

Good Job

Private Secretary Enjoys Many Benefits

By ARTHUR J. O'NEILL

A WEEK or so ago a young man asked what the opportunities are for man stenographers in the business world. I am a stenographer of ten years' experience, and while I would not choose that profession if I had money enough to go to college, still it affords many opportunities not to be had in any other field of endeavor. A stenographer, especially a private secretary, learns some of the most valuable secrets in whatever kind of business he happens to be engaged. He comes into contact with men of large mental caliber and learns their methods. There are not a few men of national fame who began their careers as stenographers, among whom come to my mind as I am writing this letter George B. Cortelyou, ex-secretary of the treasury; Senator William E. Mason, Congressman Hitt and others, and there are many men in the business world who are now managers of large concerns who received their training as stenographers.

Of course, it sometimes depends upon the kind of business you happen to affiliate yourself with, the man you are working for, and, mainly, upon yourself. The experience that some stenographers have is equivalent to a liberal education.

The writer has served as stenographer through three sessions of the state legislature and has been private secretary to one of the best business men in Chicago. While I have only a grammar school education, I would not trade places with some college graduates that I know of.

If the young man takes up shorthand, I would advise him to learn a good system. Do not try to learn shorthand in two weeks during your spare time. Shorthand is a life study, if you want to make it so.

I would advise the young gentleman that if he does not like hard work he should let shorthand alone. There are three rules for the successful study of shorthand. They are: Practice, practice, practice. I would also advise him that he must be good at taking lots of abuse, for there is no trade where a man must take more abuse than in that of stenography.

In regard to the best system, he can find that out by writing a few letters to some good stenographers asking them that question.



Farming is Ranked as Noblest of Work

By FRANK CRANE

Man's four duties, according to Sterne, are to build a house, to plant a tree, to write a book and to have a son.

Being a son of God, according to Scripture, a man is never so happy as when he is at some God-like business.

God's peculiar business is that of making. He not only made things of nothing, but he is continually at the making of one thing out of another.

If we inquire into God's present activities, as far as our poor brains can guess, we perceive him to be, first, a farmer or gardener. Hence I reckon farming to be not only the noblest of occupations, but also I think there is no diviner satisfaction than tending a plant and seeing it grow.

Then he is a carpenter, though he makes world's and not cottages, and makes round and not square things. He is pre-eminently a house-maker, and the humblest spider spins his web in imitation of him who spins a universe for his habitation.

He is also an author. I have seen his manuscript in the layered rock, read his poetry in men and women and looked in awe at his pictures in the setting sun.

And, fourthly, he is a father. There is no more God-like joy than to hold in your arms a baby of your own body, and to look into little eyes that reflect your soul.

The most medieval notion of God is that he is an idle king, doing nothing.

Beetle That Learned Hard Lesson

By CHARLES ADELER, Chicago

Some domestic animals have human intelligence and sometimes more than human, as for instance, a dog when his master has lost his. Here is a true story:

Last summer I took my boy down to the lake shore, where any amount of sand beetles were crawling about. They are very powerful and are about three-fourths of an inch in length.

My boy amused himself by covering them with sand, and it was astonishing to see how fast they dug themselves out. I dug a hole with my hand about eight inches deep and put a beetle in it.

He tried to crawl up the sides, with no success, then the beetle began to dig sideways, spiraling his way upward. Half way up he encountered a protruding pebble, which he tried to straddle.

He tumbled back into the hole. Using his old spiral way, he met this pebble the second time. He hesitated, then he merely turned around and spiraled his way up in the opposite direction to the top. I set him at liberty, which he truly deserved.

Corrupt Habit of Profane Language

By T. F. Leahy, Chicago

We often pride ourselves on our good qualities as citizens and justly so. But if we look into our everyday lives sincerely we can see lots of weaknesses and bad habits.

One of these is the unspeakably corrupt habit of profane language. Take any group of men, either in the workshop, office, saloon, factory, or at the baseball grounds, and the prevailing discourse is almost invariably something rotten, scurrilous, smutty, corrupt and impure and punctuated by that Holy Name which should be used only in prayer.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

INCIDENT AT WALKER'S FORD

Troops Were Compelled to Cross Clinch River, Filled With Ice and Water to Their Waists.

