civil and constructive engineers.

What are the initial steps your boy has to go through before he can take a leading part in all this maze of industry? Well, he goes from a \$20 a week clerkship in one of the office ends to one of the specialties, and becomes a chief clerk in that. Then, as he has displayed particular ability in one direction, he is made assistant to one of the superintendents at \$30 or so weekly; then becomes a construction superintendent, or head of a civil engineering corps, or a head rental or sales agent, or building superintendent, or auditor, or chief accountant, and will be paid from \$3,000 to \$8,000 a year, according to the importance of the company he has connected himself with.

If he elects to remain with the company, the next step will be a managership at increased salary, and, eventually, the presidency perhaps. Also, he may possibly become a leading stockholder. Or, at some stage of his progress, he may go into business on his own account, starting at buying or selling a lot or two, or take up the rental business. Many young men have made their start in securing the agency for collecting rents and managing apartment houses on commission, and in time making this a specialty, have developed an extensive business.

In any event, the young man who takes up real estate in earnest stands a reasonably fair chance to succeed in some one of the various lines, and to succeed perhaps in a big way.

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Georgia's Wealth in Pecans.

A dispatch from Albany published recently in the Constitution indicated that within the last four months 15,000 acres of pecan lands had been sold in and around Dougherty county.

Preparations are under way for planting this tremendous area in the toothsome nut that promises so large a revenue to Georgia.

The problem regarding this especial industry has lately changed from one of a selling nature to one of getting lands to sell.

At present, it is said, there is an actual famine of pecan lands readily available.

To be sure there are still large unoccupied tracts in the pecan belt, but the owners foresee the possibilities of tremendous development and are in no hurry to rush their holdings on the market.

Within only comparatively recent years has the country awakened to Georgia's potentialities with regard to pecans.

Now it is common knowledge among investors that orchards properly tended—and the expense of so doing is small—return dividends beside which many other crops are negligible.

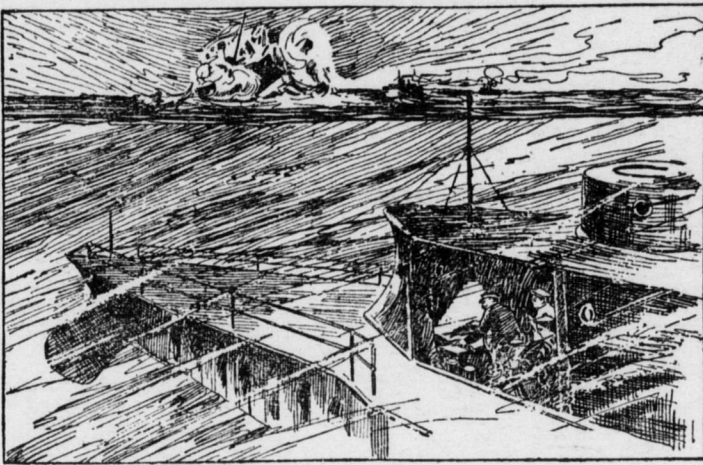
It is logical that in course of time the pecan will become one of the state's best revenue producers.

The pecan, moreover, is only one item. Georgia has plenty more such as her back to inspire the activities of the Greater Georgia association and other organizations engaged in the mission of development.—Atlanta Constitution.

Counting the Side Tracks.

When side tracks are taken into account, we have more railroad mileage than all the rest of the world.

DANGER IN THE SUBMARINE



THE DESTRUCTIVE SUBMARINE

EVER since submarines were first introduced brainy men have been at work devising methods by which dangers to their crews can be reduced to a minimum. Those who are used to serving in these deadly little craft will tell you that these dangers are not so great as is usually imagined, and that the loss of life from accidents has really been comparatively small.

The two great dangers are collision and explosion, and special attention has been given to methods that will prevent loss of life in case of accident from these two sources.

