Attainment

The
Magazine of Success

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By Charles Frederic Wallraff

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Grapple With It

I find nothing in life so singular as this, that everything opposing appears to lose its substance the moment one actually grapples with it.---Hawthorne.

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The Magazine of Success

A. DELL SEGNO, Publisher — CHARLES FREDERIC WALLRAFF, Editor

Volume II — Published Monthly in Los Angeles, California — *Number 7*

Getting the Credit

THIS is particularly for the one who is afraid the other fellow will get the credit, the one who refrains, perhaps, from doing his best because, for some reason or other, he cannot expect recognition or full recognition for what he has done, but who knows, instead, that some, at least, of the credit will go to another.

The world is plumb full of cases where the wrong one gets the credit.

And scarcely anything is harder to bear sometimes than seeing oneself neglected while some one else, one perhaps even less talented and less worthy, is receiving the reward.

It is trying, that's a fact.

It calls for fortitude—and for the exercise of a whole lot of the other virtues.

It isn't easy to do it.

Nevertheless, it can be done.

The fact is that many of those who have made success of life have had some of that very sort of experience.

They first served.

Having done this they were better prepared for the bigger things when they came.

And the bigger things did come.

As they say back East, "you can't keep a squirrel on the ground."

Neither can you keep a good man down.

Eventually he is going to be "discovered."

The one who keeps on plugging, who does not hold back for fear some one else will get the praise for it, be more benefited by it than he will, is going to get there in the end and don't you forget it.

PERHAPS you remember the story of the sculptor who had his start by way of a kitchen.

One would not ordinarily think that a kitchen would be a very likely place for a master sculptor to start from.

You'd look almost anywhere else, wouldn't you?

A prince was entertaining a select few at his banquet board.

The butter had been carved into the likeness of a lion.

It was not the first bit of artistry of that character that had come to his table.

The chef had been receiving and accepting the credit each time.

The guests commented, as the guests usually did, on the cleverness of the work. One of them, a great sculptor, remarked particularly. The chef deserved, he said, opportunity to develop his gift. Would his highness permit him to aid the man to do so? His highness would indeed, and gladly. Furthermore, he would have the cook called in at once.

The chef came. He was told the plan. Then he confessed. There was nothing else for him to do. He admitted that the one who had been doing that for which he had taken credit was a boy helper in his kitchen.

And the lad came into his own and got his opportunity.

YEARS ago in Washington, as a newspaper writer, I reported an international convention of scientists. Thousands were in attendance. Hundreds of the greatest minds of the world were there.

It was truly a big affair.

A local scientist of considerable note was credited with being in charge of the large force of workers wrestling with the multitudinous details of the meeting. His name was on all the printed matter, his picture was in the newspapers, he got the thanks in the resolutions. I think he got a medal or a medallion or some other sort of recognition for his work of steering the great gathering so successfully through the shoals.

At work in this man's office was a clerk who had been detailed from one of the Government departments to assist. I had not been in the place more than a very few times before I observed him. He stood out among all the many workers there. I saw that it was really he, and not the man who was getting the credit for it, who was in charge.

He was running things.

And he was making good at it, too.

He was responsible for the wonderful system in operation, for the remarkable efficiency that was everywhere evident, for the ease and smoothness with which the innumerable details were attended to, for the change from the condition of chaos so marked on the opening day.

The fact that he was not getting the credit, that to the bulk of those in attendance he was unknown, didn't bother for one minute Frank H. Hitchcock, for that was the name. He just did his work and let it go at that.

The convention adjourned without any public recognition of him, so far as I can remember.

A few years later, however, the world heard of him.

He had ceased to be an obscure Government clerk.

He was a member of the Cabinet of the President of the United States.

Later still he was a power in several great national political campaigns, one of the most successful pre-convention and pre-election organizers and executives in the history of the United States.

IF Frank H. Hitchcock had sat back and declined to do his best until such time as he was given full and proper recognition he would probably have never had the opportunity; he would, it is likely, still be waiting till such time as he could get the whole credit.

And, meanwhile, he would still be holding down an ordinary clerkship in Washington.

The dull man is made, not by nature, but by the immersion in a single business, and all the more if that be sedentary, uneventful, and in-gloriously safe. More than half of him will remain unexercized and undeveloped; the rest will be distended and deformed by over-nutrition, over-cerebration, and the heat of rooms. — *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

On Overcoming Obstacles

THOSE who have won the greatest victories have generally been the ones who have had the most to contend with. Few of the world's victors have had it easy from the start; usually they have had to overcome serious obstacles. I was reminded of this today through hearing from my old friend Jimmie Wilkins. His name is not really Wilkins, but Wilkins will do for a disguise. And no one ever calls him by his first name these days, for Jimmie is an officer of a large railroad now, and, of course, it is Mr. Wilkins, except with a very few who know him best.

When I first knew Jimmie—which was about all the name he had then, and he wasn't at all punctilious about the Wilkins part—he had but lately arrived in the steerage. He was about twenty and could read, write and do a few simple sums in arithmetic, that was all. He was about as green, awkward and unpromising a piece of humanity as one would be apt to find anywhere. His appearance was not prepossessing; he had few, if any, signs of a winner. His first job was that of combination janitor and errand boy. If any one from the chief down to the humblest clerk wanted performed some task considered beneath the dignity of the wearer of a boiled shirt, Jimmie was told to do it. And Jimmie always did it, did it willingly and well.

Jimmie's wage was small and his hours were long. He saved what he could of his money and he utilized his spare time. With his savings he brought to America his parents, afterward supporting them. With his spare time he developed himself.

ONE day Jimmie was observed "breaking in" a colored man who was to succeed him as general all-around drudge. He had been going to business college at night and he had been promoted to a minor clerkship.

Jimmie kept on studying. He could write a pretty fair "hand" now and he knew a deal more about figures. His English, too, was improving. He was learning something about grammar. One day he showed a letter he had written. The composition was good, the spelling was almost perfect.

He was promoted to bookkeeper. He was prepared. Like all winners in life's battles, he was a believer in preparedness, personal preparedness, which is, after all, the best kind of preparedness—and he lived up to his belief.

The country is full of people who are strong for national preparedness, collective preparedness; but not all of them, not quite all by a long ways, are consistent when it comes to individual preparedness. That's the reason why we have so few officers and so many high-privates in the grand army of life. They remind one in a way of the condition in New York where something like one hundred and fifty thousand persons marched in the preparedness parade and more than two million more vociferously cheered the marchers while the recruiting officers there reported a scant dozen or so enlistments.

Our preparedness is apt to stop short of the plugging, to be largely parading.

Well, Jimmie kept on preparing and advancing. I haven't seen him now for years, but I am confident if I were to I would find him still learning, still overcoming obstacles, for he had them in plenty in the beginning and he got the habit. It is the habit that breeds success—the habit of overcoming the odds.

A COLLEGE professor in one of our leading universities, a man who is well known in educational circles throughout the country, once ran a peanut stand. He was a stranger in a strange land. He was without money, friends, education or knowledge of our country or its language, customs or institutions. He was an immigrant.

He had to begin at the bottom, but he didn't have to stay at the bottom.

He worked and he studied, and eventually some one else was running the peanut stand.

He had gone higher.

The late George W. Childs, noted as a philanthropist and one of America's greatest publishers, once worked as a bootblack in front of the very building which he afterward owned, the building in which the great paper of which he became proprietor, the Philadelphia Ledger, was published.

One of the presidents of the United States was originally a tailor—and he made good clothes, too. He never learned to read till after he was married, his wife teaching him. He didn't stop with that instruction, however, or, it is mighty safe to say, he would never have gotten to be the nation's chief executive.

A former paper hanger is the president of a great educational institution in the East. It is said when he began studying he had to do it in the kitchen, and he stored his books there for want of a better place.

The founder of a great correspondence school was a miner and started his great work, after he had educated himself, by teaching his fellow workers at night. To reach and help more of them he evolved the plan of sending lessons by mail to those who could not attend classes.

IT is pretty safe to say not one of these successful ones, upon acquiring a little knowledge, became self-satisfied and thereupon stopped growing.

There was nothing of the spirit of the high school girl, who upon graduating said she marvelled that one small head could hold so much.

They never suffered from fatness of the head.

It never occurred to any one of them to think that when he had put on his hat the whole sum of human knowledge had been covered.

People who know a great deal know just enough to know that the wisest of them can know very little out of all that is to be known.

These men merely had enough in their heads to keep them from rattling when they moved them.

One of the greatest manufacturers of the Middle West, that great section for manufacturies and manufacturing, was once a convict in a state penitentiary. He served for three years when just on the threshold of manhood, more a sufferer from circumstances than because of any real wrong-doing. He was at worst no criminal at heart, but the victim of a social accident. Nevertheless the man served three years, came out without friends or funds other than the five dollars the state had given him, together with the coarse prison suit in which he was arrayed. He spent the five dollars for tools, tramped the muddy roads to a city several hundred miles away, paying for his meals with work as he traveled. Today he is a millionaire, the owner of two big city newspapers as well as vast manufacturing interests and, better yet, is a valued and an honored citizen in his community.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE, the author of JANE EYRE, one of the world's great novels, with two younger sisters planned to start a school for girls. They did much preliminary work, wrote to all their friends, arranged the curriculum, had printed matter struck off and made other preparations.

Disappointment was theirs, however. They did not get a single pupil. Did Charlotte Bronte give up in disgust or despair? She did not. Her success in the world of letters proves that. Some time after having to give up their cherished plans of years, she wrote:

"We have no present intention, however, of breaking our hearts on the subject, still less of feeling mortified at defeat. The effort must be beneficial, whatever the result may be, because it gives us experience and an additional knowledge of the world."