In a recent issue Comrade Sample gives an account of a midwinter expedition into the North Carolina mountains, in which he makes mention of Walker's Ford, that brings to my mind many things that transpired there. I was second lieutenant of Company F, One Hundred and Eighteenth Indiana, that went to the relief of our cavalry, which was out of ammunition, and we held the enemy in check until the brigade could come up, writes Rev. S. McNeely of Tiosa, Ind., in the National Tribune. I will never forget the double-quick to the ford, where, after a few minutes' rest, we waded the Clinch river that was filled with ice and water up to our waists.

When we appeared in front of the Johnnies they hardly knew what to think of it. They sent out skirmishers to ascertain our position. Our left wing was formed in an open field, through which ran a stone fence. The Johnnies succeeded in getting possession of the fence, but would come no farther. Our right wing was formed in the timber, the woods sloping up from the road. Artillery was brought into play to shell us out of the woods, but by changing position we managed to keep out of range. They succeeded in getting in on our right flank, and we had to hunt for tall timber.

They pushed us back to the river, where we found the rest of the brigade in position to cover our retreat. After we had formed on the colors the Johnnies formed just across the



They Sent Out Skirmishers to Ascertain Our Position.

road from us, and the boys were anxious to fight, but our commander, Col. George W. Jackson, said we had done all that he required of us, and we could rest while the other regiments of the brigade did the fighting. We crossed the river, and went to the support of a battery on the hill, where we lay down in the sun to dry our clothes.

Soon the rest of the brigade were withdrawn across the river, and the Johnnies, thinking they had everything their own way, came rushing down to the ford, but were terribly surprised when they were opened upon by batteries on the river bank and on the hill above. They went back faster than they came. They attempted to plant a gun on top of a knoll commanding our position, but were foiled by a Michigan battery that disabled their guns and it was abandoned. They planted some guns on the hills back from the river, and then ensued an artillery duel until night fell and they retreated.

We spent a very disagreeable night in an open field without fire. We feared the enemy would attack us in the night, but when daylight came we found they were gone for good, so we enjoyed a little rest. But not for very long, as in a day or so following three companies, of which my company was one, were sent out to blockade fords on the Clinch river. We went first to Russell's Ford, where we worked until midnight, felling trees in the road leading to it. Some of the boys crossed the river, and proceeded to help themselves to chickens and potatoes, but did not have time to cook them. After completing our work we confiscated an ox team to haul our traps, and then returned to Tazewell, where we buried some of the boys that were wounded at Walker's Ford.

Gordon Hits Back.
A good story is related of Bob Toombs and Gen. John B. Gordon. General Gordon was a conspicuous figure in the south, and all who have seen him will recall the long scar on his left cheek, the memento of a saber cut received during the war. Gordon was immensely popular, and Toombs was a bit jealous of his popularity. He showed this feeling in a campaign speech when he said: "If that scar were on the back of Gordon's neck instead of on his face he wouldn't be so d-d popular." Gordon heard of this, and a few days later, while addressing a political meeting, got back at the famous orator: "If Toombs had been where I was when I got that scar," said he, "it would be on the back of his neck instead of on his face."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

LESSON FOR APRIL 28.

THE BEATITUDES.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 5:1-12.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall (No doubt about it) see God."

It was St. Augustine who first gave the ordination address of Jesus, after choosing the twelve, the title of "The Sermon on the Mount," a title now universally accepted. It is better perhaps "The Gospel of the Kingdom," telling us of the characteristics of these members of the new kingdom Jesus came to establish, the influence of these members upon the world, and is a commentary upon the laws of this kingdom. It is this, and more, for it is a prophecy of the church at work and also a test whereby we are to know who belong to this kingdom.

Their Spiritual Meaning.
There are in reality only seven of the Beatitudes, the "blessednesses" and seven is always typical of perfectness. They are written in Old Testament language, but give the old form a new and spiritual meaning. The rewards are not arbitrary, but are the logical outgrowth of the character depicted.