When the submarine is submerged it is really half blind, for the periscope is only a makeshift eye, but even this has been greatly improved. Formerly the lens in use only allowed half the horizon to be examined, unless the periscope was turned round. It could therefore happen that a ship might come up unnoticed and strike the submarine before it could dive to safety. Now, however, a new lens has been devised which gives a complete view all round, so that an approaching vessel can be seen from whatever quarter it comes. The periscope is the eye of the submarine. Its vertical telescopic tube looks like a very thin smokestack, extending 15 feet above the submarine's bridge and its top part contains the so-called eyer, which sends down images of the outer world to the interior of the submarine, either by reflection or refraction. One system is almost as good as the other. The reflection apparatus has two mirrors at 45 degrees at the two extremities. The apparatus by refraction has two prisms of total reflection, as in a camera. Behind the top one a mirror sends down the image that can be enlarged—like the telescope attachment to a camera—but both systems have the disadvantage of looking on the world through a pinhole.

Suppose the "eyer" be fixed north. Those in the submarine get a glimpse due north. To glance a few degrees on either side the whole tube must be turned or else the eye alone. In the first case—if the tube does not twist or grip—the image turns with it and observers have to move around the table. If the eye alone is turned the lower prism or mirror remains fixed. The image, consequently, shows all objects inclined at the angle of the eye's turning.

For years past the French admiralty has never ceased to hunt for something better. The navigation of submarines under water absolutely demanded an apparatus capable of disclosing simultaneously the whole circle of the horizon—plus a telescopic magnifier for the object to be carefully examined.

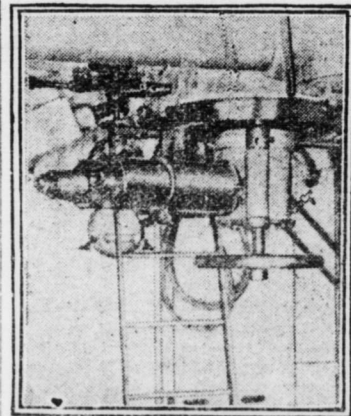
And here we are on the delicate ground of a state secret. They have found their apparatus. It is known, too, that they got upon its track by seeking to utilize an annular prism devised by Colonel Manjin for the taking of circular photographs of the horizon from a captive balloon. This is all we really know of the construction of the machine that is to put French submarines on a footing of such enormous superiority that the mind does not at first grasp the meaning of it. But the effects produced by the machine have not been kept so secret.

In Brest three submarines and three submergibles were fitted with the apparatus at once for experiment and extraordinary tales are told of exploits under water.

Up to within a mile of its prey the submergible floats on the surface like a simple torpedo boat. Then, fearing to be seen, it sinks and continues navigating six feet under water with the aid of the admiralty's perfected periscope. Within 800 yards of the doomed ship they pull in the telescopic tube and navigate a short time by the compass.

When they judge they are within 500 yards they push the tube into the air again—just high enough to let them see their prey. It is practically invisible to people unsuspecting of its presence in that particular spot. At 300 yards the torpedo is shot and what happens is what happened to the Russian fleet so often.

These are submergibles, 112 to 220 feet long, semi-spherical and furnished with both steam and electric engines. Their normal plane of travel being on the surface just like a torpedo boat, their primary motive power is the steam. These steam engines run the dynamo to renew the motive power of the electric engines and all



EYER OF THE PERISCOPE

hastily don these jackets, which are fast on all submarines.

They have still another use, for, being full of air, they serve as life-buoys. Thus, in the event of a submarine being struck by a passing ship and holed, these dresses would be put on at once. Then the hatch could be opened, and the men would float to the surface.

Air always seeks the highest point, and as soon as a submarine leaks the water fills the bottom and pushes the air to the top, where a certain quantity is always held in any odd little corner near the roof. Therefore, thin steel partitions, depending a foot or two from the roof in places where it slopes or forms corners, are being fitted in order to form air traps in different parts of the interior.

Thus, when a bad leak occurs, filling the submarine with water, the air is pressed into these traps. The crew immediately seize their helmets and stand with heads and shoulders above the water in the air traps, so that they can breathe while putting on the safety dress.

Another invention that has been tried in one or two of the underwater craft consists of a long flexible tube attached to the outside. At one end is a float, while the other communicates with the interior. In the event of an accident this tube is liberated, and is at once borne to the surface by the float, to which is attached a flare, to give notice to any ship near at hand. Until the submarine is raised, the crew can breathe through this tube, or food might even be passed down.