Such is the spirit that wins. No giving up, no impotent sighing or railing at fate, no attitude of "Oh, what's the use, anyhow."

WHEN Edison spilled chemicals on the floor of a baggage car, got his ears boxed for doing it, and lost his job as a train boy besides, he got another job, kept up his experiments and eventually became the world's greatest inventor.

When Napoleon tried a number of things and failed in each of them, he went into the army

and became the greatest military chieftain of all time.

SOME one has said, and truly, that "a lack of money has helped more men to success than it has hindered." William Seward was fond of relating how, when a young man, he was disposed to take it easy and to lay back on the fact that his father was wealthy. One day the old gentleman called him to his office.

"Hereafter, young man," said Seward Senior, "you will have to look out for yourself. I'm done holding you up. I want to see you win your own way, to see you make a man of yourself."

And Seward did make a man of himself, as history so convincingly proves.

Chauncey Depew is said to have told much the same story of himself and his father.

Many another young man with a moneyed parent has been told to sink or swim, with results that proved decidedly beneficial to the young man.

A former president of the Western Union Telegraph company, Robert C. Clowry, commenced as a messenger boy in a small Illinois town. He worked for the first six months without salary. During the half year when he was carrying messages and learning telegraphy, he did odd jobs on the side with which to get enough money to buy food, which he cooked himself.

How many boys of today would do that? Not many, you may be sure of that.

ONE need not go back to the time of Milton, who, although blind, harassed by domestic difficulties, and often in danger of the debtors' prison, made a name for himself in the world of letters only second to the immortal and incomparable Shakespeare. Prescott, to whom we owe so much for his valuable histories, was practically sightless.

The late C. W. Post, multimillionaire manufacturer, started on the road to his great success handicapped by ill health and after having gone through the bankruptcy court besides.

Henry D. Pelky, another great manufacturer of health foods, was originally another sufferer from ill health.

The late Joseph Pulitzer, who made the New York World one of the best known of all metropolitan daily papers, was a Hungarian immigrant boy. He suffered many hardships in his early youth and was practically blind in his later years.

One of the Herreshoffs, the noted ship builders, was blind and so, also, was one of the Roeblings of Brooklyn Bridge fame.

Hermann H. Kohlsaat, millionaire proprietor of a chain of lunch rooms and several Chicago newspapers, sold newspapers on the streets of Chicago when a boy, supporting his widowed mother and himself by doing so.

John Wanamaker, America's premier merchant, began in a store at fifteen at one dollar and a half a week. He walked four miles to work every day, yet that did not keep him from being the first one on the job each morning.

The law school of the University of the City of New York is one of the best in the country. Its dean is Frank H. Sommers, formerly of Newark, New Jersey. Mr. Sommers started as a newsboy.

It isn't where we start, but where we end that counts. Keep that fact before you whenever discouraged and disposed to consider giving up the fight.

Keep on hoping, but hustle while you hope.

What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first steps to something better.

—Wendell Phillips.

Misguided Patriots

THE hindrances of good citizenship, says former Ambassador James Bryce of Great Britain, author of THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH, "are indolence, private self-interest and party-spirit." Get that? Party-spirit.

I have expressed myself a number of times on the subject of private self-interest as a bar in the path of progress. On the matter of indolence my views are no less decidedly pronounced. So, therefore, in the present instance we will pass by the first two and discuss only the question of party-spirit.

Every so often the newspapers have something concerning someone who proudly states that he has voted this or that ticket since the time of Clay or Fremont or some other candidate. The proud but much misguided subject of the sketch (usually published along with a picture of a more or less commonplace looking individual) tells, with great show of virtue, how he cast his first vote so many long years ago for the candidate for such and such a political party and that he has continued to vote that particular party ticket ever since, never once deviating thereafter from the straight and narrow path of party.

The reporter or editor of the paper which prints the puff pats him on the back in the fulsome write-up, but in his heart puts the old man down as a dodo, a patsy, as, also, do all others who possess any discernment whatsoever.

THERE are any number of things which, when I am aged, I should greatly dislike to have said of me, especially if they were true, and one of those things would certainly be that I had voted an absolutely straight party ticket all my life.

The misguided individuals who proudly point to the fact that they have never voted other than one ticket throughout a long life, never once deviating therefrom, never expressing enough independence of thought to remind the bosses that they were not always to be counted upon as so much cash in the drawer and certainly not content to submit supinely to anything and everything the bosses are pleased to do, ought to be ashamed of the fact, instead of permitting the sad truth to be heralded abroad to the world.

ANYONE who knows as much as a wide-awake ten-year-old boy realizes that patriotism in any established political party is nil.

Platforms of principles as promulgated by political parties through their leaders are merely devices to catch votes, nothing more. Anything to win is the thought of the great parties. If by an absolute change of front, a complete turn-about-face, the betrayal of all the traditions of the past, either of the old political parties could be assured that it would win it would do so over night.

Political parties are merely the working tools of sets of men who want office for themselves or for those whom they control. They want the power and the spoils which the offices bring with them.

Usually a few master-minds in each party dominate. Sometimes in a party it is a case of one-man control. There is always centralized power, power held in the hands of a few. The rest of the party is made up of lesser leaders, who, like the big ones, are in it for what they can get out of it, still smaller ones who are in it for the same purpose, a lot more who hope some day to get some recognition. Added to them we have a vast number of the unthinking, the unsophisticated, the careless, the indifferent, also those who mean well but who don't know, these last having no more realization of the true situation than a chicken has of the germ theory.

The party programs are largely decided upon in advance and the results of conventions determined beforehand in large measure, usu-

ally by the self-constituted leaders who, meeting together in pre-convention conferences, say among themselves: "Well, whom can we nominate and what line of conversation can we hand out that will catch the vote of the dear public to the end that we may hold the offices and provide for our friends, they of the swollen fortunes who put up the money for our campaign? What can we say that will sound well and yet mean little or nothing? What sort of an issue can we grab that will catch the vote of the great unwashed?"

DID you ever think where the money for the conducting of political campaigns comes from, millions and millions of it?

Very little of it comes from real patriots, believe me. It comes from men who want value received—and then some. And they get it, or they know the reason why.

And so when we hear some honest, but misled old chap so condemn himself it saddens us. He has meant well, but all of us know about good intentions as paving material in a certain definite locality. If all were like him, taking whatever a small coterie of men, in the guise of party, find it to their interest to offer, the world would be worse off because of it. In fact, if all had been like him from the beginning we would still be in the stone age, which is where all such human fossils rightly belong anyhow.

Saving Money and Spending It

THE world in general has yet to get hold of the mighty truth that spending money is every bit as important as earning it. The great Solomon truly spoke wisdom when he said "a fool and his money are soon parted." And it is not alone in the parting with one's money, but rather in what manner and for what it was parted that counts.

One of the great reasons why we have so many very poor is found in their lack of knowledge concerning the spending of money.

Some of us are familiar with the story of the family which was in great need and which on the receipt of a sum of money from charitably minded neighbors used the funds in having their photographs taken.

A noted public man tells of an instance of a like character in his own early experience. In behalf of a local philanthropist he called upon a family whose plight was said to be serious. He found the reports not exaggerated. The husband was out of work, the wife ill with a malady of long duration and with little promise of early improvement, the larder empty, the house unheated, the children in rags. He turned over, without delay to them, the seven dollars which had been given him for the family's relief. He went away, feeling the glow that comes to one who has had a part in doing a helpful service where urgently needed. Much of this feeling was lost the next day when on returning to see how his charges were getting on he found the entire sum had been spent for an ornate pier glass, which occupied a conspicuous position in one of the few most untidy, disordered, if not to say, distressful looking rooms. After that this man, himself, saw to it that there was spent for food or other real necessities whatever money was given him in behalf of those to be aided.

NOW these people, despite the discouraging experience of the good samaritan, were not unworthy. Their need was real, there was a very present demand in their case for

aid. They simply had never learned how to spend money. They needed to be taught how to manage, as well as to be fed and clothed. Their poverty in degree, at least, was due to their lack of knowledge of how to handle money and to get the best good out of it.

These people are representative of no small class. They need to learn what to buy and how to buy it. They need to learn that it is our extravagances and not our necessities that keep us poor, that enslave us. Go into the homes of many of the very poor and note the examples of this. And almost invariably one finds that the things which they could well have gotten along without have cost them far more than other and better managers could have purchased them for. In many cases they have bought on the installment plan, paying far in excess of real value, paying a price that included not alone a handsome profit on an inferior article, but also a heavy "loading" to cover the cost of collecting the installments. Furthermore, they have paid a considerable added per cent against losses incurred through the non-payment by others and also to make up for the depreciation in value of whatever goods were finally taken back from those who could not carry out the exacting terms of the sellers.

SUCH people need to learn the lesson so often preached in the precepts of Franklin in his Poor Richard's Almanack. They need to learn that luxuries often put out the kitchen fire, that mahogany tables or imitation mahogany tables often result in these tables having nothing to put upon them.

They need to learn concerning food values, and also that foods of an inferior quality, no matter how cheap in price are always dear; that cheapness in quality means always dearness in price. At the same time they need to learn that the choicest cuts of beefsteak do not furnish the most nutriment.