The first four are passive virtues. Happy are those who are poor in spirit, not the poor-spirited but the humble minded ones conscious of their need. It is the poor, as to this world, that are to be rich in faith and to be heirs of that kingdom which Christ has promised to those that love him (Jas. 2:5). Happy are those that mourn, for they mourn not as those who have no hope, they shall be comforted, yea, they shall be strengthened. Paul tells us of that sorrow which is unto salvation and need not to be repented of, but the sorrow of the world worketh death. Happy are the meek, those who are not proud. The pride of man is soon cut off as grass. In him, the meek and lowly, we are to find rest to our souls. We are exhorted by the meekness and gentleness of Christ to receive instruction and Peter tells us that our ornamentation that shall be of the greatest price is to be meek and quiet in spirit.

At this point the master begins to make his practical application of the lives of those having these characteristics, upon the world about them. Happy are the merciful. The withholding of mercy tends to poverty, but the liberal soul shall be made fat, for to the merciful he will show himself to be merciful. Forbearing, and forgiving we enter into this happiness, being kind, forgiving, tender-hearted, even as Christ hath forgiven us.

Righteousness Defined.

Happy are the pure for they may draw nigh unto God in full assurance of faith for themselves and on behalf of others. Indeed the writer of Hebrews tells us that without holiness (purity) no man can see God, not our own righteousness wherein we might boast but the righteousness of Christ which is by faith.

Happy are the peace-makers, the reconcilers and the diffusers of this kingdom. Not merely peaceable men, nor pieces of men, but rather as Tyndale's version is, "the maintainers of peace." Led by the spirit of God they are not only called the sons of God, but are the sons of God (Rom. 8:14). "The cause, not the pain, makes the martyr," said St. Augustine. Those who are presented for righteousness' sake, not those who seek persecution, are possessors of this kingdom; possessing it they are persecuted.

Being is doing—doing does not produce life, and we have here a linking of the old law and the new gospel. His kingdom brings blessedness, happiness; Satan's kingdom turns to the apples of Sodom. God says, speak out, endure for others. His kingdom is distinguished by altruism. The kingdom of darkness says: "Keep still, live for yourself." This kingdom knows not the essence of brotherhood.

Man ever asks this old question: "How may I be happy?" Those whom Jesus selects as the happy ones are looked upon by the world as the most unfortunate, but time has proven and eternity will justify these declarations of Christ. The good of this age belongs to the selfish and self-assertive, the good of the coming age to the self-renouncing. It is better to have sorrowed and to have received his comfort than never to have sorrowed at all. The message of the meek will get a hearing as against the censorious, and the supremely happy are those who shall see God.

Hunger for the highest and the noblest can find a supply for all its needs in Jesus the Son of God and only according to the principles he here sets forth. Jesus saw the multitude when he gave us this sermon, which is not a sermon at all. He understood their need, the state of their hearts and what was in their minds. He did not see them as so many pawns upon the chess board of life; he saw their life, their sorrows, their sins. He read the story of human need and human destiny. Why rejoice over our reproach? Because this is the path into this new kingdom. And when we walk "for Christ's sake" we shall enter therein and rejoice greatly for we shall have "great reward in heaven."

SHRINE AT RANGOON

Edifice in Judson's Country is Over 4,000 Years Old.

Noted Shrine Has Gilded Dome That Rises 370 Feet Above Vast Platform—Picturesque People at Worship.

Rangoon.—Beyond the silt of the hydra-mouthed Irrawaddy, as you swing in from the Bay of Bengal and churn the turbid waters of the Rangoon river, rises a slender cone of gold out of the smoke of rice mills and oil refineries. There is nothing in all the temple east, from the mosque of Sultan Hassan at Cairo to the Shogun temples of Nikko, that surpasses it, for it is one of the few great shrines that stand out in memory as a thing apart long after the others have faded in confused perspective down the vista of forgetfulness.

That this tapering dome of gilded and bespangled handwork rises 370 feet above the vast platform of its base and that its circumference is a quarter of a mile—all this is nothing beside the wonderful life that throbs in its shaded recesses or basks in the torrid sun. Here at Rangoon, as nowhere else—not even at Benares on the Sacred river—here in Judson's country, the most Christian of eastern lands, you may best see "the heathen in his blindness" and idolatry in its grossest and most massive form. Elsewhere you see one or a few statues of Buddha; here you count them by dozens and scores—heroic size, life-size, miniatures; Buddha seated, reclining, standing; Buddha on post card and in chromo; Buddha, Buddha everywhere.