At least one American vessel is fitted with a door through which the crew can escape if necessary. This door opens into a chamber, which in its turn communicates with an air lock. If it is desired to leave the submarine, a diving dress is donned and the air lock entered. The door communicating with the interior of the vessel is closed, and then the diver goes into the outer compartment, closing the door of the air lock after him. Water is then allowed to enter, and when it is full he merely opens the door and steps out. The door is then closed and the water pumped out again, so that others can follow

The Revolt

By MABEL CHASE ENGLAND

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"But, Edward, I promised Marian I would dine with her tomorrow night, and go over our parts for the play. Her husband is away, you know."

Mr. Grantley waved his hand as one who brushes aside a futile and silly objection. "Nonsense, my dear, you can do that at any time. The Browns are people I want to stand in with—for business reasons, of course—and I accepted, definitely, for both of us. That settles it."

Mrs. Grantley flushed. She didn't often oppose her husband, but she had been looking forward keenly to the little dinner alone with her sister. "You knew I was going to Marian's," she ventured, pleadingly. "You can say you forgot, that we will come some other time."

Mr. Grantley looked displeased. "My dear, the matter is settled." His tone spelled finality.

Mrs. Grantley's lovely, youthful face grew mottled. A hot, unaccustomed rebellion surged within her.

"You never consult me—never!" Her husband's eyes grew cold.

"Honora," he said, "you had better go up to your room for the rest of the evening. You are not in a mood for sensible discussion. Go, now, and—good-night."

Mrs. Grantley rose and walked swiftly from the room, reached her bedroom and shut and locked the door. Then she paced up and down in a tumult of angry resentment. Sent to her room like a schoolgirl! Punished because she had dared to object—to raise her voice in protest! It was unbearable! Yet it was the kind of thing that was always happening, always would happen as long as she allowed it to. She sank into a chair and rested her chin on her clasped hands, searching her mind intently for causes and effects.

She had been left an orphan and Edward Grantley had been appointed her guardian. Living with him as his ward she had looked up to him, obeyed him, consulted him in everything, and when, having reached the age of seventeen, he had asked her to become his wife she had consented, knowing little of marriage, caring only that she could continue to live on with him indefinitely in the home that she loved so well.

After marriage everything had gone on about the same. He had loved her, petted her, consoled her; she had continued to obey him, consult him and look up to him. Now she was twenty, and mixing more with the world, consorting with other women, she was coming to realize that the relationship in which she stood to her husband was not that of other wives, that she and Edward were not partners, companions, walking side by side through life on equal terms, but still child and guardian. Now it seemed to her as if the thing had come suddenly to a head.

"I must do something, I must!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot in emphasis. "This subjection is only a habit—with Edward as well as myself. He doesn't realize—I don't make him see—"

With sudden determination she rose, smoothed her ruffled hair and gown and forcibly regained her composure. Then she unlocked the door, hesitated a moment on the threshold, took her courage in both hands and passed quickly through the halls and down into the library. As she entered and walked over to one of the bookcases her husband looked up; then, evidently expecting her to select a book and return to her room, went on with his writing.

Honora chose a volume of recent fiction and sat down by the open fire.

Mr. Grantley leaned back in his chair.

"Honora, I thought I said good-night to you."

"You did," she smiled, "but when I got upstairs I found I didn't feel sleepy, so I decided to come down again."

Her husband looked at her in astonishment.

"I meant you to remain there, my dear, but if you have decided to be reasonable you may stay here."

Mrs. Grantley vouchsafed no response, and presently her husband's voice broke the stillness again.

"What book are you reading, Honora?"

She told him the title.

"My dearest!" he protested, "you know I object very much to your reading that foolish class of fiction. Put it away and get something that will stimulate your brain rather than soften it."

Honora held herself still by a strong effort.

Mr. Grantley rose and went over to her.

"Give me the book, Honora, and then go upstairs. I don't understand you tonight."

Honora's heart beat painfully, but her voice was serene.

"I want to read this book, Edward; it is being so much talked about. And I don't care to read upstairs—the room is chilly. I prefer to stay here."

Mr. Grantley looked at her uncertainly, then took several restless paces about the room.

"You can't be well tonight, Honora," he commented finally. "Tomorrow I'll have Dr. Sanson run in and look at you. You are not yourself at all." He settled back to his work, interrupting

it, however, with many uneasy and perplexed glances at the fair profile of his wife.

Nothing more was said that night, nor the next morning, when he was unusually grave and unresponsive, and neglected to kiss her when he left for the office. Honora shed a few bitter tears, then grasped her resolution anew. She would go to Marian's for dinner that night. She must do something definite and decided, something that would bring the matter to an issue.

She dressed early, left a note for her husband telling him she had decided to keep her engagement with Marian, and set out. Arrived at her sister's she said nothing about the matter. She talked gaily about the coming theatricals in which they were both to take part, though as the evening drew on she found it hard to control her nervousness and apprehension. When ten o'clock struck she remarked quietly:

"Edward has to go out tonight and may not be able to come for me. In that case I'm going to stay all night with you."

"You're a dear!" exclaimed Marian warmly. "I don't believe he'll come now—he's never later than ten. Let's go to bed."

All night Honora tossed on her pillow, thinking, grieving, wondering what he would do when she returned. He was angry, she knew, or he would have come for her. Perhaps he would leave her, perhaps when she reached there in the morning he would be gone—never to come back to her. And how she loved him, in spite of everything! He was so big, so strong, so magnetic, everybody loved him.

Toward morning she fell into a troubled sleep, arose at eight unrefreshed, and after breakfast started for home. The walk through the brisk morning air did much to restore her poise and confidence. When she reached the house she was almost herself again.

To her surprise, her husband met her at the door. His face was pale and haggard.

"Come into the library, Honora," he said. "I have something to say to you."

She went in obediently and sat down in a big chair by the window. The relief of finding him still at home had lightened her heart.

He closed the door and faced her.

"Honora," he said, "I don't know how to tell you, how to explain to you just what this night has been to me. At first I was angry. I had a foolish desire to punish you. Then as the evening passed and you did not come I grew anxious. I had thought of course you would let a Marian send you in the carriage. I began to ask myself what it all meant, what reason you had for acting as you did. Then I thought over our disagreement of last night and light began slowly to dawn on me. As I paced up and down, thinking, worrying, longing for you, the whole revelation of my stupid conduct toward you since our marriage gradually came to me. I saw my foolish attitude, your rebellion and my insistence in their true light. I seemed to behold you suddenly in a new aspect, not as a child to be schooled and trained and dictated to, but as a woman—a beautiful woman—my wife. And then, dear, came gripping my heart the terrible fear that I had lost you, that in my thoughtless folly I had unwittingly killed your love. Honora—"

There was a swift little rush and two strong arms were round his neck and a wet cheek pressed to his.

"Oh, dearest," she protested, half sobbing, half laughing, "I loved you all the time, and now more—more than I ever dreamed of. I knew it was just that you didn't think, that you believed me to be still your bad, small child—"

He held her to him, strongly.

"But," she whispered shyly, "you mustn't give me all my own way, even now, for I love you, and—I like to obey you—a little!"

Unappreciated Joke.

The rigorous enforcement of the customs laws by Collector Loeb gave a wag an opportunity to perpetrate a joke on his family which failed to produce any unusual amount of merriment. The man is a bachelor and the loving and indulgent uncle of four young people, whom he has been in the habit of remembering liberally with gifts. He probably knew that the question, "What will uncle bring from Europe?" would be discussed at his sister's home, and in order to dispel any illusions sent this note: "Our protectionists are right. We should patronize home industry. I'm bringing nothing more than I took, except French and Italian real estate, deposited on my clothing while motor-ing. Will not be detained at the dock."—New York Tribune.

Gems as Poison Antidotes.

Poison was the terror of the middle ages; it is natural, therefore, to find many remedies among gems—the jacinth, the sapphire, the diamond, the cornelian, the ruby, the agate, the topaz, the bezel stone were all used as antidotes to poison.