THE monied people are usually not the extravagant people. I do not include the "new rich," who are so often vulgar in their showy display of wealth, but I refer to those who have been accustomed to having money and who know the value of it, as the generality of them do. They realize that money has an earning value as well as a spending value. They realize that every dollar is worth so much a year in earning capacity. They know, too, that there are times when money can be spent to better advantage than at others. They don't, as a usual thing, buy strawberries at fifty cents a box, cherries at a dollar a pound or hot house grapes at fancy figures unless there is some very good excuse for doing so. On the other hand they are very apt to consider the intrinsic value as well as the price of whatever they purchase.

It is not mere stinginess that causes many well-to-do persons to consider time and place as well as quality and quantity when buying. It is a matter of their applying the same sound principles that have operated to make them successful in business or in retaining and perhaps increasing whatever fortune that may have been theirs at the beginning.

THERE is more than appears on the surface in the answer of the multimillionaire who, when asked as to how he had been able to amass so great wealth, replied, "I always buy my straw hats in the winter-time." Of course the man never did anything of the kind, and the one to whom he made the reply knew it. What he did mean, and what the discerning inquirer understood him to mean was that he gave heed to the spending of money.

The founder of the great family of Rothschild, replying to the same question, is said to have answered "by never buying at the bottom nor selling at the top." This, on the face of it, would seem to be a diametrically different attitude from that of the other, yet it was not. What Rothschild ever and always did do was to buy when the market was low and sell when it was high. Few men ever had a keener sense for determining how low prices of stocks and bonds would fall and how high they would go. But he did not "over-stay his market" in his eagerness to get the very best buying or selling price. He watched closely the market as it

declined or advanced, studying every condition, and when, in his judgment, the rise or fall had proceeded approximately as far as he thought it likely to go, he bought or sold, as the case might be, being content if his figures were a few points inside the high or low prices.

Rothschild knew that the one who was so fearful that he might buy or sell somewhat short of the limit would never get very far. Such a person wouldn't buy at all. He would be obsessed by his caution and thus lose his opportunity.

Rothschild knew, and every financier of today knows, fully the importance of the factor of spending money. What is important to the one of large means is equally important, and, if anything, even more so, to the one of slender means.

It is worth while and it is vital that there be head-work with spending, else our saving is not disposed to avail us much.

Concerning Salesmanship

EVERYWHERE one goes one finds people who are interested in the subject of salesmanship. Books are written concerning it—whole libraries for that matter—courses are put out and sold, lectures are delivered, magazines carry departments devoted to it, men and women discuss it, and yet, in very many cases the one great big factor in selling is either overlooked entirely or is so smothered in a mass of advice and instructions as to be lost sight of.

Would-be salespeople wade through reams of stuff on the gentle art of selling something at a profit, fill themselves full of trade technic and class room theories—and then without competition couldn't sell a loaf of bread to a starving millionaire.

The "science of salesmanship" is a fine mouth-filling, ear-pleasing term; it is impressive, it sounds big. The fact is the whole science of salesmanship, the whole matter of selling something at a profit, can be comprehended in this one statement of seven words—know your goods and know your people.

THOSE who would succeed in the game of salesmanship need to be, in knowing those with whom they have to deal, something like George Brown's landlady. George's father had heard that the young man was leading a very fast life at college. Not being satisfied with the boy's emphatic denial of the charges, he decided to make an unexpected visit to the son's boarding house and, accordingly, he went to the city. It was somewhat late when he rang the bell at the proper number. The door was opened by a grim-faced woman, who asked him in a decidedly snappy manner what he wanted.

"Does George Brown live here?" asked the father.

"He does," replied the woman acidly, "bring him in."

MANY salesmen know their goods. They can talk till they are black in the face and their vocal apparatus shows severe strain. They can tell everything there is to be told about their respective lines and about a good many other lines, but as for actually knowing anything they should know about the people whom they are trying to sell they are as innocent as new-born babes.

One of the best salesmen I ever knew was anything but a good talker, but he could keep still at the right time better than any other man I ever met. He surely was the champion keep-stiller. When it came to letting the other

chap talk he was an artist. He knew just when to stop, when to listen, what to say, what not to say and just the time when not to say it. He didn't know all there was to be known about his goods, but he did know, ever and always, the people with whom he had to deal. He made it his business to know about them before he tried to sell them. To the superficial observer he apparently had them sold from the start. His campaign was always well under way by the time there was reached that point where he took them in hand outwardly. Even then it wasn't he so much that did the selling as the people themselves — they sold themselves. He saw to it that they did. How did he do it? The true salesman doesn't need be told how. Those who have to be told in detail couldn't do it from the telling anyhow. There is much in salesmanship which cannot be learned from books, just as writing poetry, real worth while poetry, playing baseball or baking biscuits, can never be learned through merely studying rules or instructions.

THE real salesman understands human nature, he is interested in people, he studies them and classifies them, he is aware that, while they have much in common, they also have many points of difference. He knows that just as there are no two blades of grass exactly alike, just so there are not in all the world no two persons alike in every particular. All have their differences. Knowing all this, he goes at no two of them in precisely the same way. He handles each one differently, he uses methods differing in some slight details each time. No parrot-like talk for him. No phonographic set speeches to be gotten off in the same old way every time and everywhere, no cut and dried approaches and get-aways, all laid out like so many plats and blue prints. He has, it is true, his methods, his plans and systems, but the nearest he comes to having anything stereotyped is to adapt these to fit the individual cases.

THE true salesman and, for that matter, all those who get on successfully with people have tact, a plenteous supply of it, and quickness of wit. They are something like the clergyman's wife, who, by the exercise of these qualities, saved him from many an embarrassing situation.

A story has it that one day this minister saw, coming up the front steps, a woman whom he heartily disliked. Retreating to his study, he left his wife to entertain the caller. Sometime later, thinking she had gone ,and having first assured himself, as he thought, that he was correct in his surmise by listening intently from the stair landing above, he called down to his wife, "Has that horrible old bore gone yet?"

The unwelcome caller was still in the parlor, but the pastor's wife was equal to the occasion.

"Yes, dear," she called back, "she went sometime ago. Mrs. Barker is here now."

NOR is it alone with salesmen that understanding people and how to deal with them is necessary for success. In politics, for instance, the one who has an intimate knowledge of human nature always has a big advantage. The one who is in touch, who understands something of the mental processes of the mass, of how and what the public thinks, all other conditions being equal, is likely to be the winner. Of a prominent public man of today, one of the most successful politicians this country has ever produced, a well-known writer says that the secret of his popularity lies in "his enormous commonplaceness. He believes," says this writer, "what the majorities believe, but believes it with such intense energy that he fools the crowd and himself into thinking it his own original discovery."

The local seeker for the suffrage of his fellow citizens, if he is wise, sees the people in their homes, calls on them, talks with them and the members of their families where they are most at ease, this naturally being in the home.

MANY a clergyman preaches two sermons a week, talks at prayer-meeting and is present at other church gatherings and then wonders why his church is not growing in numbers and spirituality. The answer is often in personal work, in the matter of his getting out

and into the homes of not only his congregation, but of all the other people in his community, district, section or parish. In the homes, right where people live, where they feel natural and where their attention is not distracted by other things, as it would be amid strange surroundings, is always the best place to win them. Meantime the caller is learning something of them and of how they live.

The fact is that a whole raft of preachers know very little about the people in their own congregations. Standing up before them on Sunday and seeing them in church in their Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes isn't going to give them that understanding knowledge. The way for a preacher to know people is to seek them out in their homes, to talk to them when and where they are most in harmony with their surroundings, when they are not on dress parade, when they are most at ease. They will open their hearts to the preacher there as they never would anywhere else. The preacher who does this isn't going to get a chance to read so many books nor attend so many evening meetings, but he is going to win more converts and hold them after they are won.

THE merchant in a small community, especially if it be the center of a farming section, can profit by personal calls. I know of a furniture dealer who has built up a business out of all proportion to the size of his town by this method of getting acquainted with people. He knows nearly every man, woman and child within a radius of miles around his home city. Many years ago, shortly after he had started in business, he began. It was partly by chance. Business was dull. One day, leaving the place in charge of his one employe, he drove into the country. Riding leisurely along, he stopped at a farmhouse for a drink. He was asked in, and as he rested he made himself known, spoke of his business and on leaving urged his hosts to return his call by dropping into his store when next in town. When they did so he had some inexpensive little remembrance ready for the children whose names he had been particular to note down, along with those of the parents after he had driven away.

That chance call had given him a great idea.

From that day he made it a part of his business to form acquaintances in like manner at every opportunity. In dull seasons he would be found driving about the country making new acquaintances and renewing old ones.

When people called for the first time, as eventually they did, he always greeted them by name, recalled the circumstances of his visit, asked after the children, if there were any, and inquired concerning matters close to the heart of each caller and regarding which he had taken the trouble to familiarize himself when calling.

Frequently he would write to someone who had not been in for a considerable space, or perhaps send some little reminder to him or the children. The result is that that man sells about all the furniture that is bought in all that country round. You couldn't pull his customers from him with a two-horse team.

All of us have seen men hold public office in communities against all opposition or, perhaps, without opposition for many years largely, if not entirely, on account of their wide acquaintance with their constituency, coupled, of course, with courtesy and intelligent and efficient service.

They have "gotten next."

They know their business in knowing their people.

Couple out here wedded at four o'clock in the morning. Another case of early marriage.

It's hard to imagine anything sadder, more dispiriting than the mock enthusiasm, the enforced gaiety of the lady writer of the society column stuff of the average large city newspaper.

How Did You Die?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful,
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it.

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face,
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

—Edmund Vance Cook.

Make the Most of Yourself

MAKE the most of yourself.

If you have slumped, quit, given up, start trying again. Start right now.

Of course you have tried before, we know that. But did you try with all your might?

Did you use all your forces, all your powers, all your capabilities to the utmost in your efforts?

Perhaps you have been hit hard, beaten back and down; perhaps you are discouraged, disheartened, sick of life and weary of body and soul.

If so, it isn't easy, that's a fact, to rouse yourself from your apathy, to shake off the load of despondency, to free yourself from the what's-the-use attitude.

It's easier to say it than to do it, but it can be done.

It has been done millions of times before and it will be done millions of times again.

It only needs a start. Then keep going. Keep going in spite of everything and everybody.

Nobody can stop you if you once make up your mind to succeed and stick to your resolution.

You will be surprised at finding how things will work with you and for you when once you demonstrate that you are in deadly earnest, that back of your resolution is red-hot determination.

Things may hamper you, but they can't hold you back if you keep on going.

Old Grim Defeat is scared to death of grit and determination.

Not pessimistic pottering, but pertinacious, persistent plugging is what counts, what brings results which redound, that operates to bring out all that is best in oneself.

Cut out the can't do it stuff, eliminate the ifs and ands, pass up the perhapses, and bid good-bye to the bime-by bunk.

Proceed to plumb your possibilities, to capitalize your capabilities.

Take stock of yourself and start in to put yourself on a paying basis.

Marshal your resources. You may be due for a big discovery. Many a person has disclosed qualities, powers, perhaps talents, he never dreamed he possessed.

It took effort, it took will, it took work, it took faith and it took courage. And it paid.

It beat doing nothing and getting paid nothing for doing nothing by a million miles.

Even if you are what the world calls a failure, you needn't remain so. Many of the greatest and best have known what it was to fail. But they didn't remain failures. They didn't even admit failure—at worst, not for long, anyhow.

They got their second wind and went to it again. They were up again and at it.

You may be down today, but you don't have to stay down.

You may be out of a job. You may even be holding down a park bench while you read this. Nevertheless, whoever you are and wherever you are you can improve conditions. You can start a new life this minute, right at this point.

Stand erect and start something, even if it's only your feet. Shake the soft seat, bid farewell to the calamity chorus. Cut loose from the kickers and the carpers.

The world, remember, is just as much yours as the other fellow's.

You have just as much right here as anyone. But you've got to exercise that right.

Don't be a Micawber or a Colonel Sellers. Don't be content to wait for things to turn up.

Things don't turn up of their own accord; they have to be turned up.

Set about to turn them up by starting in to make the most of yourself.

Making the Most of the Mental

IT is well known that practically no persons make the most of their talents or abilities, that practically none gets out of himself the fullest degree of efficiency. No less a man than the great Edison has said this many times.

The late William James, one of the greatest modern psychologists, in an article on **THE POWERS OF MEN** spoke of "tapping the higher levels" and said, "We may find beyond the very extremity of fatigue-distress amounts of ease and power that we never dreamed ourselves to own, sources of strength habitually not taxed at all, because habitually we never push through the obstruction, never pass those early critical points."

He also says, "As a rule men habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess and which they might use under appropriate conditions."

He illustrates by speaking of how one coming from the country for the first time to a city like New York or Chicago, finds the place to him full of terror. "The danger and noise make it appear like a permanent earthquake, but settle him there, and in a year or two he will have caught the pulse-beat. He will vibrate to the city's rhythms; and if he only succeeds in his vocation, whatever that may be, he will find a joy in all the hurry and the tension, he will keep the pace as well as any city man, and get as much out of himself in any week as he ever did in ten weeks in the country.

"Think of the many decisions in an hour; the many things to keep account of in a busy city man's or woman's life. These seem wonderful to the country brother, yet transplanted in the city among city conditions, he finds himself able eventually to do with ease what he had before considered impossible."

THE head of a business concern found it necessary to go to Buenos Aires. A knowledge of the Spanish language was necessary. It was needful that this knowledge be acquired, and acquired quickly. A man familiar with psychology, asked him if he had ever heard about a "speech center?"

"Well, you have one on the left side of your brain, and it's carrying about as much of a load as it can carry in remembering and using the English language. Fortunately you have, or ought to have, a second 'speech center' in the other half of your brain, but it's never been used; it's like a white sheet of paper that's never been written on. It ought to absorb the Spanish you want just like a sponge taking up water. It's asleep, dormant—you'll have to trick it into life and action. In your instance, and under the circumstances, the only way I can think of your doing so will be by writing down, with your left hand, every Spanish word and phrase you study."

And the man, acting on the suggestion, a month later, sailed for Buenos Aires with a good working knowledge of Spanish.

The New York Press, from which this true story was taken, says:

"If we have speech centers which have never been developed, as proved in the illustration presented, is it not possible that we have other brain centers unused, asleep, wasting solely because we have thus far not learned of their presence and how to bring them into the field of activity?"

Fifty per cent of the rejections of applicants for enlistment in the marine corps are reported by the chief recruiting officer to be due to excessive cigarette smoking. It is pretty safe to say that nothing will be made of this in any of the extensive and expensive advertising of the tobacco trust.

Some editorial writers seem to feel called upon to apologize for Candidate Hughes' whiskers. Why apologize for the hirsute shrubbery? They're not side whiskers, you know. Of course, if they were—but perish the thought.

Building a Business

(Continued from June ATTAINMENT)

THERE is no mystery about business success. There is nothing occult about it. It is more than a matter of chance. It is largely the result of applied commonsense and intelligent effort. Success in any line, rightful, worthy, worth while success calls for a clear head and a stout heart. It calls for judgment and courage combined with caution; the caution not, however, neutralizing the courage, but merely tempering it, stablizing it. The builder of a small business cannot afford to plunge, nor should he, on the other hand, be too much disposed to be hesitant. He should proceed carefully, feeling out his way as he advances.

GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS

BE content to grow slowly if need be. Be patient if progress does not always seem so great as you would like, just so long as you are sure that there is progress. It is no disgrace to start in a modest way. John Wanamaker began in a small way. He even delivered personally, in the early days of his career, some of the goods he sold. A. T. Stewart began in an equally modest manner. Marshall Field and others scarcely less notable started on small capital, building on a sure foundation and developing only as rapidly as justified by the business, each and every one of them being careful and painstaking in attention to all details.

As your business expands analyze it in all its various phases, study it from all sides. Note changing conditions. Keep abreast of the times. Keep the mind up to date. Be alive to conditions surrounding your business, impinging upon it, affecting it, and the influences bearing upon it. Strive to get the correct angle on it, the right slant on it. Get a proper perspective. Do not get so close that your vision becomes blurred with details, nor so distant that you get out of touch with it. Have more than one viewpoint. Get business thoughts from the minds of other business men and business ideas from the plans of other storekeepers, and adapt them wherever practicable to your own purposes.

CLEANLINESS COUNTS

IT should not be necessary to speak of such a matter, but judging from the number of places where there is given plenty of cause for criticism on this score, one is justified in dwelling briefly on the subject of cleanliness in connection with business. No little store with chronically dirty windows ever grew into a big one. As for a large store with unclean windows, there just isn't such a thing. Unwashed windows are a sure indication of a like condition of uncleanliness within. They are standing advertisements of the laziness, shiftlessness and the careless and superlative unprogressiveness of the proprietor. One can tell without looking into such a place that whoever is conducting that store lacks to the nth degree enterprise and ambition. One knows at once that he lacks a trained mind, that his mental processes are unorganized and unclassified, that there is no mental discipline, that there is in the mind the same state of mental chaos that is so plainly reflected in the place.

The business reflects the proprietor.

Cobwebs in the corners tell of cobwebs in the brain.

The dirty store window is the index of indolence and inefficiency. The unwashed show window means always also a most unattractively arranged show window, one where the display shows little thought, little method, little harmony, little coherency; it is always a window the possibilities of which are unavailed of, not utilized. In practically all cases the window which stands in need of washing is a part of a general scheme, principal of which is a store front much in need of paint. A lack of paint and a plentitude of dirt usually go together in such places.

One of the best investments any keeper of a small store can make is in soap, hot water, paint and elbow grease liberally applied where they will do the most good. There should be evi-

dence of these both outside and in, for it is a safe proposition that where there is neglect outside there is lack inside, and vice versa. Clean up, clean up, clean up and stay cleaned up should be the motto of every one who would succeed in any business wherein the public is dealt with direct. Present disorder spells future disaster.

The wise restaurant proprietor sees to it that his place looks clean, fresh and inviting. It is more than mere accident that white is the prevailing color these days in the great majority of the successful dairy lunch rooms, cafeterias and other public dining places. There is a strong suggestion of cleanliness, of purity in white. There is psychology in it. There is not only cleanliness, but one is always sub-consciously reminded of cleanliness by white. Dairy product stores have followed suit, and the astute ice cream manufacturer and dealer and the confectioner are, all of them, doing likewise.

One is apt to question, whether he realizes it or not, the cleanliness, the purity of that which is sold or manufactured in an untidy looking place.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD LIGHTING

THE feature of the illumination of a place of business is very important. Saving on one's light bill is not economy. It is an expensive form of stinginess. It is a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy. A poorly lighted store is never a crowded store. A "dim religious light" is all very well in a church, but it is out of place in a store, especially if the storekeeper wishes to build up a business. People visit caverns, but they don't stop long in them. They hurry through. There are few darker show-places in all Europe than the Catacombs of Rome, but they are filled with the remains of the dead. People do not conduct business there.

Take two mercantile establishments, competitors in the same line, in every other way but in the matter of lighting equal and alike, with no difference in size, equally well situated, and the brilliantly lighted one will do twice as much business as the poorly lighted one every time.

People are instinctively attracted toward the brilliantly lighted store, the brilliantly lighted street. I have seen the daytime business of the stores on a certain thoroughfare measurably increased through the merchants of that street keeping their places attractively lighted up in front each evening. The stores themselves were closed, but the attractive lighting scheme as carried out on their street, through concerted action by the merchants, drew many from the city's leading business thoroughfare which paralleled the street in question.

The merchants of the more prominent avenue of trade were content, many of them, to permit the windows or fronts of their closed stores to be dark or, at best, only indifferently lighted up. The struggling merchants on the next street saw the opportunity and made the most of it. The thousands of passers-by who were drawn to the street by the brilliancy of its lighting made mental note of much that they saw displayed in the store windows there, and they returned in the daytime to buy.

THE LURE OF THE LIGHTS

WHY do so many of the great national advertisers spend such huge sums upon electrical displays? Why is the Great White Way in New York and lesser white ways in many smaller cities made so much of? Why are Atlantic City and Coney Island, the latter with its Dreamland and its Luna Park and its many other show places, so attractive to many? The sea and bathing account for it in no small degree, but the brilliant splendor of the lights at night are scarcely less full of charm. Take away from cities the glamor that goes with night illumination, withdraw from them the lure of the lights and at once you have robbed them of one of the most potent of the forces that operate to draw the country dweller to the city. The cities of the world have never grown at such a rate as since the introduction of electric light. Electricity has had no small part in this prodigious development of our cities. The White Way of each and every large city is a great recruiting aid for the urban army. It operates very largely to roll up the population-centre figures from census to census.

(To be continued.)

Goldsmith of the Green Isle

DURING my lifetime I have read at least a dozen biographical sketches dealing with the life of Oliver Goldsmith. So far as I can now recollect not one of them was absolutely free from something derogatory, something disparaging in character, or apologetic note of some nature. Each and every one of the authors felt, it seemed, that it was incumbent on him to qualify, excuse or to explain, and, of course, in just the degree that the writer explained he usually damned, as per the well-worn and equally true expression of the French on the subject of explanations.

I remember very well the first time I ever read of Goldsmith. The author referred to him as a "vanquished victor." And his whole treatment of the subject of the creator of **THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD**, judging from the effect produced upon my far from mature mind, was anything but as favorable to Goldsmith as it might have been had the writer of that sketch been possessed of more charity, had he been less keen to magnify the failings of the man, and more disposed to recognize the good in him and his work.

Later reading and a larger familiarity with history and with life in general has operated to give me a different and a better impression of Goldsmith, but in those early days I was, on the whole, quite inclined to look upon him as rather a bad lot. I had not read **THE DESERTED VILLAGE** nor **THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD** nor much else of his at that time. I knew him better later on through his writings. They were windows through which I looked and saw the man, the real man, his hopes, his aspirations, his ideals.

JUST why the shortcomings, the faults, the human frailties of some are made so much more of than those of others is a problem of which there seems to be lacking an entirely satisfactory solution. Is it because they seem to stick out more prominently in some cases than in others, or is it a matter of the contrast of qualities found in the same personality? Is it because some of these qualities throw into bolder relief certain others? I, for one, do not know. I only know this, that all human-kind has its weaknesses, its frailties, its lacks, its imperfections somewhere; that in each and all, including the greatest are always to be found some unlovely qualities, that in the life-stream of each as it pursues its more or less tortuous way toward the great sea of eternity there are shoals and shallows, currents deep, dark and swift, rocks whose greatest menace lies in their being hidden.

Also I know that in our human nature we average up much the same, the biggest differences being, perhaps, in the way we meet and deal with the temptations which are our common heritage.

GOLDSMITH was an Irishman. So far as names go, his surname could well have belonged to one of Hebraic stock, which reminds me of the story of the man who wished he were half Jew and half Irish, "because," said he, "an Irishman is always happy when he has a dollar, and a Jew always has the dollar."

Certainly Oliver Goldsmith was one of those Irishmen who exemplified the truth of that part of the statement which gives the test of happiness. Lacking, however, the Hebrew strain, Goldsmith was more than frequently without the dollar.

IRELAND, besides liberally supplying this country with policemen, plumbers and politicians, has never been remiss in doing her part by the world in the way of men of letters, to say nothing of those also in the field of art and the realm of music.

Besides Goldsmith, we have as writers who were Irish, Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan

and James Sheridan Knowles, and good old Tom Moore, son of John Moore, a grocer of Kerry.

Edmund Burke, who, although a wise and great man, was not proof against occasional foolish utterances, as, for example, when he gave voice to that great and dangerous falsehood that "vice itself loses half its evil by losing all its grossness," was an Irishman. Burke was as eloquent as an orator as he was as a writer, and eloquence is disposed at times to lead one too far. Things may sound well and yet lack in sense. Burke's statement concerning vice was as pernicious in its doctrine as the words were pleasing in their phrasing.

Sir Richard Steele, whose name will ever be linked with that of Addison, was born in Dublin, as was also Wolfe, the author of THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE; also Jonathan, or Dean, Swift, whose ancestry, however, was really English and not Irish.

Elizabeth Hamilton, who wrote THE COTTAGERS OF GLENBURNIE, and Lady Morgan, author of THE WILD IRISH GIRL, were Irish. The Countess of Blessington and Thomas C. Grattan were likewise from the Little Green Isle.

John Wilson Croker, who edited BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON and did much other literary work, came from Galway. Adam Clarke, noted as an oriental scholar and Bible critic, came from Moybeg, Londonderry County, Ireland.

Richard Lalor Shiel, somewhat better known as an orator than a writer, but author of several works, and Anna Jameson, whose works on art deserve to rank with Ruskin, were natives of Dublin. So also were Richard C. Trench and fascinating Charles Lever.

William Carleton, who wrote of Irish peasant life, came from County Tyrone.

Charlotte Bronte was the daughter of an Irish curate.

Samuel Lover, an Irishman and, incidentally, grandfather of our own Victor Herbert, gave us delightful RORY O'MORE, THE LOW-BACKED CAR and HANDY ANDY.

John Banim, of THE O'HARA TALES, and William H. Maxwell, the creator of HECTOR O'HALLORAN, were Irish, as were also Justin M'Carthy, Captain Mayne Reid, to whom we are so indebted for a host of thrilling tales, and Richard Whately, author of many philosophical works.

William Archer Butler, philosophic writer of note, and Sir James Emerson Tennent, historian, were Irish.

And, in passing, let it be remembered that of all British literature, in fact, of all the literature of modern Europe, the oldest of which any remain are a few scraps of verse, penned in early Irish.

The oldest existing manuscript of the Irish literature is THE PSALTER OF CASHEL, a collection of metrical legends, compiled during the latter part of the ninth century. The oldest prose accounts dealing with early Irish history are THE ANNALS OF TIGERNACH AND OF THE FOUR MASTERS OF ULSTER.

GOLDSMITH was born November 10, 1728, in Pallas, County Longford, Ireland. He was the son of a Protestant clergyman, being one of the many writers whose fathers were of the clergy, among the most notable of them being: Coleridge, Addison, Jane Austen, Charlotte and Emily Bronte, Tennyson, Emerson, Lowell, Thomson, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

Popular belief to the contrary, the children of clergymen not only do not turn out worse than those of parents in other vocations, but they actually average better, as can be proven to the satisfaction of any one who will take the trouble to consult any biographical dictionary.

The school days of young Goldsmith were much the same as those of the general run, little better and little worse so far as general scholarship goes. He did nothing to distinguish himself in his studies. In fact, he was, if anything, considered rather dull, except for the wit that often found expression in retort so often inspired by the ill treatment of his fellows. For, indeed, the childhood of young Oliver, like that of many another child of genius, was far from being a happy one. He was awkward, he was uncouth. He was short of stature, pale and otherwise ill formed physically. Smallpox had left its cruel stamp upon

his already far from attractive face. Nature had not been kind, and youthful humanity did little toward palliating or assuaging her treatment of him.

It is a sad commentary on human nature that there is to be found so much of cruelty in the young. Civilization is a process; we are not born altogether civilized; there is some of the primeval savage in each of us at birth.

GOLDSMITH at seventeen was admitted to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar, ranking last on the list of the eight successful candidates. To be a sizar was to serve. Clad in a coarse black, sleeveless gown and a red cap, he paid for his food and tuition and, in part, for his lodging by performing such menial services as sweeping the court, carrying meals to the better circumstanced students and by waiting upon table.

At the age of twenty-one he quitted college with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, attained with a very low mark. His career in Trinity had been, like the rest of his life, tempestuous indeed. Aided by his uncle, his father having died in the meantime, the boy Oliver had managed to get through to the end. He received little encouragement from his teachers, on one occasion being knocked down by one of them. He tried for a scholarship and failed, he idled and gambled and wrote. Street ballads at five shillings each constituted his principal literary output and, it is told how at night, he often stole out that he might hear them sung and see them hawked about the streets where they found a ready sale.

TO Edinburgh, where thirty-four years after Burns went to find for himself recognition, regard and, still later, rebuff, Goldsmith journeyed in 1752 to study medicine. Some time before that he had gone, that he might study law, to Dublin from his mother's home in Ballymahon, where he had been for two years. He scarcely arrived in the Irish capital before he lost all his funds, two hundred and fifty dollars, in gambling.

Previous to this he had tried for holy orders and had been rejected. One account of his failure to be accepted has it that it was because he had made his application for the holy office "while attired in a pair of scarlet breeches."

He was tutor in a private family for a time, but a quarrel with his employer over a game of cards soon cost him his position.

He remained in Edinburgh eighteen months, gaining some slight knowledge of medicine, some of chemistry and some of natural history; also, it is more than likely, considerable additional knowledge of the world. He won, among his college associates, more distinction as a good story-teller, and as a singer of Irish songs than recognition for scholarship from the faculty in the class-rooms.

IN a play based on the life of Richard Savage, in which that strange, profligate character is in no small degree idealized, I particularly recall one of the drama's most effective bits. Savage is alone in the street, his friends have deserted him, he is homeless, penniless, hungry, the debtors' prison threatens him. A beggar approaches, asks for alms. The wanton poet by word and by even more eloquent gestures tells of his own poverty. If he had aught to give he would gladly do so; he would not turn him away empty-handed.

"But," says the mendicant, as he points at the silvered buckles on the poet's shoes, "you have those."

And without a word, Savage removes and places the last remaining token of departed grandeur into the outstretched palm.

Goldsmith's generosity was of the same type. Seldom, if ever, when he had received as payment for his ballads his meager five shillings, every penny of which he sorely needed for himself, did he return to his wretched college quarters without having divided with the beggars he met upon the way. Throughout his life he gave with the same free open-handedness, that has so distinguished many another genius.

He was of the same class as A. Bronson Alcott who, on the way to the store, gave to a tramp fifty cents, the single coin with which he was to pay for food to feed his family.

Many of us are familiar with the story of Mark Twain, in his early days in San Francisco, standing before a restaurant with fifteen cents, his sole capital, in his pocket and a gnawing hunger in his stomach. Clemens, as he, himself, tells it, was studying the bill of fare trying to decide how he could so spend his dime and a half as to get the very largest returns in real sustenance. Just as he had about settled the momentous question—I think it was a plate of beans that was to be the main feature of the banquet—a member of the genus hobo appeared at his elbow and, delivering himself of one of the most touching appeals for aid Clemens had ever heard, transfixed the latter to the spot. The burden of his argument was an eloquent tribute to the well-dressed, well-fed appearance of Twain, and an equally eloquent picturing of the entirely satisfactory and eminently desirable condition of wealth, ease and comfort they bespoke, contrasted with the lacks and needs of the seeker for aid thereto.

Twain gave the man the fifteen cents and then moved down the street still hungry.

LIKE Burns, who at one time contemplated quitting Scotland for Jamaica, and Coleridge, Southey, Burnett and Lovell, who planned to come to America, and who probably would have done so but for one thing, the inconsequential matter of the price of passage, Goldsmith planned to migrate to the new world. He got as far as Cork on his way to America and there he stopped. It is interesting to speculate sometimes on what would have been the careers of each and all of them had they been able to carry out their plans for a change of residence.

Just as every boy at some time in his life contemplates running away from home and being a hunter, a trapper, a cowboy, Indian fighter, sailor, soldier, circus rider or any one of a number of other things, so I suppose the mind of all the healthily imaginative of the young of the older countries has always turned with eager desire to the contemplation of life across the seas in newer lands.

Perhaps it was his taking too seriously this natural yearning for adventure and change and also his noting the growing increase in immigration that impelled Meredith Townsend in 1868 to write as he did in the London SPECTATOR concerning European emigration to the United States. In the exodus to America Townsend saw Europe's greatest peril. Great Britain, he prophesied, would, through this emigration from the Isles, be reduced in the fifty years ending in 1918 to ten million inhabitants. Then, argued he, these remaining in Great Britain might perhaps use the British fleet to transport themselves also to the new world. The population of Great Britain is greater today than it was when the prediction was made, reminding us again of the fallibility of human prophecy.

FOLLOWING his stay in Edinburgh Goldsmith went to Leyden, where, at the famous university, aided somewhat by his uncle and partly supporting himself by teaching English, he spent a winter.

Goldsmith's next adventure in life was a continental journey.

One writer has it that he left Leyden "with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand," to tour Europe and obtain his medical degree. Another authority has it that his uncle furnished funds for the trip. In any event his relative provided him with some of the necessary money, as he traveled about through France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, in which latter country, in Padua, he took a medical degree at the end of a stay of six months.

His uncle dying at this time, Goldsmith found himself, somewhat after the fashion of Mahomet's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth, being figuratively, "up in the air."

Playing his flute as a means of livelihood while he journeyed, he trudged his way through the several countries to the shores of the English Channel, arriving in London after a year's absence, ragged, dirty, and practically without funds.

GOLDSMITH'S adult life had now begun in real earnest. He tried hopefully to make a living as a physician among the poor of Southwark. Unkempt or, at best, shabbily

genteel, as he was, it is not to be wondered at that he was not successful.

The world has, through the work of the artist, several pictures of this period in Goldsmith's life. In one of them we see him in well-worn, rusty black velvet, second-hand cane in hand and second-hand wig on head with his ancient hat held against his side, a fashionable attitude at that time and a most fortuitous circumstance for the penniless physician, since the head-covering, of which his poor patient would relieve him, conceals somewhat imperfectly a great patch in his coat.

Starved out of being a practitioner of medicine, he next spent several years with varying humble fortune as chemist's assistant, proof-reader and school usher. He succeeded no better at this last than did Johnson as an usher in another's school, or as a master of his own.

About this time he was led for a very brief period to believe his star of fortune was at last in the ascendant. He received an appointment as surgeon to a factory, but for some reason nothing came of it. He then tried for an appointment as surgeon's mate in the British navy, but failed to pass.

Like Johnson and no few others, he was starved into literature and like so many others of them, he found for a time in the new conditions very little betterment.

Life with no few, after all, is apt to suggest the case of the donkey whose allowance of hay is just enough to keep him from actual starvation, but not sufficient to permit him to ever be free at anytime from a feeling of hunger. By giving the beast just sufficient to keep it alive the master gets his work done and also is saved the expenses of burying the animal.

Goldsmith's being forced into literature was, however, the world's great gain. Otherwise it might never have had the VICAR, nor charming "Sweet Auburn," nor so much else that has made his memory so grateful a one to all readers of the best in literature.

His work was of the hack-writer character. He found a sale for his product wherever he could and at whatever price he could get.

It was in 1759, when he was thirty-one years old, that he first began to attract notice as a writer. He was then writing for various magazines, his work, **AN INQUIRY INTO THE PRESENT STATE OF POLITE LEARNING IN EUROPE**, being the first to arouse public interest in him.

ABOUT this time, while living in a garret, in squalid, miserable, tottering and tumble-down Green Arbour Court, he was called upon for the first time by the poet Percy. A mean bed and a single wooden chair comprised the entire furnishings of Goldsmith's dirty room.

It was here that he did his work and it was from here that, on the very night of his first knowledge of his failure to pass the examination for the surgeon's mate position in the navy, he went out in entire forgetfulness of self and of his own great disappointment, but filled, instead with overwhelming pity for his landlady, whose husband had been arrested for debt, to pawn the clothes which he had gotten on a bookseller's security that he might make a decent appearance when seeking the appointment as surgeon's mate.

ON the evening of May 31, 1761, Goldsmith and the great Johnson, who were later to be such fast friends, dined together for the first time in Goldsmith's apartments in Wine Office Court, a far more likely place than Green Arbour Court. Percy had brought about the meeting which was so memorable in the lives of each.

Three years later, when Goldsmith was lodging 'way out in Islington, there took place a meeting of the two, different decidedly in character from that first social evening together. The friendship of Goldsmith and Johnson had grown greatly in the interval. Times without number almost they had dined together. On many occasions they had forgathered by themselves. Many other of these meetings were at the famous weekly suppers of the Literary Club on Monday nights at the Turk's Head in Soho.

Worldly recognition and some of emolument such as was already being enjoyed by the great Englishman had come in measure, to the warm, lovable, gentle little Irishman. Nevertheless,

the improvidence, the generosity, the utter lack of business capacity that through all his life so distinguished Goldsmith had kept him, despite his moderate success in letters, constantly in financial straits.

THE summons that Johnson received that night from Islington was in the nature of a S. O. S. message . Goldsmith's landlady had had him arrested for debt. He was a prisoner in his room.

The woman in so doing had unwittingly done the world a service. She at least hastened the publication of one of literature's valued treasures, THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. Suppose she had not forced Goldsmith into his extremity, suppose he had not sent for Johnson and, Johnson not coming as he did, and, thereupon not reading the manuscript, its author had lost or destroyed it. It is at least within the range of possibility. Stranger things have happened.

It is quite possible, too, that in itself the friendship of Johnson and Goldsmith may have done its part toward making the younger man more productive, may have aided in making the quality of his work better, may have stimulated him to greater endeavor, may have guided him when and where sometimes he needed a guiding, steadying hand. Who knows?

Talent and genius isn't always enough. The making use of talent, of genius is necessary, is just as important as the gift itself. A diamond, rough and hidden in the ground is, it is true, no less a diamond, but so far as its value to the world or itself is concerned, so long as its beauty and value are unavailed of, it might as well be but the commonest of pebbles.

Johnson, on receiving Goldsmith's message, responded by sending him at once a guinea, himself following with all speed. Johnson's friendship was of the real sort, the friendship which is expressed by acts as well as by words.

With Johnson, just as it always was with Oliver Goldsmith himself in all calls for aid, there was nothing of the mere "go in peace, be ye warmed and filled." Johnson got to his friend as quickly as he could, but he saw to it that the money got to him even more quickly. He knew, out of his own trying experiences, the paramount value and need of money in emergency.

Kind words are all well enough in their way, but good as they are, they are not sufficient for pressing needs that must be met.

As Franklin put it, "well done is better than well said."

THE result of Johnson's response to Goldsmith's call was the sale by Johnson of THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD for three hundred dollars. Goldsmith on his friend's arrival had brought the manuscript from his desk, and Johnson at once plunged into the reading of it. Recognizing the merit of it, he sought a purchaser, and Goldsmith, with his newly acquired funds, paid his debt and was once more free to go and come as he pleased.

Fifteen months later the story in two volumes came out. Goldsmith in the meantime had become famous. His beautiful poem, THE TRAVELLER, had appeared, and the judgment of Johnson, who had declared it the equal of anything that had appeared since the death of Pope, was justified in the opinion of the public.

The sister of Reynolds, hearing the poem read, declared never again would she think Dr. Goldsmith ugly. She, like all those who knew the real Goldsmith, saw no longer the unattractive face, with its coarse, blunt features, but the soul beauty, which shines out so strongly in his writings, just as it did in his genial, sunny, kindly, gentle personality.

GOLDSMITH was now busy. The productions of his pen were in demand. His income was growing, but the debts of poor, improvident Noll, grew even faster. Unquestionably had not want pressed him so closely he could have made better bargains for his literary wares. For example, for an English grammar which he prepared he received five guineas. Nevertheless he fared better with many other of his writings.

For his comedy, THE GOOD-NATURED MAN, which was brought out on the stage in 1768, he received nearly $2,500, a fairish figure as prices went in those days. The money was soon spent, however. Goldsmith fitted up his

chambers most sumptuously in mahogany and blue moreen, wined and dined his friends and acquaintances, the lot of them making the nights and days merry with noisy games and the choruses of many a rollicking song.

His finest poem, THE DESERTED VILLAGE appeared in May, 1770. Five editions were exhausted in less than four months. Dying Gray, at Malvern in his vain search for health, hearing it read, said "that man IS a poet."

The world's recognition and appreciation, however, brought little in ease and comfort to Goldsmith. Generous to a fault, taking no thought of the morrow, his indebtedness outran his facile pen. Heavy advances from booksellers were secured only at the equally heavy cost of discounting the handsome rewards he should have received for his work.

Even, as in the early days of his literary career, he had, as a hack-writer, kept the wolf from the door, so now he found himself scarcely less a slave as his mind worked and his hand wrought.

IN 1773 SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, which has been called a perfect stage play, was produced, and Goldsmith's fame was even more enhanced.

In a gathering of wits at dinner in the St. James Coffee House, Goldsmith had been made the subject of a number of good-humored jibes at the hands of his friends assembled there. His short poem, RETALIATION, written but a short time before his death, was his reply to them, and by no means did he in any way come out second best.

Particularly witty had been the couplet of Garrick—

"Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

They were lines as frank and as true of Goldsmith, perhaps, as they were clever, but they were as nothing in their frankness, their cleverness and their truth compared with the poetical castigation of Goldsmith's verses in response. Garrick had reason ever after to regret that he had been brilliant at Goldsmith's expense.

TOILING away at the literary mill, with debts, due in part to his improvidence and partly to his generosity, continually mounting higher instead of becoming less, importuned by beggars and threatened by creditors and giving alike to each as he could, he fell ill.

On April 4, 1774, just nine days later, he passed away in London.

So ended at the age of forty-five the earthly existence of one of whom Doctor Johnson said: "No man was ever more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had."

GOLDSMITH can scarcely be called a great man. Great men are relatively rare. There are many who are talented and no small number who have genius, but those who are truly great are few indeed. Goldsmith was gifted, rather than great. And just as with those who are great, there can be found lacks, shortcomings, failings, no less than in all other humans, so Goldsmith fell short.

The great are not great in every way, in all things or at all times. They are at best great only part of the time; they are intensely human most of the time. Nor is their greatness challenged because of it.

Monarchs wear their crowns only on occasion, yet they are no less monarchs because of that.

Goldsmith should best be remembered in his writings, writings which we can believe reflected the man, the man as Scott saw him when he wrote: "He was a friend to virtue, and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy and purity of feeling distinguish whatever he wrote."

With Thackeray we can say: "Think of him reckless, thoughtless, vain, if you like — but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity."

Such was Oliver Goldsmith, poet and man.

Friends and Friendship

ALMOST countless volumes have been written concerning friends and friendship. Nevertheless people will continue to ask as to how they can have friends and how they can hold them. They can always find the answer in their own hearts. The matter is a very simple one. To have friends we must be friendly. One can have friends through being a friend.

True friends do not go so much by favor as by merit. Mark you, I say TRUE friends.

And there's a big difference between friends and mere acquaintances.

And there's a vast distance between acquaintanceship and friendship.

In too many cases there is too little distinction made between the two words.

An acquaintance may pick your pocket, give you knockout drops or render you unconscious with a blow when you are not expecting it. You wouldn't expect such treatment at the hands of a friend.

People talk of friends when very often those so designated are far from such. Real friendship is a very rare article. No one ever has an over-abundance of genuine friends. No one ever has so many that he can afford to lose one; no one can do other than esteem a great blessing, the adding of another.

And so when we hear persons talking glibly of those whom they call friends, and yet of whom they know little and who, in return, know equally as little of them, you can set it down as certain that the talkers either are mistakenly using the word friend as a synonym for acquaintance or that they have no deep conception of friendship and almost always have no really deep-rooted friendships themselves.

Find one who is prone to talk much about this one or that one as a friend, who takes on so called friends easily and quickly, who makes no line of demarcation between friends and acquaintances and you have one who has few real friends and whose friendship for others, such friendship as can stand the test, is generally not of the strongest character.

FRIENDSHIP is a reciprocal arrangement. It is most exacting in its justice. We have friends only to the extent that we are friends and no farther. Those who knowingly or unknowingly esteem friendships lightly are not very likely to have much value put upon their regard by those to whom it is extended.

Friendship, no less than in other things in this world, has its exactions. To those with real friendship they are exactions which are willingly, gladly met, yet exactions nevertheless.

Disappointment will be the portion of anyone who feels in the matter of friendship as did Pat when asked to endorse a note at the bank for an acquaintance.

"Sure," said he, "sure an' Oi'll guarantee ye'll pay it, but Oi know domned well ye won't pay it, an' we'll have a good joke on the bank."

THE one who rightly values friendship is never too swift to admit within the charmed circle of his intimates the mere acquaintance, nor to give to another his unreserved confidences until time and tests have set their seal. Friendship is a matter of growth, friendships never burst quickly into full bloom. What seem like friendships quickly made in very many cases turn out disappointingly. Love at first sight is apt too often to be as a plant which springs up in a day. There is great likelihood of its withering just as quickly under the scorching rays of a closer intimacy. It is with such often that there is exemplified the truth of the adage "familiarity breeds contempt."

Love at first sight is the chief cornerstone of the divorce courts. Many a woman who tells others what a brute of a man her husband is was a love-at-first-sighter.

Equally as many men who fell in love with a specimen of hand painting, a combination of frizzes and frescoes, with a pair of shoes, or with all of them in one job lot are now telling how marriage is a failure and womankind the prize swindle.

IF those who rail at friendship will only look into the matter of their disappointments on that score they are pretty sure to find the answer based on logical grounds. Let them review the history of the cases that have disappointed. In the very greater number there will be found lack somewhere, a want of good judgment, or not sufficient charity, or a not altogether unselfish motive at the first. Unselfish friendships are the best, the most lasting. Perhaps, measured by a strict standard, they are not the rule, they are even rare, more rare than is generally realized, but they are the most satisfactory, the most satisfying.

Perhaps the friendships that yield most fruitfully are those where there is less of striving for friendship and more of striving to rightly merit that friendship.

The one who never forgets a friend and is ever disposed to forgive a foe is on the right track. Such a one will never lack friends.

The Tyranny of Intolerance

INTOLERANCE comes very close to being a cardinal sin. Beyond the power to compute is the aggregate woe of the world traceable to it. The person who is without some form of intolerance somewhere in his make-up is rare indeed. Scarcely any other human weakness is more insidious in its nature. With most people there is some realization of one's own moral shortcomings, of one's weaknesses, of one's proneness to err, but in many cases the very sin that so violates the commandment to love one another is the very one which is overlooked. Many a one who prides himself on his moral rectitude is most intolerant of the opinions of others, is hard as nails in his judgments of his fellows. Sometimes, too, it seems that, with the strictest adherance to rules for moral guidance, comes great intolerance.

With a stern self-accounting comes frequently a more exacting attitude with others.

GOOD people ought to be the happiest people, and by good people I mean those who live rightly, not goody-good people, but those who are good for something, those who are useful in the world, something after the idea of Dickens, who expressed it when he said: "No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else."

Yes, good people should be the happiest, but are they? Not always. Far, very far from it sometimes.

Virtue, indeed, has its own reward. Sometimes, however, it has its penalties also. That is, this ingrowing kind of virtue that makes its possessor intolerant of the less virtuous, of those who err in other lines, who fall short of the standards set by the intolerant one. Small wonder we are cautioned against the judging of others. There is likely to be a lack of justice in man's judgments. It is so hard to get away from the personal viewpoint, to rid oneself of one's prejudices, which come to be a very part of one's character.

Tolerance or the lack of it depends on how we look at things, like in the case of the man who questioned the statement that it never pays to look backward. Said he, "how about it when you are seated in a crowded place close behind a girl with a long feather sticking directly back from her hat into your face?"

It is all a matter of viewpoint, perspective, a matter of likes, dislikes, preference and prejudices.

Said the visitor to a resident of the town: "Your place boasts a choral society, I understand."

"I never boast of it," replied the resident.

Intolerance is a form of unreasonableness,

something on the order of the young woman who wanted six two-cent stamps for a dime, and on getting but five insisted that they be delivered at her home without delay.

I KNOW a public man, one of the sanest and best balanced men alive, a clear thinker, a sound reasoner. His judgments are seldom hastily formed, his prejudices are little in evidence ordinarily. He is usually as calm, serene and placid as a prairie stream, but he has one pet aversion—intolerance. He abominates, abhors and on every possible occasion attacks intolerance. His hatred for it is keen. And the remarkable part of it is that in his assailing of intolerance he is the very personification of the very thing he rails against—intolerance. Never is this man so intolerant of others as when discussing the question of intolerance. And he never realizes it.

The man in his desire to do away with intolerance permits his zeal to carry him too far. He is something like the chap who, in discoursing on equality, remarked: "Every man is as good as another—yes, and sometimes a blanked sight better."

It is illustrated by the case of the Bowery tough who, on being converted by a woman mission worker, promised her faithfully to abstain from fighting and in the next breath asked her if there wasn't somebody he could "beat up" for her.

SO long as human nature is human nature we will have to contend with intolerance, not alone the intolerance in others, but intolerance in ourselves. We can never hope to be free from it. At best, we can hope to restrain it, to modify it in our own natures. By the cultivation of the attitude of mentally putting ourselves in the other's place, by striving to be impersonal in our judgments, by developing perspective, with always having back of it an earnest, honest desire to see things rightly and to deal justly can we hope to approximate the desired condition of toleration for our fellows, for their opinions, their deeds, their ideals, their lack of them, and even for their faults and failings.

The Despised Details

ALMOST without exception those who succeed give heed and thought to the little details as well as to the main features. The one who disregards the little things is, to say the least, limiting himself. The little things are more than important. Little leaks, if not attended to, will sink the biggest ship; little losses if disregarded will in time wreck the biggest business. On the other hand, close attention to little things, things perhaps regarded by some as not even deserving of notice, often lifts whatever is being done into the realm of art.

What is denominated as talent or genius often is due to, is the outcome of, a studious attention to little things. Genius has been described as being the capacity for taking pains. One does not take pains with the big things; it is the scrupulous regard for the little things that calls for the taking of pains.

ONE of the most successful salesmen I ever knew exemplified this teaching, this capacity for taking pains. He was notable for his attention to and consideration of all details. In style of dress, in matters of speech, subjects of conversation, he always considered well the one with whom he was dealing. The time of day or evening, the state of the weather, current matters of public interest were, all of them, considered. The likes and dislikes and the hobbies of each possible purchaser were given careful thought by the salesman and operated in each case to influence him in his handling of the individual problem.

If possible, this salesman never called upon his prospect until he had learned something of his history, his tastes, his likings and his antipathies, his eccentricities, his idiosyncrasies. All that could be gleaned concerning his man he availed himself of before ever meeting him.

r meeting him he continued to study him, ling his way as he went along. The sales- an very seldom tried to sell at the first meeting. His plan usually was for a campaign and not an assault. It was something like a siege, with all preparations made and precautions taken against anything and everything other than a final capitulation.

More than once I have known this salesman to change his hat or his collar or his necktie or his entire outer clothing preparatory to making a certain call. In some instances his apparel would represent the height of fashion; on other occasions he would affect carelessness in dress almost to the point of being slouchy. Once before calling upon a rich farmer of decided thrifty bent and of equally decided views against display in dress he removed his watch chain. Although naturally of plain tastes himself and with a dislike for jewelry of any kind, I have seen him on some occasion when about to call upon one who placed undue value on worldly prosperity supplement fashionable attire by diamonds, rings, fancy cigarette case or card case, or both, and gold-headed cane. Not infrequently he would utilize evening dress in making calls which yielded business later in large measure.

Once before calling upon a very wealthy but equally penurious individual he substituted for his immaculate silk shirt one which had seen several days' wear and was considerably soiled. He had heard the prospect on a former call rail about the extravagance of one's changing one's shirt oftener than once a week. He had made a mental note of the remark, just as ever and always he was instinctively making such note of everything in any way to do with prospects and possible prospects.

MANY business men in their correspondence do not scorn the consideration of the little things. Their stationery is made the subject of much thought. Style, character, quality are recognized as important. The preparation of the subject matter is given care, and often even the day or hour of the mailing of the communication, so that it may not arrive at an inopportune time, is carefully thought out beforehand.

FEW persons other than those interested generally realize the infinite pains taken by many in store planning, the plans being so made as to display goods to the very best advantage. Several great corporations duplicate the same floor plan and stock arrangement in all their various chain stores, modifying them only wherever insurmountable architectural difficulties make such modifications necessary. One great concern wherever possible places its stores on corners. A nationally known restaurant company, like the merchandizing corporations referred to, has such a uniform and distinctive style of front and interior as to stamp its identity even were the name, which is always prominently displayed, absent. In the case of every one of these great combinations of capital the keenest interest is taken and the closest attention is given to the matter of detail. Loss is reduced to the minimum; in fact, till it is a negligible quantity.

IN every line in which there can be saving accomplished such saving is made Just as in the United States Army and Navy every pencil, every pen, every sheet of paper is accounted for, so in these great concerns waste is eliminated, economy is developed into a fine art. There is no disregard of details.

The little man despises the little things, the details. The big man knows better than to do so.

It is told of the original Phil Armour that once when standing on a station platform he noticed a small box of meat from one of his packing houses. He found that it had been lying there several days, in fact, long enough for the meat to spoil. He at once dropped all other matters and commenced an investigation for the purpose of discovering who was to blame. The value of the case of meat was less than three dollars, scarcely the value of a few minutes of Mr. Armour's time, yet it was treated by him as a most important matter. When, after no little time and effort expended by him and his subordinates, the cause was located, several discharges resulted and such a change in the system was made as would render impossible the loss of another case of meat in a like manner.

Mr. Armour recognized in the box astray a symptom indicative of something more than the mere matter of a misdirected shipment.

He did not stop till the trouble was located and corrected.

He found on that depot platform that day, not a mere case, but a condition.

Tracing back, he saw that it was removed.

He was alert to the details.

His being so did much toward making him the multi-millionaire that he was.

AN efficiency expert was called in to see if he could diagnose if possible the trouble with a concern which was rapidly making for the bankruptcy courts. He started at the top and worked down. The system was faultless till he got to the smaller details—and it didn't take him long to work down to them, either, for he had surmised the trouble early. On every hand he found waste, leakage. The concern was bleeding to death. It was doing a big business, but its vitality was being sapped faster even than the inflow of trade. He made the changes necessary, put in a system where the details were given the finest, closest consideration, where waste was impossible, and what before that was registering a loss was now paying a dividend.

Like with the packing houses, which are said to allow nothing to be lost, even to the extent, it is humorously said, of utilizing the squeal, the consideration of the details often means the differentiating between loss and profit, failure and success.

Consider and give heed to the details, the little things, and then there is more likelihood of there being big things to consider and take care of. The big things depend on and are only made possible through close and painstaking attention to the little things.

Educated But Not Wise

THERE'S a big difference between education and wisdom, just as there is often between book-knowledge and just plain commonsense. Some people know so much that they're water-logged with it. They're bogged and fogged with information—no little of which isn't so anyway. They sag in the sky-piece. Some of these chaps are positively pudgy with Greek roots and Latin declensions, but shy in the matter of sufficient sense to seek a sheltered spot in a sudden spring shower. The hard thing and the hard way for them every time. Life is a thing complex, a matter of forms, ceremonials and the like. The simple way is unknown to them.

They are something like the college degree chap who came upon the good old ship Constitution anchored off Boston. He noted, hanging upon the side of the old sea-fighter, the brass nameplate which tells something of the notable history of the grand old survivor of our first navy. He adjusted his monacle, took a closer look and then, in oracular fashion, remarked, "Ah yes, Old I-ron-si-dees, Old I-ron-si-dees, a fine old Greek name indeed."

And that is what "Old Ironsides" meant to him.

"Old Ironsides" would have been too easy, too simple, you know, so it was "I-ron-si-dees."

Ponderously profound, are such as he.

Nature takes on a hush, silence broods and solemnity sits in state when he's about.

You are startled at the thought that you never before realized what a serious and momentous affair existence is, after all; you commence to wonder whether you are really going to manage the affair without assistance. You're in for a tight squeeze anyhow. You feel humble and ill-equipped in the presence of old Mr. Know-it-all.

He is the individual who would transpose all simple terms into complex. No mother tongue for him if any dead and gone language can be made to serve. One syllable words are taboo. He is educated, educated till you can't rest, but as for real wisdom that's a very different matter, indeed.

"Knowledge is proud that it has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that it knows no more."

Are You One Of Those Who Rule

Or are you one of those who are ruled?

SUCCESS is the result of the application of certain well defined principles. These principles, taken together, constitute what is sometimes known as the Law of Mentalism.

Knowledge or ignorance of this great Law of the Mind is often the determining factor in destiny—determining whether you are to be a success or a failure.

Every successful man or woman knows and applies the principles of this Law; every human failure is due to ignorance of these principles, failure to make use of them, or both.

THE LAW OF MENTALISM, a book dealing with this great subject, is a practical explanation of thought-force or mind-force.

THE LAW OF MENTALISM makes plain the basic principles of NEW THOUGHT, treating every phase of the subject in a simple, direct, understandable manner.

THE LAW OF MENTALISM is for every one not satisfied to remain in a rut. It is the WAY OUT for any one and every one who will merely avail himself or herself of the means.

The following is selected from many good letters concerning THE LAW OF MENTALISM:

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