And yet it is all so resplendent in gold-leaf and so gaudy in iridescent spangles that you feel yourself to be in some stupendous playhouse or Oriental bazaar instead of in a holiest-of-all place whither the feet of the countless pilgrims have turned continuously for more than two-score centuries.

It is a long climb up the damp, dirty stone stairway that leads from the two gaudy dragons that flank the entrance at the street level. At every



On the Irrawaddy.

step as you mount, on either hand, you hear the voice of supplication—not of worshippers nor of mendicants, but of vendors of post cards and melodious gongs and of the "whacking fat cheroot" made famous by Kipling's "On the Road to Mandalay." When at last you reach the topmost stair and are confronted by the base of the golden dome—for the Shwe Dagon is an overtowering cone that uprises direct from a stone-paved platform instead of from some forms of geometric walls—a surprise awaits you.

This dome that you saw hours ago—for it is one of the most conspicuous landmarks that the hand of man has uplifted in the east—is not itself a temple to be entered with unshod feet and irreverent heart. It is but a gleaming tower that thrusts itself upward from a village of temples, each of which is itself a marvel of architectural beauty or a monument of tawdry ornamentation.

But the Shwe Dagon has a lovelier aspect when you turn from the pagoda-dwellers to the streams of devout visitors that empty into the square from each of its four gateways. The Burmese seem to worship in family groups and they have the pleasant habit of arraying themselves in their brightest garments before ascending to the great house of prayer. It is no uncommon sight to see a dainty little lady performing her genuflections before a shrine, with the stump of a very fat and very black cigar protruding at a nonchalant angle from her tiny mouth.

We saw much more in Rangoon—we of the "Cleveland" pilgrims to so many sacred places—but this is the one overtowering memory of Rangoon.

Every Man a Marksman.
London.—Colonel Seely, under secretary of war, made the following striking declaration in the course of debate on the territorial army in the house of commons: "If I had my way every little boy, when he leaves school, would be physically trained, and it would be a very good thing if he were learned to aim with a gun."

Free Color Plans

for any rooms you want to decorate

You can have the prettiest walls in your town, at the least cost. Our expert designers will plan the work for you FREE.

Get This Book 20 Pretty Rooms

—we will mail you a copy free. It tells how to have the best decorating at least cost. It full of new color schemes and shows stencils of the exquisite Alabastine tints, famous for their soft, refined qualities.

Alabastine



Alabastine Company
55 Granville Road, Grand Rapids, Mich.
New York City, Box 5, 105 Water Street

MAKING MONEY or just working? A forty-ton Universal Cleanser outfit. Full secret only 25c. I can make Ten Dollars (\$10) a day, and never miss a meal at home. So can you. Send 25c. Start early. Get the big 4 W. MONROE BERRY, 116 N. Water St., Decatur, Ill.

The man with money speaks the truth.

God health cannot be maintained where there is a constipated habit. Garfield Tea overcomes constipation.

Money sometimes talks when you want to keep it quiet.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The more birthdays a woman has the less she has to say about them.

Hoxley's Croup Remedy for Croup, Coughs and Cold, stands at the top success for thirty years—Prevents Pneumonia. Druggists, 50 cents.

Beauty specialists encounter many hard lines.

For torpid, inactive or disordered liver, take Garfield Tea. All druggists.

A Common Fate.
Uncle—What became of your unbreakable toy?
Tommy—It wasn't strong enough to keep pa from busting it.

Right in His Line.
"Who was that man I had for a partner at bridge last evening?"
"He's a writer of farces."
"I might have known it."
"Why?"
"He made some mighty funny plays."

SHE DIDN'T GET IT.



Mrs. Newwed—Dearest, won't you give me \$20 for a new hat?
Mr. Newwed—Love is blind, but it retains the sense of touch. Nix.

Every Crisp, Little Flake of Post Toasties

has a flavour all its own.

"Toasties" are made of selected white Indian corn; first cooked, then rolled into wafer-like bits and toasted to an appetizing golden brown.

A favorite food for breakfast, lunch or supper in thousands upon thousands of homes where people are particular.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers
Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich.