JANUARY, 1918

BUSINESS SUCCESS

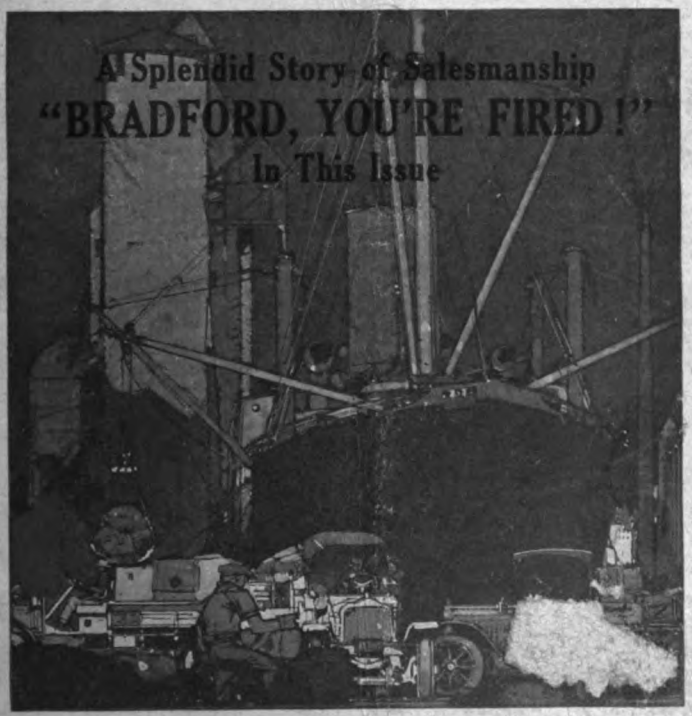
AND THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

■ *The Service Magazine* ■

A Splendid Story of Salesmanship

"BRADFORD, YOU'RE FIRED!"

In This Issue



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The Service Magazine

BUSINESS SUCCESS
and
THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1918

VOL. XV :: NUMBER 1

Only that which tends to increase the "Area" or A+R+E+A of the reader—that is his Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action—will appear in this magazine.

BUSINESS SUCCESS *and* The Business Philosopher, *The Service Magazine*, is published monthly by Arthur Frederick Sheldon. Official organ of the International Business Science Society, and exponent of the Sheldon philosophy of Success Through Service. Subscription price, $2.00 a year in the United States or its possessions, $2.12 in Canada, and $2.25 in foreign countries. Copyrighted by Arthur Frederick Sheldon.

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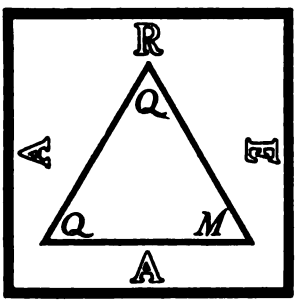

THIS magazine is built on a rock—the rock of Arthur Frederick Sheldon's universally applicable Area Philosophy, after which the village of Area, Lake County, Illinois, the home of Sheldonism, is named.

The word Area is made up of the initials of the four channels of expression of the four-square man—Ability, Reliability, Endurance, and Action, which correspond to the four-fold endowment, Intellectual, Moral, Physical, and Volitional, without which complete success is impossible.

And this four-fold capacity of the individual functions or expresses itself in what we term his Q Q M—that is, in the Quantity, Quality and Mode of Conduct which characterize his Service and determine his worth.

From this we get our familiar square-and-triangle symbol.

SHE'S CALLING TO THE MEN, TOO!

JOAN of Arc is today calling upon all Americans to mobilize themselves into a vast army of thrift to back up the American soldiers in the trenches and the American sailors braving winter's icy storms. The mission of the stay-at-homes is just as important as was that of the Maid of Orleans. Though they cannot shoulder a gun they can save their country by lending their savings to their government. And the War Savings Stamp is the best savings offer the United States has ever made.

BUSINESS SUCCESS
AND
THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

VOLUME XV JANUARY, 1918 NUMBER 1

"BRADFORD, YOU'RE FIRED!"

HERE, in our opinion, is one of the finest stories for salesmen—and all business people—that we have ever been privileged to read. This splendid bit of more than fiction searches the depths and carries its hero to the heights of successful salesmanship. And it lays the chief stress where it belongs—on the mental and moral attitude of the salesman himself. Get right with yourself and with the world, it teaches in effect—make yourself your own most critical "prospect" and sell yourself to yourself if you can—and you need not worry about your ability to sell anything else that has a market. Don't fail to read this once-in-a-blue-moon story, which is printed here by permission of the author and of the holders of the copyright, the Smith-Digby Company, of Tacoma, Wash. It will jolt any man—if he is not 99.9% dead—out of the deepest rut that Sloth, Indifference & Company ever grooved. And when you have read it turn to our advertisement elsewhere in this issue, which will tell you how to obtain "Bradford, You're Fired!" in handy booklet form.

THE author of this exceptional business story, William W. Woodbridge, whose photograph accompanies it, has sent us at our request the following amusing thumb-nail sketch of his life.

"I was born one sunny Sunday morning in September, nearly thirty-five years ago. At the age of sixteen, I entered William & Mary College as sophomore. When I reached the age of nineteen, I began my business experience as guardian of the bottom rung of the ladder of success, securing a salary of $25.00 a month—a *month*, mind you!—from the Southern Iron & Equipment Co., of Atlanta, Ga. Two years later, I heard the West calling, and answered the call, accepting a position with the H. J. Miller Lumber Co., of Chehalis, Wash., where I labored for $10.00 per week. Later, my pay was increased somewhat. Just as the war broke out, I was interested in a saw mill, and was first assistant to the General Manager. The mill burned shortly thereafter, but the insurance paid off all the indebtedness, so I had nothing hanging over me—and less under me. Since that time, I have been connected in one way or another with printer's ink, and for the past two years have been advertising manager of the *West Coast Lumberman* of Seattle. Last July, I organized, promoted and established *American Khakiland*, a military twice-a-month magazine, of which I am now editor. Headquarters of the magazine can be found in Seattle, with the mechanical end in Tacoma and a branch office here in Washington, D. C., where this is written. I am in good health, six feet high when I throw my shoulders back, prefer dark red neckwear, and am a prohibitionist when in Seattle."

Now for the story itself:

"Bradford, you're fired!"

The door had opened silently behind me.

I turned from the cards that were spread on the table before me, and looked into the stern eyes of James T. Mather, sales-manager of the Continental Dry Goods Company.

"You don't mean—" I stammered.

"Exactly that, Bradford," answered my employer, closing the door behind him.

"We're through with you, and there will be another man in your territory next week. I have written you time and time again, I have given you advice, I have tried to awaken some ambition in you—but to no avail. A man like you needs the feel of steel before he amounts to anything. So I'm giving it to you straight. You're fired, fired because you are not worth the expense money it takes to keep you in the territory. We're through with you for all time, Bradford! *You're a failure!*"

And he turned and left the room.

* * * * *

I sat, looking dumbly at the cards spread out face up before me.

Mechanically I began counting off threes, placing a card here and there, as the game of solitaire demanded.

Fired?

Well, that didn't matter much.

I had been fired before.

I had my own little philosophy.

We live but once.

Why not get out of it all there is in life while we live it?

Thus I argued that fateful afternoon in March.

And this was the evolution of my philosophy:

Living but once, we must get all there is in life as we pass along.

All of what?

Pleasure!

And what is pleasure?

The having of a time, a big time. With a regular bunch of regular fellows.

Work?

Sure, for we must work to live, and must live to have our regular little old times.

Work—but not too hard, for why be a slave?

No man gets what he is worth—for the boss can't pay enough—can't afford it.

So work just enough to pay for what you do—or just enough to stimulate the chances for a raise.

But live—be no slave—live!
See life, for we pass this way but once.
When we die we are a long time dead.
So live the life while the living's good.

And this was my philosophy—and the philosophy of my kind.

I had a good time.

I was popular.

My friends thought me a success—such a success as my philosophy breeds.

But the gloom of the room, this chill March afternoon, seemed to enter my soul.

I went over to my grip in the far corner of the room.

The half filled bottle there would give me courage to face another fight for a place.

Another job!

It would be hard sledding, finding a place.

My record was against me.

But then, I was rather clever at landing positions.

I laughed mirthlessly.

"Here's luck, Bradford," I said to myself, raising the bottle to my lips, "a better job and an easier one."

And with my bottle as companion, I returned to my game of solitaire, in the gloom-light of the room.

* * * * *

My thoughts were drab.

I had been expecting for some time to lose out on this job. The line was a hard one—too many trunks to pack, too many hick towns to make. But I had no idea that old Mather himself would drop in on me. Come right into my room without knocking! What right had he to do that anyway? Suppose I *was* playing solitaire in the middle of the afternoon. Can't a man ever take a few minutes off, when he's been traveling all the night before on a road that has no Pullman service? Should a man let his boss kick him around like an office boy?

So I took another drink to encourage my resentment against Mather and the Fates that had brought him spying on me while out on my route.

The Fate had always been against me. I'd never really had a fair show in life. I was a man of temperament. How could a hard money-making plug like Mather appreciate the finer feelings of a man like me? Mather was a self-made man, coarse of soul, selfish in all things, caring nothing for the men he ruled. He'd made good by *driving men.* That was his secret! Always driving us poor dogs of the road. What did *he* know of the "life"! A man without feeling, a self-made man.

And I took another drink.

Why, Mather was no gentleman! Imagine

a man butting into your room without knocking. But then, he had none of the finer feelings. Why, his very education he'd picked up himself. If he'd been to college as I had, he'd have known how to treat a fellow being; but then, what can you expect from a slave driver, who worked up from the packing rooms? It was a good thing that I had quit a firm who hired such a man to handle the sales end. It was beneath a man of my breeding to be associated with such a concern. What would the frat boys have thought five years before, if they had known that I would ever have to look up to such a man as my superior?

And so I drained the last drop from the bottle.

I rose unsteadily from the table.

A great wave of resentment swept over me.

And in my heart, I damned Jim Mather, the man who had kicked me down.

I hated him with a hatred that was more intense than any emotion that had ever before entered my life.

The sun flamed like a red flag of resentment before me, as I stood swaying drunkenly there by the window.

And Mather's words, as he had stood behind me, were still ringing in my ears:

"Bradford, you're fired!"

* * * * *

For a long, long time I stood there.

Plans of revenge began forming in my mind.

If that man Mather insisted on queering my game, I'd kill the brute.

Kill him!

What had I ever done to *him*, anyway?

He had always had it in for me, from the very start.

He knew that the territory he had given me was the worst in the country.

I wondered why I had taken all he said so meekly.

Well, it wasn't too late now.

Mather was still in this hotel. I knew this, for there was no train out until midnight.

I'd go up and have a few words with this high-handed sales-manager of a tight-fisted clothing house.

I'd have the satisfaction of showing him that no man could rub it into Me, just because he had a better job than I.

And so I turned and stumbled across the room.

WILLIAM W. WOODBRIDGE
Author of "Bradford, You're Fired!"

* * * * *

It was dark now.

I turned on the light, and went to the dresser, where my tie and collar had been discarded.

And then a strange thing happened, born perhaps of the distorted imaginings of a drink-crazed mind.

Instead of the reflection of *one* man, I saw *two* there in the tall mirror before me, *two* men, images of myself, and each of them looked me in the face.

I stared amazed!

And as I looked, I saw one of the figures turn to the other, and point his finger at the companion figure's face. Then I heard, as truly as I have ever heard anything, this strange incarnation of myself cry in a voice of force and conviction:

'Bradford, you're fired!"

"Fired?" whined the other, in a snivelling wail.

"Yes, fired! Get out of me! I'm through with you, now and forever. You're a failure, through and through. Go! You're my worst enemy. You're ruining my business, you're ruining my life. Bradford, you're fired!"

The reflection of the second figure faded from the glass. The remaining man turned and smiled into my eyes.

Then the room swam round.

I clutched at a nearby chair.

Darkness smashed in around me.

I felt myself falling, falling, falling.

And then—oblivion.

* * * * *

"Bradford, wake up!"

I turned restlessly on the hard floor of my room.

"Bradford, wake up!"

I opened my eyes and rose to a sitting posture. The dim light of early morning penetrated the drawn curtains. It was cold, and I was stiff and sore from my night's sleep on the thin carpet.

"Bradford, wake up!"

And it was then I realized that it was myself who spoke, my *true* self.

I rose and walked unsteadily to the window.

The cards still lay scattered about on the table, as I had left them. The empty bottle, lay on the foot of my unused bed.

I threw open the window and drank in deep draughts of the crisp morning air.

The clouds of the night before were driven from my brain.

Then I turned and again approached the mirror.

I stood and looked at my reflection in the glass. My hair was matted on my forehead, my cheek was smeared with grime from the carpet where I had lain, my eyes were red with the drink of the night before, and my lips were dry and cracked.

I gazed at my reflection with a strange fascination. Could this be the culmination of twenty-eight years of developed manhood, this slinking, cowering figure of a bestial youth? And then I remembered the vision of the night before, and a strange conviction took possession of me, the conviction that the vision was a reality, that the night before I had actually seen what my befuddled memory now so persistently recalled to my drink-weary mind.

I leaned forward and peered into the eyes of my reflection—into the eyes of a man I hated and loathed, into the eyes of my one great enemy—John Bradford.

And then the great fight of my life began, the fight for possession of that which I had never before realized man possessed — the *Super*-self.

And to that cowering, slinking creature, that stood looking at me from the glass, I cried again:

"Bradford, you're fired! I'm going to put another man on your job, and the man on the job will be my slave, and I will be a slave driver, for it takes a slave driver to make a success. *Bradford, you're fired!* Get out of me, now and forever, for there's a new man to take your territory, and I'm going to see that the new man makes good. For I'm going to *drive* that new man to success, I'm going to hound him, day after day, every minute of every day. And I'm going to *own* this other man, instead of his owning me. I'm going to be his boss, Bradford, and he will respect me and do my bidding. You're a failure, Bradford. You had your chance, and you fell down. So you've got to go—forever, you and your philosophy with you. I'm through with you. *Bradford, you're fired!"*

But the face peered at me cynically from the glass. There seemed to be a sneer on his lips and the bloodshot eyes leered defiantly.

I felt my head swim again, as the face in the glass mocked me.

"You can't fire me, you *can't* fire me, *you can't, you can't!"* the eyes seemed to say.

"Then I can kill you!" I cried, and turning to my bed, I took the empty bottle and flung it with all my strength at the tall mirror.

There was a crash and a rain of tinkling glass.

And that is how I "fired Bradford." Thus my real fight for success began.

* * * * *

It was late in the afternoon when I descended to the lobby of the hotel.

Mather was sitting in the writing room.

"Mr. Mather," I said, as I stopped by the writing desk, "I want to have a talk with you."

"No use, Bradford."

"I know it, so far as the old job is concerned. But I want to get you to give me some advice. You see, I have taken on a pretty big contract this morning, and I thought maybe you might help me out."

He looked puzzled.

"Oh, very well," he said, folding up the papers before him and rising, "let's go out in the lobby, where we can talk unmolested."

"Mr. Mather," I began, when we were seated, "I have just been appointed sales-manager for a mighty big concern, and I have a salesman working for me who is a hard man to handle. I am not used to being boss, and this fellow is one that requires pretty strict curbing."

Mather looked at me in amazement.

"Say, Bradford, what is this, a joke?"

"I should say not, Mr. Mather, it's grim reality. This man has a hard job ahead of him. He's taking the place of a man who has the territory badly spoiled. The company had to fire the other fellow because he was a hard drinker, a gambler and a man who thought of but one thing, *cheap pleasure.* Now this new man who is to follow him has to remake the reputation of the house that the other fellow ruined. I think he's got good stuff in him. But he's got to be properly handled. He's the kind of a chap that needs a tight rein. I've faith in him, but he's going into a territory full of temptations and pitfalls, and I want to know what is the best way for me to help him make good for himself and for his house."

Mather seemed interested.

"Bradford, if I had a man of that kind working for me," he said, after a moment's reflection, "I'd start right off by gaining his entire confidence. I'd make him feel that the house was with him. I'd talk with him whenever I could, get him to believing that the success of the business depended on *his* efforts. And, Bradford—I'd give that man so much work to do that he would have no time to loaf on his job, no time to find temptations, and no time for temptations to find him. I'd *make* work for him—to keep him going hard. Then if there was anything in him, it would crop out."

"Thank you, Mr. Mather," I said, as I rose to leave him.

"But, Bradford," called Mather after me, "who is this man you are so interested in?"

"*My Super-self,*" I answered, "and his job is the selling of success, the success of John Bradford."

Mather laughed unpleasantly.

"I might have known you were trying to string me," he said.

"Not a bit of it," I replied. "Just wait till I have made a success of this man that I have become the boss of. Then you will admit that I am in dead earnest. Mather, I am serious for the first time in ten years."

But Mather only laughed incredulously as I left.

* * * * *

"Bradford," I said to my *Super*-self, that night, "I'm going to talk this business over with you every day. I'm your boss now and I want you to know that I have every confidence in you. It's a great thing to have the confidence of the boss. I'm going to be a hard boss, for I have your interest at heart. If you know this, and realize this, I believe you will succeed. After all, the success of any business depends on the boss and his relations with his employes. Am I right, John Bradford?"

And the John Bradford that looked at me from the mirror of my own room at home laughed confidently into my eyes.

"You see, Bradford, that last man I had working for me was a slacker—always afraid he'd do more than his bit. For a while, I thought I had a good man working for me. But he pretty near ruined the company, and the best piece of work I ever did was when I canned him. And it's the only thing to do, old man. Fire 'em bodily when they don't deliver the goods. You agree with me, don't you, Bradford?"

And this new John Bradford agreed with me perfectly.

"Now, old man, we've got a good line of stuff to sell, but a rotten reputation to live down. That means we will have to sell our goods pretty cheap for a while, until we show folks what we have. But if you have confidence in the house, and will buckle under the load that I'm going to pile on, we'll make a success of it, Bradford, you and I. Are you with me?"

And the eyes of my *Super*-self met mine squarely, and the battle was already half won.

* * * * *

The next day I began the job of boss to my *Super*-self.

"Bradford," I said to my *Super*-self, as we started out, "*success is a seed that can grow wherever it's planted;* what we're looking for is a place to *start sprouting.* Now go to it and win!"

And all day long, I drove my *Super*-self from place to place, always seeking employment, always being turned down. The whole town seemed to know of the old Bradford, who had lost six positions in less than three years.

And so for a week, we plodded from office to office, always meeting with the same rebuffs, always refused consideration.

"Bradford," I said Saturday night, after that hardest of hard weeks, "I am proud of you. While you have not succeeded in mak-

ing a sale, you have *succeeded in fighting off discouragement.* Your courage is still as high as it was when we began work. Your confidence in the house is still undimmed. Old boy, I *know* you will make good. Stick to it, and we're *bound to win!*"

* * * * *

The Morton Drygoods Company was the largest wholesale concern in the city.

They travelled fourteen salesmen.

I had instructed my *Super*-self to call there first.

And Harry B. Wilson, the sales-manager, had refused to consider the application of John Bradford.

"Mr. Bradford," he had said, "we need no more salesmen at this time, and I feel that I should tell you frankly that even if we did have a vacancy, we would not care to entertain your application."

After two weeks of unsuccessful endeavor, I had another long talk with my *Super*-self.

"Old man," I said, "there is something radically wrong with us, and I am going to confess that it's largely the fault of the boss. You have been plugging along in great shape, doing just as I have instructed you to, but I failed you on your first call. No support from your sales-manager! We should have landed Morton. We'll go back there and *get that job.*"

"But how?" asked my *Super*-self.

"A salesman never sold goods to a new customer until he got him to look over the samples. We've got to spread out the goods for him to see, and land some kind of an order, even if it's a small one."

* * * * *

The next morning, I again called at the office of Mr. Wilson.

"Mr. Wilson," I began, "I made a great mistake when I called here last week."

"Yes?" queried he.

"Mr. Wilson, I am going to work for the Morton Drygoods Company, *regardless of salary, regardless of territory, regardless of the kind of work you put me to.* I want to convince you that I can make good."

"Maybe," smiled Mr. Wilson, "you would like a job driving a dray? We're paying our draymen three dollars a day."

"When do I begin?" I asked.

Mr. Wilson laughed outright.

"You're joking."

"I am not joking! I want a job—quick—right away—now. *Do I get it?*"

Mr. Wilson looked at me for a moment in silence.

"Bradford," he said, bluntly, "you're a man with a bad reputation. While I never knew you personally before you came into the office last week, I've heard of you frequently. Your record is against you. It would be folly for you to try anything spectacular here. If you drove a dray, you would be a drayman and nothing else, with no hope of advancement and no help from me whatsoever. I do not want a man with a reputation like yours on my sales force! There are too many good men wanting jobs without gambling on recognized failures like yourself. With that understanding, of course, I can probably get you in as a laborer."

That night, as I unfolded a package containing a new suit of overalls, I said to my *Super*-self:

"After all, it may look like a small order, but it's a poor salesman who does not book an order because it's too small. *We've planted the seed.* Now, it's up to you make it grow. *We'll pick success from that bush yet,* if a hard task master can keep you working. Are you with me?"

And my *Super*-self was true to his promise of the past.

* * * * *

Six months passed.

I was a hard boss!

My *Super*-self was on the job always, a few moments before any of the rest of the crew.

He was the last to leave.

He kept his horses, his harness, his dray, in the prime of condition.

He took pride in his work.

He was a drayman.

Not much to be proud of?

It was his *work*, his *livelihood*, his *life!*

And I was proud of my *Super*-self.

* * * * *

Mather passed me on the street one day, as I was unloading packing cases onto the sidewalk.

"Bradford!" he exclaimed. "Isn't this quite a comedown from sales-manager for a great concern?"

"Comedown? I should say not! I'm still sales-manager, Mr. Mather, and I'm making good!"

Mather laughed and passed by.

A few weeks later, Wilson sent for me.

"I want you to tell me," he said, "just why you are a failure instead of a success. I'll admit I have been watching you at your work, for a man of your standing is a novelty as a drayman. Bradford, you have made a good drayman. I congratulate you. Tell me, why did you make such a mess of it as a travelling salesman?"

"John Bradford failed as a salesman," I answered, "because he had the wrong kind of a boss; he worked *for* a concern, not *with it*. He believed that he was giving more than he got. He lived for what he could *get* out of life, not what life would *give* him. John Bradford was a failure because his definition of success was wrong. John Bradford was a drunkard and a slacker. That's why I fired him."

"Why you fired him!" exclaimed Mr. Wilson.

"Exactly. I fired John Bradford! Literally kicked him out of my life. Then I became the boss of a new man, a clean man, a man who was interested in *me*. I became *his* boss, his sales-manager, and he's worked for me ever since. No man is a success unless he has authority over something—and I now have authority over myself, my *Super*-self. And so I have already succeeded—and this success must bear fruit in time. *I have the patience to wait.*"

"You are surely not expecting me to believe this?"

"Mr. Wilson, I realized that the old John Bradford was a failure. Mather, of the Continental, discovered it before I did. He fired John Bradford. I realized that if John Bradford was not a good enough man for the Continental he was *not good enough for me!* So I fired him too. I found and set to work a *better* man, a man in whom I could place every confidence. That is man's first duty. The man who works for me now I *believe in*. He is a success. It may take years for the world to find it out; but it must in time, and so I am driving my *Super*-self, day after day, doing what there is to do as well as it is within our power to do it. Untiring energy, ambition, confidence, and a clean heart will win for any man! This I require of my *Super*-self!"

The next day, I was offered a try-out with the Morton Drygoods Company, in the old territory where I had failed.

My *Super*-self worked manfully, and *succeeded*. It was hard work, but my *Super*-self had been trained by this time to *love hard work*. My old trade did not welcome me back into the field with any enthusiasm, but my *Super*-self and I made enthusiasm for ourselves. And orders began coming into the house regularly.

A raise in salary followed the first trip over the territory.

And so for two years I covered the field, and never once did my *Super*-self fail me.

And then came the proudest day of my life.

For it was then I received a letter from Robert G. Marshall, president of the Continental Drygoods Company, Inc., asking for an interview.

"Mr. Bradford," began Mr. Marshall, when I was seated in his private office, "I understand that you once were in our employ."

"Some years ago," I replied.

"There seems to have been some very unfortunate mistake made, Mr. Bradford. Our records show that you were let out by our sales-manager, Mr. Mather."

"Yes," I replied, "Mr. Mather fired me."

"Very unfortunate, Mr. Bradford, very."

A silence for a moment, then—

"The territory you covered for us brought in very good business for about a year after you left it, but when you returned into that field for the Morton people, our business began to suffer. Would it be asking too much of you to tell me how much *your* sales from that territory amounted to this last season?"

I mentioned the amount.

"Mr. Bradford, I will be equally frank, and tell you that no two of our men sent in as much as that last season."

Again the silence.

"I feel that I am not acting unethically, Mr. Bradford, in making you the offer that I am about to make, in view of the fact that you are really an old Continental man. We want you to come back with us. I sometimes think that perhaps Mr. Mather is not quite the man to handle our sales end, and I am wondering if you would care to consider taking the position of sales-manager for us."

"Mr. Marshall," I replied, "you are doing my good friend Mather a great injustice. My success in life is due altogether to the following of Mather's advice and example. The best

thing he could have done for you was to have fired John Bradford. In fact, I thought so well of it, that I did the same thing. I fired him myself."

"What's that? You fired John Bradford? Fired yourself?"

"Yes, Mr. Marshall, I did just that," I answered. "And, as to accepting your offer, this I regret is impossible, as I have just accepted the position of sales-manager of the Morton Drygoods Company. I feel that I owe them too much to leave them now."

And so James T. Mather is still sales-manager of the Continental, and I am still *boss*—boss of my *Super*-self!

* * * * *

And in this story of my rise, you may find the *secret of success*. If you have not succeeded, it is your *own* fault. First, realize that there is no success in life for you unless you are Boss. Be a *Boss*, a Man in Authority! Fire John Bradford, and put your *Super*-self to work! Make your *Super*-self serve you—and success is already within your reach. And when doubts and fears assail you, remember the weaker man is no longer on your force. You are the boss of your self, of the *Super*-self, the inner man who waits to serve you. And what success has come to me in life is due alone to this talisman:

"Bradford, you're fired!"

SUCCESS

IT'S the coward who quits to misfortune,
'Tis the knave who changes each day,
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
Then throws all his chances away,
There is little in life but labor,
And the morning may find that a dream;
Success is the bride of endeavor,
And luck but a meteor's gleam.
The time to succeed is when others,
Discouraged, show traces of tire;
The battle is won in the home stretch,
And won 'twixt the flag and the wire.

—*Exchange.*

PROGRESS—*VERB*

HERE are some more of those verses—this magazine has had the privilege, first and last, of publishing a lot of them—that harden the muscles of a fellow's will and start the good red blood to one-stepping in his veins. The poem this time was written for BUSINESS SUCCESS by Sidney K. Bennett.

THE World maintains a certain speed
Which you, my boy, can't stop:
What's more, you'll not collect much feed
To stop your hunger or your need—
No, not a piece or drop!—

Unless you up and move your freight.
You've got to step along!
The World's a train—it cannot wait;
Just hesitate, down goes the gate;
You're late—you've missed the gong!

The rising generation, lad,
Is coming on the run;
You'll hurry now or wish you had—
The son is father to his dad;
An era has begun!

Your father's methods once were good
But there are new ones now.
Oh, yes! he did just what he should;
He THOUGHT he did the best he could,
But knew not WHY nor HOW!

The hill of Progress rises there;
It's up to you to climb!
There's millions dead behind you where
Resides the Past. . .
. . . The Golden Stair
Leads on to heights sublime!

So mount! Go up! Don't look behind!
You've got to GROW or GO!
The weak remain—they're dead or blind.
You're strong—PROCEED! You're not *that* kind—
You've got the goods to show!

THE GIRL WHO LIKED TO TINKER

NOW SHE'S A FAMOUS LAWYER

MISS FLORENCE KING

WE promised months ago that this magazine was going to pay more attention to the achievements of women, and we have not forgotten that promise. Here is a story of success that makes bully good reading for men and women alike. There would seem to be a great and impassable gulf between the hard-working little Quaker girl on an Iowa farm at $1.25 a week, and the right to argue—very unfemininely, according to the usual standards—before the bar of the United States Supreme Court, with the distinction of being the greatest woman patent lawyer in the world, as well as founder and president both of the Chicago Women's Association of Commerce and the National Women's Association of Commerce; but that gulf has been bridged in the most solid and masterly fashion, and in a comparatively few years, by Miss Florence King. And all through conscious or unconscious obedience to the laws of the Area Science of Business—by learning to serve faithfully—by constantly enlarging her AREA, or her Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action, and by incessantly seeking to improve her Q Q M, or the Quantity, Quality and Mode of her service to her clients, to the cause of womankind, and to the world of progress in general.

"DON'T forget that every structure must have a foundation, and that this applies just as much to the building of plans—that is, to one's cherished desires and the specifications for one's career—as it does to the plans of a building."

"Be sure your foundation is right, then go ahead—*build on it!*

"Don't wait for opportunities to stick their heads in at your door—create your own opportunities! *Made to measure* opportunities are very much more satisfactory and fit better, as a rule, than ready-made ones.

"Learn to take care of your opportunities after you have made them, keep them cleaned and brushed and always looking fresh to you—and *your opportunities will take care of you!*"

These, in substance, are some of the most striking things that were brought out in an interview which Florence King of Chicago recently granted to a representative of BUSINESS SUCCESS.

And they were meant to be taken to heart particularly by women in business or women who are beginning to think of business as a Promised Land.

Florence King!

The name might be that of a squab or a broiler in a Ziegfeld chorus. But Florence King, L. L. B., B. S., Counselor at Law, with offices in Chicago and Washington, who argues her cases before the United States Supreme Court and has the distinction of being the only woman patent attorney recognized by the Patent Office, is not to be treated as a mere matter of chorus.

Neither, as her heretofore unfeminine accomplishments might suggest to the man with a comic supplement mind, is she one of those Sandowagers we all know so well.

Physically, this ablest woman lawyer in the world—and she has repeatedly shown herself to be a lawyer of conspicuous brilliancy and *solidity* as well, irrespective of sex—is a good sized perch; mentally, she is a whale.

What's in a name, anyhow? Shakespeare, as we recall, contented himself with asking the question. The answer is: What we put into it.

And Florence King has put a lot into hers.

Born and "brought up" on a wealth-forsaken but not God-forsaken farm near Waterloo, Iowa, Miss King lost her father at the age of five but throve hardily among the doubtful advantages of a country school in the early eighties.

One day she was called to court as a witness and plucked up courage before she left to blurt out to the amused court reporter, "Do you think I could ever learn it?"—meaning the esoteric mysteries of shorthand as represented by the pothooks in his notebook.

"Of course you could," the good-natured reporter encouraged her.

Florence King had begun to lay her foundation, and being hers it had to go down to bedrock.

She was obliged to leave the local school—no great hardship, we suspect—at fourteen and to go to work on a neighboring farm; but for recreation she studied the catalogue of a business college in Mount Morris, Ill.—where, by the way, this magazine is printed in a model plant, "far from the madding crowd." By some monetary legerdemain, known only to those who are on the high road to success, she managed to save $30 out of a weekly stipend of $1.25. With this for railroad fare she ran away to Mount Morris and pleaded for a chance to work her way through the school.

"Well, any girl with that much ambition deserves encouragement!" declared the president of the institution, when he had listened to her story. Whereupon she began her long-anticipated business studies—with elective courses in floor sweeping, dish washing and collateral branches.

As soon as she got her diploma she started for Chicago, equipped, as somebody has expressed it, with "the faith that moves mountains, no experience and a cash capital of $4.10." But after a week of asking and no receiving, she got a job at $6. Within a year she was in the office of a patent attorney. Florence King's foundation was taking shape.

The technical character of the work suited her right down to the ground, for she had always been perversely interested in machinery and singularly unafraid of getting her hands dirty when "messing" with it. Followed a two-year course in law at a night school, and then another two-year course, this time in mechanical and electrical engineering.

Florence King, patent attorney, was about to rise on that foundation.

"Her first decisive professional triumph," writes one of her biographers, "was the winning of the celebrated Rogers case against a $5,000,000 corporation and an array of distinguished counsel, that included a future United States senator. Her client was the widow of an inventor who for fifteen years had been suing the corporation for overlooking the trifling formality of paying him a minimum royalty of $8,000 a year for the use of his inventions. After his death, Miss King took up the fight and won it in two courts. As a result, the corporation was permanently retired to the scrap-pile and Miss King was landed in the front rank of Chicago's legal talent."

Miss King has done very much more than we can even hint at here. Among other things she has been a candidate for office as a municipal judge in Chicago and has polled 15,000 votes in the primaries, despite the fact that she ran independently.

Among the most significant of her recent activities has been the founding of the Women's Association of Commerce of Chicago, five years ago, and that of the Woman's Association of Commerce of the United States, organized in 1917. Of both of these pioneer bodies Miss King is president; and at the first hurriedly called convention of the national body, which met in Chicago last July, there were delegates present from thirty-seven cities.

But Florence King is just getting her hand in. She is deeply interested in helping earnest young women to secure a real foothold in business. "At present women are not offered the same stimulus to their ambition as men," she declares. "Give a woman a man's chance," is her slogan, and one of her favorite dreams—which isn't likely to remain a dream very long, judging from her record of accomplishment—is the founding of an American Institute for Women designed to encourage high achievement on the part of her sex.

But it is quite time to return to this remarkable woman herself, as the present interviewer found her in her office that December morning.

As her visitor felt the brisk, firm pressure of her hand and looked at her he instinctively thought of Lincoln. Now, as her photograph indicates, Florence King is much better looking, judged by conventional standards, than Lincoln; but there was something about her, something of intellectual and spiritual

power carved out of something tanned and strong and rugged and elemental—and withal womanly—that brought the great Emancipator vividly to mind. "BUSINESS SUCCESS also wants to know what you think about present day opportunities for women, especially war-time opportunities," Miss King was told, after she had given expression to the more general views which we summarized at the beginning of this article.

"The war," she replied unhesitatingly, "has created a condition in the industrial world to which women have long been looking forward. Secretary of War Baker, in a speech of a few days ago, stated that by June first of next year there would be five million men in arms. Think of what this will mean to the women and to industry at large. England has demonstrated that woman is as capable of filling positions of trust, executive positions, as are most men, and in a good many instances more capable. There is no sex in brains. The great question now is not to find opportunities for women, *it is to convince business women that in order to fill these positions of trust they must be qualified for them.* The keynote of business today is efficiency."

That, it is noticeable, is the burden of Miss King's message. She believes wholeheartedly—and with good reason—in the ability of women to do a great share of the higher work of the world, but she has all of a man's scorn—and more—for the "weak sisters," the spineless incompetents.

"There are hundreds of positions open for women in advertising and innumerable other lines—even in such lines as electrical engineering," she went on, her full, satisfying tones filling out each word with the ease and completeness of the trained speaker, but never becoming declamatory. "But efficiency must and should rule. There's no escaping it and it is immoral for a woman to try to."

If there is any sentimentalism about Florence King she keeps it pretty well hidden; but she is very proud of those of her sex who have risen to the present emergency.

"Secretary Baker also said," she presently told the interviewer, "that had not our women responded in the way they did to the call to fill the positions which have already been vacated, the United States would not now be able to carry out its war plans, industry would be paralyzed, and we would be helpless."

"And what will happen when the war is over?" she was asked.

"After the war, and when our returning armies have been partially released," she returned, "then the problem will arise in industry as to whether or not the business women who have been holding down these executive positions successfully shall be reduced to their former status. And as to that, I say that most employers will never be willing to relegate the business woman to her former status, after seeing of what stuff she is made, and that the problem will become one of broadening industry to take care of both the woman and the man."

"And what is your final word to the woman who has it in her?"

"That her hour has struck. That all she has to do today is to mount a star, be sure of her seat, and ride it to the zenith!"

Which, you'll admit, is a pretty good message for anybody.

SOME MENTAL PRESCRIPTIONS

For clearness, read Macaulay.

For logic, read Burke and Bacon.

For action, read Homer and Scott.

For conciseness, read Bacon and Pope.

For sublimity of conception, read Milton.

For vivacity, read Stevenson and Kipling.

For common sense, read Benjamin Franklin.

For elegance, read Virgil, Milton and Arnold.

For simplicity, read Burns, Whittier and Bunyan.

For smoothness, read Addison and Hawthorne.

For interest in common things, read Jane Austen.

For lofty, ennobling sentiment, for sympathy, candor and honesty, for comfort and consolation in affliction, and for the promise of the life that now is and of the life which is to come, read the Bible.

—*Exchange.*

MR. NINETEEN EIGHTEEN

BEING a little word picture of what the successful executive of this year of unusual events may be and look like. Written for BUSINESS SUCCESS by Thomas A. Knapp, a retail executive of many years' experience, now manager of The Retail Division of The Sheldon School.

HE may not remove his hat in the elevator—but you can bet he'll be "Johnny on the spot" when it comes to office courtesy and affableness to those who seek an interview.

He may wear size twelve brogans—but he won't mar the toes on the seats of his subordinates.

He may be tall, yes, very tall—but he will readily stoop to pick up an idea dropped by a little fellow.

He may be so short of stature that he'll need stilts to get a good look at the world series—but you can bank on it, he'll be high enough morally to transact his business "on the square."

He may be so thin physically that his shadow won't cover an allspice—but, say friend, he'll be broad enough mentally to apply the principle of service to his every transaction.

He may be fat, yes, werry, werry fat—but it won't run to his head.

He may wear silk socks—but that won't prevent him from encouraging the girls he employs to knit woolen ones for his brothers "Over There."

He may be short on eyesight—but he'll sure be keen on insight.

He may be crude of nature—but he'll be whole of heart.

He may not ride in parlor cars—but he'll know where to put his luggage in a day coach.

He may not possess a college education—but he will have learned that idealism developes realities.

He may not favor vocational training on the firm's time—but he'll possess the capacity to be "shown."

He may have millions invested—but he'll keep the tarnish of labor exploitation from every dollar.

He may not have a million dollars—but he'll have the satisfaction of knowing that if ever he gets it, it will be honorably made.

He may own a large factory—if so, he'll run it on a modern cost basis or "go broke."

He may run a department store—if he does he'll employ and train real service-giving help or his "goose will be cooked."

He may manage a mail order house—if so, he'll use science in his advertising or "strike out."

He may run a restaurant—but he'll serve good grub with lots of service thrown in or retire to the kitchen forever.

He may make automobiles—but if he doesn't make a better car than the other fellow his advertising won't save his profits.

He may be a mayor—but he'll work with the government or his constituents will prune his title in jig time.

He may be a Congressman or a United States Senator—but he'll have to work constructively and consider the business interests of the country or be left at the post.

He may be happy—if he is, it will be a proof that he has brought service to the multitude.

He may know a great deal about his business—but he will have found out that others could run it without him.

Summing it up in a nut-shell, Mr. Nineteen Eighteen will have to remove the slack from his past lost motion, thaw out the pump of his mental reserve, keep the black cat of indifference on the back stoop, or the "Goblins'll git 'im if he don't watch out!"

HANDS ACROSS ANOTHER SEA

DO you ever talk things over with your clerks?

That's one of the questions E. M. Johnston, a good student of the Area philosophy, would like to put to employers through the medium of this magazine.

They're all pertinent.

Do you make the men who work for you feel at home, he goes on, or do they act like cats in a strange garret? Do they dig in and do things only when they see you coming, or do they always do them?

Are they really your men, or are you training them for competitors?

Granted that your merchandise may be of unmatchable quality, your store and its equipment replete with artistic taste, your advertising pulling people right off the streets, and you a dominating factor in your community, yet without an organization fired with zeal, energy and sincerity, you cannot enjoy a permanent success.

Oh, yes! Years ago things were different. But it is today we are talking about—and tomorrow.

Why, do you know it is with unmeasured pride that leaders of Big Business, and small concerns as well, attribute their success to the "get together habit"? In these meetings of employes better policies are formed, inefficiencies are blotted out, extravagances are mowed down, differences are settled, and it is the man power, this human element linked together for the betterment of business, that is bound to lift all lines of merchandising to a higher level.

So, don't ever try to fool your other partners in business—your clerks—for they are wiser than you may suppose and they will pay you with your own coin if you willfully ignore them.

Ideas and ideals are the prime requisites to business building. Even your errand boy may be able to supply you with some interesting data.

Therefore, if you have never realized that weekly conferences with your men will make of them better men, your business a better business, and you (very likely) a better business man, try out the plan.

These, we prophesy, are some of the things you will discover:

Smithy, who has been in your employ for a number of years, will start to get acquainted with you. He'll begin to look upon you as a human being. He'll think there's something to you after all. And you may not see it now, but that's one of the most important things that could possibly happen to you—that your men should begin to take a real human interest in *you*.

Then Williams will begin to talk. Never mind if this fellow never appeared to be anything more than an ordinary store fixture with a head that served as a mere loafing place for a Stetson. That, you may decide, was your fault. You stifled, choked and restrained him, but when you give the signal to open the throttle, it may be Williams and others like him who'll pour into your little conference ideas and ideals worth more than all your merchandise—and all the agony you suffered in calling the boys together.

So if you have not already done it, do something practical to convince your men that you do not look upon them as so much string and paper, as so many empty cartons in which to pack *your* ideas; for then and only then will you enjoy their full value to your organization.

HUGH CHALMERS TELLS YOU HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR BUSINESS

GET out of the old habits; put on new life; make up your mind that what anybody else can do you can do. There isn't anyone who cannot improve his business 50 per cent if he thinks along the right lines and carries into action the new things he thinks about. It isn't what we hear that counts, it is what we remember and use. Take this home to yourself. Don't say you are doing everything that can be done. Not one of us is doing that. I don't care how efficient a man may be, no man is 100 per cent efficient. If you go away regularly somewhere and think for half a day about how to improve your business and then write down the things as they come to you, you can bet that your business will increase 50 per cent within six months.

BUSINESS SUCCESS *and* The Business Philosopher
Edited by ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON
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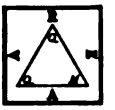

BY THE FIREPLACE

Where We Talk Things Over

WE MAKE ANOTHER BOW

WITH this number, the first of our fifteenth volume, this magazine enters another and, we trust, a bigger and much more helpful phase of its existence.

In the first place, it returns, after a lapse of years, to what has long been known in publishing circles as the "standard magazine size." In the second, it appears this month in a new dress and under a new name.

These radical changes naturally call for an accounting, especially in the case of a magazine that always has been as close to its readers—and they to it—as this one has. Let's talk over the size first.

Personally, the editors are partial to the pocket size which they have just given up. It was a handy, intimate, confidential, man-to-man size. The form had many associations with beauty of makeup and originality of thought—associations to which we should have tried to live up more fully had we retained the form which went with them. Sentimentally, therefore, it was by no means easy to make the change.

But there were reasons that seemed to outweigh sentiment, chief among them being our desire to touch the lives of the greatest possible number of earnest, ambitious men and women, from elevator "boys" to chairmen of the board.

That was the rub. It came home to us gradually that we could not do anywhere near what we should be doing and wished to do, so long as our magazine looked like a highbrow and not like a regular fellow.

Do you begin to see? This magazine has a mission, but it isn't interested merely in fifty or even one hundred thousand chosen ones—a peculiar people with long hair either inside or out; on the contrary, it is interested in all of those, young or old, successes or so-called failures, whether in business, the professions or just at work—who in turn are interested in the big, vital, red-blooded, richly human, romantic things called Success and More Success; who are interested in the laws that govern true Success in any and every field of human endeavor, and in how best to think and plan, to play and to *work*, in order to attain that Success that is the legitimate offspring of Service. That's what this publication is in the world for. And there is no valid reason, if it remains reasonably true to its principles and those of good journalism, why it should not have a circulation many times its present one in volume. It has proved again and again that its message has enough vitality and virtue to transform completely the lives of individuals, to turn failures into successes, and inconspicuous successes into conspicuous ones. And, since we are all of one blood, what it has done for hundreds and thousands it can do for hundreds of thousands—*if it will only follow the line of least resistance.*

That's the secret—following the line of least resistance. The pocket size magazine doesn't do that; it follows the line of greatest resistance, so far as the widest, deepest sort of popular appeal is concerned. Most people have never been educated up to it. They associate it with freakishness, radicalism, and many other things for which they have little or no use—or else they go through life serenely and altogether ignorant of it.

It doesn't look like a magazine of general human interest or practical utility, but rather like an organ of personal opinion—a paper hobby-horse. Moreover, its diminutive size and neutral-hued, unchanging covers make it easy to overlook the pocket magazine on the news stands—with the result that, according to the manager of one of the country's biggest news companies, not a single magazine of this type has ever been what is known as a news stand success.

Add to this the fact that a pocket magazine gives little room to grow because it soon becomes too bulky for its form.

Now, this magazine of ours is something very much more than an organ of mere personal opinion, radical or otherwise; its interpretation of life and busy-ness began with an individual, to be sure—with its Editor—but that interpretation has since become national, even international; it has become the creed of the doers and the builders everywhere; therefore, the magazine should be not merely *our* medium of expression but *theirs* as well—a sort of *Review of Reviews* or *Literary Digest*, among other things, in the field of business theory and inspiration and the practice of Success, as well as an original voice of considerable carrying power and with much of its own to say.

Again, a miniature magazine does not lend itself to extensive illustration, although illustrations speak the one universal language and go very far toward "putting over" any publication.

Finally, a magazinelet of the size of the *Philistine* follows the line of greatest resistance in respect to advertising. Its midget pages circumscribe display and hamper the attention-compelling efforts of the commercial artist. They are not standardized; that is, they do not take advertisements of any standard size, and therefore type matter has to be reset for them or special plates have to be made. All of which means extra trouble and expense, and, when superimposed upon their characteristically small—though undeniably select—circulation, goes to swell a list of disabilities that condemns even the best and brightest of the little magazines to a comparatively advertisement-less existence.

But it happens that advertising patronage is essential to a magazine's larger well-being—so much that even a publication of large circulation, if it is of the sort that does not attract advertisers, ekes out a more or less colorless, undernourished existence, and its field of activity and usefulness is always seriously limited; whereas the magazine that enjoys a considerable advertising revenue is able to wear better clothes, to pay more for its art and its articles; and by making itself more attractive it wins more and more readers and sells its message to them with ever increasing success.

And since we want more circulation and more advertising in order that we may spread the gospel of Success Through Service as widely as possible, and that we may send it forth in as popular and appealing a form as we possibly can, we have put all sentimental considerations aside and come upstairs where we have twice the page size we had last month, as well as a cover which is not so likely to be passed over.

And one of the first tangible results is that we are able to carry several notable examples of high-class subscription book advertising in this issue, full pages of standard size which the reader will find it impossible to overlook and very hard to resist.

We come now to our new name, BUSINESS SUCCESS and The Business Philosopher.

Most of the reasons we have given for the increased size apply with equal force to the change of name.

One of the fundamentals of the Area Science of Business, for which this magazine stands, is what we call the Mental Law of Sale. That law, as formulated by the Founder of the Science of Business and the Editor of this magazine, is as follows:

Favorable attention properly secured, with confidence inspired, ripens into interest; interest properly sustained changes to appreciation; appreciation properly augmented changes to desire; desire properly intensified impels decision; and decision leads to action.

Now, you will note that the first step in the chain of mental causes which lead up to each and every sale is *favorable attention.* That is fundamental. But as we now realize, this magazine has been violating the first provision of that universal and ever-valid law—the law we ourselves discovered—ever since it first appeared, back in 1904. In other words, the name under which it has heretofore appeared, *The Business Philosopher*, is, after all, much more likely at first to repel than to attract the average business man or woman, or the young man about to enter the world of affairs.

Philosophy means a great deal to some few of us, to be sure, but to most of us it is about as popular as a red petticoat is with a bull. That, at least, is the conclusion to which we have been forced very reluctantly to come. To multitudes of those whom we most wish to reach, the very word philosopher appears to have an indigestible, lobster-and-ice-cream sound; and, full of meaning as the old name is to us, we have bumped up against that prejudice too many times.

According to the root meaning of the word, a philosopher is one who loves knowledge or wisdom; consequently, a business philosopher, we have liked to think, is one who loves business knowledge or wisdom, who takes pleasure in delving into the whys and hows of business success and failure. And this magazine shall continue, in part, to philosophize in its own homespun, commonsense way. But it has cut its hair short and put on a business suit, and it isn't going to call itself a philosopher quite so often except for purposes of identification and the like, because it wants above all else to be understood, not misunderstood—because it wants to make as many friends as it can, and does not want to give them any excuse for failing to get acquainted.

Is it strange, then, that we have chosen the phrase, BUSINESS SUCCESS, as our first name? As the saying is, it speaks volumes. It means something very definite and altogether desirable to countless men and women—and if we were to substitute for the narrow and more conventional word business the term *busy-ness*, as we might do with propriety since the laws underlying all human busy-ness have been shown to be identical, we might hope to win the favorable attention of an infinitely wider circle of readers.

Success is a magic word—the *Open Sesame* to every mind and heart. We can conceive of no other word that would so quickly and surely win the favorable attention of every man—and his stenographer and office boy as well.

BUSINESS SUCCESS therefore is a name that will build circulation, which in its turn will build advertising income; and together circulation and advertising will make it possible for us to cover more and more adequately the great and inspiring field which always has been and is yet so peculiarly our own.

And meanwhile, our new subtitle, *The Service Magazine*, represents the method for which we stand and hints at the only way by which real, lasting success can be gained—by serving well.

If these changes and our reasons therefor commend themselves to you, won't you write and tell us so and wish us *Bon voyage?*

Thank you.

A Happy and *Efficient* New Year to you!

OLD MAN LUTEN'S HEN

ONCE upon a time a farmer owned a hen. He owned many hens in fact, but among the rest a particularly efficient, A-plus, lay-on-Macduff sort of hen. For this tale of the hen, by the way, I am indebted to one vender of snuff and automobile dealer, Fisher of Memphis, one of the most dynamic sales managers I know.

"Old Man Luten wasn't only a homespun philosopher," according to Fisher, "but he was also a practical, hustling, level-headed, successful farmer.

"I always looked forward to my visits at the Luten home, partly because they gave me an opportunity to learn something, and to this end I always put in plenty of time with the old man.

"One Sunday morning he was showing me his chickens and I noticed that one very spry, fine looking hen seemed to have a whole lot of chickens for one hen to scratch for. I asked the old man if she was the mother of all those chickens and he replied: 'Fisher, that is no ordinary hen. She *knows* things and she *does* things; most men could learn a whole lot from that hen. That hen sat on twenty-seven eggs and she has twenty-seven chickens to show for it.'

"'Uncle Jeff,' I said, 'a hen couldn't cover twenty-seven eggs;' but Uncle Jeff insisted:

"'Well, that hen did. It was like this—I put her on the twenty-seven eggs, looked her right square in the face and said, 'Now, damn you, spread yourself!' She seemed to understand thoroughly what she was expected to do, and without any further ceremony she proceeded to spread herself.

" 'Fisher,' the old fellow went on seriously, 'if young men would take their jobs as seriously as that hen did, or as seriously as they take themselves, there would be no failures in this world. Most young men don't even want to spread themselves; they don't want to cover much territory and, hence, they accomplish little or nothing. If a hen can do really big things—things worth while—when she's called on to do so, how mighty ashamed of failure these youngsters ought to be. Fisher, I have learned a whole lot from that hen, and I am too old to get the benefit from it that a young man should; therefore, while you are yet young and before it's too late, take this advice from Old Man Luten. Don't waste your time being

just an ordinary fellow. Think big things and *do* big things. Cover lots of territory, and whatever job you are put on, stay on that job just like Biddy stayed on the twenty-seven eggs.

" 'Don't sulk, don't complain, and don't allow yourself to run along with the bunch. If you are going to be an ordinary fellow, if you are simply going to run with the bunch, you are doomed to be a failure, even though you do get three squares a day as long as you live. Most young men think if they get enough to eat and wear, or if they can just get by and hold a job, that they're successes; but if you are going to be a snuff man at all, be a sure enough one. Be *different*, Fisher. Stay on the job and remember that any old hen can cover twelve or fifteen eggs in a half-hearted way, but that it takes a sure enough hen to cover twenty-seven.' "

How many eggs are you covering?

JAMES OF MEMPHIS

THERE is a great relationship between soil and sense. If you would learn natural law, study nature. The best place in the world to study it is on the farm. The most useful occupation in the world is agriculture.

We should continue to live a long time if all the lawyers, and doctors, and preachers, and dentists, and teachers, and a whole lot more of us, could go to the war and not come back; but we could not live very long if all the farmers of the world should die or go on a strike. The race would starve to death in short order were it not for the vocation of agriculture.

If it is true that "The greatest among you shall be your servant,"—and it is,—then the future of the farmer, just the contemplation of it, should make the little thrilly feelings play up and down his back, for he is the greatest servant in the wide, round world.

One of the right smart, perfectly good signs of the dawning of a brighter day for the farmer, is the fact that so many very able intelligences are being attracted to agriculture.

No apologies are forthcoming for the "right smart." I am writing this in Memphis, and—well, that's the answer.

Here I have met George James—banker, wholesale dry-goods merchant, wagon manufacturer, and farmer. He is at the head of institutions in three of the four lines of business indicated, and is vice-president of the fourth, the bank. Of all his vocations, he says he takes the most pride in being known as a good farmer; and he is a good one. He is one city farmer that uses common sense and makes his farm pay. And James is not only building up a very practically conducted, profit-making farm, but he is devoting a lot of time to the work of spreading the gospel of good farming throughout the South.

He is an excellent speaker, too, and makes an average of several speeches a week in the interests of better agricultural methods, education, and all sorts of things in the line of progress.

James says there are three things he wants everybody to surround and digest. Here they are:

1. "As is the soil, the land, so are the people."
2. "The secret of successful farming is to have rich land and to keep the grass out."
3. "A lead pencil is the greatest agricultural implement ever invented."

Simple, aren't they? But they'll bear a whale of a lot of thinking over.

He sings this song with suitable accompaniment and variation far and wide, and he is building better possibly than even he knows.

He is a great lover—this man James. Love, rugged and rich, radiates from his personality. Courage oozes from the pores of his being. He is a great optimist. His eye, his voice, his towering six feet five, all radiate its expressive light and its cheering influence. Yes, James is a great lover.

Love, you know, passes through at least three stages of evolution in those who finally express its completeness.

First is love of self. The baby falls in love with its own self first. It thinks nothing whatever of the rights, privileges, and prerogatives of anybody else, not even of its mother. Its own toes and fingers are about the most wonderful things in the world to it. If anything interferes in the slightest degree with its physical comfort, hear it howl. It cares absolutely nothing about how much discomfort it inflicts on others so long as it is taken care of. I didn't know James when he was a baby, but I know certain facts in human nature well enough to know that James was a great lover of himself when he was little.

The baby becomes a child. Did you ever study children at play? "This is my toy—

my doll—my wagon!" Love of self clamoring for self interest, you see, still the dominating idea. James was that way. So were you—so was I.

But finally the child James became a man. Suddenly he began to take an interest in some one else and that some one else was a young lady. Pretty soon he loved her more than he loved himself. He has told me nothing whatsoever about this side of his life. He doesn't need to. I know what happened, and so do you, for we know human nature. This man James must have been "some lover." Great natures are intense, and James's is a great nature—a greatly human nature—a masterfully creative nature. And so for many years James's love covered more territory than merely himself. He loved his family—and still loves them, no doubt. I have not been to his home; I have not talked with him or anyone else about his home life, so I know nothing about that; but I do know this:

The next stage in the evolution of James's love was his love of the race. His love includes the family, but it covers much more territory than that. Like Farmer Luten's hen, it has "spread itself." It finds expression in altruism, which is enlightened selfishness. As he once wooed a woman, he now wooes humanity.

As the lover of a woman in his ardor does seemingly foolish things, so the completed man, the lover of the race, evolved in consciousness to the plane where racial love is a reality, does things which, to those on a lower deck, seem foolish. Think of a man as busy as the president of a wholesale dry-goods company, which does a business of six or seven millions a year, must be, especially one who is also vice-president of a bank, with a wagon company presidency and the ownership of a 350-acre farm thrown in for recreation! Do you get that picture? Then add this. Think of this same man giving much of his time to work for the public, and without charge—not only willing, but glad to do it; rejoicing in it, in fact.

I have been in Memphis two days. I have made three speeches. James has been at every one of them. He arranged two of them. I have never met so wise a man so hungry for truth, so greatly a creative man so humble, so busy a man with so much leisure. When I met him on the train, coming to Memphis, he said, "Come in and see me as soon as you can." "When will it be convenient for me to call?" I asked. "Any time," said he; "I am never busy, I have nothing to do."

His secretary, Miss Lockert, keeps his correspondence pretty well cleaned up while he is away. He had been absent about a week when I met him on the train.

The next day when I called, just after he had returned from lunch, I found James taking a nap on a hard bench settee with no cushions or pillows. His secretary was sitting by the window at the other end of that spacious office, and what do you suppose she was doing? Knitting. She kept on knitting as James and I talked, but every now and then she quietly dropped a needle, and, taking up the most useful agricultural implement in the world, made a note or two. It was about something she thought Mr. James might want to refer to later.

James didn't ask her to do this. She simply did it. James is a great executive and a great servant. Miss Lockert is a great servant of a great servant.

Here are a few significant figures which James has jotted down with that great implement which so many farmers don't use much:

Average Corn Crop, U. S., per acre, 26 bu.

Average Corn Crop, Connecticut, per acre, 44.4 bu.

Average Corn Crop, Iowa, per acre, 33.3 bu.

Average Corn Crop, Mississippi, per acre, 17.8 bu.

World's record (made by a 16-year-old boy in Mississippi), 232.8 bu.

Next best record (made by another boy in Mississippi), 225 bu.

Average by members of Boys' Corn Clubs, 49.3 bu.

James himself took one field of ten acres this last year, ploughed it eighteen inches deep—instead of loosening up the top a little, as most Southern farmers do—and having made the soil rich by growing clover and turning it under, "kept the grass out" and raised over 900 bushels on this now splendidly productive ten acres.

That's one reason why he is starting Boys' Corn Clubs and Boys' Pig Clubs all over the State of Tennessee and other Southern States.

James, you see, among other things, is a production engineer—an agricultural produc-

tion engineer, which is the most valuable kind of product on engineer there is.

If you want to know anything about the Sunny South land, write to him. I haven't even asked the privilege for you, but I know he will be glad to tell you about it. I know this for I know James loves the South-land. Yes, and he loves the North-land too, and the East-land, and the West-land, and the lands across the sea; for his love has evolved from self to family, and then "spread out" until it is all-embracing. He covers the eggs of many ideas and they are hatching fast.

I am writing this not for James's sake, but for yours and mine, as an inspiration to the rest of us, a spur and urge to climb greater and still greater, higher and still higher mountains of usefulness. What he has done and is doing, others can do and will.

The race needs more leaders more real servants, more men of the Moses brand—men who can lead us out of the valleys and the wilderness of selfishness up the mountains of Service to others.

When baby James was admiring his wiggling toes and thought they were perfectly wonderful; when he loudly demanded his dinner from his mother; when he scrapped for the toys with his playmates, he was serving self. Having completed the circle, he is now still serving self while serving others, only in a much greater and grander way. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." What a whole mouthful of truth that sentence is!

"As the soil, so the people," indeed. Poor soil, poor people. Rich soil, well cultivated—a well cultivated, rich people

And it's practical as well as altruistic. Well-to-do farmers buy much from local merchants. The local merchants buy much from James, the wholesaler. Wagons are in demand—James makes them. There is much money to be deposited in banks—James is vice-president of a bank.

Thus the Service which James is rendering to the people of his State by his tireless energy is "bread cast upon the waters" with loving open-handedness, which will return to him many-fold.

Verily, "He profits most who serves best."

* * *

P. S. James often emphasizes the importance of woman as a factor in man's success. I can understand why. Since writing the foregoing it has been my pleasure to be a guest at the James home. I have met his better seven-eighths—also his daughter and his grandchildren.

The place radiates affection. James loves his wife and children, and they are big enough not to be jealous, unselfish enough in their love to love to have him love humanity.

James is well matched. Mrs. James is a great help to a great man.

Where, I wonder, is there a nobler function for a woman than to be the better part of such a man?

The quick wit of a traveling salesman who has since become a well-known proprietor was severely tested one day, says the *Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*. He sent in his card by the office-boy to the manager of a large concern, whose inner office was separated from the waiting-room by a ground-glass partition. When the boy handed his card to the manager the salesman saw him impatiently tear it in half and throw it in the waste-basket; the boy came out and told the caller that he could not see the chief. The salesman told the boy to go back and get him his card; the boy brought out five cents, with the message that his card was torn up. Then the salesman took out another card and sent the boy back, saying: "Tell your boss I sell two cards for five cents."

He got his interview and sold a large bill of goods.

A Sheboygan merchant, according to *The Chicago Tribune*, announces a display of "what Dame Nature has decreed woman shall wear this fall and winter."

"We have always paid 100 cents on the dollar to our creditors," announces a clothing merchant, according to the same paper, "and will continue if we are obliged even to go down into our pockets to do so."

The *Tribune* also quotes a reckless St. Paul mule dealer as advertising, "We know the kind you want, and we will stand back of every mule we sell."

WAR FINANCING FROM SURPLUS EARNINGS

THE United States War Savings Campaign, under which it is planned to raise $2,000,000,000 from the current surplus earnings of the people of the United States, rather than from their accumulated capital, is something new in finance in America, though a somewhat similar plan has proved a great success in England.

Briefly, the government's plan is this, according to C. L. Speed, Manager of the Press Bureau of the War Savings Committee of Illinois.

It issues two classes of stamps—thrift stamps, which sell for 25 cents each, and war savings stamps, which sell during December 1917 and January 1918 for $4.12, and increase in price one cent for each month thereafter during 1918.

The thrift stamps earn no interest. With the first one sold to each person is given a thrift card, containing sixteen squares, on each of which a stamp is to be pasted. When the card is filled it may be taken to the postoffice, or to any agency at which the stamps are sold, and exchanged for a war savings stamp, by the payment of 12 cents additional in December and January, and one cent more for each month after January.

The war savings stamps earn interest at the rate of 4 per cent, compounded quarterly. Each one may be redeemed on Jan. 2, 1923, for $5. With the first war savings stamp issued is given a card with twenty squares and when this is completed it becomes a war savings certificate, redeemable Jan. 2, 1923, for $100.

Individuals will not be allowed to purchase more than $100 worth of stamps at one time, or to hold more than $1,000 worth of certificates in the aggregate. The certificates will not be transferable, and thus will not appear on the security markets in competition with the Liberty Loan and other government or private securities.

The government wishes to inculcate thrift, to make use of the surplus earnings of all the people who do not ordinarily appear in the bond market for government or other securities, and has devised the plan with the idea of obtaining a steady stream of money which ordinarily would not appear in banking channels.

This plan, it is felt, will result in obtaining a large sum with the least possible unsettlement of business and finance. While the amount to be obtained is large in the aggregate, it will come in over a period of thirteen months. Two billion dollars means only $20 per capita for the people of the United States, and twenty dollars, saved for the government in a year, does not mean any very serious reduction in the buying power of anyone.

It is desired, however on economical grounds, to reduce buying along certain lines. Government work is making larger and larger calls upon the labor and manufacturing capacity of the country, and it is more and more necessary to release labor and machinery for government work. Consequently if trade in non-essentials is reduced by the thrift movement on the part of the people, the government will be aided not only by the savings loaned to it, but by increasing the available supply of labor and decreasing the demand for materials.

Another aim of the government is to have the war savings stamps distributed as widely as possible because the people of the United States, heretofore, have never been trained to own government securities. Even with the marketing of two Liberty Loans, only about 11,000,000 persons, or slightly more than 10 per cent of the population, have become owners of government securities.

Now every person who owns a government security, however small, is a partner of the government in the conduct of a war. This may account in large measure, for the wonderful conduct of the French people in the midst of terrible trials. For generations the French have been trained to invest in government securities. The boy's education fund, the bride's dot, the hoardings of the father and mother against the days when they will be too old to work, are all invested in government *rentes*. Consequently every Frenchman is fighting for his all. He must and will win the war.

If it can be brought about that every person in the United States has a personal stake in the government, however small, it is felt that the effect on sentiment will be as valuable as the money received.

Taxation, the sale of large issues of bonds

at one time, and nearly all other forms of financing involve large payments to the government at stated periods, with the resulting strain on the financial resources of the country. Under the war savings plan there will be no such strain. The people will be educated, in a nation wide campaign, to do without things they think they need, and lend their money to the government. Children will save their pennies, ordinarily squandered on the most useless trifles

Men and women employed in stores and factories will be given the opportunity to purchase war saving stamps right at the cashier's window as they get their pay. Thousands, yes, millions, of them will form the habit of setting aside a portion of their pay each week or month for the purchase of the stamps. It is felt on all hands that these people will receive a powerful and immediate incentive to begin the saving of the first $1,000, which all wealthy men agree was the hardest for them to get, and that most of them will become better and more useful citizens as a result of the war savings campaign.

THE HYGIENE OF TRIFLES

ONE of England's greatest poets, points out Will H. Greenfield, of Philadelphia, has written, "The world is too much with us," and in a sonnet of marvelous force and beauty deplores the lack of harmony in life. Another philosopher declares that men are but children of a larger growth, and all who have made mankind a study sound warnings against that gravity that comes with increasing years.

Wise men, goes on Mr. Greenfield, writing for this magazine, are those who, by taking a keen interest in trifles, keep alive that freshness of thought which is the best defense against advancing age.

Trifles make up the sum of existence, are the little things that are wholesome, are self-evident and abundant. By some they are called fads, but the far-seeing recognize in them a broad and salutary influence on the minds of men. They possess in themselves those seeds of variety which are the most powerful antidote against the wearing monotony of existence.

The man whose nature is still so unspoiled by time that he can be all of a boy again, and nourish those interests which were paramount when he stood on the threshold of life, is treading the path of a very sound and very remunerative philosophy. Though the choicest fruits in the sporting emporium are his for the plucking, he wants his old gun and his old fishing rod, for there is still an unknown and indescribable value in those things which remind him of his boyhood. They are the magic wands which again recall the hours when the intensity of the enjoyment of nature filled his blood and the wine of life lifted him to the highest pitch of exaltation.

Those who cling to their couch "and sicken years away," when commanded by the doctor to go abroad and take exercise, painfully and grumblingly perform the task to which the disciple of trifles jumps in keenest ecstasy. They sneer at the white-haired, ruddy-faced veteran who has toiled over the hills since dawn for a few birds, or stood for hours knee-deep in a stream for a dozen small fish, but if they could experience his sensations when those delightful labors of the day are over and he is recounting to a sympathetic comrade or two the incidents of his wanderings, the doctor's occupation would soon be gone.

And, we may add to round out Mr. Greenfield's case, that there would be no more men whose business "leaves them nervous wrecks" because it *finds* them every morning, through no fault of their business itself, in no condition to take up its burdens.

We cannot hope to "run and not be weary" unless we renew our strength regularly and systematically, at least on the physical side.

And better still—infinitely better—if we can learn to plunge into some tonic bath of mental and spiritual invigoration.

THE CALL OF THE FUTURE

ONE of the greatest railway men in the world has predicted that within 20 years the steam locomotive will be found only in museums, writes Charles Grant Miller, for BUSINESS SUCCESS, and that its place will be supplied by the electric motor, propelling trains across the continent at the rate of 75 miles an hour.

Such a possibility as this strikingly illustrates the astonishingly rapid development in the mechanical world. The 19th century was the age of steam; the 20th century is emphatically the age of electricity.

No one can safely predict the limits to which electrical development will proceed, but it is safe to say that at the end of this century conditions of life upon this globe will be wonderfully changed from those which now exist, by reason of the increased ability of man to control this mysterious, marvelous force to his advantage.

Some discontented ones will tell you, young man, that the more labor-saving devices human intelligence produces the smaller are your chances of success. This is the dismal plaint of short-sighted, small-souled pessimism. Beware of it.

The steamship was considered a labor-saving device; but the steamship has brought the whole world into four very close and compact corners.

The locomotive was considered a labor-saving device; but the locomotive takes you to the open plains, the fertile valleys and the gold-lined mountain sides, so you can reach the harvests of the Almighty, which, had you relied on your legs, could never have been gained.

In the near years to come New York will be one in a mighty chain of great cities. Fifty years ago San Francisco was only a village of shacks. Thirty years ago the Omaha, the Kansas City, the Seattle, the Los Angeles of today were only misty dreams of the few who dared to look to the future with faith.

The boy of today has little to fear that the field is becoming overcrowded in our own country. It is just being opened.

It is for the young men who are just beginning to think what a wonderful world this is, to study well the achievements of the past, and to see in what manner they are to be improved.

Never did the world call more loudly, more insistently for young men with force, energy and purpose—young men trained to do some one thing better than it was ever done before. And every year this cry grows louder, more insistent.

No opportunities today?

Why, young man, when a peanut pessimist tries to dope you with that poisonous lie, give him the laugh and dig in for your big share of God's great goodness to this age of ours!

SOME MODERN BEATITUDES

Blessed are they who see the humor of their own situations; for it shall comfort them.

Blessed are they who expect little; for their disappointment shall not be great.

Blessed are they who can be satisfied with little; for it shall be theirs to enjoy much.

Blessed are they who seek out the truth and follow in the way thereof; for theirs shall be the joy of living.

Blessed are they who make heaven in the world about them; for then shall they have a heaven in which to live.

Blessed are they who refuse to take themselves too seriously; for they shall escape much grief and sadness and sorrow.

Blessed are they who make good in the honest pursuits of mankind; for theirs shall be wealth of purpose, of strength and of love.—*Exchange.*

Happy is he who finishes the work for its own sake; and the state and the world is happy that has the most of such finishers. The world will do justice to such. It cannot otherwise: but never on the day when the work is newly done and presented. Every man settles his own rate.—*Emerson.*

Business is a game of skill, in which a knowledge of its rules, with the mind, body, and soul-stamina to play it to the end, will win the greatest reward.

—*E. St. Elmo Lewis.*

The poorest way to help the poor is to pauperize them. No man can pay his obligations to society with a check book.

—*L. C. Ball.*

HOW "BAD BUSINESS" PAYS

DOES it pay to serve—to treat your patrons as their patronage deserves? Does it? Well, we should asseverate! But read this and see if you don't agree with us.

WE were talking recently with a man who "has it in" for the Blank automobile. He bought one last spring and very soon the top began to prove that it wasn't exactly "topping"—as our British allies would say—in quality. The fabric cracked and grew rusty in record time. Also the engine drank like a fish, as to oil consumption.

Naturally, our friend complained. To no purpose. He complained again. With the same result—a minus quantity. As a matter of cold and dampening fact, the Chicago agent of the Blank Company wanted $65 or $75 to put the car in satisfactory shape. Well, he got it. But the customer at the same time got a very unfortunate impression. Seeds of dissatisfaction had been sown, which produced a weedy growth of antagonism.

Once more a failure to serve had transformed a friend into an enemy.

The buyer of the car was seeing red when he left the agency. After several months he still sees a deep pink, at least, whenever the Blank car is mentioned. And during that time, although he is still driving his Blank—perforce—he has kept a sort of mental gun handy and has figuratively notched it every time he has succeeded in killing an otherwise perfectly good and assured sale of the Blank car.

At last accounts he had thus brought down no less than *five* Blank sales, four of the men he influenced having bought Buicks and one a Reo.

Does a dissatisfied customer pay? Yes—he pays your competitors.

Bad business methods always come home to roost.

On the other hand, here's a little fact story that came to our attention about the same time.

It shows how the law of Good Service works for those who obey it, even when they seem to go out of their way to do so.

The hero in this case was in the picture business and one of the lines he handled was educational pictures for schools. He sold a large picture to a Chicago school for $25. It was hung on a chronically damp wall, in consequence of which the frame warped and came apart in the course of the first year. Furthermore, the backing was forced out of shape and the picture became wavy and wrinkled.

Now conditions proved that the picture dealer was not to blame, but the principal of the school did not easily see reason and asked for an adjustment. The dealer did not argue, made no attempt to put the principal in the wrong. Instead, he remounted the picture, fixed the frame, and in all put about $10 worth of work on it, thereby more than wiping out the original profit.

Many, even of those who have built a well-earned reputation for fair dealing, would have said that our picture dealing acquaintance was "easy"—that he was carrying the principle involved in the dictum, "The customer is always right," to an uncalled-for and impractical extent.

But the sequel teaches a very different lesson.

Irrespective of the justice or injustice of the claim, that principal would have been disgruntled, to say the least, had the dealer refused to act as he did. And disgruntlement is a mighty poor soil for growing repeat orders

But satisfaction is the best soil in the world for the perennial profits of permanent patronage.

That quixotic picture dealer can trace $400 worth of business to his $10 investment in Service Unlimited, and $100 of it represents subsequent sales to that same principal.

Good business, you see, also returns to the home perch sooner or later.

Which transaction paid better—the one

in which the automobile agent was "in" an immediate $65 or $75 and "out" the profits or commissions on five other cars in the first few months alone, or the picture dealer who was "out" $10 for repairs and "in" the profits on $400 worth of new business?

And don't neglect the fact that the sore-headed motorist isn't through knocking. Or the even more disturbing fact that each man whom he has successfully influenced against the Blank machine, at the last before-buying moment, has naturally passed on to others what he has been told, thereby becoming a new source of "infection."

And finally, there are all the men and women who have learned of our friend's grievance, and some of whom, although they may not be in the market now, may sooner or later enter the motorist class—with a prejudice against Blank service and directly or indirectly, the Blank car itself.

Masticate that for a spell!

NEED SOME NEW DOGS?

MY lawnmower had rendered faithful service for ten years, but its Q Q M (Quantity, Quality and Mode of Conduct) were becoming unsatisfactory, says John E. Morris, of Cleveland, treasurer of the J. W. Wilson Company.

I had to push hard to get it started. The wheels dug into the ground, and it left ridges of grass after a mowing. I was thinking seriously of getting a new mower. My neighbor to whom I wailed my woes over the rose bushes on the side fence said the mower didn't owe me anything if I had used it ten years. He advised calling in the junk man on his next round.

But the summer was nearly over, prices on lawnmowers had gone up, and I decided to wait till next spring.

On Labor Day as I loafed beside a hardware merchant on the sands of Lake Erie I poured into his ears the shortcomings of my lawnmower. He promptly said, "You need some new 'dogs,'" and explained to me what "dogs" are in hardware parlance.

The next day I took off the wheels, found the dogs, took them to the hardware man, got some new dogs, put them in place, and started to mow my lawn. Well, you ought to have seen that mower work! The cutter wheel started with the first push, there were no slips, the cutting was even, there were no ridges, and the strength required to push the mower seemed reduced to one-half. It worked like a new machine, and all because of two little pieces of steel. The old dogs were worn and rounded at the ends, the new ones were the right length and of uniform diameter.

I might go on and moralize, but I won't. Suffice it to say that if any reader finds that his *Service* lawnmower—his capacity to render valuable and valued service in trimming the lawns of production or distribution—is not working satisfactorily, let him get some new "dogs" from the Sheldon shop, where they keep for you, the secrets of Business Science and Success.

STORE PERSONALITY

EVERY store has a personality. Up-to-date stores have good, strong, positive personalities. Out-of-date, backward organizations have poor, weak and negative personalities, according to the Sheldon Retail Science Course, from which we quote the following. Again, a store's personality is the sum total of the personalities of the people on the payroll, and this includes everybody from porter to president. A store's personality may be said to be the sum total of its efficiency, and a store's efficiency is reckoned by its ability faithfully to serve its patrons.

If there is anything that will raise any store to the highest standard, it is constructive individuality and distinctiveness. The "composite salesman," the store as a whole, has an approach in the eyes of customers just as any individual salesperson has. Now if the approach of the store or its presentation to the customer is good, favorable attention will be created in the mind of the customer. If the contrary, unfavorable attention will be the result.

The store's personality should say to customers: "I am the store of service in this vicinity. I can fill your needs as can no other institution. My foundation of confidence rests upon the bedrock of satisfaction. I have established confidence by giving absolute satisfaction through honest dealing and all other policies which make for excellence of service. I am the essence of cleanliness and simplicity. Come, come, here is your shopping center, with Right Quality, Right Quantity, and Right Mode of Conduct all the time."

ICH DIEN

Ich dien—I serve—which is the sort of German that doesn't need any apologies even now, is the real motto of every great and enduring business institution today. "Service" is fast becoming a holy name in modern industry and commerce—in all merchandising. "It serves you right" has a new and infinitely higher meaning.

Here, for example, are the well-substantiated service claims of one great store—one of the greatest. Marshall Field & Company, of Chicago and the world at large, thus describe "A Rainy Day Beneath Our Roof":

"There is one quite satisfactory test of this store's physical comfort and convenience. That is, for the purchasing member of a family to spend the whole of a rainy day beneath its roof. Once inside, there is no need to go out until leaving for home. Should the visitor speak no English, an interpreter is furnished. Goods are arranged so as to make comparison easy. Comprehensive elevator service carries one rapidly from floor to floor. The Tea and Grill Rooms furnish refreshment. The Rest Rooms give club advantages. Meetings can be arranged by telephone; mail and express parcels sent; theatre, railroad, and Pullman tickets purchased, and almost any errand or commission carried out through the Information Bureau. The Silence Room provides the privacy and retirement of one's own home. At the close of such a day the visitor will find that it has been spent to better shopping purpose than would have been possible in any other way, at the minimum of discomfort or fatigue."

And one is not surprised, after reading such a simple statement of a tremendous fact, to find Mr. John G. Shedd, the president of Marshall Field & Company, saying, as he did recently:

"I have been connected with this organization for fifty years, and there has never been a minute of that time when I have not felt I was a servant."

The prosperity of Mr. Shedd's immense business is sufficient evidence that the world appreciates such servants and the spirit in which they serve.

THE ALPHABET OF SALESMANSHIP

FOR the following striking arrangement of the essentials of Salesmanship we are indebted to Friend James R. Hendley, of Akron, Ohio.

To be "letter perfect" as regards this alphabet and all it stands for, is a state of blessedness that is well worth seeking.

S is for *Service*—give and you'll grow;
A is *Ability*—it's yours when you *know*;
L is for *Loyalty*—be loyal and true;
E—to *Enthusiasm* all things are due;
S is to *Study* each customer hard;
M is your *Manhood*—be ever on guard;
A is for *Altruism*, the father of Love;
N is for *Nature*, your gift from above;
S is for *Strength* with which to be blest;
H is for *Honesty*, the policy best;
I is *Initiative* strong—you need it to begin;
P is *Perseveracce*—stick and you'll win.

OUR COVER ILLUSTRATION

FOR permission to use the effective half-tone illustration on this month's cover, so representative of the world's successful busy-ness, especially along war-time commercial lines, we gladly acknowledge our indebtedness to the White Company, of Cleveland, Ohio

MORE CANNED WISDOM

THE canned wisdom displayed below was put up especially for BUSINESS SUCCESS readers by Arthur N. Owen, of modern Carthage, which is in Missouri.

Mature reflection saves immature exertion.

"Business is business"—not monkey business.

It's a significant fact that heads seldom ache from excess of thinking.

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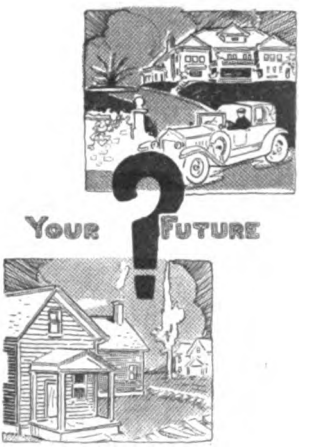

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And you'll find that those fruits are *bankable.*

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Sherman & Sons Co., (Wholesale White Goods) New York City: "I am very ready to say that we believe the Sheldon Course is extremely valuable to any one who takes it up earnestly. More than fifty men in our employ took it up, and many profited considerably by it." Frederick D. Sherman.

Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, East Pittsburgh, Pa.: "On the whole, we have found the results from the Sheldon movement gratifying and feel that it has raised the personal efficiency of many of those taking the Course by bringing them to a realization of some of their weak points and suggesting methods of self development. In our opinion, this movement, if properly handled to maintain interest and enthusiasm, will result in increased personal efficiency." D. S. Bowman.

Pierce, Butler & Pierce Manufacturing Co., (Plumbers' Supplies) Syracuse, N. Y.: "The profit in additional sales of one salesman (33 1-3 per cent increase) more than paid our company for all the money paid your people." P. M. Beecher.

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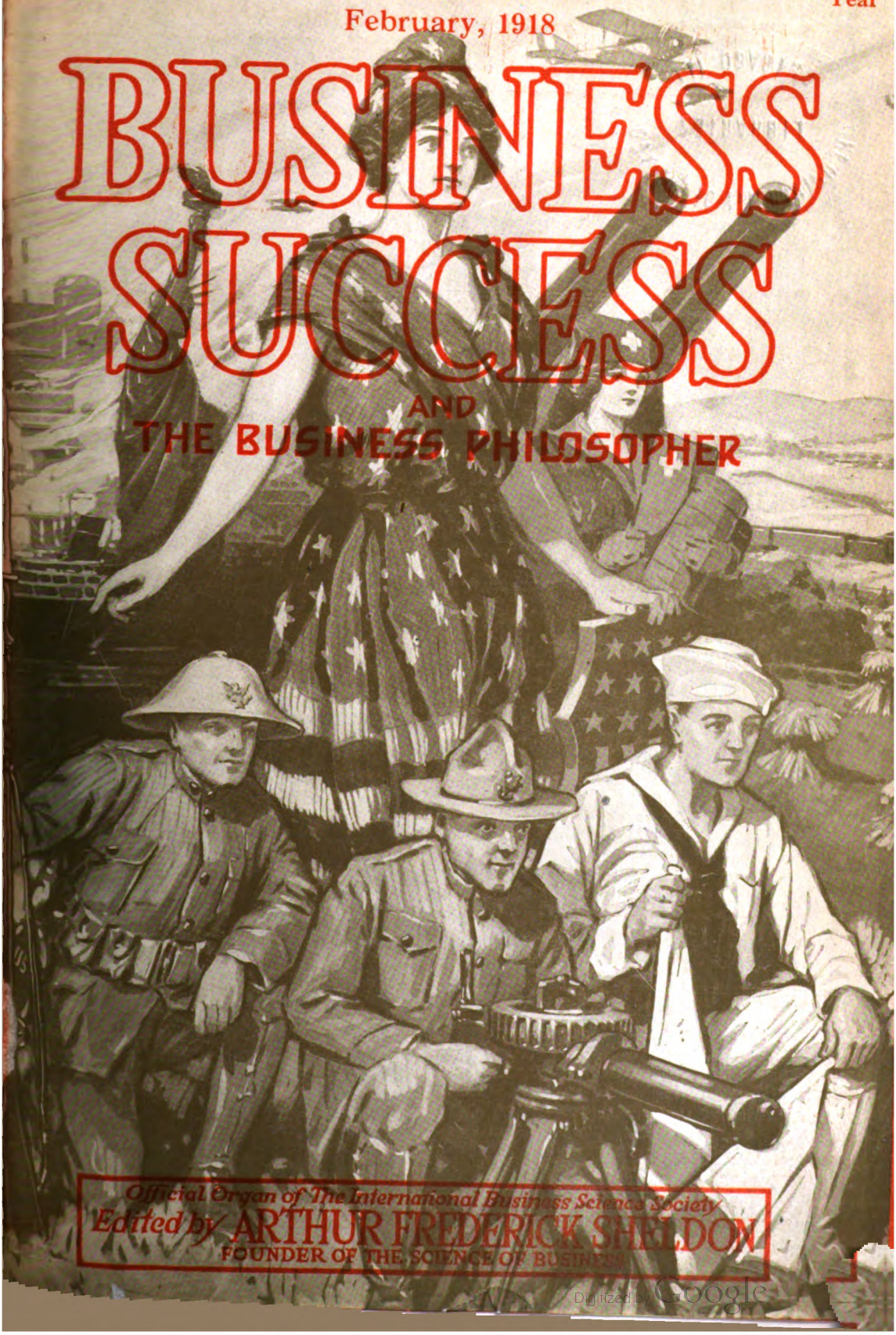

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The Service Magazine

BUSINESS SUCCESS
AND
THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1918

VOL. XV :: NUMBER 2

Only that which tends to increase the "Area" or A+R+E+A of the reader—that is his Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action—will appear in this magazine.

BUSINESS SUCCESS *and* The Business Philosopher, *The Service Magazine*, is published monthly by Arthur Frederick Sheldon. Official organ of the International Business Science Society, and exponent of the Sheldon philosophy of Success Through Service. Subscription price, $2.00 a year in the United States or its possessions, $2.12 in Canada, and $2.25 in foreign countries.

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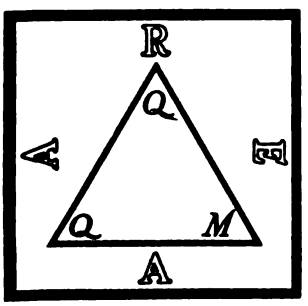
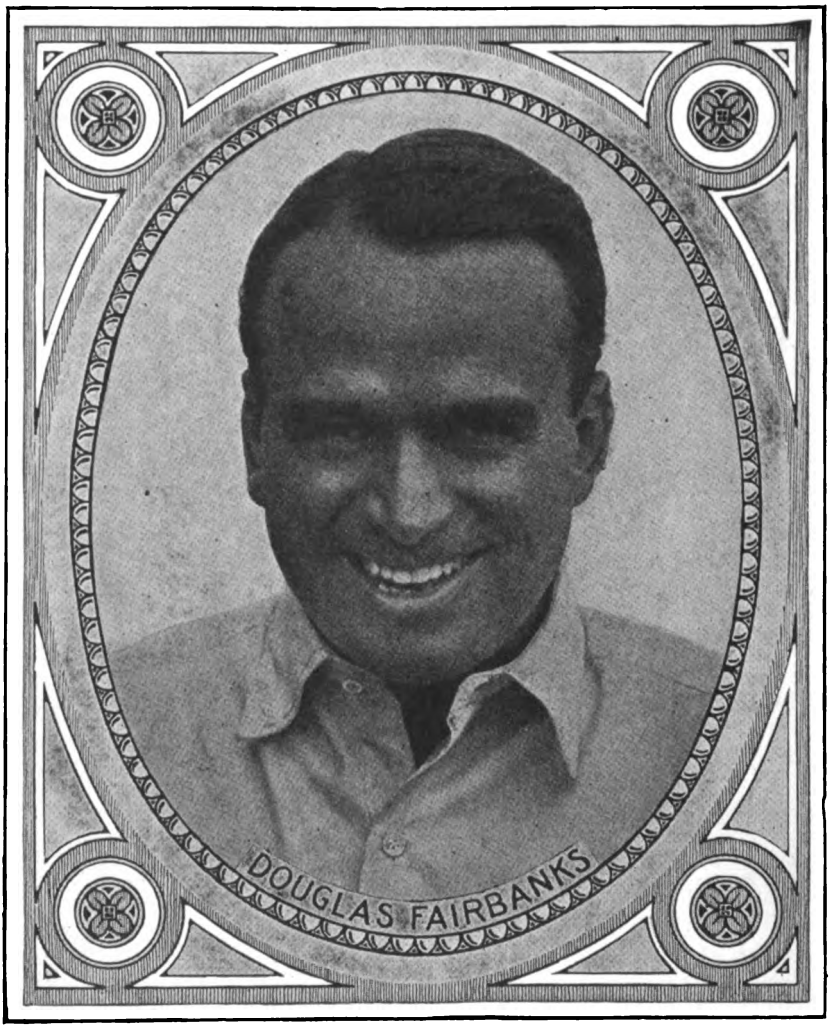


THIS magazine is built on a rock—the rock of Arthur Frederick Sheldon's universally applicable Area Philosophy, after which the village of Area, Lake County, Illinois, the home of Sheldonism, is named.

The word Area is made up of the initials of the four channels of expression of the four-square man—Ability, Reliability, Endurance, and Action, which correspond to the four-fold endowment, Intellectual, Moral, Physical, and Volitional, without which complete success is impossible.

And this four-fold capacity of the individual functions or expresses itself in what we term his Q Q M—that is, in the Quantity, Quality and Mode of Conduct which characterize his Service and determine his worth.

From this we get our familiar square-and-triangle symbol.



YES, THIS IS "HIMSELF"—AND HE *BELONGS*

THAT'S the biggest joke of all. This professional grouch hunter, whose mottoes are "Death to the Glooms!" and (just now) "No Quarter Without the War Tax!" proves to be something more than an athletic grin. Fact is, he turns out to be a business philosopher of no mean order and a particularly persuasive advocate of Success—if earned—as an article in this issue will reveal.

BUSINESS SUCCESS
AND
THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

VOLUME XV FEBRUARY, 1918 NUMBER 2

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T LIKE TO DIG

A FABLE IN SLANG FOR FICKLE WOOERS OF SUCCESS

GEORGE Ade has a lot to answer for and among the lot is the following fable. Not that Ade wrote it, but because it was written with his aid. In other words, it is thought by its author to take after the style of "Fables in Slang." But we wonder what will happen if Ade takes after it—and catches it? It really has something to say, though,—something that goes rather deep,—and in its own foolish way it manages to say it somehow before it gets through. Perhaps you'll like it. At any rate, it won't hurt any of us to ponder over its lesson. Incidentally, there are certain elements in it that have been cribbed from life, but the Fable as a whole is by no means meant to reflect upon any individual or individuals, rather to pick certain familiar tendencies out of their living context and magnify them for the sake of the effect. It's by Sam Spalding.

ONCE there was a Man. His name was Stephen Lively and so they naturally called him "Step" Lively.

Now don't get him Wrong just because his Sponsors in Baptism wished the name of Stephen on him. Didn't you ever stop to think that it takes a Stephen to make a "Steve," and a fellow by the name of Steve simply *has* to be a Regular Guy.

Steves don't come in thirteens and a half.

But we'll call him Step.

Step Lively hadn't always been a Man, of course. Before that he had been a Farmer's Boy with a rag around his Big Toe and an openwork seat in his Briches.

Likelier than not it was a Caned Seat.

But the Boy finally stumbled over the threshold of Manhood and no longer wore his clothes Peekaboo.

And he carried quite a line of Goods—Sand and Grit, and such like Coarse Stuff. He seemed to know his Way around too, without being Tipped Off, and even when he hoed—we mean hied—himself to the Big Town across from Hoboken, nobody had to tell him where he Got On.

The Years chased their Tales, and the Young Man turned his hand to This and That. He prided himself on his ability to scratch Gravel and dig up a grain of Corn or a plump white Grub wherever he might be. He just couldn't seem to keep the Coin away.

"Roll me in a barrel and I'll make money on every Turnover," he used to complain, his voice heavy with unshed Tears.

But the years came and the years went, and so did our Hero.

Put that down on your Telephone Pad.

He could make Money. No Doubt about it. But he developed equal if not superior Facilities as an Outlet. He could Spend the

Stuff too, it seemed. And there always was a lot of Elgin Creamery on his fingers. He'd scoop up a diamond-cutting Liner smoking from the Bat, juggle with it a bit, and Drop it. He didn't have proper Storage Facilities for the money he made.

And oh, how he did hate to Stick Around!

One day this Step Lively person was taken Sick. He caught the original Yellow Fever and nothing would do but he must have a good big dose of the Gold Cure.

In short, he just Honed to mine the Metalliferous.

So he gave Civilization a parting Smack and Pullmanfully set out for the gold-toothed mouth of O'Grady's Gulch or Somewhere out That Way. He Detrained at Red Dog with fifty cents in his Pants, engaged a canvas Cot in a hotel of the same at four Bones per diem, and began Looking Around.

The Gravel was all staked out thereabouts, and Corner Lots were selling for Real Dust. Even the simple art of Moving On proved to be a phenomenon of High Finance.

If he couldn't actually scratch Ground for himself, however, Step could still Scratch Around. Thus occupied, he loosened an Idea. His first night at the Hotel Entente (the final "e" is as silent as ever but you bear down harder than usual on the "tent") had left him just $3.50 in the Hole; but Capital isn't always in Nugget form. In the beginning, in fact, it's invariably represented, according to the Wiseheimers, by a bunch of Gray Matter under the Stetson.

Often, though it's a Knox—a case of hard Knox.

Anyhow, that's where our Hero dug up his next Big Idea.

He skidded across the path of the Guy that had dry-nursed the Camp—it wasn't so Dry either, come to think of it—and put up this sort of a Spiel:

"I'm stony broke, Old Timer. A Sucked Egg is full of Nourishment compared with my Pocket. But the old Bean is still on the Job. I see you don't give a Gent time to get his elbows on the first Bar before you up and try to sell him a lot on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second, or State and Washington. Which is as it should Be but almost always Ain't. I've got a Scheme, though, that will make your cute, enterprising little ways look like something out of a Mummy-case."

The town's Paternal Ancestor is Leery at first, but he invites our Hero to rip off the Hatch and be lively about it if he has anything to Asseverate. So our Friend brings his Latest out for an airing and the Corner Lot King gives it the Up-and-Down.

It's like this:

Seen in the All-at-once, casual-like, there are two ways of selling a Guy anything, from a plug of Sailors' Delight to a Super-Six. One is to wait for him to breeze in and hand you his Roll, and the other is to Mosey out and offer to Carry it for him.

The first is plain, ornery Order Taking—which is next door to grabbing Pennies off a Kid—and the second is SALESMANSHIP in bold face caps.

Are you keeping Hep?

Well, you can see for yourself that that City Father wasn't such a rotten Salesman. He didn't look upon selling as a mere Indoor Sport. On the contrary, he went out and Excavated for Business. But, according to Lively, the trouble was that he didn't go Far Enough.

Step told the Townsite Hog that he was a darnsight too Short-sighted; that if he'd only season his Grubbing with a dash of Perspicacity, he could sell frontages on Fifth Avenue (or Fairyland, for that matter) to the insistent Tenderfoot before the latter had ever clamped eyes on the Camp—or had come within Forty Miles of it.

"The tinkle-tinkle of thy Brains against thy Skull hath a pleasant sound," remarked the Real Estate Owner, trying his razor on a nugget of the Yellow Peril. "Proceed."

Or words to that General Effect.

But he Wagged his Ears when our Hero teed off with his Explanations.

The next day the Daddy of Red Dog was doing business as per usual, but Step Lively was on his way back to the Main Line, transportation furnished. In due time the next branch line train from Outside was boarded and Step began to fraternize with the Easy Marks from New York, Chicago and Intervening Points, as he made his way back to the Gulch.

Our Hero was Armed to the teeth. He had some miscellaneous Hardware about him, but his Surest-fire Weapon was a nifty little Plat of the township of Red Dog.

Somebody else had drawn it but Lively did the pointing.

And he brought down his men with it. Long before they hove in sight of the Camp, two Swedes had listened to Step when his language was Flossiest, with the result that they had invested in two lots in the Heart of Red Dog, the future Metropolis of the West, for the absurdly inadequate sum of one thousand Iron Men. And fifty per cent. of that —five hundred welcome little strangers, no less,—was our Hero's, to Have and to Hold as long as he could.

We do not know whether those two lots were a Good Buy or not. We trust they were. Be that as it may, however, it is evident that Step had the Right Idea.

He had met his Prospects half-way and they were eating Lots out of his hand. Had he not given them the Grip when he did those two Swedes might have Scandinavigated to some other camp.

Lively had brought down a perfectly good Sale with each barrel, and he was mighty glad to see that he hadn't Lost his Cunning. But it wasn't long before he lost Something Else.

He lost Interest.

There was no Fun in doing the same thing over and over, even if it did mean Money. It wasn't sporting.

Besides, a Chap could earn money *that* way Anywhere, and he had come to the Jumping Off Place to shoot craps with Mrs. John D. Nature herself for the Good Old Stuff.

So Step Lively bought an Outfit with his Land Office proceeds, shook the alkali of Red Dog from his boots, and staked a promising Claim on Screaming Eagle Peak.

The Claim promised millions, but it didn't pay an Auburn Haired Cent—at least, it didn't while Lively was around.

Now, Lively couldn't bear not to step, and Step had to be lively. So after he had sat on his Haunches and barked at his Luck for a while, he Bit Himself on the flank, kicked over his Boundary Stakes and jumped the freight for Further On and Fortuneville.

But as usual there was a Joker in the Pack.

For one of the Squareheads who had been at the Receiving End of that land deal, came Nosing Around and stuck his Stakes in the very holes Lively had left when he quit his claim for Elsewhere-on-the-Pike.

But the Joke was just Getting its Hand In.

Pretty soon Winter stopped sparring and let Screaming Eagle and its Environs have a Solar Plexus of a blizzard right Amidships.

The Swede, who was Making Free with Lively's shack, ran out of fuel and Took Liberties with the floor.

But what's the use of Wire-drawing it or Rubbing it in?

The Tale is soon Pulled.

The Squarehead didn't do a Blamed Thing but find Gold right under the cabin floor that Lively had Nailed Down so virtuously—Gobs of Gold.

Whereupon Yon may have hummed "Swede and Low" while he was Digging In.

Anyhow, he Dug In.

And when Lively stepped back after Some Time, without having seen even a Gold Fish, he was Taken Aback to find that, thanks to his Abandoned Claim, Screaming Eagle Peak was now bearing up under the name of Mount Midas. Also that Yon Yonson had quarried a Cool Million out from under that floor and had sold what was left for quite a Tidy Sum.

And to prove that he was a Good Scout in spite of his Neutrality, Yon handed Lively a Bunch of Money in cobble form.

"Maybe this bane hold you for awhile," he is Reported to have said meaningly.

But it didn't. In fact, Step didn't even hold It more than a few minutes. A nugget in a One-piece Suit wasn't handy to have around the house. Besides, he needed the Change.

And that will be About All of the fable—except for the Moral and a few Odds and Ends like that.

Our Hero left Red Dog cold not long after that. The Lady who played the part of Fortune out there hadn't once looked his way. She was only a Barnstormer anyhow, and Step was now all for seeing a Metropolitan Favorite in the role.

So he Cast off and drifted back to the Effete East.

He scratched Something together on his way back and he's still Scratching. What's more, the Discerning Reader will not be surprised to learn that he keeps a wife,—his own,—drives a Real Car, and is Looked up To.

Anybody with a name like Step Lively couldn't very well Miss Out all along the line.

Then is this an Improper Tale, after all? you ask aghast. Hasn't it any Moral at all?

It has—more than one moral, in fact, which we shall now serve in all styles except German Fried.

Thus:

Moral—*Mashed:* A Rolling Stone may become a Smooth Proposition, and even acquire a certain Polish; but if it keeps on rolling long enough it's bound to lose some weight.

Moral—*Baked:* Scratching Around is all to the Plenty so far as it goes, but its Ticket doesn't read Far Enough.

Moral—*French Fried:* You can't seem to keep on scratching in One Place very long. If you do you get Sore—or the Place gets sore at You. But you can generally Dig to your heart's content—and when you dig you get up an Honest Sweat, if nothing else.

Moral—*American Fried:* It is well to Step Lively, and a comparatively little success is a Lovely Thing; but you must Stand your Ground occasionally if you want the Simon Pure article to overtake you.

Moral—*Hashed Brown:* Success is a matter of AREA. It has Four Sides, being bounded on the North by Reliability, on the South by Action, on the East by Endurance, and on the Golden West by Ability. Therefore, and likewise Hence, although our friend Step Lively was long on Ability, on Endurance of a wholly physical sort, and especially long—too long—on Action, he unfortunately had a number of Slats missing on the side marked Reliability, with the Lamentable Result that he just couldn't Make His Ability Behave.

Let us Resolve to learn, Rollo, how to Make *Our* Ability Behave!

LINCOLN'S STORY OF HIS FIRST DOLLAR.

"'SEWARD,' Lincoln once said, according to *'Abraham Lincoln, His Life and Public Services*, 'did you ever hear how I earned my first dollar?'

" 'No,' the Secretary returned.

" 'Well,' replied he, 'I was about eighteen years of age, and belonged, as you know, to what they called down South the "Scrubs"; people who do not own land and slaves . . . ; but we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell.

. . . I had . . . constructed a flat-boat. . . . A steamer was going down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings they were to go out in a boat. . . . I was contemplating my new boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any way, when two men with trunks came down to the shore in carriages, and looking at the different boats, singled out mine. . . . I . . . supposed that both of them would give me a couple of 'bits.' The trunks were put in my boat, the passengers seated themselves on them, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board and I lifted the trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out, "You have forgotten to pay me." Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. You may think it was a very little thing . . . but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, the poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day; that by honest work I had earned a dollar. I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time.' "

A UNITED STATE

THE following patriotic verses, which propose a toast to President Wilson, America and Humanity, were contributed to BUSINESS SUCCESS by Sidney K. Bennett, another of whose poems, "Progress—Verb," appeared in our January issue.

Wilson!

WOODROW, *you're* the brother whom we chose to lead us!
You're the man we asked to take that thankless task!
When baiting monarchs try to goad or bleed us—
When you speak for us, and the Kaisers do not heed us—
When, to make your words concrete, you sorely need us,
Then, *by God!* we're yours to do what'er you ask!

America!

OF LIBERTY the Knight! By all respected!
You're the nation where High Progress has rebirth!
The land towards which the world its steps directed—
To Love and Life, with Freedom interjected!
We give our lives that *You* may be protected
And still remain the Foremost of the Earth!

Humanity!

THE HOPE of All! The Holy Grail we've sought for!
The wish of God! Of all Mankind the Aim!
The Everlasting Grace our fathers fought for;
The end which all the Universe was wrought for;
The Cause we bend our ev'ry act and thought for!
Our very souls we give to feed Thy flame!

THE NEW "WEST POINTS" OF BIG BUSINESS

HENRY L. DOHERTY'S CADET SCHOOLS

DID you know that the Army of American Business has not only one Cadet School, one "West Point," but several? Well, it has, and Henry L. Doherty, head of two hundred big public utility companies, is the commandant. Here is striking news from another quarter concerning one of this magazine's hobbies—higher business education under the auspices of Business itself. Verily, every day is "moving day" in this up-and-doing world of Commerce and Industry!

THIS magazine in the last few months has published several articles dealing more or less constructively with the problems of business education. Perhaps the most specific and important of these was that on "Raising $10,000-a-Yearlings," which appeared in the December number of *The Business Philosopher*.

Almost every day we receive new evidence that we have not been harping on a broken string but, instead, that we have struck a note that is setting up responsive vibrations in many different quarters.

Particularly noteworthy in this connection are two articles which have just come to our notice. One is "Cadet Schools of Business," by Henry Gibbons, in *The Forum;* the other is "A Plan to Organize Our Young Business Reserve," by W. Marvin Jackson, in our welcome and interesting new contemporary, *Forbes Magazine*. Of this latter we shall have more to say next month.

Mr. Gibbons' article deals principally with the cadet school idea as developed in a big and successful way by the various interests controlled by Henry L. Doherty, the Wall Street banker, public utility magnate, etc., including the Denver Gas and Electric Light Company and two hundred other big utility concerns in which engineering figures largely.

The author begins by saying that: "The demand for trained men—trained in a *specific* way—never was greater. First, American business realized its need of them. Then it waited for them to turn up. Now [which is just what we have been advocating in *The Business Philosopher*] it is making them itself, by 'cadet schools.' "

And he goes on:

"Big Business of America wants to insure the future of its organizations. It wants to develop men on whom it can rely to carry on organization work efficiently. It wants to have trained men on tap—men whom it can put into new companies, ever being organized."

Of the first cadet school, we learn: "It began in 1906. Technical schools were canvassed. Graduates were offered positions in . . . the Denver Gas and Electric Light Company. They were told that they would receive from sixty to seventy-five dollars a month while they were in the cadet school. After that they would be advanced rapidly. . . . About thirty graduates of engineering schools were taken in. . . . Today the same company has opened another in Toledo and a third in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, developing their men to look after its oil properties."

"Somebody asked me if I was a college man," Mr. Doherty is reported to have said, "and I laughingly replied that I was a sort of super-president of three universities." And he enumerated at some length the list of men now high in the Doherty ranks who

graduated from the cadet school; in fact, we learn that of the thirty men thus started in 1910, five are already superintendents of big properties. And we may legitimately assume that all of the others who have made good at all are much farther along than they would have been if they had done less practical "post-graduate" work.

The writer tells how the cadet school at Denver takes the college graduate right into the plant and makes him put on cap and overalls; and from that point it traces his strenuous but exceptionally *mastering* training, from the boiler-room to the designer's board.

Then the author passes on to describe the activities of a school for bond salesmen conducted by a certain organization in Wall Street.

"After these cadet school lectures were finished," we read, "the men were then given . . . bonds to sell to their friends. . . . On the success of these sales was determined to a large extent the man's ability. . . . The work in the cadet school, the selling try-out, the discussion afterwards with the leader of the class, developed the fact that some cadets had 'statistical minds' and could not possibly sell anything. On the other hand, cadets with 'salesmen's minds' were uncovered. These cadets were then given a highly specialized series of lectures . . . . A foreign banker watched one of these classes. When it was over he turned to his friend, the manager of the house, and said, 'You are making not salesmen but selling hounds. I would judge it impossible to get away from one of these men without buying a bond of him.' "

And here are the author's conclusions:

"Only the most far-sighted of our business organizations have established cadet schools. The others are taking what comes along and letting their employes knock themselves into shape in the hard and somewhat long school of experience—which is wasteful of time and uncertain in results and devilish costly to the employer. *There is a survival of the fittest in business just as in nature, and those organizations which are making themselves fit are leading the field.*

"The example has been set by the shrewd, far-sighted men of Big Business. Will others follow . . . . . ? America needs such men today. . . . America is going to need efficient men more than ever tomorrow, when Europe begins its terrific fight for trade to pay the bills of this war."

Now, this certainly echoes in a striking way the very points we have been dwelling on in this magazine. Moreover, we are glad to pass on to our readers these new and successful examples of a budding tendency which holds wonderful possibilities of unfoldment along the lines of business education.

If you want trained men, don't leave anything you can help to chance. And don't wait for them to ripen and drop into your hands. That is the kernel of this whole significant and very cheering movement.

The fruit grower that wants the choicest possible apples starts with planting and keeps close, tireless, interested, *loving* watch over that and every subsequent process of growth, protection, and ripening, until finally picking time comes. But that, mind you, is the *last*, not the first stage.

So with picked men. "Picking" is a most important process, but it is properly the last link in a "personally conducted" series of developments through which the picked man should have gone—all of them under the guidance of the company.

Or, if you insist that the man is really picked in the beginning—picked, that is, because he is believed capable of such desired development, we shall readily agree. In that sense, there are two pickings and sortings—one dealing with candidates, with raw material in the shape of man-power and brain-power, the other with the matured, finished product. And as a matter of fact, this is quite in line with our fruit growing analogy; for the expert grower chooses the immature fruit which his knowledge and experience teach him is most likely to come to full, fair and *valuable* maturity—and he ruthlessly prunes away whatever is likely to sap the strength of the tree or the plant without yielding an adequate return.

In other words, we have, not natural selection but *human* selection in both cases—a process of selection made up of many detailed selections and promotions, all along the line. To put it in still another way, we have *controlled production*—in one case of choice fruit, in the other of choice men.

And that is the only sure way of obtaining either. The other way, that of buying in as good fruit or as good men as you can get in

the open market at any given time, by bidding against everybody else, is a comparatively hopeless, helpless, unsatisfactory, unenterprising, *inefficient* method.

Isn't that sound? Is there any real room for argument there, in respect to the general principal involved, at any rate?

If there is, BUSINESS SUCCESS cannot see it.

But that is only for the big organizations, you object. Neither the small firm nor the moderate sized corporation could swing a costly educational department.

There is something in that, of course. The sort of thing that Henry L. Doherty is doing, represents a first cost that doubtless amounts to a pretty penny. It is a genuine investment, a constructive, productive expenditure, to be sure; but it is obvious that many concerns, even in spite of acknowledged need and desire, would not feel justified in taking on the burden of such training.

That is not necessary, however. Several of them in the same line can club together, if their vision is broad enough to take in the values of cooperative competition, and maintain such a department in common. We refer to technical cadet schools now.

And as for instruction in the laws and principles of general business success, salesmanship, advertising, accounting, etc., splendid training in these and many other branches of higher commercial education may now be made available, by even the most modest business house, to its picked men—or to those of its men who, through the urgings of their own energy and ambition, may be said to pick themselves. How? Simply by paying half of each man's inexpensive tuition in one of our great correspondence universities. Or, better still, by calling in outside lecturers and teachers, authorities in their respective lines, whose services may be enjoyed today by arrangement with other big schools which are engaged in business extension education on a large scale, and which combine the conveniences of standardized textbooks and correspondence lessons with all the advantages of blackboard diagrams and examples, verbal questions and answers, and the invaluable personal touch and inspiration obtained from supplementary but comprehensive lecture courses given on the ground.

The extent to which this latter form of business teaching has been and is being successfully carried on, all over this country and elsewhere, as far away as Australia and South Africa, will prove a revelation to anyone who takes the trouble to inquire into the matter. Nevertheless the surface has as yet been no more than tickled by the educational hoe of Big Business or little, and the boundless possibilities of these different educational methods are as yet unrealized in most quarters.

Tomorrow there will be another story to tell—a wonderful story that every reader of this publication can help to tell, either as an individual or as an executive of a progressive house, if he will take the trouble now to inform himself concerning past performances and future potentialities in this world of business training.

The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him.—Lincoln.

IF YOU are studying Salesmanship, advises I. H. Sayman, who has long practised what he preaches, back it up with greater energy, determination, ACTION. The soldier who is ever so well drilled can not win a battle unless he fights, and still there are many salesmen who seem to think that after they have taken a course in Salesmanship they do not have to fight so hard for business. You should fight harder, because you *can* fight harder. That is what the study is for.

Ability to tell other people what he wants them know is always limited by a man's stock of words. Every salesman's mental grip should contain a comprehensive showing of the resources of his native language.

A BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER IN THE MOVIES

LIKEWISE SOMETHING OF A SALESMAN AND AN APOSTLE OF SUCCESS

HERE, along with certain comments thereon, are some ripe ones plucked from the full bunches that hang on nearly every page of a recent book, "Laugh and Live," by a new writer whose name we seem to have heard before, perhaps in some other connection—Douglas Fairbanks. At any rate, Mr. Fairbanks evidently has a message that should be routed through to every business man and woman in the country and marked "RUSH—IMPORTANT!"

YOU don't have to sell sealing-wax or soap, you know, in order to be an honest-to-goodness salesman.

It cannot be repeated too often that all of us—men, women, and children—are salesmen; that no matter how far our occupation or lack of occupation may seem to remove us from the world of salesmanship, in its narrower aspects, we all are in a very real sense engaged, every hour and all of our lives long, in selling ourselves or keeping ourselves sold.

The new-born baby creates a favorable impression, and thus begins to sell himself to his parents by refraining from the "rebel yell" of fretful infancy.

The young lover "puts his best foot forward" in an effort to sell his manly charms, his $25 a week, and his savings account to the girl of his choice.

The minister sells his faith to his congregation done up in the most attractive package he can—or fails to sell it.

The actor sells his ability to please an audience—if he has that ability.

And so on through the whole blessed list.

We are all salesmen and saleswomen.

But how often we fall down! We do not succeed in selling ourselves—our personalities—to others we meet in social relations. We fail to keep ourselves sold to the men behind the financial guns, to our business associates, or to our customers.

Most of us, therefore, need to go much deeper into the science and art of salesmanship. We should know more than how to sell. We should know how to *stay* sold.

Salesmanship is mental. All of its essentials have their being or come to be in the mind of the "prospect," whether that prospect be a prospective husband, employer or customer.

And the first and foremost ingredient of successful salesmanship, without which no mutually satisfactory sale was ever made, is favorable attention.

Favorable attention, mind you.

Furthermore, the buyer's attitude must *continue* to be favorable if the goods—if we, in other words,—are to remain sold.

Otherwise—well, the husband may be divorced, the minister asked for his resignation, the actor compelled to "rest," the employe discharged, the customer lost to a competitor.

Therefore, as you value your success, *get favorable attention—and then keep it!*

But always remember that you cannot possibly retain really favorable attention by unfavorable—that is, by unfair or otherwise unworthy—means.

All of which is a more or less digressive way of leading up to the statement that Douglas Fairbanks, fun-maker-plus and movie millionaire, is one of the greatest salesmen extant.

Also that he is no slouch when it comes to drawing on his fund of experience for rules of success in life and business.

For that matter, "Doug" used to be a real businessman—if going through several of the motions counts for anything.

His friend George Creel, who now heads the government's Committee on Public Information, once gave a "Close-Up" of Fairbanks in *Everybody's Magazine*, in which he said of his hero:

"At various stages in his brief career he has been a Shakespearean actor, Wall Street clerk, hay steward on a cattle-boat, vagabond, and business man."

After speaking of an engagement in support of Herbert Kelsey and Effie Shannon, Creel's amusing sketch goes on:

"Five months went by before the two stars broke under the strain, and by that time news had come to Mr. Fairbanks that Wall Street was Easy Money's other name. Armed with his grin, he marched into the office of De Coppet & Doremus, and when the manager came out of his trance Shakespeare's worst enemy was holding down the job of order man.

" 'The name Coppet appealed to me,' he explains.

"He is still remembered in that office, fondly but fearfully. He did his work well enough; in fact, there are those who insist that he invented scientific management.

" 'How about that?' I asked him, for it puzzled me.

" 'Well, you see, it was this way: For five days in a week I would say, 'Quite so' to my assistant, no matter what he suggested. On Saturday I would dash into the manager's office, wag my head, knit my brow, and exclaim, 'What we need around here is *efficiency*.' And once I urged the purchase of a time-clock.' "

BUSINESS SUCCESS, however, is glad that Fairbanks the Irrepressible left Wall Street flat. It believes that the man who "holds the world's record for the standing broad grin"—a record which he has won and is holding by sheer force of healthy, cleanly fun, without the faintest suggestion of smut—is serving the world much more effectually and usefully than he conceivably could have done in any other line of busy-ness.

Moreover, his homeliness, heartiness, and virile athleticism appeal with unusual force to other real men—busy men who need to laugh and grow fit.

Of course you know that, not being content to preach his bracing gospel only on the screen, Fairbanks has written a book about it. But have you read it? If not, get it. It may not be a great book, but it's a singularly sunny, heartening, aren't-you-glad-to-be-alive sort of a book. It's called *Laugh and Live*, and is published by the Britton Publishing Company of New York; but this magazine's book department will be glad to send a copy to any reader at the regular price, $1.00 net—which means postage extra.

Here are a few extracts just to give you a taste for it:

* * *

"*We need pep to think.*"

* * *

"*Start off the morning with a laugh and you needn't worry about the rest of the day.*"

* * *

"I like to laugh. It is a tonic. It braces me up—makes me feel fine!—and keeps me in prime mental condition. Laughter is a physiological necessity."

* * *

"Take the average man on the street for example. Watch him plodding along—no spring, no elasticity, no vim. He is in *check-rein*—how can he laugh when his *pep* is all gone and the *sand in his craw* isn't there any more? What he needs is *spirit!* Energy—the power to force himself into action!"

* * *

"*Laughter is more or less a habit.* To some it comes only with practice. But what's to hinder practising? Laugh and live long—if you had a thought of dying—laugh and grow well—if you're sick and despondent—laugh and grow fat—if your tendency is towards the lean and cadaverous—laugh and succeed—if you're glum and 'unlucky'—laugh and nothing can faze you—not even the Grim Reaper—for the man who has laughed his way through life has nothing to fear of the future. His conscience is clear."

* * *

"Activity makes for happiness as nothing else will and once you stir your blood into little bubbles of energy you will begin to think of other means of keeping your bodily house in order."

"Fear comes with the thought of failure. Everything we think about should have the possibility of success in it if we are going to build up courage. We should get into the habit of reading *inspirational books* [and don't forget the inspirational *magazines*, Doug] looking at *inspirational pictures*, hearing *inspirational music*, associating with *inspirational friends*, and above all, we should cultivate the habit of mind of thinking clean, and of doing wholesome things."

* * *

"The majority of failures come as a result of not being able to trust one's self. The moment we doubt, or acknowledge that we cannot conquer a weakness, then we begin to go down hill. . . . And all because *we lacked self-confidence!* . . . We were too busy with self-indulgence to struggle for success."

* * *

"It is surprising how readily the world follows the individual with confidence. It is willing to believe in him, to furnish funds, to assist in any way within its power. . . . So long as we carry along with us our atmosphere of hearty good will and enthusiasm we know no defeat. The man who is gloomy, taciturn and lives in a world of doubt seldom achieves more than a bare living."

* * *

" 'Nothing succeeds like success,' said some very wise man, and if there ever was a phrase that rang with truth this does. It means that the *thought of success*, that courage that *comes with success*, leads to *more and more success*. It means that the thinker of these thoughts is living in a clean, wholesome atmosphere along with those who are determined and in earnest. It means that they have caught the fervor of true life . . . . . a healthy, contagious fervor which permeates the blood swiftly once it gets a hold, and like electricity it vivifies and stirs the spirit with renewed energy *day after day, year after year*. Once it wins us it will stick with us. The success of those about us will shake our lethargic limbs and stimulate us to a desire to do as they do. We will be in a world of clean thought and action and our lives will mirror their lives, our thoughts will be filled with wholesome things and with good health. We will win in spite of all obstacles."

* * *

And most of the book is like that, through chapter after chapter with such stimulating titles as "Taking Stock of Ourselves"; "Advantages of an Early Start"; "Energy, Success and Laughter"; "Honesty, the Character Builder"; "Failure to Seize Opportunities," and so on. What's more, Fairbanks himself grins at you photographically from many of the pages.

Oh! it's a jolly, warming book.

And above all, it's a success book—which means that in common with its author it deserves and is getting favorable attention wherever it goes.

It will enlarge your AREA.

THE story is related of Lincoln in Col. McClure's book, "*Abe*" *Lincoln's Yarns and Stories*, that a New York firm once applied to Lincoln, some years before he became President, for information as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I am well acquainted with Mr. Blank, and know his circumstances.

"First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth $50,000 to any man.

"Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth $1.50, and three chairs worth, say, $1.00.

"Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into.

"Respectfully,
"A. LINCOLN."

THINKING YOUR WAY UP

HERE'S a ringing bugle call in words, the refrain of which is "Use your head!" The first lesson in business success today—the biggest, most worth while success—is, "Learn to think. Keep your mind in running order—and run it full time." It is your plant. Demand from it the same industry and efficiency you demand of your other employes. Teach it how to make good and then make it make good. Mental work pays the biggest dividends of all. But read this whole stirring message by George Washington Robnett, who is one of the most noticeable convolutions in the collective brain of the Chicago Advertising Association. It's good medicine.

G. W. ROBNETT.

THE idle dreamer is going in one direction—downward. The Thinker's ticket reads to quite another destination.

Thoughts are children of the mind. As they are conceived and developed, so will they be when they reach maturity.

The progress of a human career is much like a boat. A propeller is needed to keep a boat moving forward, and a rudder is required to direct its course. In life it takes will power to keep one going and constructive, creative imagination to direct our course.

Constructive thoughts are splendid companions for anyone.

And the man who loves to be alone with his thoughts is usually the man whom the world comes to recognize as a leader.

Mental power develops through mental exercise. Each person is the guardian of his own mind and just as an employer expects industry and efficiency from an employe, so should each of us expect and adopt proper measures to see that our *minds* serve us industriously and efficiently.

We should keep our minds busy. It is a mental—and moral—crime to idle away valuable time.

Mental strength is the most potent force in the world. He who is strong mentally will obtain what he seeks. Mental vigor is the magnet that draws the world to our feet. But it is not inherited—it is acquired, and acquired by the hardest kind of work.

The brain is the parent of human achievement. All things have first been imagined, planned, thought out in some one's mind.

Victories on the battlefield are won by careful and sagacious planning, and these necessitate thinking.

Deeds are manifestations of imagination.

Take a great man like Edison, deprive him of his imagination, and you have deprived him of his usefulness.

Westinghouse perceived the airbrake through his mind's eye before he ever attempted to work it out. And the more he thought of it, the more tangible the form it assumed. The more attention he gave it, the more rapidly it developed.

The late J. Pierpont Morgan's characteristic mental pictures were of great business organizations, of gigantic, financial transactions.

Lee, Grant, Napoleon and Bismarck ***thought*** their battles into being.

Constructive imagination is truly an art.

But mental pictures that forecast great industries are even more to be prized than the paintings of the most famous artists.

The Thinker leads the world.

A field of unrestricted activity lies open to him.

When one awakens to the true usefulness of the mind, it is like making a wonderful discovery. The brain is full of secret remedies, rules and methods. They lie hidden in some little cell and they can be found if we look

diligently enough and in the right way.

Searching through the long mental corridors and the innumerable little chambers of the brain, is an interesting, fascinating and instructive process.

For the persistent seeker there are many surprises in the archives of the mind.

The seed of all accomplishment lies there. It is in these little brain cells that are born great paintings and statues, deep and touching books, melodies that wring the soul, great buildings that almost scrape the sky, vast industries that give employment to millions of men, machinery that tears away mountains and severs continents—for all mortals have proved to the contrary, they each and every one originate in that wrinkled, puckered little organ we call the brain.

The business of thinking is hard work.

To develop the ability to think constructively requires practice and persistence, as well as obedience to certain principles. After one learns the art, however, thinking becomes comparatively easy and exceedingly pleasurable.

THE BUSINESS THINKER.

The stout man who sits in an office most of the time would be very reluctant about participating in a footrace, but the athlete would go into it with zest.

So with the work of thinking. To the experienced, practised thinker it is enjoyable, but to the man, who uses his mind in a constructive way but little, the business of thinking does not appeal, and he naturally avoids it as much as possible.

Some people prefer to trace the line of least resistance and forever follow a leader. The man who neglects to develop the power that Nature has given him, must pay the penalty in some way, and he should not complain.

We must study and work. We must learn to anticipate—to figure the future.

Emerson tells us, "The walls of rude minds are scrawled all over with facts, with thoughts. They shall one day bring a lantern and read the inscriptions."

In all minds alike there is an equivalent capacity for thinking, but the degree of development determines the station of life a man shall occupy.

But as weeds grow in a garden of flowers, so do worthless thoughts creep into our minds. We must guard against them and keep the mind healthy and virile by proper and intelligent exercise—by work.

The mind may be likened to a great field of fertile soil which is capable of producing the most beautiful and fragrant flowers, and on the other hand will just as quickly and willingly grow weeds and briars, unless they are persistently discouraged. We cannot be too careful about keeping these weeds out of our mental gardens.

Purity of thought—to take just one example that is often overlooked—is an effect to strive for if we would expect the greatest power from the mind. One rotten apple will spoil a barrel of good ones. One bad boy today—a gang tomorrow Bad thoughts consume time, waste brain effort; and if we are not very careful, they allow the ship of your life and mine to drift on the rocks of disgrace and failure.

But you must be willing to devote years to the task. You must have the patience to suffer the privations which persistent study will involve. You must forbear to enjoy the luxuries which you see the man above you indulging in, but must find comfort by comparing yourself with the man below you.

When perplexities confront you, take your searchlight and wander through those wonderful mental caverns, closely scrutinizing the scrawlings on the walls until you find the answer you seek. It is there—find it.

A pioneer in a certain community settled upon a tract of land and for many years barely made a living from the soil. Finally, one day, by accident, he uncovered a vein of valuable mineral. It made him a wealthy man. He had been toiling right over that vein for twenty years, but it was valueless to him until he discovered it and brought it to the surface.

Some men pass through life without ever

uncovering the valuable mineral veins that lie concealed within their minds.

What a tragedy!

There is some one just behind you who is using every atom of his strength to pass you—to fit himself to take your place. He has designs on your job.

If you are an idle dreamer instead of a constructive Thinker, he will soon displace you.

Awake, my friend, and go forth to conquer!

We are merely upon the threshold of a great era of development. Electricity—steam—wireless telegraphy — submarines — railroads—are but toys with which science has amused itself while in its infancy—the real achievements will be tomorrow.

Are you prepared to have a hand in the big work? If not, whose fault is it? It is not too late. Begin now!

USE YOUR HEAD!

LINCOLN, THE PEDDLER

IN MARCH, 1830, when Abraham Lincoln had just completed his twenty-first year, his father and family, with other relatives, left the old homestead in Indiana and journeyed by ox teams into Illinois.

"Abe drove one of the teams," writes Ida M. Tarbell in *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, "and, according to a story current in Gentryville, he succeeded in doing a fair peddler's business on the route. Captain William Jones, in whose father's store Lincoln had spent so many hours in discussion and in story-telling, . . . says that before leaving the State, Abraham invested all his money, some thirty-odd dollars, in notions . . . 'A set of knives and forks was the largest item entered on the bill,' says Captain Jones; 'the other items were needles, pins, thread, buttons . . . When the Lincolns reached their new home near Decatur, Illinois, [the journey having occupied a fortnight] Abraham wrote back to my father, stating that he had doubled his money on his purchases.'" . . .

But his ethical attitude was not that of many peddlers.

"Lincoln could not rest for one instant," Paul Selby tells us in his *Stories and Speeches of Abraham Lincoln*, "under the consciousness that he had, even unwittingly, defrauded anyone. On one occasion, while clerking in Offutt's store, . . . he sold a woman . . . goods amounting in value, by the reckoning, to two dollars and twenty cents. He received the money and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill again . . . he found that he had taken six and a quarter cents too much. It was night and, closing and locking the store, he started out on foot, a distance of two or three miles, for the house of his defrauded customer . . .

"On another occasion, just as he was closing the stor . . . a woman entered and

asked for a half-pound of tea. The tea was weighed out and paid for, and the store was left for the night. The next morning Lincoln entered to begin the duties of the day, when he discovered a four-ounce weight on the scales. He saw at once that he had made a mistake, and, shutting the store, he took a long walk before breakfast to deliver the remainder of the tea. These are humble incidents, but they illustrate the man's perfect conscientiousness—his sensitive honesty—better, perhaps, than they would if they were of greater moment."

One is not surprised, therefore, when informed that it was during these clerking days that the future President acquired the nickname of "Honest Abe."

The right sort of man makes the right sort of chance.—*L. C. Ball.*

The Watchman

READERS of this magazine will remember that in our January issue we quoted John G. Shedd, president of Marshall Field & Company, as saying: "I have been connected with this organization for fifty years, and there has never been a minute of that time when I have not felt I was a servant." It is interesting to know that that confession of high faith in the Service ideal for which BUSINESS SUCCESS and The Business Philosopher stands, was the inspiration of the following poem, which was written by Irvin Clay Lambert, author of "Cathedral of All the Stores," and himself an employe of Marshall Field's for twenty-five years. Here indeed is the poetry of Business.

WATCHMAN! The Great Pile,
Heedless of city jar, or wrack of storm,
Serene and temple-like uplifts its walls
In chisled symmetry.

Watchman! Day on day,
Through the wide portals of the wondrous mart—
As eager pilgrims to a beauteous shrine—
Presses the multitude.

Watchman! Tell, I pray,
What is the alchemy of subtle warmth,
Of obvious cheer and sharing ownership,
One knows within its gates?

Watchman! Fain would I
Solve the mystery of the Great Shop's charm
Which, like faint incense from far censer swung,
Pervades the spacious floors.

And this the Watchman's answer:

STONE on stone through the marching years,
With greatening desire,
I've seen the blending walls uprear
And watched with soul a-fire;
And e'er with the Great Store's grandeur
The marvel of its name—
I've linked a vision of service
And dreamt of worthy fame.

Alert I wait, O Questioner,
Stern guardian of the mart;
I know no magic talisman,
Nor yet delusive art,
But guided still by one desire—
I serve—and stand or fall
In covenant with ideals fixed—
Aye, firm as mountain wall.

With faith in precepts proved I strive—
Achieve by these alone;
I count gain else impermanent
Whatever men may own;
Above the throbbing aisles I watch—
Discern each several need:
I serve; I hold integrity;
This is my simple creed.

BUSINESS SUCCESS *and* The Business Philosopher

Edited by ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON
SAMUEL CHARLES SPALDING, *Managing Editor.*

FEBRUARY, 1918 VOL. XV, No. 2

BY THE FIREPLACE

Where We Talk Things Over

THE late Professor James of Harvard stated, as a result of his investigations, that the average individual develops less than ten per cent of his brain cells and less than thirty per cent of his possible physical efficiency.

Where does that hit *you?*

BEGIN with the doing of little things, remembering that if you can lift out but a small stone today and will persist in lifting one just a little heavier each day, in time you can lift a very large stone indeed.

Practice constructive decision and constructive action in the doing of little things, and thus in time it will become easy to practice constructive decision and action in the bigger things of life.

THE man who reasons, decides, and acts *entirely* by the principles and rules gained from studies is as unwise as the man who acts *entirely* from the teachings of his own experience. "Studies teach not their own use," said Bacon. We learn their use only by observation. And Shakespeare's great contemporary adds wisely: "Studies perfect Nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much *at large*, except they are bounded [modified] by experience."

THE EXECUTIVE'S BIGGEST JOB

IN these trying times, in which Providence is teaching man the Principle of Service, it is truly refreshing to find a business family, the heads of which are cooperating with Providence to make the Principle understood and consciously operative.

I have been refreshed. I want you, my reader, to share the refreshment with me.

I am writing this in Birmingham, Alabama, to which city I have just returned from Sault Ste. Marie, Canada.

The below-zero weather with its fine sunshine was a physically refreshing thing, but the best bath I had was a spiritual one.

I visited the Spanish River Pulp & Paper Mills Co., and had the pleasure of a two days' visit at the home of Robert Wolf, manager of that great company, from whose remarkable address before the Taylor Society we quoted extensively in the November, 1917, issue, under the caption, "The Consent of the Employed."

The company owns several thousand acres of land, cuts its own wood, and makes its own paper.

It has two or three thousand men in the great woods heading the raw material which Nature has provided in such abundance up there, toward the finished news-print paper which our great city journals use in such enormous quantities in their work of teaching us current daily history. If it were not for those good fellows and others like them, 'way up there in the Canadian and other forests, you and I would not have any newspaper for breakfast—or for lunch or dinner, or at any other time.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Wolf and a large number of his co-workers in this busy industrial bee-hive.

I had the privilege of seeing them at their work and evidently enjoying it, not so much as they are going to enjoy it, but still enjoying it much more than many business families do.

Later, at Dayton, Ohio, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Meade, the President of the company, and his associates. I could then understand somewhat the source, the cause,

of Mr. Wolf's almost unbounded enthusiasm in his work.

Here is a body of executives who as far as I met them seem to trust each other implicitly and all to pull together on the same rope, the same way, at the same time.

I did not meet the Treasurer; he was away at the time. But I know him from one remark Mr. Wolf made. He said: "I am so sorry Mr. Wilson is not here. You will love him the minute you meet him."

And he didn't say it the way a Cabaret Cuthbert would say it, either. He said it the way a two-fisted man says it.

And now, Mr. Hard Headed Business Man, who believes that "Business is Business"; that it is just a cold blooded, slave driving affair; just a machine for making money,—I want you to sit up and take notice. I want your favorable attention. I want this for the reason that I want to tell you something for your eternal welfare.

I want you to lend me both your ears and hear me for my cause, and be good natured about it and very patient. No, not for my cause. For the cause of Humanity, for the cause of Civilization.

I believe that the men at the head of this grand industrial organization are building a business that is destined potently to influence commerce in its evolution toward the plane at which Providence destined that it shall finally arrive.

These men are practical men—men who get results by results. They make and market over six hundred tons of paper a day. No, not a month, a *day*—every day.

And yet their view-point is that their institution is a man-power factory. A laboratory for the development of man-power. A school-room for the making of men, real men and true women.

Pulp, paper, and profits are by-products.

They realize more keenly than all save a very few executives I have ever met, that man-power is cause, while money, machines, and all material things are effects.

They realize that their institution is nothing but a great servant to the public and that everybody from the lumber-jack in the woods to the President is simply an organ in the composite body.

Busy, practical men, they know full well that they must keep an eye on the economics; in a word, that the company as a corporation must make money to survive. They know that it could not be a reliable servant to the world if not materially prosperous.

They know that if the balance sheet were to display the danger signal they could not serve anybody very long. But with clear, intellectual vision they see that the way to survive and to *serve* is to focus their eyes on causes and fulfill the mission which the All-Wise made man for, a link between inanimate nature and the Divinity which shapes man's ends.

They realize more clearly than any men I have ever met who are engaged in the supposedly sordid business of commerce, the great powers in the universe:

First, the potential, all-encompassing and inclusive power in latent creativeness; the First Cause; the infinite Intelligence, of which the known universe is an objective unfoldment.

Second, the natural laws of the creative Intelligence manifest in the objective world, the operation of which uninfluenced by the will of man makes destiny.

Third, the will of man as the connecting link between the infinite, latent and universal Intelligence or Providence and the operation of natural law, destiny.

With remarkable clarity of vision they see the importance of man and the necessity of the evolution of man-power to the plane of conscious application of the law of Service. Do you wonder then at the refreshment?

It is such a pleasure to go to school to a business, and that is what I did. I had less opportunity to learn from others than from Mr. Wolf. They could all teach me much. From my first meeting with Mr. Meade, for example, I sensed the presence of splendid spiritual power and the capacity to convey it.

Mr. Wolf is a wonderful teacher and wonderfully equipped to teach. He has traveled far on the educational journey. His thesis, which richly earned for him his Master's degree after he had been out of college twenty years, is a masterpiece showing vast research into the fields of geology and biology as well as advanced psychology.

Think of a business man, a successful, practical fellow, thus delving into the mines of truth revealed by the will of man functioning in the various sciences. Think of him

doing this that he may so enlighten his own will that he can be a better servant.

In the course of my own fifty years' journey up the turnpike of time I have met literally thousands of men who said that they were too busy to study. Too busy to do anything but whirl along in the confusion of details incident to the technique of their own particular business.

Not so with Wolf. He is well named. He is a very avid sort of a creature. He literally devours truth. He laps it up like a kitten does milk and thus does he nourish his study habit. Then he gives it out again. He transmutes it into usefulness to everybody on the payroll.

This in turn touches the interests and the lives of all the patrons of the house, and of the community in which he lives. Thus does Wolf grow, educt, develop through the conscious application of the law of laws of all growth—nourishment plus use; and thus has he fitted himself to become a greater teacher. Thus does he come to fulfill the true mission of all executives.

No job of the executive begins to compare with that of teaching others.

Keep an eye on details, yes. Have reports which become the memory of the corporate organism and don't just get them and file them. Study them! And if they reveal weaknesses in the organism, get back to the cause and correct it. But don't permit yourself to be swamped with details.

Educate others, develop the man-power of the institution,—that is your big job, Mr. Executive.

Thus, in fact, has Wolf not only become a teacher of men in the ranks; he is today a teacher of teachers.

I have been a teacher for lo! these many years, and I learned much indeed from Wolf. On the other hand, I sensed not the slightest trace of "know-it-all-itis" in him.

Modesty is the chief evidence of greatness and he is modest enough to say that he has learned and is learning much from me. In fact, were I to tell you all he said about my youngest mental child, "The Science of Business or Philosophy of Successful Human Activity," my complexion would be ruddier than usual.

(All this in spite of the fact that Mr. Average Man who has graduated from a university, or even from a business college, often tells me that he doesn't need to spend any time studying anything from my pen, by reason of the fact he knows so much already.)

Before concluding with the moral of this brief glimpse of this oasis in the industrial desert, I want to tell you one little big thing Wolf said. It's too good to keep. We were talking of the primordial law of life, the law of give and take; reasoning together concerning the fact that life resolves itself into the one thing, the ceaseless ebb and flow of the tide of giving out and receiving back. All at once Wolf said: "That's right! That's the law, and if you take in more than you give out you get plugged up."

Then we both had a good laugh.

But that is the moral of this head to head and heart to heart talk.

KISSING CAPITAL AWAKE

OUR whole industrial system is getting plugged up. Keep on plugging a thing up; crowd beyond a certain point, and something is going to "bust." All right, call it "burst" or "give way," if you want to; but I say to you, something is going to "*bust*" in the industrial arrangement of the world unless the five per cent., the men at the top, the employers of the world, stop in their mad, money-making rush long enough to see the basic law of life.

There are many noble and notable exceptions to the rule, but the vast majority of employers are asleep at the switch, and permitting destiny to carry the industrial machinery of the world toward the Niagara of destruction.

Or to change the figure, the alleged engineers of industrialism, those who are engineering commerce, unless they are up to their work, are going to let the boilers "bust." The explosion, should it come, will devastate civilization. It will blow governments to smithereens.

Autocracy and republicanism will temporarily give way to anarchy and mobocracy, *unless* the will of man becomes enlightened enough to cooperate with destiny and Providence with enough intelligence to quit taking in so much more than it gives out that this plugging up process is stopped.

Almost all of the so-called welfare work inaugurated by those of our industrial leaders who are awakening, but who are not yet wholly awake, is *paternalism* instead of *fraternalism* and real cooperation.

Capital is entitled to a just reward, to fair interest.

In addition to this, *brain power*, man-power enlightened, is worth more than hand-power man-power, because it renders greater service.

Fair interest on money invested, plus fair salary to those who furnish the money and furnish also the intelligent will to properly organize and direct, that is justice and hence God's wish.

Beyond that the reward of creativeness in industry justly belongs to those who, with head power and heart power and hand power, create.

Just as the wage system took the place of slavery, so the cooperative principle, in some safe, sane, economically sound form, is bound in time to take the place of the wage system, which when operated and directed selfishly is but a slight if any improvement on slavery.

Today our industrial system is taking in more than it is giving out. And—well, just remember the law!

It is not too late. But hear ye! hear ye! industrial leaders of the world! *It will be too late if you continue your Rip Van Winkle stunt much longer!*

The proletariat is not asleep.

It is not yet fully awakened, but it is awakening.

And remember, I am neither an Anarchist, a Socialist, a Bolshevikist, nor an I-Wont-Workist. I am just an education-al-ist trying to be patient as I witness the operation of natural law; a cause-and-effect-ist who reveres God the Father, Man the Son, and the Holy Spirit of the Father manifest in the natural laws operative through the material organism of the objective universe.

I am neither a special friend of capital nor of labor.

I hope I am a lover of both. I want to see both happy. Selfishly, I want to be happy myself.

You nor I nor anyone else can fully attain our ideal of happiness until the people of the world, all the peoples of the world, are happier and more successful than they are at the present moment.

A few great industrial deliverers have been evolved.

Meade, and Wolf, and their associates are among them. So in spirit is George Gordon Crawford of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company.

May God hasten the day when there are more, and enough in all to leaven the whole loaf; and may it come in time to prevent the boilers from "busting" or bursting. Yes, perhaps, that's better, after all.

But what are you doing in your business to help the coming of the glad, great day?

Think it over and if I can help you let me know.

And to you, Mr. Working Man, Mr. Member of the so-called Proletariat:

Let's not have Russian conditions here. All that is not best—far from it! And it is not necessary. Be patient. *Kiss capital awake!* It can be done. It is what mothers do to their babies. That is much better than a rude awakening.

Don't throw bombs and shoot guns, and things like that.

Salesmanship, persuasion, through constructive words and deeds, that is the practical, efficient method for nations and social systems as well as for business.

Build the fire of Service. Build it big. Make *everything* warm with the fire of Service.

Unite! Yes, unite! Unionize, unionize, unionize! But always to the end of seeing how much you can do, not how little.

Let's get together and *pull* together—capital and labor, employer and employed. Let's each make our motto, How much can I give to you?—not how much can I get.

For the *give* is the cause and the *get* is the effect.

Sooner or later Omnipotence is going to teach us that law, even if It has to blow present civilization to atoms and start all over again with the few that are left.

The only road to the preservation of the race is a realization of the fact that the law of the survival of the fittest is the law of the survival of the most serviceable.

HOW AMERICAN BUSINESS PROPOSES TO STRIKE A CONCERTED WAR BLOW

TRADE relations with Germany will not be resumed by American business after the war, if the plans of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States are carried out, unless Germany's democratization is made sure. To that end our business men, 500,000 strong, through their local commercial bodies, are being asked to get behind a set of resolutions which speak a language that German business ought to understand and would do well to take to heart. It may well be that this remarkable movement will in itself turn the scale for the democratization of the Central Powers. Certainly the proposed blow would be aimed full at Germany's tenderest spot.

ABOUT January fifteenth the business men of this country, under the leadership of no less a body than the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, began voting on the question of notifying the business men of Germany they will not re-establish trade relations with Germany unless a government responsible to the people is given power.

After the 500,000 American business men have placed themselves on record through commercial organizations affiliated with the Chamber of Commerce of the United States it is expected merchants of South American nations in sympathy with the United States, of China and other countries will take similar action if the boycott is upheld by the Americans.

The message, submitted as a referendum, is embodied in the following resolution:

"Whereas, The size of Germany's present armament and her militaristic attitude have been due to the fact that her government is a military autocracy not responsible to the German people; and,

"Whereas, The size of the German armament after the war will be the measure of the greatness of the armament forced on all nations; and,

"Whereas, Careful analysis of economic conditions shows that the size of Germany's future armament will fundamentally depend on her after-war receipts of raw material and profits from her foreign trade; and,

"Whereas, In our opinion the American people, for the purpose of preventing any excessive armament, will assuredly enter an economic combination against Germany if governmental conditions in Germany make it necessary for self-defense; and,

"Whereas, We believe the American people will not join in discrimination against German goods after the war if the danger of excessive armament has been removed by the fact that the German government has in reality become a responsible instrument controlled by the German people; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America earnestly calls the attention of the business men of Germany to these conditions and urges them also to study this situation and to cooperate to the end that a disastrous economic war may be averted and that a lasting peace may be made more certain."

A statement which accompanied the resolutions, added the following:

"If the proposed action carries, the industrial leaders of Germany, who, with the military party, constitute the most powerful caste in Germany, will be bluntly told that Germany must choose a responsible government to conclude a just peace or suffer the consequences of being an outlaw after the war.

"No single action by the United States can be calculated to go further than this proposed action of America's business men."

THIS MONTH'S COVER.

FOR this month's beautiful, blood-stirring cover plate, with its patriotic design and beautiful workmanship, we are indebted directly to the Chicago Telephone Company, through whose courtesy we are using the half-tone plate, and indirectly to your Uncle Samuel, who had the good taste to adopt the design to boost his War Savings Stamps.

WHEN a man agrees with himself . . . . that he will do this or that good and necessary thing "after awhile," he issues a promissory note to himself, with his future as collateral, says L. C. Ball.

If he redeems that promise, his future is redeemed; if not it doesn't take long for his chief creditor, OPPORTUNITY, to show him a bankrupt in the Courts of Success.

THE HUMAN BALANCE SHEET

FOR the following Inventory of Your Positive Success Qualities, as it is called, we are indebted to Harry Newman Tolles, a widely known and unusually successful lecturer on business topics, who originated it.

Try this Human Balance Sheet on yourself. Mr. Tolles says in explanation: "You are somewhere between 1% and 99% on each quality in this list. Man is judged by his weaknesses. All errors are traceable to some deficient quality. It is well to see ourselves as others see us. You make yourself today what you will be tomorrow. Estimate yourself today. The second month you will approach a more nearly correct estimate. The fourth month you will be better able to look yourself squarely in the face. Your future self is in your own making."

Here is Mr. Tolles's Balance Sheet:

	Now	2mo	4mo	6mo
Activity				
Ambition				
Calmness				
Carefulness				
Civility				
Competency				
Concentration				
Constructiveness				
Content				
Courage				
Courtesy				
Decision				
Desire to serve				
Dispatch				
Earnestness				
Economy				
Faith				
Fidelity				
Generosity				
Good Judgment				
Gracefulness				
Gratitude				
Health				
Honesty				
Industry				
Initiative				
Just Commendation				
Knowledge				
Love				
Loyalty				
Memory				
Neatness				
Obedience				
Observation				
Total				

	Now	2mo	4mo	6mo
Open-mindedness				
Optimism				
Originality				
Order				
Peace				
Perception				
Persistence in Obedience to Higher Motive				
Poise				
Politeness				
Punctuality				
Purity				
Quick Mental Grasp				
Refinement				
Reasonableness				
Regularity				
Reverence				
Self-control				
Self-reliance				
Sense of Humor				
Sincerity				
Stability				
Straightforwardness				
Strength				
Tact				
Temperance				
Thoroness				
Thrift				
True Humility				
Trustfulness				
Truthfulness				
Total				

Estimate yourself on the basis of 100%. Average, NOW..... 2nd Mon..... 4th Mon..... 6th Mon.....

We haven't asked him, but we are sure that, inasmuch as Mr. Tolles has had this Human Balance Sheet printed in folder form, he will be glad to send a complimentary copy to any interested reader. He may be addressed at 209 South State Street, Chicago, Room 1602.

A MEATY NUT TO CRACK.

A MEMBER of a certain Southern chapter of the Business Science Society, whose name we shall not print at this time, in the absence of permission to do so, in writing in to the headquarters of the Society at Area, Illinois, put some questions which ought to stir up an interesting discussion in our pages. We shall not attempt to answer them but shall leave them in the capable hands of our readers, with a cordial invitation to take issue with the writer of the letter, if they feel it necessary to do so. Our pages are always open to a worth while argument. Here is the letter:

"During the last meeting of our chapter, I took exception to certain statements made. In my opinion it is quite possible for a sale to be consummated without arousing the elements of interest, appreciation and desire.

"As an illustration, I have in mind one of our salesmen who stood very close to his trade and in their confidence. Our business being that of wholesale drugs, the addition of talking machines to the line was a rather sudden move. In some way, before formal announcement was made to all the men, he got hold of the prices—now, get this—and sold a few by telling his customers that he was going to send them on. My contention is that he did not arouse their interest because they didn't know a thing about the machine, as he didn't himself—in fact he didn't even know the name of it! They couldn't appreciate it, either; and more than likely, if he had changed his mind before leaving and told them that he couldn't ship the machines, the customers would not have been disappointed. Hence, there was no desire, as I view it.

"In other words, he got their attention and on account of confidence inspired by past dealings, got decision and action by their assent. Assuming that the machines gave satisfaction, the sale was complete.

"Please understand that I realize he had already *secured* their patronage and had made it progressively profitable as evidenced by their continued support.

"When I brought this point up in our last meeting nobody agreed with me, but I want *your* statement as to where I am wrong, if I am."

ARE YOU COMPETING WITH UNCLE SAM?

IF YOU are, don't do it. Or at any rate don't do it any more than you conscientiously feel to be reasonable and necessary.

That is the substance of a very striking address recently made at the annual dinner of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, in Chicago, by Frank A. Vanderlip, who is now working for the government at $1 a year.

The president of the National City Bank of New York said in part, speaking of the total wealth of the nation and the $19,000,000,000 which we shall need in order to carry on the war during the next year:

"It cannot draw on this stock of wealth, this great accumulation of past savings. It must draw on current efforts, and upon future savings in order to equip this army. You cannot shell a German out of a trench with a stock certificate. You cannot bring down an armored aeroplane with a guaranteed bond.

"Everything that is to be done is to be done with new muscle, new material, new work. And everything that we want we have got to produce.

"Let us see how large a task that is. The census department measured three years ago the output of all the workshops in the country; that is, the total of every manufactured thing that we produce, and they gave the value at $24,300,000,000.

"We have expanded our workshops; we have increased our labor. Prices have gone up, and so the output today would be a much higher figure—$30,000,000,000, $35,000,000,000—put it where you choose; but compare with it this demand for a substantial part of $19,000,000,000 and you will see that the thing that we are calling on the workshops to produce has a relation so great to the total capacity of the workshops that the workshops cannot produce what the government wants *unless you and I and this whole country forego our usual demands upon the workshops;* forego our command of things, our command of labor, and get on with fewer of the non-essentials.

"The question is, Will you go into the workshops and compete with the government for the things the shop has been making for your pleasure? If you wanted a chauffeur would you stop a man driving an ambulance on an

errand of mercy and say to him, 'I want you. Get down from there. I will pay you more than the government is paying'?

"If you saw a man at a lathe turning a shell you would not tell him to stop to make your boy a bicycle or a pair of roller skates, to make some article of pleasure, or of comfort. If your wife saw a woman making a gas mask and knew that mask was likely to save the life of an American soldier she wouldn't say, 'Stop. I want a new garment. I want a new hat. Make that for me.'

"We are not saying that, but we are all doing it when we thoughtlessly exercise our command of labor with the dollar that we have in our hand. We must make people see that it is not the money they give, but the money they refrain from spending otherwise that is the great help.

"I am not proposing anything that is going to wreck business. I am not proposing receivers for the manufacture of nonessentials. Labor was never so fully employed, never paid such wages as it is paid today. The amount of wages was never so great.

"No man needs to fear that by clearly recognizing the economies of the situation, we shall make people suddenly turn economical to that extent that we shall derange business or bring to a standstill the business of nonessentials.

"The government wanted to spend on its domestic production $1,000,000,000 in October, $1,000,000,000 in November, and $1,000,000,000 in December. The fact is that it spent $462,000,000 in October and $526,000,000 in November. It spent half what it had contracted to spend—not because it didn't have the money, but because there was not labor and shop room and material—there was not an industrial organization that could produce it.

"We got in the way of the government. We competed. We hired men the government wanted. We used material the government needed. We occupied workshops. That was the reason, and it will continue to be the reason why the government will not succeed in doing this great work in the time it should be done.

"We have got to have a waking up. We have to be brought to this realization, so that we feel it in our souls, so that it governs our lives, so that it leads us cheerfully to make the sacrifices that we must make."

INCOME TAX PREPAREDNESS

THIS magazine has been requested by the Treasury Department to urge upon its readers the importance of this official notice:

"Before visiting the income tax officer, who will be in your county from January 2nd to March 1st, inclusive, answer the following questions on a slip of paper, and bring the answers with you.

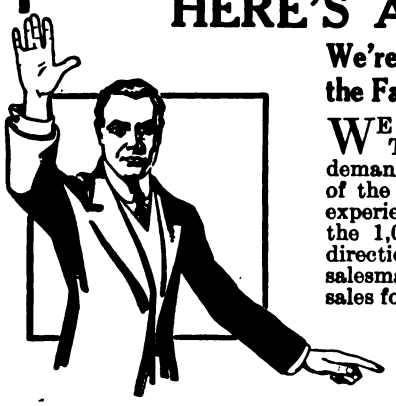
1. "What is your income from salaries, wages, commissions, bonuses and pensions?
2. "What is your income from your business, profession or farm?
3. "What profit did you make from sale of buildings and other property, personal and real?
4. "What is your income from rents and royalties?
5. "What interest did you receive from bank deposits, bonds, notes and mortgages?
6. "What dividends did you receive from corporations?
7. "What did you receive from life insurance policies?
8. "What income did you receive from any partnership or fiduciary?
9. "State income received from any other source.
10. "What have you paid out in expenses to conduct your business?
11. "What taxes did you pay?
12. "What contributions have you made?"

BUSINESS IN 1918

NOTEWORTHY among the expressions of opinion of prominent financiers and business leaders, touching the business prospect for 1918, most of them similarly optimistic in force, is the following statement from Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank, of New York, published in *System:*

"The business situation in 1918 will be dominated by the war and the energies of this country must be concentrated as fully as possible upon winning the war. In the aggregate the production of the industries, both in quantities and values, will be enormous; they will be greater than ever before. Employment will be complete and the aggregate of payments in wages will be far ahead of any previous year. The income of our farmers will be larger than ever before."

HERE'S A PRECEDENT-SMASHER!



We're Actually Giving Away—for a Limited Time Only—the Famous "Ginger Talks" of a Salesmanager to His Men

WE HAVE been selling W. C. Holman's world-famous "Ginger Talks" for years at $2.00 and the book has been in constant demand. These celebrated "Talks" were written by a Director of the National Cash Register Company, who had several years' experience writing just such straight-from-the-shoulder talks to the 1,000 salesmen of that great company, under the personal direction of its President, John H. Patterson, one of the greatest salesmanagers and most original geniuses that ever trained a sales force. Think of a Course in Practical Salesmanship

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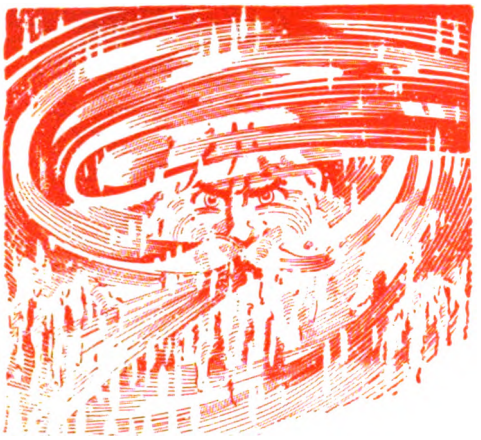

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BUSINESS SUCCESS
AND
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CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1918

VOL. XV :: NUMBER 3

Only that which tends to increase the "Area" or A+R+E+A of the reader—that is his Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action—will appear in this magazine.

BUSINESS SUCCESS *and* The Business Philosopher, *The Service Magazine*, is published monthly by Arthur Frederick Sheldon. Official organ of the International Business Science Society, and exponent of the Sheldon philosophy of Success Through Service. Subscription price, $2.00 a year in the United States or its possessions, $2.12 in Canada, and $2.25 in foreign countries.

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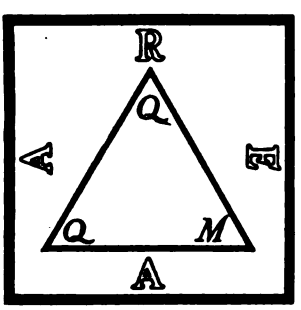

THIS magazine is built on a rock—the rock of Arthur Frederick Sheldon's universally applicable Area Philosophy, after which the village of Area, Lake County, Illinois, the home of Sheldonism, is named.

The word Area is made up of the initials of the four channels of expression of the four-square man—Ability, Reliability, Endurance, and Action, which correspond to the four-fold endowment, Intellectual, Moral, Physical, and Volitional, without which complete success is impossible.

And this four-fold capacity of the individual functions or expresses itself in what we term his Q Q M—that is, in the Quantity, Quality and Mode of Conduct which characterize his Service and determine his worth.

From this we get our familiar square-and-triangle symbol.

"THE BILLY SUNDAY OF BUSINESS"

HONORABLE Reader, meet and mitt the Honorable "Gatling Gun" Fogleman, who can talk faster than most of us can think—and who makes every word count too, even if his open-mouthed hearers can't count 'em.

BUSINESS SUCCESS
AND
THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

VOLUME XV MARCH, 1918 NUMBER 3

ONE OF OUR LEADING BUSINESS REVIVALISTS

"GATLING GUN" FOGLEMAN, "THE BILLY SUNDAY OF BUSINESS"

IT'S TO be hoped that most of you already have heard him or know something about him; but here's to a nearer acquaintance with Harry Fogleman, who has trained more salesmen, addressed more conventions, and delivered more "ginger talks" in more business institutions than almost any other man in this country. Sam Spalding's "close-up" of the man who has been enthusiastically hailed as "a crusader with an intense hatred of business inefficiency," "a master-orator," "a whirlwind speaker," "a veritable dynamo pulsating with energy and vibrant with magnetism"—and as everything else that is live, inspirational and compelling.

OUT through the Middle West and the extreme West," said Harry L. Fogleman recently, in one of his well-nigh innumerable public addresses, "the newspapers have hailed me as the 'Billy Sunday' of the business world and as 'Gatling Gun' Fogleman. That is an insult to those most wonderful guns that are working overtime in Europe. And to be called the 'Billy Sunday' of the business world is an insult to me and to 'Billy.' If I were a Billy Sunday I would not be talking here for $100 an hour; I would pass my hat and get $50,000 on the first throw."

That's characteristic of the man, spoken Foglemanfully.

And, besides being the highest of high verbal explosives, the T. N. T. of trade, and several other things, he *is* a man—despite his sawed-off physique, the fact that he once went to Harvard (he actually admits it in public), and the still more damning fact, in the myopic eyes of a certain familiar sort of prejudice, that he used to be a minister.

Yes; Harry Fogleman, salesman and teacher of salesmen, who planted one million cigars in Chicago in one month and reaped enough to buy himself a box or two, who once put over a $92,500 order and has helped to close others involving as high as $625,000,—besides *inspiring* deals that it is safe to say have run into millions,—used to be the Reverend H. L. Fogleman, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, where

he was pastor of Christ Reformed Church from 1901 to 1907.

(Incidentally that church had a membership of 75 when he took charge and 800 when he resigned, from which it is evident that Fogleman was a successful salesman even then, and knew uncommonly well how to gain and hold profitable patrons for his "house.")

For that matter, he has never left the pulpit, in a sense, and he is preaching today to an infinitely greater audience a message that is sorely needed and much more vital and efficacious because it is concentrated, and because its local applications go "right to the spot"—to every weak and painful spot of business ethics and business methods.

That's why *The Ledger*, of Birmingham, Alabama, recently said of one of his Redpath Chautauqua lectures—he delivered 120 of them, by the way, last summer, in 120 nights, in 120 towns:

"This Gatling Gun Fogleman, a startling sort of combination of Billy Sunday, George M. Cohan and the book agent who sold the Methodist minister an unexpurgated edition of de Maupassant—this Fogleman sold something to an enthralled and hypnotized audience, who went away dazed and wondering what they had purchased. He sold them the brand new faculty of regarding business no more as an orderly arrangement of cash register figures, but a wonderful science and a beautiful art, and an eternal clash of warm human impulses."

And it's also the reason, we suspect, why *The Evening Sun*, of Paducah, Kentucky, said editorially:

"If the backers of the Paducah Chautauqua never performed more of a public service than putting Fogleman, who spoke last night, before the people of the city, they will have rendered a service of inestimable value. A business man with a spark of intellect and a grain of principle, hearing Fogleman, could not fail to receive a substantial benefit from his rapid-fire expressions. There is common sense, honesty, and Christian virtue in Fogleman's doctrine, and an application of the principles and methods he advocates to any business will produce a better and a more worthy business. He is the most able exponent of the square deal and the most earnest advocate of intelligent salesmanship ever heard from a local platform. . . . . Paducah business will reflect his influences for a long time to come."

And the same secret underlies the assertion of a profoundly moved North Carolina editor, who went so far as to speak of one of Fogleman's lectures as "an address that will have a wholesome effect on the business life of Winston-Salem for a generation."

Fogleman, you see, is still preaching the gospel, save that it is now the gospel of *Applied Christianity*—of Christian *efficiency* as adapted to business and the whole realm of human activity. And it takes a man of that type, whose convictions of the eternal rightness of really *good*, serviceable business and the unspeakable wrongness of bad, unserviceable business are expressed with the eloquence of a first-rate pulpit orator and the fervor of a prophet—it takes such a man to wake up one business community after another, as thoroughly and inevitably as a perambulatory Big Ben, and to have all of his hearers, from eighteen-dollar-a-week clerks to eighteen-thousand-a-year executives, and from eighteen-thousand executives to eighteen-million capitalists, eating the truth of Service out of his hand and urging him to come back and feed them more.

But when we speak of the eloquence of a first-rate pulpit orator, don't imagine for a moment that there is anything black-coatish or sanctimonious or lachrymose about Harry Fogleman. That mistake would have the makings of a joke in *Life*. Mind you, we said "a first-rate pulpit orator." And a first-rate pulpit orator is just a real orator in the pulpit applying the immemorial laws of effective public speaking to the subject in hand, whether it be heaven, hell or high heels. A first-rate pulpit orator knows how and when to unbend—not to say unbutton, on occasion; he knows when to tighten the tension and when to loosen it; when to ram a point home with a passionate fist, and when to tickle with an anecdotal feather—preferably one that is not in its anecdotage.

Fogleman knows all that and a trick or two besides, but with him it's only "the beginning of wisdom." "Go on, go on," cried the members of the Commercial Club, according to a Missouri paper. "So Fogleman took off his coat and pitched in again, talking like mad and snapping out his statements with emphasis."

"Talking like mad"—but with extraordinary sanity!

That's one of his greatest assets, a sort of blown-in-the-bottle trade-mark. "None Genuine Without It." It isn't Fogleman if he foozles a verbal approach.

We don't pretend to say whether his rapid-fire delivery—which he frequently speeds up to three hundred words a minute, thereby leaving the poor stenographers gasping at the post—was artlessly or artfully acquired, but we can testify that it is decidedly effective. You never fail to sit up and do the *attendez-vous* when that Lewis machine-gun unlimbers. You find part of yourself wondering what may be the initial velocity of those oral discharges, and what sort of a cooling system the speaker employs. "His muzzle must be pretty hot by this time," you idly conclude. You think yourself quite a wit. And then your inward smile broadens. "But I don't believe anybody or anything could ever muzzle Fogleman," you add on second thought. "He's a funny sort of 'Gatling Gun'—a gun without a muzzle!"

But all the time, whether you're talking to yourself fool-wise, exchanging whaddaya-knowaboutthat glances with your neighbors, nudging "Her" in her R. & G. or being nudged in your B. V. D.'s, you're hearing every word that Fogleman is saying. And you're taking every one in, too.

But you're not being "taken in." You're getting all that's due you—with compound interest and a 100% bonus!

Fogleman's is the genuine article and the *dernier cri* in staccato deliveries. No legato for him—nothing of the "flow-gently-sweet-Afton" school of utterance. But what a wonderful verbal cutting and stamping machine he has perfected!

As we may have hinted, this highly paid and high-powered business revivalist is not particularly altitudinous, as to stature; we could tell some "tall" stories, however, about his endurance, as his Chautauqua feat last summer may well suggest. (And, speaking of that same stunt of following the Redpath of glory around the circuit, it is a fact that Fogleman got more publicity than Creatore's band—to say nothing of William Jennings Bryan, himself, both of them having swung the circle with him.) Indeed, there has been hardly a working day in the last fifteen years during which he has not delivered at least one lecture or conducted from one to three classes in salesmanship and the far more inclusive Science of Business in leading business institutions.

Which in itself is an endurance run, a sort of Glidden Tour from audience to audience and state to state, that makes the political spellbinders with their piffling, 100-yard dashes of demagoguery look like a deaf and dumb man overtaken by a stroke of paralysis.

There was a time too when Fogleman was physically a down-and-outer, headed for the scrap-heap with the throttle wide open. "But when I discovered the nine laws of health," he tells us, "and began to do those nine things right, I practically rebuilt myself into a new man, so that I was able to do more in the last eight or ten years than I had accomplished during the preceding twenty years."

"A negative thought," he affirms, "is a poison as deadly as arsenic and will bring about a corresponding physical condition. Every morning now when I wake up I think positive thoughts and talk aloud to myself, and say, 'Fogleman, that was a good night's rest, now get up, get out, and get to it'; and if Fogleman doesn't get up I get him by the nape of the neck and kick him out of bed. I'm all right, but Fogleman is wrong. Fogleman is the man who had me down and out twelve years ago. Some time ago Fogleman didn't want to sleep; two o'clock came, three o'clock came, and he was still tossing about, and at three o'clock in the morning I made him get up and dress and ran him around the block until he almost cried to go to sleep. Now when his head hits the pillow he goes into dreamland because he hates to get up at three o'clock in the morning and dress and run around the block. Fogleman was smoking, twelve years ago, eighteen to twenty cigars a day; today he smoked half a one. Fogleman may get another cigar today before he goes to sleep, if he is a good fellow and behaves himself, but not if he asks for it; if he asks for that cigar he can't have it."

It is this driving power of the man, this ability to speak with authority to others because he has first spoken with authority to himself,—and has got results,—that rounds out his intellectual mastery of his subject and holds the attention of the industrial tarpons as well as the minnows; consequently, when he conducts classes in a great organization—and at this writing he is teaching the Science of Business in such concerns as the Standard Oil Company, the Ford Automobile Company, the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company, Thomas Cusack & Company, and others of like standing—the officials and heads of departments are as glad to listen

to him as are the thirstiest of their employes.

And what do they hear? Well, they hear a great deal about the principles governing Success and Failure; about the qualities of the Winning Man; about Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action; about the Mental Law of Sale, and the like. They listen to analyses that search the heart of things industrial and commercial. They see argument piled very neatly on argument and fact superimposed deftly on fact. Often what they hear must sound revolutionary indeed, as when this keen-weaponed, fearless young cavalry leader in the campaign for Business Victory with Righteousness told an audience of employers not long ago:

"Our service must be service to the degree of sacrifice . . . . . I want you men here to go back home with your hearts and souls and minds filled with this spirit of *Service*, this spirit of sacrificing yourselves on the altar of the business world, never asking what you can get out of your business, but with the feeling that you are going to give, and that you are going to ask nothing from the community in which you live, but are going to *give* to the community in which you live—*and that community will give to you in return.* God has so ordained that we must sow before we can reap, that we must give before we can get, that we must spill our life's blood, if we would obtain that ideal of the . . . . industry that . . . . your President painted this morning."

But Fogleman's audiences and classes, the conservative *havers* as well as the more radical *wanters*, devour it all with the best of appetites and clap their hands for more—why? Because this persuasive master-salesman of the new gospel convinces them, proves to their satisfaction, that in the long run their getting of Reward is just in proportion to their giving of Service, and no more; that "ceasing to give they cease to have. . . ."

But here's another reason for the chronic difficulty his audiences have in breaking away from Fogleman's spell, in trying to play mental "hookey" from his lessons, even when they have gone home or back to work; everything this "live wire" touches in his talks, he *charges*.

No topic ever looks quite the same after Harry Fogleman has taken it down from the shelf, breathed on it, and rubbed it up.

He isn't content merely to say something and let it go at that. He knows our weaknesses, and how easily an idea is deflected when it impinges on the average skull; therefore, he takes pains to make each point in several of the well-known 57 varieties, and one of them at least is pretty sure to prove unforgettable.

In other words, Fogleman wouldn't be happy if he had to call a spade nothing more than a plain, poverty-stricken spade. He passes on and particularizes. He characterizes. He is very likely, indeed, to pronounce it a "damned shovel"—or words to that general effect. And if he does, you may be sure not only that it is a shovel and not really a spade at all, but you may also safely conclude that its hopes of heaven are slim.

This has been an unforgivably long introduction to a few of Fogleman's own characteristic periods; but the latter, now that we are coming to them at last, will make some amends by serving to reveal this exceptionally successful speaker in action, to display some of the more obvious elements of his popularity, and finally to give his self-appointed commentator a deserved and decisive shove from the platform, in order that the subject of this hasty but hearty tribute may say a little of his own inexhaustible say and make his own parting bow, amid the usual laughter and applause.

These two passages, which perhaps will do as well as anything in cold print to give an idea of what Harry Fogleman is like when he is up to his usual tricks, are quoted from an address on "The Winning Man," delivered at the thirty-third annual convention of the Laundryowners National Association, in Sinsinnaughty. And it should be explained that, inasmuch as Fogleman never wrote out a speech in his life, these extracts are taken from the official shorthand report of the convention, with all due acknowledgments to the Association and congratulations to the reporter, who seems to have "got" the speaker, on the whole, with unusual success, instead of "taking his dust" and dropping out of the race at the first quarter.

In the first passage he is illustrating the now well-known rule, which was first formulated by Arthur Frederick Sheldon, that an employe—that any man or woman in the competition of life—stands or falls by the amount of supervision he requires.

"There are only four kinds of individuals in this room or anywhere else, and in your experience you have found them to be that way. First, those who must be told what to do and then be checked up afterward. Second, those who must be told what to do and how to do it, but you need not check them up. Third, those who must be told what to do but you need not tell them how to do it. Fourth, those whom you need not tell what to do or how to do it, you need simply give them a general policy and they will know what to do.

"For instance, you have four kinds of stenographers. You call in Miss A and you must dictate slowly; she makes a lot of mistakes in transcribing, and you must hang around your office and read your mail carefully and sign it after she has written it. You call in Miss B and you can dictate to her as rapidly as you please; she makes no mistakes in transcribing, in punctuation or in grammar; she will read your mail, sign it and send it off. You call in Miss C; you have thirty or forty letters before you, and you say, 'Tell Mr. Jones so and so;' 'Tell Mr. Brown so and so.' She makes notes on the margin of each letter, goes to her typewriter and puts your thoughts into her own language, writes the letters, signs them, and puts them in the letter box. You call in Miss D, hand her a pile of letters, and don't have to tell her either what to do or how to do it; she knows how to take care of your correspondence; you give her a general policy and she works out the what to do and how to do it herself.

"Miss A was in your office two hours and you had to tell her what to do and how to do it, and then check her up; Miss B was in your office an hour and a half, and you had to tell her what to do and how to do it, but you did not have to check her up; Miss C was in your office half an hour, and you had to tell her what to do but not how to do it; Miss D was the most valuable of all because she required only five minutes of your time, permitting you to devote the balance to the creation of new plans and methods, new systems for taking care of your customers and getting new ones.

"Now, there may be some men here who still prefer Miss A; perhaps they like their stenographer to spend two hours in the office with them." (Laughter)

That's pure Fogleman.

And so is this, the conclusion of the same address:

"Now I am going to close with the story of the old colored fellow whose fondness for chicken often led him into a neighbor's hen-roost in the quiet hours of the night. He was surprised there one night by the boss with his shotgun and bulldog, and as he was making himself scarce, a jack-rabbit ran across his path; and hastening his steps he overtook the jack-rabbit and said, 'Aw, git out of the way and let someone run what kin run!'

"That is what the white man said to the Indian. 'You had this country filled with iron and gold, and failed to develop it; now get out of the way and let someone run it what can run it.' That is exactly what the wireless telegraph and wireless telephone said to the messenger on foot; that's what the flying express train said to the stage coach; that's what the automobile told the old spring wagon. That is what this modern machinery told the old type of machinery, 'Get out of the way and let someone run what can run.' That is what the spirit of interdependence and organization told this old, damnable spirit of knocking, criticising and condemning. 'You get out of the way, you had the business platform long enough; let someone run what can run.'

"You must keep a-going and keep a-growing, and must bring out to a greater degree the almighty alrightness that God put into you. Unless you keep a-going, sooner or later you will hear some voice whisper in your ears, 'Get out of the way and let someone run what can run.' (Applause).

P. S. In spite of the fact that he wears, as Sadie the Steno might phrase it, such a

(Continued on page 64)

THE ISLAND CITY

FOR the striking photograph of New York City by night, which appropriately accompanies these lines by Sam Spalding, as well as for the larger view on the cover of this issue,—we are indebted to Mr. Merle Thorpe, in whose ably edited, beautifully dressed and exceptionally vital magazine, The Nation's Business, published by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, they originally appeared.

OH, Island City thou, thou too arisest from the waves,
And risest colorful as ever Venice did, for those whose eyes can see,
As they return from storied shores to shores as yet almost unsung:

The glist'ning waters lap thy sturdy feet, and, high above,
Thy massy battlements of business crowd the sky,
And crouch or soar as seemeth good to each;
Yet—touched by magic Distance—group themselves
And come to be a unity diverse, majestical, all robed in hazy gold,
With salients that wear the light as by a right divine,
Anon to merge into some lovely reticence of tinted shade,
Some more retiring cliff of offices, which shelters yet
A thousand struggling destinies of men.

At least in such wise com'st thou at the candid noon,
And with a-many other work-day pageantries of bay and busy stream,
Of marshalled buildings and of all the mighty things of mortal travailling,
As they uprear before the homing ships and then file past;
But other guise thou wearest for the eye,
Which, fumbling in the darkness, finds thee first by jealous night.
All murmurous and palpitant with light thou waitest then,
A place of fire and awe, o'erbrooded by a restless glare,
And sending forth ensanguined argosies of changeful steam,
Which rudderlessly yaw across the night,
Then steal from view in the Cimmerian seas of air.
In thy dusk hair and on thy breast
Gleam diadems and necklaces of guarded flame;
And 'neath that breast there throbs eternally
A continent's great heart of light and thought and life,—
Thou Island City in the ocean night.

MEL ORDWAY BETTERS HIMSELF

ORDINARILY, in business, when we speak of "bettering" ourselves, we mean that we have merely obtained a more desirable position. But the only true way to better oneself, of course, is to make oneself better. Mel Shepherd found that out in time, and put the knowledge to work, to the great advantage of his sales' record, as you will see when you read this helpful little story of selling and more selling. It was written by A. L. Struthers, who sends it to us with the information that it was first published locally in The Kiwanis Booster, of Winnipeg, of which Mr. Struthers is one of the associate editors.

THE firm sent out two of its salesmen into new territories that were practically on a par regarding possible business. Nat Bowen and Mel Ordway were entirely different types of salesmen. The firm expected Nat would send in more business than Mel would and their expectations were speedily realized.

In time, a re-arrangement of territory gave Mel some of Nat's old ground. As soon as he started to work there he began to hear about Nat's "personality." Some named it his "personal efficiency."

John Graham, of Lowdenville, declared, "The thing that drew me to him was the sparkle of his eye, his voice, his hand-shake, and his smile."

This set Mel to thinking. He knew that Nat's fine physical qualities were an inheritance, while his own deficient physique would need continued scientific development. But why not?

Nelson Macy illustrated it for him this way:

"I see somebody gave you a black eye," said Mrs. Finnerty to her husband. "Gave it to me!" exclaimed Pat. "Like fun they did, I had to fight for it!" And, so saying, Pat unintentionally expressed a great truth.

Nothing is given away. Everything is purchased at a price—even black eyes.

Nature is a great shopkeeper. For every need of life you must deal with her. And she gives nothing away—nor does she open charge accounts. If you want good health, Nature has a big supply of it in stock at all times, and the price-tag will read: "Plain Living," "Deep Breathing," "Out-Door Exercise," etc.

Ordway was beginning to see the light, and the comparison it enabled him to make was not exactly flattering to him. Perhaps his emulation was more envious at first than it should have been; but—running waters purify themselves, and Mel Ordway was at last in motion.

Mel figured that Nat's exuberant health must have made up about twenty-five per cent of his personality. Therefore, deep breathing exercises as he walked in the fresh air began to form part of his own daily program. He was more careful of what and how he ate. Regular habits supplanted his old-time hit-or-miss way of living. True to his expectations, his better health made him more efficient, and he found that customers listened more readily to his sales talk.

Another discerning customer, Charlie Bissel, of Rangewood, put it this way: "I liked Nat Bowen's apparently unlimited enthusiasm concerning his goods and his firm. Also, he had a driving ambition to beat his former records, and I just had to help him by giving him an order every time he came. Then, Nat was entirely loyal. I often tested him to see if he would knock his firm or even a competitor, but he always played fair."

Mel said to himself, "Those feelings of

courage, ambition and loyalty ought to be developed to a more marked degree in me if my personal efficiency and personality are going to grow. Surely if I read more about these feelings and really realized what I would gain by possessing them to a greater degree, and if I *did* courageous and loyal deeds on every opportune occasion, then I should become more loyal, courageous, and so on. Of course, I know that I must know my goods better, and find out more interesting points about the history and personnel of the firm, if I am to have material to grow enthusiastic over, and facts upon which to base my loyalty."

When Mel had been developing and bossing himself in this way for awhile he noticed how much more easily he secured the favorable attention of his customers. It seemed as if these feelings that were being scientifically developed must be adding to his personality.

Mel Ordway, salesman, was beginning to see that although it might be long before he would possess the sparkle, vim and compelling personality of Nat Bowen, yet he was making progress in the matter of building up his personal efficiency.

And when Phyllis took a hand it was a foregone conclusion.

Phyllis Dow, before she married Mel, knew little of the qualities that enable a man to be a money-maker. After two or three years of married life, however, Phyllis saw that Mel hadn't enough of some qualities that hold the admiration of women. He so often forgot what she asked him to do for her. When she talked to him, his mind would go wandering off to something else. It seemed as if he couldn't control his thoughts. He worried a lot, too, over his record as a producer of business.

When Nat Bowen was made salesmanager, Phyllis said to Mel, "If you handle your customer's affairs in the inefficient manner in which you attend to mine, it's no wonder you haven't made the hit with the firm that Nat has."

That day Mel had to listen to another eulogy of Nat Bowen by one of his old customers, Arthur Cunningham, who grew enthusiastic over Nat's memory for facts, figures and happenings in the business. "Further," he said, "Nat concentrated on my needs so intensely that I felt I was the only man about whom he was concerned. Besides, his reasoning was so sound that I grew to accept his judgment on trade prospects."

When discussing this phase of Nat's personality, Phyllis suggested to Mel that he go to the Public Library for authoritative reports on general trade, and while there secure helpful material on memory training and the development of concentration.

Mr. Schretter, the librarian, was delighted that a business man should avail himself of the services of the library. He said, "A good many people who think themselves hard headed don't give themselves a sufficient basis of facts on which to think. How many brilliant schemes have fallen down most dismally after good hard cash has been spent on them simply because somebody hadn't put in ten minutes at the library looking up Consular Reports or city ordinances."

The librarian was wound up and going strong. This was a hobby of his, so he continued:

"It is a fact, however, that the biggest firms in the country give their executives time for research work and encourage all their workers in home study through large loan collections which are a part of the public library system. Such houses as Marshall Field, Montgomery Ward and Sears Roebuck use the public library as part of their business plant.

"Whatever the problem to be solved there is no use in not having a sufficient fund of facts to reason with. And there is no need of getting all these facts at first hand for yourself. The exact number of Fords owned in Oshkosh is of as much use in figuring out an advertising campaign whether you get the fact out of a printed page or from a house to house census. And there is no question as to which method of getting the facts is the more economical of time, money and effort.

"A man wished to map out a selling campaign for a certain lubricant. He got the figures on automobile distribution in the Southern States—which it was his intention to cover. Without going further south than the library he found out the exact territory it would pay him to work."

From this time Mel became a constant patron of the Public Library. Phyllis got out books on memory training and had Mel practice the laws of Association and Assimilation

regarding everything she wanted him to remember for her. While doing this he learned to concentrate better.

This fighting for greater personal efficiency was developing him into a more earnest, able and alert salesman.

His sales record was improving so rapidly that the firm's respect for him increased to the extent that they occasionally let him put through special deals. Nat understood the situation and did not interfere with Mel's original methods of securing extra business. First thing Mel knew he was being congratulated for the initiative he showed in carrying through an unlooked-for opportunity without bothering the officials for detailed instructions before he did anything about it.

It was not long before Mel's customers began to speak of him as another man of compelling personality. He seldom rubbed them the wrong way now. He was helpful in his suggestions to them. He quit saying, "I don't suppose you want anything in our line to-day," but said instead, "How many gross of these does your trade use in a month?" And so had a basis upon which he could talk intelligently.

An old pal of Mel's used to say to him, "If we are going to get out of the class called 'ordinary,' we must 'dig.' " And now Mel was learning the joy of "digging." As the result of his study was so satisfactory, he began to extend his activities in building up a more efficient personality. He perceived that all trade transactions were mental processes and therefore became an omnivorous reader of books on psychology, the science which describes and explains the mental processes. And he applied all he learned to his business.

Mel had to smile, one day, when Cunningham said to him, "It seems like having Nat Bowen call on me when you come in. I learn as much about the economics of trade from you as I used to from him. I guess Nat must have trained you well."

Mel didn't tell him that although Nat was a crackerjack of a salesman himself, he had never taught his salesmen anything of a constructive nature. Nat's personality inspired his sales force to greater effort and the "natural born" salesman profited by it. The mediocre men had to look elsewhere than to Nat for increased personal power. Mel Ordway was one of the latter class who became the architect of his own future. He agreed with Hubbard that "while we are green we grow, when we think we are ripe, we begin to rot" —or words to that effect.

Mel thought he was a ripe one until his inferiority was emphasized when he heard the eulogies of Nat's personality by his old customers. They were the cause of Mel's resolve that he would develop the qualities he already possessed in a small degree. By persistent effort, together with the help and encouragement of Phyllis, he, too, had become a man of marked personality—a success.

THE American people have not refused anything that is needed for the war, says James H. Collins, and he adds:

The Government asked them for 1,500,000 men, and the men are in the camps or on the fighting line.

It asked for ships, and $2,000,000,000 worth of ships are under construction.

It asked for money, and money has been forthcoming with absolutely no stint.

And now it is asking for food, and out of their wealth the American people will give food as generously and effectively as they have given everything else needed in connection with vigorous prosecution of the war.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PULLMAN SAM

EDITED BY O. SHAW

SAM is a sleeping-car porter and a shrewd business psychologist. To an extraordinary degree his is a "going" concern—his business being conducted on the Twentieth Century Limited—and it brings him into daily contact with the Boys Who Build. Sam eats with his ears, chews yours words with the cud of reflection, and then sort of regurgitates. The result is a brunet philosophy of life and business that is uniquely expressed at any rate.

EVEN Pullman porters have been deflected from their accustomed orbits by war-time traffic demands, but Pullman Sam is back on this run again after an absence of some months. And according to his friend O. Shaw, who introduced him to readers of this magazine, he is "pow'ful glad" to be with us once more.

But we'll let Shaw tell you about it.

The Twentieth Century, westbound, must have crossed the Arctic Circle somewhere near Buffalo that trip, he writes. The Central's crack train had been snowbound for hours, and it was a foregone conclusion that the Company would have to refund a few hundreds on the dollar-an-hour basis when we reached Chicago. But our old friend Sam, who was dry-nursing the sleeping-car Popocatepetl—or was it Wimadaughsis?—never lost his philosophic poise and peace.

"Think we'll ever make it, porter?" asked a dewlapped drummer from Detroit.

"Ah reckon so," was the confident response. "Fact is, boss, we're a-movin' along right now an' gettin' nearer there every minute."

"You're some little kidder, ain't you?"

Dewlap was scornful—not to say disgusted.

"No, sirree!" Sam denied vigorously. " 'Deed Ah ain't!"

"Whaddaya mean?" demanded Dewlap. "The condemned train ain't moved a worthless inch in seven rejected hours!"

I am paraphrasing, of course. The original speech came near melting the frost on the smoking-room windows.

Sam had neither forgotten his responsibilities nor his dignity. He looked around at the rest of us, and gesture and glance were deprecating but full of tact.

"Ah ain't got no call to get into no argument with yo' gemmen," he apologized, edging away.

I didn't intend that Dewlap should enjoy such an easy victory, and experience had taught me that the boy always was worth listening to.

"Stop a bit, Sam," I called out. "You have something up your sleeve. Out with it. Just what did you mean by saying that we are 'getting nearer there every minute?' "

"That's right," one of the other fellows backed me up. "What's the big idea, Sam?"

Sam Black displayed his teeth in a grateful smile.

"Yo' gemmen certainly am very kind," he said. "Ah didn't mean much, Ah reckon, but Ah did have somethin' on mah mind besides mah wool.

"The hands on yo' watch ain't a-movin' all the time, are they? No, sah; they goes by fits an' jerks. But yo' wouldn't say they wasn't movin', jes' because yo' happened to cast yo' eye on one of 'em when it was in between them jumps. Co'se not.

"An' jes' the same way, they tells me there am sixteen times every second when there ain't no picture a-tall on that there movin'-picture screen. One am a-flashin' on an' one am a-flashin' off, but there ain't anythin' a-tall *there*—only yo' eye ain't quick 'nough to know it.

"Now, yo' an' me couldn't stop what we was supposed to be doin', sixteen times every second, and still get any credit fo' workin'. But them movin'-pictures certainly am up an' comin'.

"An' ain't it a fact that if yo' spins a top hard 'nough, she done look jes' perzackly like she was a-standin' still an' sleepin' on her feet, like some ol' hoss?

" 'Pearances am mighty 'ceitful, gemmen.

"An' it's jes' so with folks, ain't it—only a heap more so? Ah'll be projectin' 'round here right smart lively when we're a-pullin' into Chicago. If yo' didn't know no better, yo' might think Ah really was doin' somethin.' An' one of yo' gemmen might 'pear to be doin' nothin' more than lookin' out the window, but yo' might be a-backin' wheat into one of them there corners, or mebbe coal, right smack that very minute.

"Which one of us would really be doin' somethin', getting somewheres? Ah'd be a-circulatin' 'round with mah legs an' arms, an' shootin' off mah fool mouth some. But yo' would be a-circulatin' 'round in yo' mind. Yo' thoughts would be hummin' 'round so fast that nobody could see 'em go."

"Good for you, Sam!" cried the chap who had seconded my motion. And he applauded vigorously.

"That's all well enough," Dewlap conceded grudgingly. "But what in Halifax has it got to do with this junked, God-forsaken train? *It* ain't moving, is it? And the whole discarded bunch of us on board could think from now till Palm Beach froze solid without making it budge an infernal inch."

"Ah reckon yo' is dead right, boss," Sam agreed disarmingly. "That there am 'cause we ain't got the connection, though. Yo' firebox an' yo' boiler ain't no kind of good if there ain't no other machinery, no connection between them an' the drivin'-wheels of the engyne.

"But yo' can bet there's somebody at the headquarters of this here division, who is doing' a heap of thinkin' 'bout this Twentieth Century Limited an' how it's goin' to be dug out. He's a workin' his brain right now, under fo'ced pressure, Ah reckon; an' his brain has set a lot of other little brains to workin'; an' them brains has passed on the power to a mess of hands; an' them there hands has been openin' throttles an' throwin' on coal, an' such like; an' the consequences is that the snow-plows am a-buttin' their heads through to us jes' as fast as the good Lord'll let 'em.

"A long train don't start all at once, yo' know. The engyne snorts, braces hisself, an' gives a jerk; then the tender an' the baggage-car gets a move on, an' bimeby the observation-car am a-movin'.

"Anyhow, Ah kinda likes to think that we-all is really movin' along right smack now—that we has been a-movin' ever since that there gemman at division headquarters first heard that we was stuck, an' got busy in his head. Only we can't see how fast we is goin, jes' like with one of them boys the teacher calls dumb 'cause they is so all-fired busy inventin' things, an' discoverin' things, an' decidin' whether they'll stop at ten millions or run her up to a hundred, that they ain't got no time to learn what they can't seem to take no interest in."

Sam tapped his mahogany—but by no means solid—dome.

"Ah tells yo'," he went on, "that's where all the sho' 'nough action of this ol' world takes place, gemmen, an' where all the sho' 'nough work am done, not with yo' hands or yo' feet—or with mah mouth.

"But yo' certainly got to have a connectin'-rod between yo' brain an' what yo' is tryin' to move—an' that connectin'-rod sho' must be in right smart workin' order, or there ain't much goin' to happen."

THE MAN WHO DIED TWICE

IN "A City Life Anthology" in *The Chicago Examiner*, appears the following significant bit of "free verse," which, we are invited to believe, constitutes a post-mortem statement of one Andrew Swartz:

"When one of the papers printed three lines
about me
Last week
Because I happened to die,
Nearly everyone along Randolph street
wouldn't believe it was me,
The same Andrew who, ten years ago,
Had the best-known eating place in the city.
'He died years ago,' they declared.
Well, in a way, I did.
I stopped advertising ten years ago."

If we don't wish to die before our time let this be an example to us.

Find your work, then *work* your find.

The man you are counts for more than the chance you have.—*L. C. Ball.*

THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER AMONG HIS BOOKS

THIS Department endeavors to acknowledge all books received, but can review only such as promise to be of practical service or inspiration to Business Men and Business Women Who Think. For the convenience of readers, any book mentioned will be supplied by our Bargain Book Department, Area, Ill., upon receipt of price, plus postage, if any.

CHOOSING THE RIGHT VOCATION

A VERY comprehensive guide to the requirements, both physical and mental, of over fourteen hundred professions, trades and other vocations will be found in *How to Choose the Right Vocation*, by Holmes W. Merton, Vocational Counselor (Funk & Wagnalls Company). It cannot fail to prove out-of-the-ordinarily valuable to the employment executive in choosing the right man for the right place. It is also just the book for the individual who desires to know where his particular qualities are most in demand or what qualities he should possess to qualify in the different lines of opportunity.

It is by no means, in itself, a guide to character reading, however, although it does explain all the meanings of the characteristics of which it speaks. This is a welcome quality, as so many works on this subject fail in the very simple matter of proper definitions.

THE CITY MANAGER

THE City Manager is an innovation in Government. The idea of employing an efficient professional municipal expert as a general manager of a city for the same purpose as the general manager of a private corporation is selected, is a signal departure for local Government in America. *The City Manager*, by Harry Aubrey Toulmin (Appleton's, $2) relates the romantic story of the birth of the idea, of its stirring rise into immediate usefulness and its practical success. It is a complete and concise summary of the whole subject. The actual workings of the plan of a City Manager in the foremost cities adopting it, the experience with it these cities have had, its faults and advantages all derived from original, first-hand sources of information, are clearly and accurately related, making the book of rare value to the voter and the student, as well as those generally interested in vital public developments. The discussion is both timely and interesting.

MAKING BUSINESS SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

THE principles of business—especially of "Big Business"—as at present conducted are not only not in accordance with, but are actually hostile to the principles of democracy—at least, that is the premise laid down by Ernest G. Stevens, in his *Civilized Commercialism* (E. P. Dutton & Company, New York; $1.25 net).

Democratic principles must drive business privilege out of our business system, according to Mr. Stevens, or business privilege will drive democratic principles out of our political system.

This book is an attempted application of democracy to business. It outlines a scheme for eliminating oppression, czarism and cut-

throat competition from business, and yet of permitting the fullest useful growth and activity to business corporations of any size.

In fact, in place of the barbarous business warfare of the present and past, the author offers us his own *civilized commercialism.*

PREDIGESTED BUSINESS FOR WOMEN

HOW shall I properly write this check? What is the shortest and cheapest way I can telegraph my message? How many ways can I invest my savings? How shall I start a filing system? What does that abbreviation stand for? Shall I send by parcel post or express? What is a Letter of Credit? A Traveler's Check? How shall I become a Notary Public? What is a Power of Attorney?

These are a few of the questions answered in a new book which promises to be unusually helpful to our sisters in business. *What Every Business Woman Should Know*, by Lillian C. Kearney (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, $1.60 net), is offered as a complete guide to business usages and requirements, with explanations of business terms and commercial forms, for the benefit not only of the business woman but also for the woman without experience who has business matters thrust upon her. It contains diagrams and illustrations and was written by a woman with a background of fifteen years of experience in the field with which she deals.

MISS MARGARET B. OWEN
WORLD'S TYPEWRITING SPEED CHAMPION

A SELF-MADE FAILURE'S LETTERS

S-etting forth in a humorous
U-nique, epigrammatic style a
C-ommon-sense
C-ode of business ethics which
E-ventually
S-pells
S-uccess.

THAT'S the way Maurice Switzer's amusing but meaty little illustrated book, *Letters of a Self-made Failure* (Leslie-Judge Company, New York; $1 net), has been characterized.

The question is often asked why some men succeed while others fail. Various answers are given, but all are interesting. These "Letters" are unique. After the first one has been read all the others will have an absorbing interest. While they are in a humorous vein, they are on the serious subject of business. A "self-made failure" who has found success in a different field writes to his younger brother who is beginning his business career in New York. In an epigrammatic style, with a touch of irresistible humor, the elder brother seeks to impart his system of philosophy and the results of his experience to the younger man, in the hope of saving him from the mistakes which endanger so many fellows at the beginning of commercial life.

No matter what your position in the business world may be—whether you are "chief" or office boy—it will profit as well as entertain you to read these pertinent "Letters."

"MEN WHO ARE MAKING AMERICA"

THESE are intimate studies of the lives, methods and accomplishments of fifty foremost business and financial leaders of the present day in America—these collected sketches by B. C. Forbes (Forbes Publishing Company, Inc., $3).

This book will inspire and assist the millions of ambitious and diligent young men who are bending all their energies to become useful, successful citizens. No book of fiction could be more fascinating than these true stories of these real men and the way they attained success through merit, patience, resourcefulness and unflagging courage.

Step by step, the reader follows the rise of these fifty men as they emerge from the ranks and fight their way up in spite of obstacles—learning by their own mistakes—grasping opportunities—finding new methods—led irresistibly onward by an unflinching will-power that nothing could daunt. The book graphically tells how these men turned defeats into victories and used their own failures as stepping-stones to greater achievement.

In nearly every case these men tell their own stories in their own words, so that it is from their own lips we learn the wisdom taught them by their life-long experiences, which have led them to the very summit of success. Forbes not only gets "under the skin" of the Big Ones, but he finds their hearts as well.

We shall have more to say from time to time about this unusually interesting, helpful, and richly human book.

COMMERCIAL LAW AT A GLANCE OR TWO

THE author of *Commercial Law*, D. Curtis Gano (American Book Company), has aimed, he tells us, "to select from the extensive field of the law those fundamental principles, a knowledge of which the business man will most frequently find of value to him. . . . . .

"It is not the purpose of this volume to make lawyers of its readers, but to teach them to discern the ways that lead from litigation, and to enable them to conduct their business dealings with an intelligent idea of their legal rights and limitations.

" . . . . . It is believed that all the subjects with which the business man should become familiar have been included, ... and are explained with sufficient detail to give the reader a correct knowledge concerning them. . . . . Believing that in the illustration of legal principles, actual cases decided by the courts furnish material much more valuable for the student than purely hypothetical cases, careful selection has been made throughout the text from the reports of cases in the different American and English courts.

"The tabulations at the end of the volume give in a general way the status of the different states, and may be consulted by the student in determining the law in his own state.

"Full sets of forms have been given in appropriate connection with the text, and they will be found a valuable . . . . . reference when occasion may require his use of such forms in business transactions."

CHAMPIONSHIP SECRETS IN TYPEWRITING

IT IS always more or less fascinating to read how the champion in any line of endeavor reached the top and when the leader has the gift of actually showing others how to get there it is doubly interesting. Miss Margaret B. Owen has done this in her book, "*The Secret of Typewriting Speed*" (Forbes & Co., $1, net). This young expert attracted the world's attention by setting a new standard for typewriting speed. Three times she has won the world's typewriting speed championship, the last time by writing 137 words a minute for an hour, which means striking the keys twelve times every second and means writing faster than the ordinary person can dictate. She has given in this book the original methods which she followed to develop this wonderful speed.

To the million men and women who earn their livelihood in the stenographic profession this book comes as a personal message of considerable importance. Even the business or professional man who operates the typewriter only occasionally for personal use will find this book exceedingly helpful. Miss Owen offers invaluable information to everybody in any way interested in typewriting, giving them the full benefit of the years of hard, thorough and thoughtful training for the distinctive position she holds in the business world.

This is more than a book on speed, for it covers the whole subject of typewriting—everything that the stenographer needs to know concerning the use and care of the machine and her other office duties. All business men will be enthusiastic over this helpful book because it leads to accuracy and efficiency. In fact, Miss Owen is unwilling to consider speed detached from accuracy. The book tells how to overcome bad habits in typing, how to write a perfect letter, how to save lost motion, and while telling about the care of the typing machine it also tells the stenographer how to care for the human machine and acquire the best health for business success.

A UNIQUE MONEY-CONSERVER

WERE you ever sorely in need of a mailing list covering some particular field, which you considered absolutely essential to the life and well-being of your business? And did some piratical list dealer demand from $20 to $175, or more, for it? And did you experience a "grand and glorious feeling" when you accidentally learned, at the eleventh hour, that you could obtain the very list you wanted, in much more convenient form, for a few cents—or for $3 to $7.50 at most?

You're too familiar with the hold-up, you say, but you never had the "grand and glorious feeling"? Well, you would have had, not once but many times over, if you had known what BUSINESS SUCCESS and The Business Philosopher now knows.

So far as we are aware, a book recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, is unique. We are certain that it will prove of altogether exceptional value—dollars and cents value—to any concern or individual doing business by mail, backing up personal sales effort by means of mail campaigns, or desirous of doing either.

It is called *A Directory of Mailing Lists Obtainable in Book or Pamphlet Form*, was compiled by William S. Thompson, and consists of over 300 pages handsomely and durably bound in buckram, the price being only $2.50 postpaid, which is microscopic when compared with the money making and money conserving possibilities of the work. Moreover, the publishers are glad to deal with Missourians and will send it prepaid for five days' examination to any responsible business man who shall request it on his business letterhead.

The volume is in two parts. Part I contains a list of books and pamphlets in which mailing lists are found together with the price of each book or pamphlet and the name and address of its publisher. Each of these books or pamphlets contains at least one mailing list and some contain several. Part II consists of a cross index to Part I, a list, alphabetically arranged, of all the mailing lists contained in the books and pamphlets listed in Part I.

As for the service it renders, in concrete terms:

A prominent list dealer offers a list of 3000 osteopathic physicians for $50. The *Directory of Mailing Lists* tells you just where you can send for a pamphlet containing the 2,500 most prominent osteopathic physicians for $1.

A leading list house catalogues 75,000 bank officials for $187.50. The *Directory of Mailing Lists* gives you a choice of several books, any one of which contains all the bank cashiers and officials in the United States and a good many other valuable bank lists. These books sell at $7.50 each.

A list house asks $15 for a list of 2907 commercial organizations. The *Directory of Mailing Lists* tells where to procure a pamphlet containing approximately 4000 commercial organizations for 15 cents.

And so on—case after case.

The book saves dollars and builds business at the same time. You're cutting coupons whenever you turn its handy, exhaustively indexed pages.

A MASTER'S TEXTBOOK IN SHORTHAND

A BOOK has recently been published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company that deserves more than a side glance in passing because many of the best-known shorthand experts in the country, including Frank R. Hanna, S. H. Gray and John D. Cramer, official reporters of the U. S. House of Representatives, and others of like standing, have endorsed it in the most enthusiastic way.

It is *The Rose Expert System of Shorthand* ($2.50 net), by Robert F. Rose. It is a complete textbook of *expert* shorthand and explains simply and fully the system used by this leading exponent of the art in reporting national political conventions, Interstate Commerce Commission and Federal Trade

Commission hearings, etc., and already employed by thousands of young men and women earning fine incomes because of the unusual speed and accuracy acquired through this system.

It contains the results of more than thirty years' experience in the hardest and most exacting shorthand work, and is said to be a complete guide to that *specialist's* shorthand which commands the most lucrative opportunities in the stenographic world and the like of which has frequently brought its masters to positions of national importance in business and politics.

Mr. Rose says in his preface:

"In every branch of human endeavor are to be found those who, because of lack of sufficient preparation and a desire to hurry through their studies, are known as incompetents and mere onlookers in the world's work; then come those who are but mediocre. Having acquired a smattering of knowledge of their chosen work, they are able to 'make a living' and are content with 'well enough.' Then comes the ambitious, pushing, energetic, competent class who, realizing that success results only from thorough preparation, achieve notable distinction by persevering study and are leaders in the business or profession in which they engage.

"In no calling is this more pronounced than among writers of shorthand, and it is for the purpose of bringing you to a realization of the opportunities of this profession that this is written. Because of the possibility to make a small salary at a comparatively early stage of the study, there is a temptation to relinquish it early, and, penny-wise and pound-foolish, to hurry into an unremunerative position. It is for this reason that there are more imcompetents doing injustice to stenographic positions than are to be found in any other occupation or calling. . . . . .

"Then there are those who, notwithstanding ability . . . . . , are mere machines performing only the work called for by their positions, and who do not utilize their positions as a means for obtaining a valuable knowledge of the business in which their employers are engaged. . . . . To them the clock is an object to be watched, and the matter dictated means only so many words to take in shorthand and to transcribe on the typewriter. Such stenographers are and ever will be regarded as so many cogs in the machine; they do their parts, but no more.

"Then comes the really competent stenographer. Thorough preparation has made him confident of his ability, and the fast-speaking dictator has no terrors for him. He studies the needs of his employer and takes upon his own shoulders all possible details of the business. He makes himself so valuable as to attract the favorable notice of the executive head, and his advancement is certain. Or, perhaps, he makes a profession of stenography, and becomes an expert shorthand reporter. In this branch of the work his possibilities are only measured by his competency.

"It is for those who desire to be classed as accomplished stenographers that this book is compiled. . . . . A few extra months spent in preparation will be the best investment you can make. That extra study will prepare you for good positions, paying good salaries and give you an ability which will be recognized by promotions. Increased ability spells increased earning power and better opportunities. And there is no more potent medium to bring opportunity to your door than that of shorthand, if you are really competent.

"Aside from the sordid consideration of remuneration resulting from competency, there is a most comfortable feeling of satisfaction which comes with the knowledge that one is a real master of his work. . . . . In this book is given the same shorthand with which others have attained preeminent distinction as expert shorthand writers and with which you may do the same. It is up to you to accomplish great things in the shorthand profession—*and you can do it.*"

ONE OF OUR LEADING BUSINESS REVIVALISTS

(*Continued from page 53*)

"beut" of a "Teut" cognomen, Fogleman and the Hohenzollerns do not speak as they pass by.

P. P. S. Which is hades for the Hohenzollerns but doesn't seem to have slowed Fogleman down a bit.

I HAVE never found, said James J. Hill, according to his biographer, Joseph Gilpin Pyle, where a lie would take the place of truth. In nearly fifty years of rather active business experience I have never found a transaction that was worth following when it led under the shadows of a deception of any kind.

JAMES J. HILL, HUMORIST

A CHARITABLE woman sent to a large number of the most prominent men in the country, Joseph Gilpin Pyle tells us in his interesting *Life of James J. Hill* (Doubleday, Page & Co.), asking each to send her a fable, or a limerick, all of which were to be published and sold. . . . To this cause Mr. Hill contributed the following. They connect delightfully with his two central ideas of the railroad and the farm:

The Equine and His Equal

A LEAN Horse once Looked over the Fence into the Next Field, and saw a Lean and Ragged Man Spading the ground. "Let Me in There," he said; "I will Work the Soil for you while you Feed Me, and we will both grow Fat and Sleek." "You're On," said the Man; and He and the Horse were Prosper-ous and Hap-py until they both Waxed Fat and Saucy. Then they Got Mad at each other, and the Boss said he would Show that Plug that a Man can kick Hard-er than a Horse. He put a Muzzle on the Poor Beast and Gave him Oats at the Rate of One Grain a Day, and the Neighbors Sat up Nights to keep him off the Grass.

Soon the Horse was too Weak for Work any More. So the Field was Ne-glect-ed, and he and the Man both Starved to Death. Before he died the Wise Guy said to the Weeping Crowd: "This is Your Fu-ner-al too, my Fool Friends. Let me Hand you this Mor-al to Frame and Hang over your Emp-ty Dinner Tables, 'The Mare Makes Money Come Just As Fast As Money Makes the Mare Go.'"

And here is his double-barrelled limerick:

The Farm

THERE was a young farm in the West,
So much overworked and hard-pressed
That it wearily said:
'I'll just take to my bed
And drop thru to China to rest.'

"But alas! when the roots of the trees
Caught the eye of the frugal Chinese,
They proceeded to pounce,
And to plant every ounce
Of that Farm to Potatoes and Peas."

CHARLES DANA GIBSON'S CONTRIBUTION TO FOOD CONSERVATION

A DOZEN hens have more economic value than all the eagles on all the royal standards of the world," says Maurice Switzer, in his amusing and epigrammatic *Letters of a Self-made Failure*. And here are some other sparks from his anvil:

"Easy jobs make incompetents of those who fill them; that's the hustler's consolation.

"The fellow who can stand at the bottom of Niagara and still retain any considerable opinion of his own magnitude would have nerve enough to rewrite the Decalogue.

"Business is something like aeroplaning. To stop is to drop, and to drop is generally to bust.

BUSINESS SUCCESS *and* The Business Philosopher

Edited by ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON

SAMUEL CHARLES SPALDING, *Managing Editor*

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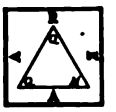

BY THE FIREPLACE

Where We Talk Things Over

WHY IS AN APPLICANT?

FISHER, of Memphis, has turned another thought loose.

He is the man, you'll remember, who hatched out "Old Man Luten's Hen," in the January number.

I looked into his office recently and he reminded me that the last time I was in Memphis he had suggested that I write something about Applicants.

He also hinted that "watchful waiting," theretofore, had failed to descry any fruits of his request in the offing.

I admitted the corn. I confessed that there hadn't been any fruit; that he had furnished the core, but that I hadn't got around or otherwise been able to grow any flesh on it.

Then he let me feel the spur. He wanted to know if I was going to make any use of that perfectly sound core or not, and if so—when?

I wilted. I fell. Having listened to his oral and moving disquisition on the subject of Applicants, I did not have the nerve to say, I can't. You will presently understand why. So, for the sake of the momentary, dishonorable, opportunist ease of the peace-at-any-pricer, I compromised.

"All right, Fisher," I agreed. "I'll turn your corking Applicant idea out into the columns of the best little magazine in the world, provided you will give me that core of yours in a little more tangible form. Put on paper what you have said to me, as nearly as you can as you have said it, and I'll see what we can do."

I had turned the tables. For a change, the spurred horse was spurring his rider. In due time I got Fisher's manuscript, and this is what I find we can do—we can do no better than to print what Fisher wrote.

Here it is:

WHY ARE THERE SO MANY APPLICANTS?

Because there are too many Apply-CAN'TS.

There are too many Can'ts in the world, and the Can'ts are constantly among the list of Applicants.

The Can'ts are the negatives. They are the people who are always guilty of sins of omission and commission.

Unless the Can'ts can and do become Applies, they will always be listed among the Applicants.

The Can'ts are that big bunch that neither nourish nor use their will power in looking after their Duties, Obligations, and Responsibilities.

They are lacking in Quantity, Quality or Mode of Service. Sometimes they are lacking in one of these, sometimes in two, and quite often in all three.

People who do not nourish and do not use their success-producing qualities will always be Can'ts, whereas the people who do nourish and do use them—in other words, those who do live up to their Duties, Obligations, and Responsibilities—are Applies.

The Applies do not have to be Applicants, because they are always sought after.

There are ten thousand $10,000 jobs in the United States this very day, waiting for the creation of enough Applies to fill them.

There are only two classes of people in the world,—the Applies and the Can'ts,—but no man ever made a success out of anything unless he belonged to the former class.

The Apply works *with* the law, either consciously or unconsciously. The Can't is a law-breaker and of course pays the penalty.

The Can'ts "can" their "apply" faculties. The Applies, on the other hand, "can" their "can'ts."

If you want to be of any use in the world,

and you are now a Can't, you CAN if you will nourish and use your physical, intellectual, emotive and spiritual qualities until you almost unconsciously join the ranks of the Applies, and become really useful to the world.

If you are a Can't, and want to play a nice little game with yourself, call it "Bossing Johnson" [Fisher refers to *The Man Who Bossed Johnson*, one of the best success stories this magazine ever published, which we may reprint one of these months—if enough of you ask prettily], or better still, perhaps, "The Elimination of Johnson." Proceed to get rid of the evil or negative part of your nature, which we will call "Johnson," and nourish and use the better part of your nature, which we will call your "You."

"Bossing Johnson" is a great game and lots of people are playing it. You can play it as well as anybody else, if you have fully made up your mind that you are not going any longer to be a Can't.

The word *Applicants*, it may be said in conclusion, is derived from two hog-latin roots: first *Applies* (Positives; Builders; Is-ers; Doers; Get-theres), and second, *Can'ts* (Negatives; Law-breakers; Violators; Mistake-makers; Sinners; Going-to-bes; Has-beens).

I believe you will agree with me that that is pretty good stuff, just as it stands.

To avoid the accusation, however, if possible, that I have let Friend Fisher do all the work, perhaps I ought to go through some of the motions of a commentator.

To apply knowledge, of course, is to *use* it.

To *use* knowledge means that our faculties and qualities must be *employed*. And that means *education* or development of power.

Apply the "apply" or "use" principle, and about the only thing you will find you can't do is to *say* you can't—because you know you *can*.

Fisher calls those who *apply* themselves, the Applies. For variety's sake—I'm doing my best to establish some claim to originality, you perceive—let's turn around and call them Cans or Canners.

Those who say they can't, don't try, and therefore don't make use of the "apply" or "use" principle of growth.

When they apply the "I can't" principle long enough, they really can't. So they actually become Can'ts or Can'ters.

Both the "I Cans" and the "I Can'ters" canter, but the Canners canter much faster than the Can'ters.

The consequences are that the Canners inevitably canter past the Can'ters in the free-for-all for Success.

Or rather, both may canter, but the Canner always canters forward, whereas the Can'ter canters backward.

There is something greater than to say, "I can" do any good and useful thing, and that is to say, "I *will*" do it.

But there is something greater even than to say, "I will."

And that is to get busy and *do* it!

"I Can" is the mother of "I Will," and the deed done is her lusty grandchild.

And the Father-Mother of the "I Can" is the "I Am."

Find *your* "I Am That I Am."

That is the real "You" that Fisher speaks of—your Being or Be-ing; your Be-coming; your Power; your all-conquering Can.

The seer of Concord said a book-full in seven words when he wrote, "Blessed is he who has found himself."

Your self is a living soul.

You don't have to die to get one. You *are* one now.

Man *has* no soul; he *is* a soul.

You *have* a body; but you *are* a soul.

As such, you know; you feel; you act.

Nourish and use your power to *know;* thereby it refines (*re-fines* or makes itself fine) into Wisdom.

Nourish and use your power to *feel;* thus it refines until it becomes Love.

Nourish and use your volitional power, and thereby convert your wisdom and your love into useful words and deeds; thus they refine into Constructive Activity.

To the degree man does this is manhood refined into Godlikeness—for God is infinite Wisdom, infinite Love, infinite Activity.

"Ye are the temple of the living God."

"In Him we live, and move, and have our being." And God, the Absolute, is infinite in Intelligence, Love, and Activity, hence He is omnipotent.

Once find yourself,—your soul,—then nourish that self, and *use* it; after that you will no longer say that you can't do anything, that you can't strike any or every key within reach of human fingers.

For you will know that you *can*. And you will say, "I *can*."

But you will go further than that, and say, "I *will*."

Finally, you will go still further—you will surely DO what you have said you *could* do, and what you have said you *would* do.

ARE YOU TROUBLED WITH ABOULIA?

NO, THIS isn't a patent medicine advertisement. Nevertheless, it deals with what we may term diseases and with the symptoms which point to them.

The symptoms are very familiar to all of us. Men and women all about us are exhibiting them all the time. Very likely we ourselves are similarly afflicted and have not realized it or have failed to attach half the importance that we should to these tell-tale symptoms.

Our wills have been sick and we haven't known it—or else we haven't known how sick they really were.

There! The cat is out of the bag.

The exceedingly common, almost universal diseases we are about to discuss briefly under the unfamiliar names of *hyperboulia* and *aboulia* are not diseases of the body but of the volition or, as we ordinarily say, of the will.

Diseases of the volitional power, from the viewpoint from which we shall consider them, are: (1) those of excess, and (2) those of defect. That is to say, one may manifest either too much decision and action, or too little.

Under the first head we have hyperboulia, and under the second, aboulia.

There is a much less danger of too much decision and action, of course, than there is of too little. Too much decision and action, moreover, does not really expend too much power of volition. The trouble with the man who displays too much decision and action is that he does not distribute the power evenly enough. He simply manifests too much decision and action at one particular time.

The one afflicted with excessive volitional tendencies frequently "explodes" mentally—he rants, tears, and if profane exercises that habit.

The excessively volitional man is a keg of mental dynamite, likely to blow up with any sudden jar. His feelings constitute a mental fuse, easily ignited by the spark of any thought which does not exactly suit. The lighted fuse quickly reaches the power of volition, which may be likened to a keg of mental gunpowder, and this proceeds to explode with a loud report.

Again, excessive volition, amounting to a disease, may manifest itself in fickleness, in an abnormal tendency to action in too many things—not sticking to one thing. One so afflicted is a business bumblebee, flitting from flower to flower, sipping a little sweet from each and not much from any.

Such people generally flit from position to position, and from plan to plan, if in a position to exercise any authority as to the inauguration of plans. They become the comets in the industrial, commercial, and professional heavens. They never become the planets and the fixed stars, shining with the steady light of loyalty and devotion to an earnest, patient, and persevering purpose.

Comets vanish and then come back again, unless in the meantime they "go to pieces," in which event they go never to return, disappearing forever in a puff of smoke. Likewise, the fickle, changeable mortals, afflicted with this spasmodic, too-quick-on-the-trigger, explosive volitional power, disappear as far as one employer is concerned, but very often come back again and want another job, unless in the meantime they "go to pieces," as they are very likely to do.

This excessive, explosive, spasmodic manifestation of volitional power, this disease of too much or wrongly regulated or uncontrolled power of decision and action, is known as hyperboulia.

In this condition the volitional power, ungoverned, uncontrolled, is diseased.

A strong volition must have the inhibiting or controlling power as well as the propelling power. The man in control of the electric car must be able to stop and check his car as well as to turn the power on. The motorman on the street car who could not check as well as turn on the electric power, would cause all kinds of accidents and would be entirely useless as a motorman.

The individual who cannot control his volitional power—who permits it to explode or carry him too rapidly from plan to plan or job to job—is afflicted with hyperboulia. This disease causes manifold errors of *commission*, due to lack of deliberation and thoroughness. It is destructive of quality of work and also destructive of correct mode of conduct.

Any individual afflicted with the disease of hyperboulia is made wholly incapable of rendering permanently satisfactory Service by reason of the fact that this one disease

destroys two of the three elements entering into satisfactory Service—namely, Quality, Quantity, and Mode.

Such an individual may do a great many things. His quantity line may be long, but his quality line and his mode line will be short.

There is another disease of the volitional power which causes almost countless errors of *omission;* it is the disease of not enough decision and action, instead of too much.

It manifests itself in several ways: (1) lack of ability to decide as to what motive idea to select as a basis for action; and (2) having finally decided what to do, the one afflicted with this disease cannot decide on the plan to adopt in order to execute the idea decided upon. He cannot decide how to do it. It takes such a person a long time to select his motor idea after his motive idea has been thoroughly determined.

Finally, after most painful deliberation, having decided what to do and how to do it, and thus formed his immanent volition, as the psychologists put it,—in other words, having made his choice,—he seems lacking in the power to convert choice into an emanant volition; in other words, to really do the thing fully decided upon.

In a word, he does not act, he does not do the right thing right, at the right time.

People afflicted with this kind of disease of the volition are the *mañana* men, the "to-morrow" fellows. They are the "next-week-or-next month-or-next-summer-will-do-just-as well" kind of men.

Fear or indolence or idle dreaming steps in and cuts off the volition current, or hinders it from being turned on.

Under the excuse of "I want to be sure I am right," and a thousand and one more things, they put off doing a good thing. They think it is best to do it, and feel it is best to do it, but they do not do it. If they have no excuse they make one, and this leads to lying, which is another form of this disease. They have not the moral courage to tell the truth.

Lying is the leprosy of the will, and it is loathsome to men possessed of sufficient mental stamina to enable them to decide to tell the truth and to tell it.

When finally such individuals have decided to do a thing and have settled upon how to do it and have acted it—done the thing decided upon—the power exercised is generally weak. Dynamic force has gone off into space—become dissipated.

This disease is known as aboulia.

It can be cured, but not until the one afflicted by it wakes up to its dangers, acknowledges his faults, and earnestly strives to correct them.

The individual having this disease cannot deliver the right quantity of Service. As a rule, also, the quality of what he does do is below par, and his mode of conduct, while it may not be intentionally unethical, is anything but satisfactory.

Let us be very plain about this matter. If any individual is a procrastinator, a dreamer, an "I-am-going-to-do-it-tomorrow-or-next-summer" sort of person, his specific trouble is aboulia and his power of volition is diseased. It needs the fresh air of honest thought and plenty of exercise.

Such an individual cannot grow in his present condition, and he, like everything else, labors under the law that he must either grow or *go*. This is a law of Nature, which applies to all life. And the human being does not live who is an exception to the rule.

Both aboulia and hyperboulia can be cured.

The complete cure of aboulia and hyperboulia, like that of all other disorders of the human powers, involves the making of the whole mind and also the body sound, hale, wholesome; in a word, *healthy*.

The starting point is the training of the power of volition to the end of doing four things:

1. Deciding what to do.
2. Deciding how to do it.
3. The doing of it.
4. Keeping up the doing.

Our advice on this point is well expressed in our reply to a student of the Sheldon School who once wrote to us, saying:

"I find that my power of volition is weak. I find that I lose a great deal of time because I never do things twice in the same way; that I lack power of concentration and waste a great deal of time flitting from one thing to another; and that my work lacks accuracy. What shall I do to overcome these negative habits?"

Our reply was as follows:

"Begin with little things—the things that are easiest for you.

"Form the habit of getting up at the same time every morning—make yourself do it.

"Study the matter and decide which is the quickest way to dress. Then compel yourself to follow the same routine every morning. Don't permit anything to make an exception—at least until you are sure that the habit is firmly fixed in your nervous system. Keep it up until you dress in just that way automatically, without conscious thought.

"When you have that habit formed, begin on another, for instance your breakfast. Sit down at the table at the same time each day; let nothing interfere. Finish eating at the same time every morning. Unfold your napkin just so when you begin—fold it just so when you finish. Fix the habit until it does itself without effort on your part.

"In the same way, then, take up each of your duties at the office. Decide what is to be done and decide how to do it. Study to do it with the fewest possible movements. Then form the habit of doing it in that way.

"Watch a good porter on a Pullman sleeper making up berths. Note the moves he makes in making up the first one. See how rapidly he does it. Then follow him as he makes up the others. You will see just the same motions each time. It is a habit with him while he is at work. He will laugh and chat with you, but he makes no false motions—never slips a cog. He is making the law of habit work for him. It saves him a great deal of time and thought.

"Get the idea, and do the same way with your duties."

A few months later this same student wrote a very happy letter telling of his increased volitional power, his greater pleasure in his work, and how much more he was able to accomplish in a day. "And," he added, "the more my power to choose and act grows, the faster it grows."

If you are troubled either with hyperboulia or aboulia you should take something for it at once—and keep on taking something until the disease disappears.

A BUSINESS DECISION FOR EVERY MEAL.

SOMEBODY has said, writes James H. Collins, the author of many well-known business articles, and now connected with the U. S. Food Administration, that business ability consists largely of the ability to make wise decisions. The military situation on the western front to-day calls for a straight decision from every American business man. Our allies, by three years' splendid effort, have established there a military plant of the highest efficiency, and are getting results with it every day. We ourselves are struggling to build an auxiliary plant which will not be ready for effective operation until spring. It is the plainest business sense to contribute everything that we can furnish to keep the allies' plant going this winter. That plant can not be kept going without food. We have food enough to spare, fortunately, with wise conservation, and therefore every effort to save wheat, meat, sugar, and fats for export is the most businesslike contribution that we can make at this time toward winning the war. This business decision comes up to us every day, at every meal. It is left to our individual judgment and honor. In just the degree that we realize the terrible responsibility of keeping the French and British armies well fed, and their munition workers back home busy and contented, we will make the right decision—to rearrange our diet and do our share in food saving.

IN DEFENSE OF HIS HONOR.

THE following amusing twist to a situation with which the sensational novelists and playwrights have acquainted us, is given by *The Chicago Examiner:*

Feminist Lawyer (twenty years from to-day)—What is your name?

Male Stenographer (seeking position)—Mr. Thomas Gray.

Feminist Lawyer—Hm, that used to be my husband's name before we were married. Where did you work before?

Male Stenographer—I worked three years for Mrs. Jones.

Feminist Lawyer—Hm, anywhere else?

Male Stenographer—Yes. I worked three days for Mrs. Brown.

Feminist Lawyer—Only three days? Were you discharged?

Male Stenographer (hesitating)—No, I'd rather not tell.

Feminist Lawyer—Hm, well, there'll be nothing like that happening in this office!

"It's a good deal better for you to be friendless and out of debt than popular and in the hole," says Maurice Switzer.

"Energy," Goethe tells us, "will do anything that can be done in this world."

"Pep without purpose," says Everett Rhodes Castle, "is piffle."

RETAIL SCIENCE CORNER

THIS regular Department for retailers and their employes is edited by Thomas A. Knapp, formerly sales expert with the Drygoods Economist Organization, now in charge of the Retail Science Department of the Sheldon School. Readers are invited to ask Mr. Knapp any questions they may desire to have answered in our columns —or if they wish to enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope they will receive a personal reply. Address Retail Science Department, Room 1727, Republic Building, Chicago, Illinois.

THE STORY OF THE GREEN TIE

A MAN from the West strolled down Broadway, New York, one Sunday afternoon. He was impressed by the fresh Spring displays in the show window of the small shops between Times Square and 34th Street. Of especial interest to him, however, was a display of neckwear, in the center of which was shown a green tie that made a particular appeal to his fancy.

He figured that the tie should sell possibly for $1. While going through this mental process, his curiosity got the better of him and he entered the store and asked to see a green tie. The clever salesman asked him if he did not wish to see the one that was shown in the window, to which he assented. The salesman did not immediately tell him the price, but quickly tied the cravat on his finger, at the same time remarking that the silk from which the tie was made was manufactured in Scotland and imported directly by his firm.

He also took the stick pin from his own tie and inserted it in the tie he had placed on his finger, remarking that most ties were ruined by the stick pin, but that the fabric from which this tie was made was of such quality and texture that it could not be damaged by a stick pin. He also brought out the fact that this tie was fuller than the average tie. He placed the tie in the customer's hands, at the same time requesting him to feel the unusual softness and note the lustre.

During all this, the man from the West felt that the tie would probably sell as high as $1.75, and when he asked the salesperson the price, and was informed that it was $1.50, he immediately made the purchase. This was indeed an instance of clever salesmanship.

L. Y. W.: I have been advanced to the position of saleslady and would like to be successful. What would you advise me to do to make good?

ANSWER: First, study your stock; know what goods are in stock, ranges in sizes, colors, qualities and quantities, prices, where goods are located, amount of stock on sale and in reserve, etc. Second, have specific knowledge regarding the manufacture, qualities and uses of every article, its condition, how long in stock, purposes for which it is best fitted, convenience or comfort of ownership, durability, safety, style, purity, points of beauty, etc.

It would be advisable to take a course in retail selling and character analysis. The study and application of these, together with a thorough knowledge of your merchandise, will make you a successful saleswoman.

A. B. R., Educational Director: What method could you suggest to avoid wrong addresses?

ANSWER: Have the salespeople, in making out their checks, print the initials and first letter of the surname, also the first letter of the street name, spelling it aloud as they are writing it, and repeating each numeral

of the street number singly so that the customer will hear any error in the spelling of her name and address and will make corrections. This has been the means of reducing, in one store alone, approximately six thousand wrong addresses, in a certain period, to two hundred and thirty-five during a similar period.

W. T. L., Quincy, Ill.: Particularly within the last year or so I have heard so much about the need for professional salesmanship. I am under the impression that salesmen are born and cannot understand how salesmanship can be classed as a profession, although I would like to see it that way, being a salesman. Please give me your opinion.

THOMAS A. KNAPP
IN CHARGE OF OUR RETAIL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

ANSWER: Salesmen are born *and* made. In other words, some are born with more qualities of a salesman than others and thus may be more easily developed in the profession of selling. SERVICE, assuring satisfaction, is the means of creating permanent and profitable customers. To render SERVICE to the end of satisfaction, however, the salesman of today must not only know his merchandise, but must be versed in the psychological (mental) elements entering into the sale, without which no sale can be transacted. Thus, salesmanship has become a profession.

G. H., Proprietor, Logansport, Ind.: We operate a small department store employing about seventy-five salespeople. The labor turnover in our establishment is very high. What suggestions have you to offer to reduce our labor turnover?

ANSWER: Pleasant surroundings, together with intensive training in business-building salesmanship and a thorough knowledge of the manufacture, wearing qualities and uses of merchandise, will minimize your labor turnover because your sales force will increase the sales and profits, thereby justifying an increase in their salaries. Knowledge of their business, plus greater earning ability, will create interest and enthusiasm in your salespeople. It has proven very profitable for the merchant to keep uppermost in his mind the growth of his employes, in order to lessen their desire to seek more favorable employment—if for no other reason.

I SUPPOSE not many fortunate by-products can come out of a war, President Wilson has said, but if this country can learn something about saving it will be worth the cost of the war; I mean the literal cost of it in money and resources. I suppose we have several times over wasted more than we are now about to spend. We have not known that there was any limit to our resources; we are now finding out that there may be if we are not careful.

CULTIVATE loose habits," Jack Koenig wises us up very neatly, "and you will get into a tight hole."

And here are some other miniature sign-posts from his deft brush:

"The undiluted fact, then, is that when you consider life not worth living—you are not worthy to live it.

"Keep your engine sparking with keen, joyous activity, and no lizzie can pass you on the Sunlit Road.

"Yours is a personally conducted tour—and you are just what you set out to be."

SO LONG," says *The Christian Science Monitor*, editorially, "as capital and labor at home are engaged in a struggle for profit, it will be as though officers and men at the front were bargaining for better pay in the face of the enemy. . . . Men must get away from contemplating what they are going to get out of it, and substitute for such a mental attitude one of wondering what they are to be permitted to sacrifice for it."

CASHING IN ON YOUR DREAMS

DREAMS have their place in successful lives,—a big place too,—but the successful man knows how to turn them into money or some other more solid acquirement.

James J. Hill, for example, dreamed in his youth of building steamboats like those of the Mississippi for use on the Ganges. India had a curious, persistent fascination for him. And it was not a dream of "baseless fabric" even then, according to his biographer, Joseph Gilpin Pyle, who writes in *The Life of James J. Hill* (Doubleday, Page & Co.): "The more disciplined mind was already learning how fact and fancy may be made to work in double harness. He studied steamboat construction and operation. He read everything available about India. He knew exactly what sort of boats would be required and how much travel they could hope to secure. Fifty years later his judgment affirmed the soundness of the venture that he had dreamed of on the Ganges when, as a raw boy, immured in mid-America, he had ascertained that the region between Delhi and Allahabad offered the most promising field for a beginner. Nor was the scheme finally stricken from the field of future possibilities until the period of general railroad building began. Then his mind, as swift to grasp the meaning of events as to act upon its own conclusions, realized the mighty scope of the coming development in the United States; and all thought and effort were turned in that direction."

And the same writer goes on, quoting one of Hill's early acquaintances:

"I remember on one occasion my brother was sick and Mr. Hill volunteered to sit up with him at night. My mother found him reading a book; and, looking over his shoulder, found it was a book on engineering. She asked him if he intended to be an engineer, and Mr. Hill replied that he did not know what he might be. 'You see I am only a young man yet, and a little knowledge about engineering may prove useful some day.' "

Hill hadn't found himself yet, in other words. His mental antennae were reaching out in many different directions—feeling, testing, prospecting. In a sense, he was dreaming.

But he was dreaming constructive dreams, and thanks to his tireless reading he was laying solid foundations of information, upon any one of which he could have built a notable structure of achievement had things opened up to him a little differently. He might have become a "coal baron," for example, or a "lumber king," had he not centered his tremendous energies on transportation.

And always, even when he was clerking in a country store at $4 a month, he maintained the proper ratio of dreaming to doing.

Furthermore, he cashed in on his dreams, you perceive,—even those dreams of river transportation in far-off India, which gives such a touch of romance to the young Hill of 1858.

OUR BARGAIN BOOK SALE

THIS magazine's Bargain Book Department finds itself with certain books on hand which it would like to dispose of as quickly as possible, and we therefore bid our readers to the feast. But there won't even be leavin's if you don't hurry.

Conspicuous among these unusual offerings are 12 sets of W. C. Holman's famous 125 *Brain Power Business Manual*, in 3 volumes, an invaluable compilation of successful advertising and merchandising methods, etc.; regular price, $3.50 a set—reduced to $3.00.

54 copies of Fiske's *Man Building*; regular price $2.00—reduced to $1.50.

26 copies of Knowlson's *Business Psychology* and Holman's celebrated *Ginger Talks of a Salesmanager to His Men* (bound in one volume); regular price $2.00—reduced to $1.50.

All of the foregoing books are in discontinued bindings, which we wish to dispose of in order to make room for other stock.

The following books are slightly damaged or shopworn, and therefore the reductions are even greater.

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3 copies Knowlson's *Business Psychology;* regular price $2.00—reduced to $1.25.

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Gordon-Van Tine Company, (Building Material) Davenport, Iowa: "About forty of the employees and officers of this Company have just completed the Sheldon Course.

As one piece of evidence as to whether the Course is worth the price, would say it cost the Company considerably over $1,200.00, and we felt as if we had our money back the first two lessons. I think it will open your eyes to the enthusiastic co-operation possible between not only your buyers and their assistants, but through every branch of your business. Even our office boy is taking the Course. The Company paid half the tuition for all who took the Course. We feel that the money thus spent, is one of the best investments we have ever made. This speaks fully for the opinion we hold of the Course and its benefits. We took up this work when we had more business than ever before in the history of our Company, and we have all been pressed to the utmost to keep up with our work. Due to this fact, a number of us have not completed all the work of the whole Course: in spite of this handicap every one of us feels that the Sheldon Course has done us a world of good, and is worth many times what we paid for it." K. Spelletich, Secretary.

Doble-Detroit Steam Motors Co., Detroit Michigan: "A few years ago, I received from you a diploma of graduation from your School of Salesmanship—this being the second time that I have taken your course in its entirety. The elements of salesmanship are essential in every walk of life, and I am convinced that the Sheldon Course will be a big asset to any man, regardless of how short or long a time he has been engaged in business. Most executives are developed from the sales force of business, and every salesman should have a clear understanding of the principles of salesmanship as analyzed in the Sheldon course. When he becomes an executive, he is continually selling his judgment and opinions, and it becomes necessary for him to train others to sell one thing or another, regardless of their position. I recommend the Sheldon course unhesitatingly, as I have never known one individual who completed the course and received his diploma that did not get his money's worth many times over." T. P. Myers., Vice-President.

Thos. Cusack Company, (Out-Door Advertising,) Chicago, Ill.: "We have your letter of December 21st containing report of the progress of our club of thirty-one members organized by Mr. H. N. Tolles. Mr. Fogleman delivered his final lecture on Lesson Twelve last Saturday. To say that we are well pleased with the services of Mr. Fogleman and the Sheldon Course is expressing it mildly. The Sheldon School has certainly fulfilled every promise they have made and more too. We could not recommend the Sheldon Course too highly to any individual or concern." G. E. Mays, Mgr. Publicity and Promotion.

The Mansfield Sheet & Tin Plate Co., Mansfield, Ohio.: "It certainly gives the writer great pleasure to most heartily endorse the "Sheldon" method to anyone desirous of development in the way of good Business Building.

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We take the greatest of pleasure in recommending your methods to any concern who is desirous of business development." W. H. Davey, President.

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., Hartford, Conn. "We are in receipt of your favor of the 23rd, and beg to report that we are very much interested in what the Sheldon Course has done for our employees. There is no question but that it develops latent qualities in the men which lead to higher executive work, and enables the men to think. It is rather surprising to see the growth of the desire to do bigger and better things in connection with their work, among those who have taken the Course." Chas. B. Cook, Vice-President.

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THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

APRIL, 1918

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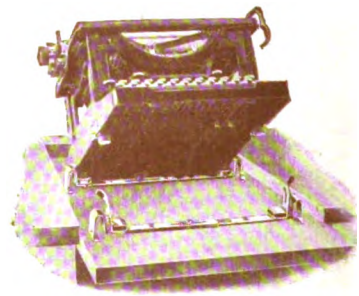

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The Service Magazine

BUSINESS SUCCESS AND THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1918

VOL. XV :: NUMBER 4

Only that which tends to increase the "Area" or A+R+E+A of the reader—that is his Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action—will appear in this magazine.

BUSINESS SUCCESS *and* The Business Philosopher, *The Service Magazine*, is published monthly by Arthur Frederick Sheldon. Official organ of the International Business Science Society, and exponent of the Sheldon philosophy of Success Through Service. Subscription price, $2.00 a year in the United States or its possessions, $2.12 in Canada, and $2.25 in foreign countries. Copyrighted by Arthur Frederick Sheldon.

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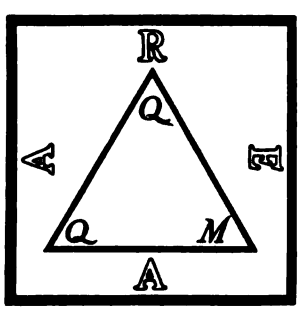

THIS magazine is built on a rock—the rock of Arthur Frederick Sheldon's universally applicable Area Philosophy, after which the village of Area, Lake County, Illinois, the home of Sheldonism, is named.

The word Area is made up of the initials of the four channels of expression of the four-square man—Ability, Reliability, Endurance, and Action, which correspond to the four-fold endowment, Intellectual, Moral, Physical, and Volitional, without which complete success is impossible.

And this four-fold capacity of the individual functions or expresses itself in what we term his Q Q M—that is, in the Quantity, Quality and Mode of Conduct which characterize his Service and determine his worth.

From this we get our familiar square-and-triangle symbol.

MISS ESTHER BONNEY

SHE DOESN'T look like a powder maker, does she? But she is. It's smokeless, too,—but you don't have to go "over there," boys, to smell it. Page 84 tells why—also why Miss Bonney is frontispiecing with us this month.

BUSINESS SUCCESS
AND
THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

VOLUME XV APRIL, 1918 NUMBER 4

HITTING THE BALL OF BUSINESS ON THE NOSE

APRIL being the month in which baseball returns to its own, it seems proper that these few remarks by Sam Spalding on the subject of baseball and business, and their parallels, should be given space in this issue. That they deserve space we think you will agree—if for no other reason, because the game of baseball and the so-called "game" of business may be said to be contenders for the title of the "Great American Game," and because it is undeniable that they divide the interest of millions of men in this country every summer—divide it very often, we fear, on other than a "fifty-fifty" basis, with baseball hogging more than its due share. But let's see if Spalding has anything to say.

"PLAY BALL!" That admonition has its place, both in baseball and in business. Whatever we are doing nowadays, it is up to us to play ball—to keep our mind on the game or the work, to put everything we have into it, not only our bodies and our brains, but our souls as well.

Now, let us see if we can find some other parallels.

The fact is, there are so many of them that we shall have to pick our way among them.

Baseball and business, business and baseball—what are their analogies?

Well, in the first place, the baseball diamond has its four bases, and success in business likewise has its four bases, which are also the bases or cardinal points of four-square manhood.

Arthur Frederick Sheldon has named them for all time in his *Science of Business*. They are Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action, and are usually referred to by means of the formula A R E A.

Suppose we examine them a little more closely, in the light of baseball.

Ability is our first base, the first waystation along the path of life.

Lots of us, to be sure, never even attain this first base. We come up to bat and fan out, not once, but many times. Perhaps we were never meant to be good ball players in the game of business or life. Perhaps we haven't trained sufficiently, or perhaps we have disregarded the rules of our trainers and have indulged in too many "big nights," with the result that we fail at crucial moments

to keep our eyes on the ball.

At any rate, our batting eye is conspicuous by its absence, and if we are able to connect with the ball at all, it is only to the extent of a foul tip. And fouls are bad medicine because there's always a catcher not far away, ready and waiting to put us out.

So that many of us in the game of life sit on the bench most of the time, and when our turn comes to bat we merely walk up to the plate and punish the air a few times—then back to the bench once more.

In other words, lots of us haven't even Ability, natural or acquired, and we can't hope to make a circuit of the bases without it.

But suppose we do better than that, suppose we make a single. So far, so good. We have connected with the ball to some purpose and placed it, consciously or unconsciously, where our rivals, or the opposing forces that are playing against us, have been unable to field it in time to prevent us from reaching the first sack.

But we have only made a beginning, we still have most of the way to go before we can reach home.

That is to say, Ability in itself, important as it is, is by no means everything; and the fellow who has that and nothing more, especially if he feels so cocky over the possession of it that he permits himself to grow careless or overconfident, is sure to be caught off base or to die on first.

But if we are capable of going farther than first base, if we have not only speed but the good judgment that keeps us from being caught napping or misjudging our chances of advancement, we shall in due time reach second.

Second is *Reliability*.

Ability is purely mental and in itself is a one-sided endowment. Reliability is something more and something deeper. It has to do, not with the intellect, but with the feelings, the emotions, the moral nature.

When a man has passed Ability and attained Reliability, he is only half-way home, to be sure, but he has proved himself, to a great extent. And when he stands on the second base of Reliability, he is standing on the firmest sort of footing—the footing that makes a man honest, loyal, stable and dependable in business.

But the fact remains that when we reach second, if we do, we immediately become much more dangerous to the other side—the opposing side of indifference, inertia, failure, and all the other negative qualities of human nature, which always oppose our progress and so often defeat us.

When we make second, they begin to feel that we shall eventually reach home, if they do not redouble their efforts, and so they use every means at their command to trick us into a false security, to tempt us too far away from our base, to run us down between second and third, or in some other way to put us out of the game.

But if all goes well, if we watch ourselves heedfully, and if our fellow players on the home team, the team made up of the good, positive and constructive elements in human nature, do their part to support us, third base, too, is within our reach.

Third is *Endurance*.

Now, Endurance is usually looked upon as a merely physical quality and as such is very important in the game of success. A great many men lose out because they lack it, because they haven't the stamina to endure the grilling training or the daily playing conditions which the game demands.

"Many spoil much good work for the lack of a little more," was E. H. Harriman's favorite motto. And that is often true because we players in the baseball game of life and business are not equal to the physical strain which is the price exacted for success—or because we *think* we aren't equal to it, which amounts to the same thing.

But it would be a great mistake to look upon Endurance as wholly or fundamentally physical. We have that on the best authority. James A. Ten Eyck, one of the most famous rowing coaches this country has ever developed, a veteran of seventy years, who has recently amused himself by rowing the one hundred and fifty miles from New York to Albany, and whose almost incredible cross-country performances exhaust all but the toughest candidates for his crews at Syracuse University, has this to say on the subject: "When considering the man, I consider his sand first, his physique second. There are

too many shadows walking around without hearts. At Syracuse we strive first to pick fighters. That is the reason our crew wins when sometimes they are believed defeated."

That is the secret—"sand," the fighting spirit. We all know that the most wonderful physique, if it is not animated by grit, determination, and the do-or-die qualities which keep a man in the race until his second wind is reached—or his third or fourth wind, for that matter—will not take him very far, simply because, as Ten Eyck would put it, he is a shadow without a heart.

There is something more than physical, then, even about Endurance, something mental—I came near saying spiritual.

But, however you classify Endurance, the fact remains that it is the third of the four bases in the game of business success, and that the man who has not a sound body, or having a sufficiently sound body, lacks the fighting spirit that is needed to drive it to do difficult and disagreeable tasks, is doomed never to reach the final goal.

And what is that final goal—the home plate? It is the crowning quality of successful manhood—*Action.*

You may have all the Ability in the world. Your emotional and moral endowments may be unusual. Your physical stamina may be great. Your Reliability may be unquestioned. But if you don't coordinate all these qualities, if you don't harness them all and *drive* them to the end that they shall work for you—in other words, if you don't change them from the static to the dynamic, if you don't translate them into Action—you will still fall short.

It isn't the man of mere intellect, of thought, who reaches home nowadays. It isn't the merely reliable man or the physical model, or the combination of all three—it is the man of Action, the man who knows how to put his thoughts and feelings into words and to transmute his words into deeds.

That is the man who makes the home run. Action is the supreme demand of the present.

So we have typified in the four bases of the baseball diamond the main elements which make up the four-square man. And, similarly, in the right, left and center fields, we have the three manifestations of Service through which these four-fold qualities express themselves—namely, the Quantity, Quality and Mode of Conduct, which characterize the individual's Service to himself, his family, his employer, his country, and to society at large.

We have another convenient formula for these three essentials of Service—Q Q M.

The first Q stands for *Quantity* of Service and is the right field.

A man gives the minimum required Quantity of Service when he is at his desk every morning on time, doesn't overstay his luncheon hour, and remains always until the five o'clock whistle blows. But even that isn't giving Quantity of Service in spirit. it's only in letter. The real Quantity of Service is given in fullest measure when an employe wholly ceases to think of time or effort in terms of mine and thine, but, instead, so identifies his aims and interests with those of the house for which he works that he gives an overflowing amount of Service.

And, contrary to the usual belief on the part of those who give Service half-heartedly, that overflow never is lost, even if the employer doesn't appear to be aware of it or to appreciate it. It receives its reward sooner or later, in most cases; and when it does not, it is always its *own* reward, for no man can give Service unstintedly without infinitely bettering himself and making himself more valuable—without acquiring a value that can be realized on in some other market, if not in that one.

The second Q stands for *Quality* of Service and is the left-field of the ball park.

Quality of Service is just as necessary as Quantity and worth even more. It is that which gives play to all the Ability and Reliability one possesses.

Just as Quantity has to do with the amount of Service rendered, Quality has to do with the *kind* of Service.

Every employer is doubtless familiar with the willing, plodding, uninspired sort of employe who is always ready to stay long after the others have gone home, but whose extra amount of Service is comparatively valueless because its Quality is low—because he is slow and makes mistakes, for instance, and always requires an unusual amount of supervision.

Ball grounds have to have both right and left fields. Similarly, Service, to come up to standard, must show a certain definite percentage of Quality as well as of Quantity, and, if an employe is notably deficient in them, he can not hope to command a good salary, and is well on the road to failure, if, indeed, he isn't a failure already.

The M stands for our Mode of Conduct, or the manner in which we perform the services required of us. This we may call the center field.

By reason of it, one salesgirl manages to transmit her own poise and good nature to an irritable and nervously exhausted shopper, with the result that an important sale is made and a permanent patron secured. Without it, the girl at the toilet goods counter indulges loudly in Spearmint and offensively corrects a valued customer's pronunciation of the name of some French toilet water or perfume, whereupon a sale and a friend of the store are lost at the same time.

But we have by no means exhausted the parallels to be noted in business and in baseball.

We have spoken of the opposing team as being made up of all those negative qualities in human nature which stand in the way of our success and which make us battle to the last half of the ninth for every victory we win. We might go on and name the different players on the other side, such as Discouragement, Procrastination, Booze and the like, but that is old stuff. Perhaps we shall find it more interesting to speak of the different positions on our own side and how they have to be played.

There isn't much room for specializing in the game of life; every one of us is called on sooner or later to play every position on the team—although it goes without saying that our work is pretty ragged in some of them and often in all.

The business man, that is, can not merely be a pitcher or a catcher, a fielder or a good batsman, but he must give a pretty good account of himself at everything, if he expects to get by.

He needs to pitch in, to be sure—to roll up his sleeves, wind up his arm, and throw the ball at each new project with as much skill and swiftness as he can command. He needs to put everything on it he can, in order to fool his opponents (don't lose sight of the make-up of that opposing team, will you? I am not talking about our business rivals, in the usual sense. I believe in cutting out the curves and giving *them* only straight balls, depending on speed and judgment to win against them. But I'll fool Old Man Discouragement any time I can—yes, and spike any of the rest of his gang, too, if I can), but the trouble is that the business pitcher is called upon the next day, or the next hour, to forget all about pitching and show what he can do as a catcher. He can't stay at the transmitting end, but must take his turn at the receiving end. He has to suffer hard knocks as well as give them. He has to handle the balls that others send his way—and many of them are fouls.

It's the same way with batting and fielding.

In baseball, of course, there's such a thing as a strong hitter batting for a weak one, but that has never succeeded in the game of business, though it has been tried often enough. No, you must take your own turn at the plate, square off in your own way—and hit the first ball that is pitched to you, on the nose, if you can!

You have more than one chance, it is true, but, generally speaking, it is "Three strikes and out!" in life and business as well as in the national game.

Lots of men reach first through the fault of the pitcher, to be sure, and not because of any merit of their own—but you don't want to be given a pass, you want to have the box score credit you with a hit every time you come to bat, if possible—a good clean hit put just where you want to put it.

The screaming liner, placed just out of reach of the nearest fielder, is greatly to be desired, but knocking flies in business—raising projects high in the air with little or nothing under them *but* air—is always more or less hazardous.

If you are going to knock a fly at all, put every ounce of your strength into it, so that it will land the ball in deep center. In other words, see that your project has sufficient power behind it, sufficient strength of capital, and that you carry it far enough to put it beyond the reach of successful opposition.

The average baseball player has his fav-

orite stick, but that's largely superstition and habit. Almost any bat will do if the man behind it knows how to wield it, keeps his eye on the ball and can out-guess the pitcher.

And in business the line you are in may not seem to be the most promising in the world, and the methods to which you are obliged to conform may strike you as antiquated. But it is what you do with your line, and how you adapt and use the methods at hand, that tells the story when your averages are computed.

But after you have made your hit, whether it be a single, a two or three bagger, or a home run, you musn't allow yourself to be rattled by the coaching of the other side; and you should listen to your own coaches—you should seek and profit by instruction, in other words, not only during training season and before each business game begins, but in the thick of it, as well.

You will have to take chances if you are going to make the circuit. The too cautious player never shines at base stealing—and that's one kind of stealing that's above reproach. Furthermore, if you have to slide to safety, don't hesitate to flop down and slide. Don't mind if certain business emergencies cause you to soil your clothes and skin your hands and face.

But see that you do slide to safety! Don't misjudge your chances and find yourself touched out. And don't be caught off base after you have stolen it. Remember, there's always some fellow or something that's lying in wait to take advantage of you when you are even a second too slow or whenever you pull a bone.

And never forget that, as in baseball, so in business, it is team-work that counts, not individual plays. If you have a subordinate part in an organization, you must work in harmony with others, and if you are to be successful you must always work for the good of the whole organization. One wheel in a mass of intricate machinery can't start and stop when it pleases, can't run things to suit itself.

The baseball player has to take orders from the captain, the captain from the manager, the manager from the owner, and the owner from the league.

Even if you are in business for yourself and have no partner, you must still be true to the ideals of team-work, if you expect to win. You can't conduct your business in a purely selfish way and get away with it. You must play into the hands of your customers if you wish them to play into your hands. You must obey the orders of the umpire, whether he be an official of your trade organization or a local, state, or national authority.

If you indulge in rowdyism or dirty playing of any sort in business, you are going to be fined, and even put out of the game, if your offence is a flagrant one.

Incidentally, it's just as important in business and in life in general to forget the grand stand as it is in baseball.

The grand stand helps to supply your income, of course, but it's best not to play to it. The player who makes the best showing on the score card is the one who attaches least importance to the plaudits of the crowd—or to its tendency to throw ginger-pop bottles when its fickle anger is aroused.

Your real ball player is never more uncomfortable than when somebody is presenting him with an automobile and the band is blaring "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes!"

The grand stand is the place toward which you're most likely to knock fouls—but you need more protection from it than it does from you.

However, let us not allow these mere general observations to make us forget that we have said little or nothing about another great department of the game—fielding.

The fielder, as we have said, is at the receiving end, and every man who plays the game of business should be a good fielder. He should learn to take what comes his way and to make the best of it, as well as to go out after what he wants.

He should unhesitatingly accept every chance that is legitimately his, and, after he has accepted it, he should see that he gets his hands on the ball, that he doesn't fumble it, and that he snaps it where it should go with the least possible delay.

There are many butter-fingers in business, as there are in baseball, but the fewer there are, the better.

Another thing: the business fielder should not make the mistake of trying to cover too much territory; if he does, he is likely

to have an error chalked up against him or to collide with some other player. And in the latter case, he is almost certain to prevent the other man, whose ball it probably is, from making the required play.

Such revelations of the concrete dome are too common, have brought in too many runs for the other side, and thrown away altogether too many games.

For the rest, as we have hinted before, the training season doesn't end with the first game in April. The players must keep in the pink of condition through diet and exercise and regular, self-respecting habits. They must remember they are players first and men afterward, and they must warm up before every game.

Similarly, what a man learns before he goes into business is comparatively unimportant. In the first place, all training or education isn't complete unless and until it is put into practice; and practice must merge into actual play,—actual work,—which ever suggests new theories, new methods and new objects of study, until the circle of activity is complete.

Baseball has its theory, too, its fine points, its "inside" stuff. That, coupled with tireless and efficient training, is what makes the difference between the playing of bush-leaguers and the championship teams of the National and the American leagues.

Thought goes into those brilliant games. Thought, plus an unusual knowledge of practical psychology, plus a judgment that was seldom at fault, made "Matty" what he was for so many years.

The man who thinks that business is too "practical" to call for much information, much study, much mentality, is either in the bushes or headed back to them.

The rough-neck days of baseball passed away long ago. The keynotes of the modern game are decency and efficiency, cleanness and a high degree of professionalism—which is the result of much thought and more practice.

We seldom see raw, ragged, bone-headed work in the big leagues, save now and then under exceptional circumstances.

The same process of refinement, improvement and professionalization is taking place in business.

But there's always room at the top of the championship ladder.

If you are now the rawest recruit in the most obscure of bush leagues, all you need to do is to possess or develop Ability, and to take advantage of every opportunity to train that Ability, making fewer and fewer errors and fattening your percentage day by day, not only in batting but in the fielding column, as well.

If you are doing that, you are on your way to membership in the Giants or the White Sox of the business world.

And you may be sure that their scouts are on the lookout for just such players as you are learning to be.

THE LADDER OF MASTERY

WHILE indifferent to the Success problem, man remains indifferent to the question of developing himself for higher efficiency, according to Arthur Frederick Sheldon, who in the Foreword of the latest edition of his work, *The Science of Business*, goes on to say:

He therefore does not study.

The student has grasped the fact that applied knowledge is power. He studies men and affairs, books and environment.

As the student gains knowledge and becomes able to apply it effectively, he becomes an adept at whatever he is doing.

The adept is an artist, that is, he displays skill in the doing of things.

Finally, as the doing of the right things in the right way at the right time becomes a habit with the adept, he becomes a master at his work.

No master ever became a master until he was first an adept.

No adept ever became an adept until he was first a student.

No student ever became a student until he aroused himself from the coma of indifference, climbed out of the bed of "what's-the-use-itiveness," cancelled his membership in the "I can't" brigade, and migrated from the "I don't care" colony.

He who would make headway in an undertaking, declares Arthur N. Owen, must put his head into it.

THE KEY TO THE DOOR AHEAD OF YOU

THE FOLLOWING rousing article fresh from the pen of Orison Swett Marden, the best known and most widely read writer on Success that this or any other country has ever developed, is, we are more than glad to say, the first of a series of similar articles which will be specially written for BUSINESS SUCCESS by Dr. Marden, one of which will appear regularly each month for the next year. We count ourselves particularly fortunate in having secured these noteworthy examples of practical inspiration, inasmuch as Dr. Marden, himself, has just returned to the magazine field as the founder and editor of The New Success, and therefore has very little time to give to other magazines.

I RECENTLY had a letter from a young man who tells me that this idea that there is an opportunity for the man who has winning stuff in him is all nonsense. He says, "The places with good salaries are exceedingly few. Business has evolved into a system. Men with $50,000 capacity receive $25 a week. Filing cabinets and ready reference methods have supplanted the old-time calculation and bookkeeping. New ideas have resulted in the systematic blending of all the parts of the great business machine. A young man full of energy and zeal, physically and intellectually equipped to undertake any work entrusted to him, unmindful of quitting time, intent only on the full carrying out of every detail of his allotted task, enters a business house. His particular line of work is designated; he cannot intrude in other departments of the concern; he cannot force his ideas upon the executive chief of the business, no matter how keen or ambitious he may be. His services are valued on the scale of youth and inexperience and the salary is small, so are the increases in salary, a dollar a week increase, perhaps twice a year. Throwing up the job without a future, he enters another house. Result—the same. There are *some* great opportunities but there are more great men than opportunities. It is chance that brings the man and the place together."

With such a pessimistic outlook what are the chances of such a young man to win out? My friend, there are plenty of young men not far from you who are winning out under just these same conditions as you describe because they show that they are made of the stuff that gets to the front.

There are plenty of young men who would see magnificent opportunities in the very pessimistic conditions which you describe, an opportunity to show their resourcefulness, their inventiveness, an opportunity to suggest to their chief ways of improving the methods of business. It is the timid little fellow with small caliber who is discouraged by such conditions.

American history is full of examples of men who achieved marvelous things with a fraction of the opportunities which the poorest boys have to-day. When we think of and read of such life stories as that of Lincoln, such wonderful romances of success under difficulties, we explode the excuses of the multitudes of boys who claim that they have no chance, even if they live adjoining free libraries, and evening schools, and surrounded by book stores and newsstands

where a few pennies will buy splendid magazines and newspapers,—information and inspiration which once were only within the reach of the rich and powerful.

One would think that these opportunities would make the boys of to-day ashamed of their excuses for their failure to get on, that they have nobody to boost or to help them!

I know men who say they have been greatly distressed and rendered unhappy because their ambition for something better has been aroused and yet they have been powerless to gratify it because they have had no one to help them. They deplore the fact that there was no one to send them to school or college in their youth, to encourage them or give them a start in life. But the men who have left their mark on the world did not wait for somebody to send them to school to boost them, somebody to help them; they found their mainspring right inside of themselves.

I have never known a really ambitious man who could give as the only reason for his remaining a perpetual clerk and for his failure to get on, that he had no one to help him and push him.

You may be sure that there is somebody not far from you who could work miracles out of your environment, which you say is no good, out of your opportunities which you are not half utilizing. Be sure there is a man with enough nerve and grit and stamina and determination to carve a fortune and a name out of what you think is so commonplace.

Indifference, the lack of ambition, the lack of push, of originality, the disposition to slide along the line of least resistance, the disclination to make an effort to pay the price for anything big, characterize those who never advance, the perpetual clerks, the men and women who are slaves to the yardstick and typewriter, who never rise above the mechanical routine of their positions, who never are interested in learning better ways of doing things, trying original methods, or accepting progressive suggestions.

That barred door ahead of you, my friend, which is such a problem to millions of people, you can unlock only when you get the right key. It is a Yale lock. The bolt will drop when it feels the right key, the right spirit, the right effort, the right determination, the invincible resolution, the unconquerable will—when it feels this the door will fly open, never before.

How could you keep back a boy like Abraham Lincoln, who thought it a great pleasure to walk nine miles a day to attend the only poor school, and whose whole schooling amounted to less than one year? After Lincoln had learned the alphabet there was no power on earth that could keep him back. He knew that he had the key that would unlock the door to success.

Only recently the indomitable determination to overcome handicaps and inhospitable conditions was displayed by a blind boy, William Schenck, living at Bayside, Long Island, who was graduated from a high school in New York City at the head of a class of one hundred and forty-five boys. He received the highest marks in the Regents' examination, in English, and won a state scholarship of $100. Every day this sightless youth, who is ambitious to study law, travels alone to the metropolis. Who can doubt the future of a youth so ambitious and intrepid!

Think of the barred door which Helen Keller opened! This poor Alabama girl, deaf, dumb and blind, prepared herself for Radcliffe College, and went through the entire course. Do you realize the pluck, the unusual grit, the almost superhuman effort and patience and determination it took to unlock the barred door ahead of this girl, who has made herself a world figure?

Haven't you as good a chance as General Grant had, who was just an ordinary hand in a tannery at about forty? He had been working on a farm, hauling cord wood into St. Louis, doing all sorts of ordinary things. What were the probabilities of his making a world-wide name for himself, of bringing a colossal war to a close after many other great generals had been unable to accomplish it?

Remember, my boy, that it is the quitter, the small, picayune man who is the failure. It is the sticker, the man who hangs on, who is the winner.

SUCCESS *VIA* A GOOD APPETITE

A GOOD appetite and "hustle that got to be a habit"—these are the qualities to which Miss Esther Bonney, of Chicago, who has built a $60,000 business in ten years, attributes her success. And her first $8.00 for boxes took every cent of her capital! When those facts catch you amidships, we know you will need no further incentive to read Roselle Dean's interesting little sketch of Miss Bonney. The only trouble with it is that it is much too short.

TEN years ago, Esther Bonney, petite and accustomed to luxury, found herself face to face with the problem of making her own living, also without money.

"What should she do?" was the consuming question.

A little blue, a friend induced her to attend an evening party and momentarily pick up her spirits. She went—and it was the turning point in her life—it was the inspiration of a business!

In the dressing rooms that evening, she noticed that every woman—without exception—powdered. Miss Bonney immediately caught the demand—powder!

Here was something that might not be original in demand, but there could not be too many varieties for the supply.

Straightway Esther Bonney studied chemistry, mastered it, and started in business for herself in a room on State Street, in Chicago, no larger than her present vault.

To pay for her first half gross of boxes, a matter of eight dollars, took every cent of Miss Bonney's capital. Her office fixtures consisted of a second-hand desk, an uncertain chair and a miniature laboratory behind a dilapidated screen.

To-day, as a just reward for hard work and an invincible spirit, Esther Bonney is the sole owner of the Bonney Company, a $60,000 corporation, and the number of her toilet articles has increased from one to thirty-five preparations, supplying all the big Chicago stores and others all over the world.

In an interview with Miss Bonney, who has grown young with success, in her sumptuous office, oriental-rugged and spinet-desked, enhanced by rare art treasures, which, with her "sunshine laboratories," cover the entire floor of a building overlooking Lake Michigan, she gave the reason of her wonderful success as "A healthy appetite," that it was "a case of hustle or starve." "The hustle," she declared, "got to be a habit, and making good was incidental."

Miss Bonney manifests deep consideration for her employes, providing green-covered work tables to protect their eyes, and furnishing "liftboys" to carry all heavy packages of boxes for the girls.

For, as she says, "Upon the girlhood of today depends our next generation, a generation, at the present outlook of affairs in this country, of which much will be required, not only in quantity but in quality as well."

"SOONER or later all thinking which has any reality in it passes on into action," Hamilton Wright Mabie assures us in his well-known *Essay on Books and Culture*. And he enlarges upon this great, fundamental truth of human life in this memorable way: "The emotion, passion, thought, impulse, which never gets beyond the subjective stage, dies before birth. Men really live only as they freely express themselves through thought, emotion, and action. They get at the deepest truths and enter into the deepest relationships only as they act. Inaction involves something more than the disease and decay of certain faculties; it involves the deformity of arrested development, and failure to enter into that larger world of truth which is open to those races alone which live a whole life."

"THE WISDOM OF BUSINESS"

"THE WISDOM of a scribe cometh by opportunity of leisure," wrote the Son of Sirach, 130 B. C.; "and he that hath little business shall become wise. How shall he become wise that holdeth the plough, that driveth the oxen, and whose discourse is of the stock of bulls? He will set his heart upon turning his furrows. So is every artificer and workmaster. So is the smith sitting by the anvil, and considering the unwrought iron. So is the potter sitting at his work, and turning the wheel about with his feet. All these put their trust in their hands; and each becometh wise in his own work. Without these shall not a city be inhabited, and men shall not sojourn nor walk up and down therein. They shall not be sought for in the council of the people, and in the assembly they shall not mount on high. But they will maintain the fabric of the world; and in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer."

They "maintain the fabric of the world," indeed. Moreover we have run ahead of the Son of Sirach's vision; for the business men of today—strangely enough, most conspicuously in "conservative," "hide-bound" England—*have* mounted "on high" in our assemblies; our ablest merchants and manufacturers, our young transportation giants like Sir Eric Geddes, *are* "sought for in the council of the people."

We are witnessing the coronation of business.

May its reign be cleaner and stronger and to better purpose in every way than that of its predecessor, King Politics.

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH

RECENTLY, at the 19th Century Club, in Memphis, the Editor had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson. A few days later, she favored us with some cards which bore verses deserving of a much wider circulation. She now has given her gracious permission for us to share them with our readers; therefore we invite you to listen to this Voice from the South and to heed the heartening messages it brings.

THE VISION

THIS, the hour for highest thoughts!
This, the day for noblest deeds!
When the spirit, in its reach,
Must make pledge to loftiest creeds!
When a truth divine is glimpsed
Through the tears of sacrifice!
Through that vision which reveals
Transcendent Service as its price!

A PRAYER

GOD give thee peace, in these unpeaceful days!
God give thee hope, when shadowed are thy ways!
God give thee faith unshaken, that thou stand,
Though haunting doubts assail on every hand!
God give thee strength when cares or grief oppress!
God stay thy soul when none else knows its stress!

New Year's Day, 1918

THE HERO'S CREED

To-day and Every Day.

TO FACE the Fight, whate'er it cost!
To battle, e'en should all seem lost!
To starve, but reach the Heights somehow!
To die, what matter whether then or now,
So thou hast done thine uttermost!

ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON.

"THE GERMAN EFFICIENCY MYTH"

ACCORDING to Joe Mitchell Chapple, who always likes to know what he is talking about, Americans are to be credited with 36 out of the 50 leading inventions of the last fifty years, against 3 for "super-efficient" Germany and 2 for Austria. Here is this distinguished editor's list, which he has supplied at the request of BUSINESS SUCCESS, together with a galvanic treatment of the subject by Bennett Chapple.

IN THE October, 1917, issue of *The Business Philosopher* we quoted from memory a statement which we credited to Joe Mitchell Chapple, the Editor of *National Magazine* and famous for his eloquence and his extraordinary knowledge of national affairs, as well as of the nation's distinguished men of the past and present.

The statement, which we thought we had heard Mr. Chapple make at an Advertising Association luncheon in Chicago, was to the effect that thirty-two out of the thirty-four leading inventions of the last twenty years have been American inventions.

In due time we received a letter from one of our foreign readers, Luis J. Sidler, of Buenos Aires, which read in part:

"I thank you very much to have the kindness to learn me such a startling fact, but I would be much more thankful to you, to have the kindness to give me the proofs of it."

We thereupon passed the buck to Mr. Chapple, who replied:

"I think you must have misunderstood me as I said that there were thirty-six out of the fifty leading inventions of the last fifty years."

We admit that we got one or two negligible figures wrong. Thirty-two out of thirty-four in twenty years—thirty-six out of fifty in fifty years. You can see for yourself that there is a slight discrepancy, but outside of that our original statement stands unchallenged.

And we are disposed to lay the blame on Chapple anyhow. He oughtn't to have been so inordinately eloquent as to make us clean forget that there is a study called mathematics, which we encountered more than once in our youth, and of which we side-stepped as much as we could.

But we apologize to Senor Sidler and in order to make what amends we can we shall print the proofs he asks for, in the shape of the list which Chapple has kindly sent us. Here it is, and we trust our good friend in Buenos Aires will agree that it isn't such a bad showing after all for this infant (elephant) among the nations:

THE WORLD'S FIFTY MOST IMPORTANT INVENTIONS RECORDED IN THE LAST FIFTY YEARS

Credited to the United States:

Telephone.
Typewriter.
Cash register.
Incandescent lamp.
Talking machine.
Electric furnace reduction.
Electrolytic alkali production.
Transparent photographic film.
Motion-picture machine.
Buttonhole sewing machine.
Carborundum.
Calcium carbide.
Artificial graphite.
Split-phase induction motor.
Air brake.
Electric welding.

Chain-stitch shoe-sewing machine.
Continuous-process match machine.
Single-type composing machine.
Trolley car.
Type-bar casting.
Chrome tanning.
Disk plows (modern type).
Welt machine.
Electric lamp.
Recording adding machine.
Celluloid.
Automatic knot-tying harvester machine.
Water gas.
Machine for making barbed wire.
Rotary converter.
Automatic car-coupler.
High-speed steel.
Dry-air process for blast furnace.
Block signals for railways.
Harveyized armor plate.

Credited to foreign countries:

Electric steel—French.
Dynamite—Swedish.
Artificial alizarene (dye)—German.
Siphon recorder—English.
Gas engine, Otto cycle—German.
Wireless telegraphy—Italian.
Smokeless powder—French.
Diesel oil motor—German.
Centrifugal creamer—Swedish.
Manganese steel—English.
Electric transformer—English.
Cyanide process for extracting metal—English.
Mantle burner—Austrian.
By-product coke oven—Austrian.

You will note that only three of the fifty inventions here listed are credited to German, and two to Austria.

But, to make further amends and to give our readers the benefit of a more extended and very striking treatment of the subject of American *versus* German efficiency, we are going to quote at length from an article on "The German Efficiency Myth," by Bennett Chapple, which appeared in *National Magazine*, September, 1917:

"What is coming to the United States after the war," writes Mr. Chapple, "if we continue to write and talk of German super-efficiency? Is it not time to stop dinning this myth into the ears of our own people, and instead to study where *real* efficiency exists? Why should we so stupidly overlook the achievements of America, when it is American and not German efficiency which is the real source of present-day civilization?

"Efficiency, concisely defined, is economic productivity, the most important item of which is creation, with development and practical use as close seconds.

"Stop and consider for a moment the vast amount of evidence we could offer in a court of equity, to combat the legend of German efficiency. Supposing a man wanted to argue with you about it. Could you *prove* to him that German efficiency is largely the result of American prowess? Could you give him facts? Well, then:

"In the invention of the steamboat, America opened the seas of the world to wider use of mankind. Germany didn't do that. In the invention of the cotton gin, which made cotton clothing the common garb of the world on account of its cheapness, America didn't depend on German efficiency. Spend a little time in looking into the subject, and you will be amazed to find how few really great things that can be classed as 'efficiency' have been conceived in Germany. Think of the telegraph, the telephone, the sewing machine—who was it invented these? Ask any school boy. He'll tell you the whole story.

"The submarine, the torpedo, the airplane, the bicycle and pneumatic tire—were these German inventions? No, they were American. Who invented harvesting machinery, binders, disc plows, threshers, washing machines? Again you must answer—you who a moment before had, perhaps, been thoughtlessly conceding 'German efficiency'—it was American genius and brains that first invented these things. German efficiency indeed! Electricity, from Franklin to Edison, has been the child of America; we have nursed and developed it in every way into power, into light, into service as a conveyor of traffic in the streets of our cities. German efficiency has had nothing to do with this. American brains first hitched up electricity with water power, out of which has come the greatest efficiency in the world—hydro-electric power. Where was Germany when one of our own people was solving this problem?

"And if this isn't enough—if you haven't already decided to eat all the words you have ever said in advertising *German* efficien-

cy, what think you of *these* inventions—the moving-picture machines, the great modern printing presses, the linotype, the monotype, and the piano player? What a power these things have been in the education of the world! Did German efficiency invent them? No, they are American to the core.

"And if that isn't enough—if you aren't yet fully chastened over the thought of repeating the parrot phase of 'German efficiency' to the discredit of your own land, consider this fact: Every step in the direction of sanitation as expressed in the modern bathroom and toilet facilities has been taken in America. What has this meant to the health of our cities? Look into the practice of medicine and find who discovered and used the first anesthetic, which has been the basis of all surgery and relief of pain. It was not a German efficiency expert—it was the American, Dr. Wells, who did this for the world, and first demonstrated it in an American hospital.

"Another American, Dr. Trudeau, showed that pure cold air, proper food and all sane, common-sense ways of living form the most efficacious treatment of consumption. Dr. Murphy, whose intestinal button has saved thousands of lives; Dr. Lazear, who died in proving that mosquitoes carry yellow fever and malaria; and Dr. Abbott, discoverer of the hot wax treatment for burns—all these men are Americans. Dr. Carel and Dr. Dakin, whose wonderful antiseptic treatment of wounds has shown marvelous results in Europe, are French. The most important discoveries in the medical realm are not attributable to Germans. Dr. Jenner, an Englishman, gave vaccine to the world; Dr. Lister, also English, was the father of antiseptics; France has given the Pasteur serums; the Roux antitoxin for diphtheria; the Curie radium and radio-activity discoveries, and the bacterial action of white corpuscles of the blood was the theory advanced by Dr. Metchnikoff, a Russian.

"Where, now, is Germany's vaunted supremacy in the world of chemical science? Even here, it was English and French chemists who made the fundamental discoveries in chemical theory.

* * *

"Reverting to war machinery for a moment, who invented the modern machine guns?—The Hotchkiss guns?—Colt automatic extracting pistol?—the Lewis guns?—the Maxim guns?—and the Gatling guns? Harveyized steel, so necessary in naval armament, was an American product. Who invented the glycerine cylinder for loading the high-powered guns of the Krupps? It was an American! Who invented high explosives, anyway? Look it up in your encyclopedia and you will find that America, like Abou Ben Adhem, 'leads all the rest.' Where's that German efficiency now? But wait—

"Think of the great business life, the constructive life of today. Who invented the typewriter, the adding machine, the phonograph, the dictaphone, the detectaphone? Who thought of a plan to build skyscrapers, using structural steel and brick or stone, and then put elevators in them so the upper floors would be as useful as the lower ones? It was not a German, misguided Americans; it was your own people who gave these things to the world.

"In manufacturing circles do we have to bend the knee to German efficiency? Hardly! America practicalized steam railroad for long-distance runs, invented the first Corliss engine and electric storage batteries. We were the first to make gasoline and electric boats. The art of vulcanizing rubber as a basis for thousands of useful articles in every day use was made practical by the American, Goodyear, and our efficiency here has led the world since the beginning of the industry. We were the first to use alcohol commercially and make alcohol engines and boilers. Why, the Germans, along with the rest of the world, laughed at us as we worked over rotten cabbage and garbage waste to make alcohol. Yet today their exploitation of this idea is regarded as the great sign of Germany's much-vaunted efficiency.

"It was a Yankee who made the first shoe machinery. Drilling machines, glass-blowing machinery, carpet-weaving machinery, automatic machinery—all came first from America. Look over the records of our steel companies for comparative efficiency. The tin can is an American idea of efficiency, food-box making machinery another. What have we overlooked? Oh, yes, it was America who taught the world how to use reinforced concrete and build great dams and bridges—how to tunnel mountains and build

great suspension and cantilever bridges. Then another important department of our national government that has been copied especially by Germany is our Weather Bureau, organized in 1873. Germany came over and sat at our feet in the study of weather conditions to perfect her dream of the Zeppelins, and is well advanced in the science today. Ocean currents were first charted by Lieutenant Maury before the Civil War. Steamship lanes were established by him, and the charts used today by all the world were prepared under his direction. The Germans came to America to learn, for *they* know where *real efficiency* lies, even if we don't.

"If it is scientific efficiency you are looking for, the barograph for measuring the height at which an airplane flies, and the spring thermometer for registering degrees of cold beyond 80, wherein mercury freezes, are two technically scientific inventions of America. Then there is the microphone in use today, which warns those on shore of the approach of ships—invented by an American.

"We were the first to make alloy steel—whose uses today are beyond comprehension; we invented air brakes, car couplings, and other life-saving appliances, which have been copied the world over. We inaugurated and still lead in the 'Safety-first' movement. We invented automatic signals, pneumatic switches, sleeping cars. Say, if you took American inventive genius away from the world and only had German efficiency, where would the world 'get off'?

"What are known the world over as 'efficiency systems' and scientific business and factory management, including time study, plant arrangement, elimination of lost motion, etc., are strictly an American idea, worked out on American soil by Taylor, Emerson, and others. . . .

"Just paste in your hat the following abbreviated list showing American ingenuity and save it for the next thoughtless American you hear speaking of 'German efficiency.'

Americans invented these things:

Submarines	Harvesting machinery
Airplanes	Gas engines
Torpedoes	Railroads
Automobiles	Typewriters
High explosives	Electricity in all its forms
Machine guns	
Telegraph	Modern printing presses
Telephone	

"Even this is but a partial list. It was only what two well-informed Americans could think of in an hour's time following a chance remark by one of them about 'German efficiency.' Everywhere about were visible signs: the cigar stand of the hotel suggested the wonderful cigar and cigarette-making machinery; the books on the stand, the wonderful book-making machinery; the brick pavement in the street outside, the wonderful multiple brick-making machinery. We were amazed and self-convicted that in following the crowd in talking about German efficiency, we had been robbing our own land of its rightful heritage. It is a known fact that Germany has stolen every machine and patent she could lay her hands on in all these years—Germany really has been the robber baron of the nations. Germany has the efficiency of 'kultur' piracy. If you don't believe this, ask any inventor or manufacturer or machine tool maker who has had reason to suffer from Germany's pillage.

"*The reason why the United States has led the world in efficiency is simple. We were the first nation to grant an individual the right to profit by his idea—by giving a patent. The first patent in America was issued by our first President, George Washington, and ran for a period of seventeen years. American brains have been 'at it' ever since. The American patent law is the father of all patent laws in the world today—in recognition of individual rights. The inventive genius of America has been given full swing; the individual initiative has been encouraged. Think of that, you who have been forgetting American efficiency.*

* * *

"This wonderful record of achievements does not mean that the United States of America should take any undue advantage of its own benefits of brain and enterprise. On the other hand, she should give generously and unreservedly to help all the peoples of the earth, realizing that the highest efficiency, after all, is that which looks beyond mere selfish advantage into the wider realm of common weal—looking toward a development of pro-humanitarianism in its broadest sense, sharing the advantages and opportunities of our own country with all others, but firmly insisting upon justice and equity to all peoples in trade, and recognition of their rights as national entities."

WORLD'S SALESMANSHIP CONGRESS

THE THIRD Annual Session of the World's Salesmanship Congress has been called for April 24th to 27th, in Detroit, two months in advance of its regular dates, in order to stimulate business, encourage advertising, prevent, if possible, the carrying out of the magazine zone rates, and to counteract what its sponsors believe to be the harmful propaganda concerning so-called "non-essential" business in war time.

Readers probably recall that the First Annual Session of the Congress was personally inaugurated by President Wilson, and the Second Congress by Charles M. Schwab. The movement is not for profit, being financially sustained by the contributions of scores of big concerns throughout the country.

The official organ of the Congress, *Salesmanship*, published regularly in Detroit, and devoted to "Success in Selling," and to the "Betterment of Business Through Betterment in Salesmanship," prints the following advance program in its March issue:

GENERAL SALESMANSHIP TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

The Part of Salesmanship in Winning the War

"To Win t he War, Can the Nation Do Without the Individual Business Man?"
"To Win the War, Must Business Earn to Maintain the Nation's Credit?"
"Must the War be Waged Entirely on Present Savings, not Earnings?"
"What Businesses are Non-Essential?"
"Is 'Non-Essential Industry' a Recent and Verbal Invention?"
"What Shall We do with Business, to Win the War?"
"Is Enough Consideration Being Given to the Difficulty of Starting up a Business that has been Shut Down?"
"Is Enough Consideration being Given to the Fact that We are Preparing for a Temporary, not a Permanent War?"
"Are Labor and Materials the Only Things that can be of Value in Support of our Fighting Machine?"
"Are Recent Trade Restrictions Affecting the SPIRIT of the Nation?"
"Are We Sentencing Ourselves to a Seat on the Economic Door-Step of the Universe?"
"Is it Illegal and Unpatriotic for Newspapers to Solicit Advertising and Stimulate Sales at this Time?"
"Will the Restrictions of the Magazine-Zone-Legislation Help Business and Help Win the War?"
"Is So-called American Extravagance a National Commercial Asset or Liability?"
"Does the Collapse of the Railroads Argue the Possibility of National Industrial Paralysis?"
"Is it more Patriotic in War Times to Wear Old Clothes?"
"Are the World Nations Going Hopelessly Bankrupt?"
"Can the Nation Keep on Going Bankrupt Indefinitely and Still Carry On?"
"The War Finance Corporation."
"Economic Destruction vs. Economic Security."
"Artificial Restriction vs. Free Play of Supply and Demand."
"Quantity Output of Shells vs. Quantity Output of Motor Cars, Safety Razors and Typewriters."
"Winning by Weight of Metal vs. Winning by Weight of Output."
"The Difference between Adjustment and Curtailment."
"The Citadels of Cash, Credit and Commerce."
"Price Fixing."
"War Ends, but Business Never Does."
"An Ounce of Organized Trade Preservation Now vs. a Pound of Ruthless Trade Warfare Later."
"Either We Must have the Biggest National Scrap-Heap ever Witnessed, or Else We Must Make the Biggest Efforts Ever Recorded in Industrial Organization."
"Individuals, not Nations, do Business."
"Shall We Continue to Build, Repair, Borrow, Lend, Buy, Sell, Venture and Trust?"
"The Economic Weapon the Final Factor in the War."
"Making the World Free not Only for Democracy, but for Trade."
"How England is Doing It!"
"It Can Be Done."

SPECIAL SALESMANSHIP TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

Preparation for the War After the War

The Sale: First Factor of the Selling Process.
The Man: Second Factor of the Selling Process.
The Ship: Third Factor of the Selling Process.
Preparation: First of Preparatory Steps of the Sale.
Prospecting: Second of Preparatory Steps of the Sale.
Approach and Audience: Third of Preparatory Steps of the Sale.
Sizing up the Buyer: First of the Presentation Steps.
Gaining Attention and Awakening Interest: Second of the Presentation Steps.
Persuading and Creating Desire: First of the Convincing Steps.
Handling Objections: Second of the Convincing Steps.
Securing Decision and Obtaining Signature: First of the Closing Steps.
The Get-Away and Future Orders: Second of the Closing Steps.

These topics have been assigned to authoritative heads of businesses for discussion. Herbert N. Casson, proprietor of *Efficiency Magazine* and now of London, will address the Congress on the manner in which English business men have handled the problems indicated above.

Mr. D. M. Barrett, Director of the Congress and Editor of *Salesmanship*, will be glad to give any further information desired.

"NOTHING," said Ovid, "is stronger than habit." Each individual, in a sense, is but the sum of his habits. He is what he is on account of his habits. If his habits are constructive, his life is constructive; if his habits are destructive, his life is destructive. Therefore, it is vitally important that we should feed our good habits and starve our bad ones, lest the latter become so powerful that they enslave us.

THESE modern times demand many candle-power, many horse-power, many brain-power, declares L. C. Ball. And adds: *How many brain-power are you?*

WHERE WE ALL CHIP IN

THIS is your Department. If your system harbors a constructive word in Business Philosophy —if you would pin the rose of praise on our editorial breast or find terminal facilities on our editorial person for the overripe eggs of adverse criticism—throw your hat in the ring. But let it be a small hat. The livest letter of 300 words or less, received each month, will win the writer his or her choice of A. F. Sheldon's "The Art of Selling," Holman's "Ginger Talks," or Knowlson's "Business Psychology." So be sure to give name and address, whether for publication or not.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Smith's letter is thought out with unusual care and is, in our opinion, unquestionably the best of those commenting on the inquiry published in our February issue, under the heading, "A Meaty Nut to Crack," it far exceeds the length specified for this Department; therefore, although we take pleasure in publishing it below, the prize for the month goes to Mr. House, whose letter immediately follows:

Editor, *Business Success.*
Dear Sir:

Referring to the article, "A Meaty Nut to Crack," on page 47 of February BUSINESS SUCCESS, I would suggest a thought to our friend in the South. This comes to me in reading the last of paragraph four, as follows:

"Assuming that the machines gave satisfaction, the sale was complete."

According to this the sale was not consummated; it was a case of "sent on approval." In order to complete the transaction and consummate the sale, it would be necessary for the customer to see that the machines were satisfactory. He would then be interested. If they were good enough to handle they would arouse appreciation, and the customer would desire to handle them.

Should the machines not give satisfaction the customer would have no interest in them, nor any desire to handle them.

Personally, I do not believe anyone will buy anything unless from personal knowledge, or because, from the suggestion of another in whom he has implicit confidence, he believes that the article will be of use or advantage to him. If he knew to the contrary he most certainly would refuse to buy. Therefore he must have interest, appreciation and desire before the transaction is completed.

I shall be very much interested in other opinions.

F. E. HOUSE,
508 Lake Street, Elmira, N. Y.

Editor, *Business Success.*
Dear Sir:

I greet you by the high sign of the order.

In the February issue you invited your readers to crack a meaty nut as set out on page 47. In this case it appears that the representative of one of our Southern drug companies (and by the way I think this particular drug house is in Memphis) sold several talking machines to his patrons, without even knowing the names of the machines sold, and that, therefore, the writer of the letter quoted has come to the conclusion that his salesman sold these machines without creating in the minds of his patrons three of the most important effects that must be caused in the minds of a prospect before a sale is consummated, towit: Interest, Appreciation and Desire.

To my mind, here is what happened:

This salesman, through fair dealing and Service, both rendered by himself and by his house, had built up a clientele which had come to respect his judgment. Without doubt this salesman was a man who would not let his customer overbuy, nor would he allow his

patrons to purchase any article just because it was cheap. Doubtless his advice had been so good in the past that his clients depended upon his judgment as to the quality and quantity of their purchases. In fact he enjoyed their full confidence, which is the basis of all trade.

Now, then, when Mr. Salesman had finished taking his order for his regular line and had secured his customer's name on the dotted line, in all probability, he incidentally mentioned that he was in receipt of advance information that his house had added a line of talking machines and that he thought his customer would make money by letting him send him one-sixth or one-third dozen, at such and such a price, wholesale, the retail price being so and so. This particular customer, in all probability, had often thought about the advisability of putting in a few talking machines, knowing that the farmers in his community were going to the cities to purchase talking machines or were ordering them from a mail-order house; and he had already come to the conclusion that this addition to his regular trade would draw this trade to his store. In fact, Mr. Small Town Merchant had previously *appreciated* just what a talking machine department would do for his business, and naturally this appreciation led to *desire*. This being the case, it needed only a suggestion from Mr. Constructive Salesman to bring Interest, Appreciation and Desire to a head, which was done when Decision consented that the machines might be sent with his original order.

What seems to confuse the salesmanager of our drug house in this proposition, is the ease with which this sale was made; but when he stops to consider that to the average man, especially to the average small town man, a talking machine is a talking machine, and when he also stops to reflect that any machine offered by his house through this salesman was *bound* to be a good machine, the thing is very simple. Confidence was already there, so was interest—for the salesman had already taken an order. This interest was augmented into Expectant Interest when this salesman said "talking-machine," which was rapidly and instantly fused into Appreciation, leading to Desir , and so on around the circle to Decision and Action, and it is natural that Satisfaction resulted.

I do not think the mind jumps over any of these effects but it sometimes reaches a conclusion so quickly that it seems to jump from Confidence to Action; nevertheless, all effects are bound to happen and if they did not the order would be cancelled before the salesman could leave his prospect, or a letter of cancellation would reach the house at the same time the order arrived.

LUCIAN D. SMITH,
152 Madison Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

P. S. By "Expectant Interest," I mean that it is a kind of a relative minor to Interest and Appreciation, Interest and Appreciation being the major keys and Expectant Interest the relative minor key. L. D. S.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY

THESE pertinent and punchful reflections, by Earl O'Brien, are recommended for "that tired feeling":

Ideals are like the stars—though we may never reach them we may always have the benefit of their light.

"What's the use?" is a question that is seldom answered by those who ask it.

Better rise above your job than assume that your job is beneath you.

As a rule, prosperity depends not so much upon a good outlook as upon a good look-out.

It is not an honorary degree of learning that counts, but an honorable degree of proficiency.

There are only two persons who can get on in business without working—the genius, who is seldom willing to, and the boss's son, who is seldom willing to do anything else.

Even though you are a round peg in a square hole, you can still be on the square.

It pays to look neat. A crease in one's trousers often means an increase in one's business.

When we work hard we get results; when we work too hard we get consequences.

Any one can tell me what I can't do, but I am the only one who can prove it.

It is just about as easy to be wise for others as to be foolish for oneself.

Silence is often sound policy.

It's pretty hard for a man to keep his eyes on the stars when his nose is on the grindstone.

BUSINESS SUCCESS *and* The Business Philosopher

Edited by ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON

SAMUEL CHARLES SPALDING, *Managing Editor*

APRIL, 1918 VOL. XV, No. 4

BY THE FIREPLACE

Where We Talk Things Over

• • • This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war • • • • • • •

THE GOOD TIME A-COMING

"THERE'S a good time coming," and *maybe* it is almost here.

When the strife between nations is settled, and Self Sacrifice has whipped Selfishness; when Right has licked the tar out of Might; when the Will to Serve has knocked the cover off the "Will to Power" (which is the Will to Enslave), we, the people of the world, will find ourselves bound together with the ties of Internationalism, which is going to take the place of Nationalism just as surely as the dawn chases away the dark.

I mean an all-inclusive Internationalism.

I mean a *real* Internationalism—a world-wide, *human* Internationalism—the Spirit of Service of each nation to other nations—a brotherhood of nations, born of a realization of the fact that, in the family of nations, as with individuals, the nation profits most which serves best.

When that comes, then, and not until then, we shall have a basis for something like brotherhood. And not until then will the idea of the Brotherhood of Man have an organism through which to express itself.

When Internationalism has lambasted Nationalism, we may have to have another lively scrap before the Good Time coming is really here. When it really comes, though, —that Good Time,—it will be by way of a universal social change; a fundamental, far-flung readjustment between so-called Aristocracy and Plutocracy, on the one hand, and the massed ranks of society, the so-called Proletariat, on the other—the Common People.

(Lincoln, you remember, declared that God must love the common people because he made so many of them.)

Whether that brewing trouble ever comes to a real, sho' 'nough scrap or not, depends on the attitude of the 5 per cent who employ the 95 per cent.

"As above, so below."

You get what you give. If you want a fight, pick it. It's always ripe and waiting somewhere. But it were wise to see that you are not outweighed or outnumbered too hopelessly before you do anything to disturb the equilibrium of that chip on the other fellow's shoulder.

Whether it is Revolution or rapid Evolution, which is ahead of us, I don't know. But there's a way to that Good Time that's a-coming—that is almost here, in fact,—and the world as a whole is not going to take a very circuitous route.

Just as the wage system took the place of slavery, so profit-sharing, forms of co-partner-

ship, and the like, are going to take the place of the wage system, *per se.*

Our truly great employers, as well as millions in the mass, see this and want it. It is the best way for both. The interests of employer and employe are mutual.

This is true because it is the working out of the law of attraction in the kingdom of man.

This is the primordial law or Principle of Service.

The hewer of wood and the drawer of water who combines with others to see how *little* he can do for the "boss," and how *much* he can make the "boss" pay him for the little he does, is violating the law of service. He must eventually pay the penalty.

The "boss" who withholds the heat of Reward when the fire of Service has really been built and faithfully tended, is violating the law of Service. He must pay the penalty, and does, in the loss of man power and failure to develop organization.

A new system will take the place of the present wage system—a very different scheme of things, which will provide for an *automatic* distribution of the heat of Reward which is generated by the sacred fire of Service.

The really sensible thing, it would seem, for employers and employes to do, would be to get together and figure it out, giving and taking so much as might be necessary, and then, without any more fuss about it, to let enough live steam into the new system's boilers to see how it would work.

That would be a heap saner, as we say down here in the Land of Cane (*not* of Cain!) than to make cannon food and fertilizer out of one another.

But the devil of it is (if you insist I'll say the *evil* of it is, because they mean the same thing—and what's a letter between friends?), that, whereas it's comparatively easy to get half a dozen fairly sane men around a directors' table, it seems to be next to impossible, thus far, to get half a dozen sane nations around a council table.

We're growing, though. We know that, because they have to make over our political, and economic, and social clothes for us so often and let out the tucks.

America is the experimental farm which the Creator is using to sprout the new seed-race.

It is veritably the "melting-pot" of nations and peoples. It has been and is, whatever surface indications or narrow definitions may say to the contrary, the kindergarten of true Internationalism.

Let us be worthy of our supreme opportunity and blessing, and here in the cradle of universal liberty let us do our best and hardest to work out a noble fraternalism rooted in the divine principle of love for God and love for all our fellow-men—for those who have been rich as well as those who have been poor—for those who have idled in incompetency and consequent want, as well as those who have worked and built in competency, efficiency, and consequent plenty—for the replete, conservative *Haves* equally with the empty, radical *Lacks.*

All that is really real about them all, the Father spoke into being, and loves, and made indestructible. Therefore, we can't ignore a single one of them. All must be included and a place made—as nearly the *right* place as may be humanly possible—for every Father-Mother's son of them.

Don't forget that when you come to put your clock together, you can't safely leave out any of the wheels and springs you found in it, no matter how small or insignificant they look.

You can only clean them, renew them, make them right.

Your function is to oil the parts that need oil—but not too liberally. That would defeat your purpose.

On the other hand, it is up to you to remove the clogging effects of too much oiling in the past—more, to wipe away the thickened, sluggish oil itself, together with all the foreign substances it has gathered, to its own detriment and that of the mechanism it was meant to bless.

So with the world's "works"—the whole social contrivance.

Whatever we do, we must put back all the essential parts if we want this world to run more smoothly—indeed, to run at all. But we have got to instal a thoroughly efficient, scientific system of lubrication.

We've got to see that the man who has been undergoing cruel wear and tear because he hasn't been getting enough "oil," shall thereafter receive "all that is coming to him" in order that he may do his part of the world's necessary work with as much ease and as little friction as possible.

But at the same time we have got to give

the man who has had too much "oil;" an even more thorough overhauling.

The oilless wheel may complain shrilly because of lack and friction, but it goes on and on somehow, until it wears out. The one that becomes hopelessly gummed up, however, slows down more and more, and may, under certain aggravated conditions, stop the whole machinery.

Society, similarly, must and will see to it that Reward flows unhindered in the channels of Service; that just Reward goes where just Reward is due, that generous Reward answers unfailingly to generous Service.

But it must draw the line fairly and unflinchingly between too little Reward and too much Reward—between a degree of Reward that is anti-social because of its skin-and-bone paucity and resulting discontent, and a degree of Reward that is equally if not more dangerously anti-social because it is plethoric and breeds a dropsical content.

Does that sound ruthless?

We have to be ruthless with disease—and poverty and extreme riches both are diseases, dangerous diseases.

And when the great physician of readjustment shall come to us one day from the Board of Social Health, he'll perform what will soon prove to have been a beneficent and welcome service, even from the standpoint of him who has found too excessive material wealth to be a burden indeed.

For death overtakes the crop-bound fowl, if it fails to get relief.

And neither fatty degeneration nor dropsy is to be recommended as an ideal condition of body, mind or estate—to say nothing of will, the spirit.

When you take away the caked and clogging oil from a rack and pinion, you set everything to moving freely and swiftly and gladly again, with spring and vigor.

Then, may we not hope, when Dr. Change frees Croesus, in much the same fashion, of his overload of worldly possessions and anxious cares, that Croesus will find that he has unexpectedly won back his old appetite, his long-lost incentives to healthy effort, his former zest and "bounce"?

The sort of paternalism we are seeing quite a bit of today, in the industrial world, is considerably better, to be sure, than the *infernalism* of unrestricted labor exploitation; but it also won't do. It is merely the smouldering brand that serves to warm the hands. It won't warm the whole body of legitimate human desires.

To do that we need a diviner sort of paternalism—paternalism that has ceased to be *patronizing* (in the sense of condescending) and has been fanned into the flame of love by the spirit and fraternalism of Service—a fraternalism which no longer tends to make automatons of human beings, but which gives opportunity for the exercise of creative faculties, a chance for the joy of Expression.

Let's lay up treasures against the coming of that Good Time by doing each his part—and doing it as well as he knows how or can *learn* how.

And incidentally, let's try the Master's scheme of doing for the other fellow what we should like to have him do for us.

And doing it first.

What do you say?

For this is the Law—and the *Profits!*

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The above is in the nature of "after-the-world-war" material. It is well to look ahead. But, "lest we forget," just a word about the *Now*. The world war is not won yet. Let's all remember that.

Germany seems to enjoy the diet of small nations. A choice morsel is very handy in the form of Switzerland, with a form of government which Germany despises.

The Huns could crush Switzerland as they did Belgium, and they know it. If that seems the way to Paris, then God pity Switzerland! And the firm of Kaiser & Hindenberg may decide to gulp it down just as an appetizer, anyway.

If so, then who knows but Holland is next? If that is the easiest road to London, then God pity Holland! Nothing is going to stand in the way of the conquest of the world if the arch-raper of nations can help it.

The Russian Bear is rapidly being carved into German steaks. Roumania, isolated from her allies, will probably succumb to the German yoke. Turkey is being reestablished in Europe instead of being driven out. Demonology, in partnership with Mohammedanism, can now, for a time, slaughter Armenians and other Christians at will.

The Central Powers are stronger today than they have ever been before. The Mid-Europe dream has temporarily come true.

It must be shattered—and it is some job to shatter it.

If labor forgets its duty, obligation and responsibility to the nation,—yes, to all the nations that love liberty,—and refuses to work, the cause of liberty is lost, and the Anti-Christ man will temporarily win. He and his descendants will, for a time, rule at least the English speaking world.

If capital turns profiteer and looks upon this war as simply a glorious opportunity to make money, the cause of liberty is lost.

Demonology, not Christianity, is the ruling spirit of German militarism. The Demonologists of Germany have formed an unholy alliance with the Mohammedans and have set out to dethrone the Love Principle in religion. Hate is at war with Love.

Every capitalist in America can far better afford to manufacture anything the Government wants at *cost* than to let the Demons win.

Every laboring man in America can better afford to work for as low a wage as will let him live, rather than let liberty die.

Those who *will* not should be *made* to. The finger of the world is pointing in shame at every one who, with the cry of "more money" on his lips, is refusing to work.

I am proud of many moneyed men I know for the noble spirit they are manifesting. I am proud of American labor as a whole for the way it is doing its duty.

The whole world is ashamed of those who do not. Not alone will the finger of the nations be pointed at him who doesn't do his duty now. The whole hand of God will be upon him.

The life of our own nation and every other nation that stands for freedom is at stake.

Yes, we shall win the war. The question is —what price must we pay? How long will it last?

That all depends. It will last until America awakens. Yes, awakens, for as yet millions are asleep. Millions are still soothed by the sedative of selfishness—dreaming pipe-dreams of fancied security.

But America is awakening. She is even now rubbing her eyes. She will soon be awake. And then—well, then the German leaders will know it's all over.

May God grant us the power to awaken quickly! Capital and Labor!

In the name of all that's good, as to present troubles, "Forget it!" Forget it! And again, Forget it! What are a few dollars more or less compared to the triumph of Love over Hate—the triumph of Service over Selfishness?

And then, when the Big War is over, let us have rapid Evolution as the solvent of difficulties, not red-flag Revolution.

HENRY L. DOHERTY'S RULES FOR SUCCESS

"YOU KNOW, boys, we study too much and *think* too little," is the striking way in which Henry L. Doherty, Wall Street banker and public utility magnate, put it in an informal address made to the students of one of the remarkable engineering schools which have been a part of his far-reaching organization since 1910. And he went on as quoted in *The Forum* by Henry Gibbons:

"The man in the selling game has to think, think straight and think quickly, and I know of no better experience than to have a try at the actual selling of goods. If you make a marked success as a salesman there is hardly a job you would afterwards tackle that you could not finish successfully.

. . . . . .

"What things in men contribute most to their success? I have figured it out like this:

"First. Ability to get along with other people. A man who has mastered that faculty has the one great essential to success.

"Second. Ability to think, and think straight. A lot of men are crammed full of knowledge but don't know how to use it.

. . . . . .

"There are a lot of things I think ought to be said to you boys just starting out in life. . . . I have culled them from actual experience after a lot of hard work.

"Don't ever lose your temper. . . . The other man in the argument has you at his mercy, once he has your goat, because you have lost your temper. The man who can keep even-tempered and smile under all conditions is the valuable man we want.

"If you ask me for an axiom to guide you in your everyday life and work, I would simply say, Make a better friend of every man with whom you come in contact. . . .

"Many a man believes it foolish to train

the man under him to do his work. We want only the man big enough to train his understudy to do his work, as that is the only stepping stone he has to a bigger job.

"Don't do things that anyone else can do. That is, remember that some of these men who are always busy are busying themselves with a mass of detail work that someone else can do. If I want something done give me a busy man, for he always has time for important things, but you never see him filling his time and desk with anything that anyone else can do.

"Another important thing is never to do the thing most *apparent* until you are sure it is the most *important* thing. Life is full of things that apparently are the best things for you to do, but do not run heedlessly or hastily into them until you take time to think whether those are the things most important for you to do."

LOVE IN BUSINESS VS. SELFISHNESS

CHARLES M. ELY, of Tacoma, veteran salesman, adherent of the Area Philosophy and believer in the Golden Rule as the supreme law of Business Success, sends us the following series of dramatic antitheses:

The best thing in the world is *Love*;

The worst thing in the world is *Selfishness*.

Love begets loyalty and confidence;

Selfishness begets disloyalty and lack of confidence.

Love promotes real and true service;

Selfishness promotes carelessness and neglect.

Love produces the maximum of efficiency;

Selfishness produces the minimum of competency.

Love is the greatest of business assets;

Selfishness is the greatest cause of business loss.

Love is the chief element in success and happiness;

Selfishness is the chief cause of failure and sorrow.

Love has many friends;

Selfishness has no friends.

Love lives to bless, and is remembered;

Selfishness lives to blight and curse, and is forgotten.

Love protects the weak and helpless;

Selfishness is cowardly and cruel.

Love compels love and friendship;

Selfishness causes neglect and loneliness.

Love endeavors to apply the Golden Rule;

Selfishness neglects the Golden Rule.

Love has time and money for *others*;

Selfishness does nothing for *others*, but demands much.

Love is brave, courageous and manly;

Selfishness is cowardly, weak and unmanly.

Love is your best friend;

Selfishness is your worst enemy.

Love shall grow and win the world;

Selfishness shall fail and lose all that's good.

ACCORDING to "Forbes Magazine," Frank A. Vanderlip, when recently asked how to inspire loyalty on the part of employes, named these as essentials:

"Pay enough.

"Give employes all the responsibility they will take.

"Every member of a force must be treated fairly and must be made to realize that he or she can depend always and under all circumstances upon receiving this fair treatment.

"Employes should be given the fullest credit for anything meritorious they do.

"Don't be niggardly in expressing appreciation."

RETAIL SCIENCE CORNER

THIS regular Department for retailers and their employes is edited by Thomas A. Knapp, formerly sales expert with the Drygoods Economist Organization, now in charge of the Retail Science Department of the Sheldon School. Readers are invited to ask Mr. Knapp any questions they may desire to have answered in our columns —or if they wish to enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope they will receive a personal reply. Address Retail Science Department, Room 1726, Republic Building, Chicago, Illinois.

MR. PATENT COLT ON SHOE SALESMANSHIP

Being a conversation between Mr. Patent Colt and Miss White Buck, reported by Miss Gun Metal

MR. PATENT COLT: I'll tell you Miss Buck, I am having some experiences these days. Why, I have made no less than seven trips to the floor in the past six hours. I am getting tired of it.

MISS WHITE BUCK: Well, Mr. Colt, I do sympathize with you, although I am pretty fortunate. It was just a moment ago that I heard a customer say that I looked perfectly lovely on her foot, and but for the fact that the foolish saleswoman tried to induce her to buy something else, I am sure I should, by this time, be gracing the Avenue.

MR. PATENT COLT: Foolish saleswoman! You struck the right note that time, Miss Buck. Say! I have been pinched and bulged and tortured beyond all endurance—simply because of the fact that I have been in the hands of foolish salespeople.

For instance, the first salesman tried to sell me to a customer who wanted a straight last, and who also had a bad bunion. Well! You should have heard that customer's remarks under his breath after he had me on and tried to walk a few paces.

To make matters worse, I was left on the floor for fully an hour and was stepped on and kicked about in a disgraceful manner. Finally, the stock-boy woke up and found me.

The second salesman did not know his stock and when the customer said he wore an 8½B the salesman pounced upon me and tried to make the customer believe that I fitted him perfectly, and you know I am a 9 C. Needless to tell you, he did not make a sale, because I heard the customer remark that the salesman didn't know his business.

Why, the third salesman tried to fit me to a man who was too old to appreciate my style qualities. He said, "I asked you for something plain and sensible. I wouldn't wear a shoe like that to a dog fight."

I think it was on my sixth trip that I heard a customer remark that he never could get proper service in our store. He said our salespeople were indifferent.

But, the last trip hurt my feelings more than all of the others. Imagine it! The salesman said to the customer to whom he was trying to sell a box calf, "You wouldn't care for something like this in a patent colt, would you?" The customer naturally repled, "No, I don't think I would."

I'll tell you, Miss Buck, I am dead against such negative questions on the part of salespeople. I am confident the customer would have taken me had the salesman used such a positive statement as, "I am sure you will be pleased to try on this newest last." Well, I presume they will learn some day, but it certainly is hard on us.

MISS WHITE BUCK: You are surely up against it, Mr. Colt; but I overheard the manager say, just yesterday, that he was going to give a salesmanship talk to all the salesforce on next Friday morning. So cheer up! Better days are coming.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

H. F.: Should profits be figured, on cost price or on selling retail price?

ANSWER: It is advisable to figure profits on the selling price, as all expenses of doing business are figured from the selling price or retail price of the merchandise. If the profit is figured on the cost, then all expenses of doing business should be figured on the cost of the merchandise. An error in the figuring of profits on the cost price and the cost of doing business on the selling price has meant serious impairment to many a retail organization. The profit and the cost of doing business must both be figured either on the selling price or the cost of the merchandise. Some people are under the impression that if an article costs a dollar and sells for one dollar and fifty cents at retail that the profit is fifty per cent. It is true that there is a fifty per cent gross profit, if figured on the *cost price* of the merchandise. It is also true that the gross profit is thirty-three and one-third per cent, if figured on the *selling price*. A man who bought a horse for fifty dollars, told the agent if he sold the horse for seventy-five dollars, that he would give him thirty-three and one-third per cent. The man who owned the horse figured that if the horse was sold for seventy-five dollars, he could make fifty per cent profit. He figured his profit on the cost and commission on the cost and decided in his mind that the agent's commission would be sixteen dollars and sixty-seven cents. But when the agent turned in his bill, it read: "Sold one horse for $75.00, commission 33 1-3 per cent or $25.00." So you see the man who owned the horse did not make any profit on the sale. If he had figured the profit on the selling price *and selling cost on selling price* the chances are he would *not* have offered the agent 33 1-3 per cent commission.

J. G. H.: Why does taffeta sometimes crack? Does the weighting injure the silk?

ANSWER: Taffeta will crack when the silk yarn is too tightly twisted in the weaving. Weighting or leading silk, if not overdone, is beneficial and not detrimental. Nearly all silks are weighted. The reason is that in removing the gum from the silk before dyeing it, sometimes as much as one-third of its weight is removed. Weighting is done to give the silk body and strength.

B. A. M.: What is artificial or fiber silk made of? Which is stronger, fiber silk or spun silk?

ANSWER: Artificial silk is made from cellulose. It is treated with a chemical, then forced through small tubes to form the fiber. It dries very quickly upon coming into the air and then it is again chemically treated to make it less inflammable. Viscos, called fiber silk, is made from wood pulp going through the same process as artificial silk. Silk is the strongest of all flexible materials. The tenacity of silk is one-third of that of wire of equal thickness when the gum, called Serician, is not removed. Silk may be stretched one-seventh to one-quarter of its original length. Fiber silk is comparatively brittle and cannot be compared with the tenacity and ductility of silk.

B. M., Rockford, Ill.: Is spun silk stronger than reeled silk?

ANSWER: Reeled silk represents the first nine hundred yards from the cocoon, which is the average length that can ordinarily be reeled off each cocoon. It contains two thousand to four thousand yards of fiber. Spun silk is made from the product that remains after the nine hundred yards have been reeled off. Spun silk, being of various lengths, you can readily understand that reeled silk consisting of one continuous length of fiber is stronger.

A. F., Salesman in Men's Clothing Section: Why do worsteds wear shiny easier than woolens?

ANSWER: Worsteds wear shiny because they resist and do not give very much to pressure. In weaving, the yarns are laid parallel and interlaced. In finishing it is not felted, as woolens are, and therefore has a fairly smooth service as compared with woolens. Woolens are felted and have an unfinished rough surface which does not resist, but gives in to pressure, therefore does not shine as easily as worsted.

Jessie L. ("Puzzled"): If a customer came into the Embroidery Department and, after spending three-quarters of an hour looking over the various patterns, stated that "the purchase was to be made for a friend of hers and that she felt her friend had better come

in herself and make the selection," what would you say?

ANSWER: In such a case, we recommend that you acquaint the customer with the fact that you have a complete assortment consisting of every conceivable grade and pattern (granted that is true), and that the patterns she has shown preference for denote that she has good taste. Further, that the fact that her friend wished her to make the selection shows that she has confidence in her opinion and taste, and will, no doubt, be disappointed if the selection is not made by her. If there is no response to these statements, then you might follow it up by saying, "If your friend is not entirely satisfied with the selection, she may return the merchandise," or that you will send several pieces so that her friend may make her own selection. These offers would be regulated, of course, by the store's ruling. It might be that you showed too great a quantity of merchandise and confused your customer. Probably you did not notice the preference she had shown for certain patterns in particular and neglected to display them to best advantage. It is just as bad to show too much variety of merchandise of the same class as it is to show too little.

Alice T.: Two women came to my department. One was attracted to a special display a short distance away from my counter, while the other asked me for a certain tooth paste. Just as she was handing me the money, her friend came along and said: "Don't purchase that tooth-paste. I bought some, and it doesn't lather at all." This is not true. I know, because I use it myself. The woman who was making the purchase said, "Very well then, I'll let it go." What would you suggest saying in a case of that kind?

ANSWER: You might have suggested to the woman who interfered that no doubt she received a tube that was punctured and consequently had dried considerably. This would be a tactful way of overcoming the objection. We offer this suggestion only because you say you have used the paste and know it lathers. Always bear in mind not to make untruthful statements nor misrepresent. You probably could have made the sale either in this way or by simply introducing another tooth-paste. You might even have sold a better grade, which naturally would cost more but would give greater satisfaction—and profit. In any case, always be sure that you know what you are talking about, always be tactful yet positive.

L. A. D., Milwaukee: When the salesperson approaches a customer and she says, "I am just looking," should the salesperson stand near and wait? I asked a lady if she wished to be waited upon. She turned around very sharply and said, "If I cannot look at merchandise without being annoyed, I won't come into this store at all."

ANSWER: Ask yourself why that customer took that attitude, L. A. D. Do you think, if she had dropped her purse and you had picked it up, followed her, and handed her the purse, she would have taken the same attitude? No, because you would be rendering her a service. That is the point. So many salespeople create the impression that they are after their dollar, whereas, if they assure the customer that she is not obligated to make a purchase and that they are there simply to be of service to her, she will seldom show such an attitude. If the customer says, "I am just looking," she means, "I did not come to buy." The salesperson might say, "Don't feel obligated to make a purchase. Let me show you the latest designs and colors most suitable to your type." Remember the "lookers" of today are the purchasers of tomorrow.

MANY cannot have opportunity to show their courage by going "over the top" from the trenches, writes L. C. Ball. But no one is denied the kind of courage that hangs on day after day, through discouragement and seeming defeat, until he gains the crown and reward of a worthy success.

IF YOU buy a $10 railroad ticket, points out L. C. Ball, you don't expect $10 worth of pasteboard. You expect $10 worth of service.

Success, according to Arthur N. Owen, is a structure of action built upon a foundation of sound sense.

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What Executives Think of the Sheldon Course

Gordon-Van Tine Company, (Building Material) Davenport, Iowa: "About forty of the employees and officers of this Company have just completed the Sheldon Course.

As one piece of evidence as to whether the Course is worth the price, would say it cost the Company considerably over $1,200.00, and we felt as if we had our money back the first two lessons. I think it will open your eyes to the enthusiastic co-operation possible between not only your buyers and their assistants, but through every branch of your business. Even our office boy is taking the Course. The Company paid half the tuition for all who took the Course. We feel that the money thus spent, is one of the best investments we have ever made. This speaks fully for the opinion we hold of the Course and its benefits. We took up this work when we had more business than ever before in the history of our Company, and we have all been pressed to the utmost to keep up with our work. Due to this fact, a number of us have not completed all the work of the whole Course: in spite of this handicap every one of us feels that the Sheldon Course has done us a world of good, and is worth many times what we paid for it." K. Spelletich, Secretary.

Doble-Detroit Steam Motors Co., Detroit Michigan: "A few years ago, I received from you a diploma of graduation from your School of Salesmanship—this being the second time that I have taken your course in its entirety. The elements of salesmanship are essential in every walk of life, and I am convinced that the Sheldon Course will be a big asset to any man, regardless of how short or long a time he has been engaged in business. Most executives are developed from the sales force of business, and every salesman should have a clear understanding of the principles of salesmanship as analyzed in the Sheldon course. When he becomes an executive, he is continually selling his judgment and opinions, and it becomes necessary for him to train others to sell one thing or another, regardless of their position. I recommend the Sheldon course unhesitatingly, as I have never known one individual who completed the course and received his diploma that did not get his money's worth many times over." T. P. Myers., Vice-President.

Thos. Cusack Company, (Out-Door Advertising,) Chicago, Ill.: "We have your letter of December 21st containing report of the progress of our club of thirty-one members organized by Mr. H. N. Tolles. Mr. Fogleman delivered his final lecture on Lesson Twelve last Saturday. To say that we are well pleased with the services of Mr. Fogleman and the Sheldon Course is expressing it mildly. The Sheldon School has certainly fulfilled every promise they have made and more too. We could not recommend the Sheldon Course too highly to any individual or concern." G. E. Mays, Mgr. Publicity and Promotion.

The Mansfield Sheet & Tin Plate Co., Mansfield, Ohio.: "It certainly gives the writer great pleasure to most heartily endorse the "Sheldon" method to anyone desirous of development in the way of good Business Building.

We have invested in two courses—one for the development of the foremen in the operating end of our business, and one for the benefit of the Executives of our firm, and we certainly consider this investment one of the best we have ever made.

We take the greatest of pleasure in recommending your methods to any concern who is desirous of business development." W. H. Davey, President.

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., Hartford, Conn. "We are in receipt of your favor of the 23rd, and beg to report that we are very much interested in what the Sheldon Course has done for our employees. There is no question but that it develops latent qualities in the men which lead to higher executive work, and enables the men to think. It is rather surprising to see the growth of the desire to do bigger and better things in connection with their work, among those who have taken the Course." Chas. B. Cook, Vice-President.

And we have hundreds of similar letters. What the Sheldon Course has done for these men and these firms, it can do for *you*. Give it a chance to make good for you.

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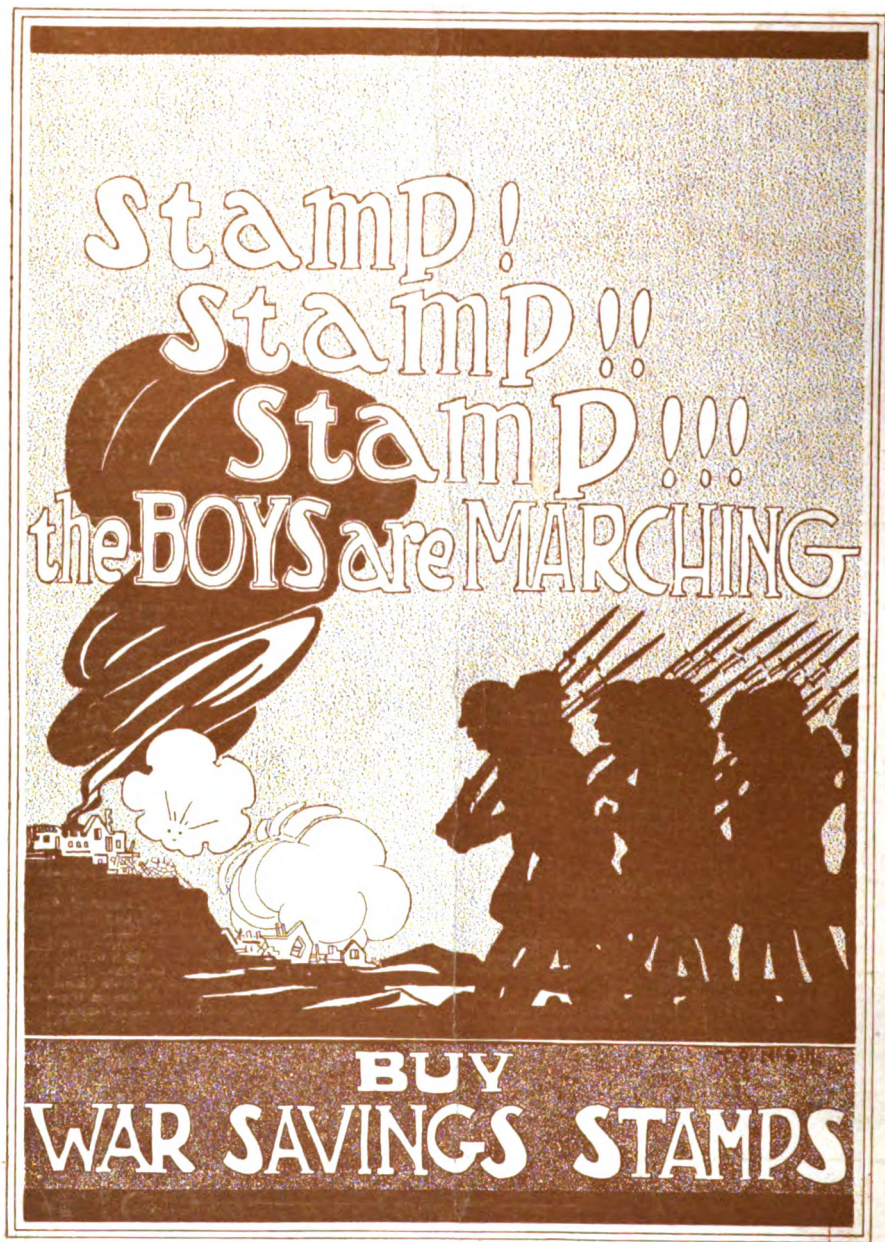

BUSINESS SUCCESS

AND

THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

MAY, 1918

A New Clearing House for Ideas

The Chicago Association of Executives

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The Service Magazine

BUSINESS SUCCESS and THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1918

VOL. XV :: NUMBER 5

Only that which tends to increase the "Area" or A+R+E+A of the reader—that is his Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action—will appear in this magazine.

BUSINESS SUCCESS *and* The Business Philosopher, *The Service Magazine*, is published monthly by Arthur Frederick Sheldon. Official organ of the International Business Science Society, and exponent of the Sheldon philosophy of Success Through Service. Subscription price, $2.00 a year in the United States or its possessions, $2.12 in Canada, and $2.25 in foreign countries.

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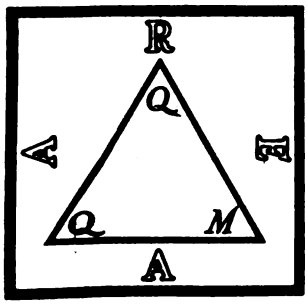
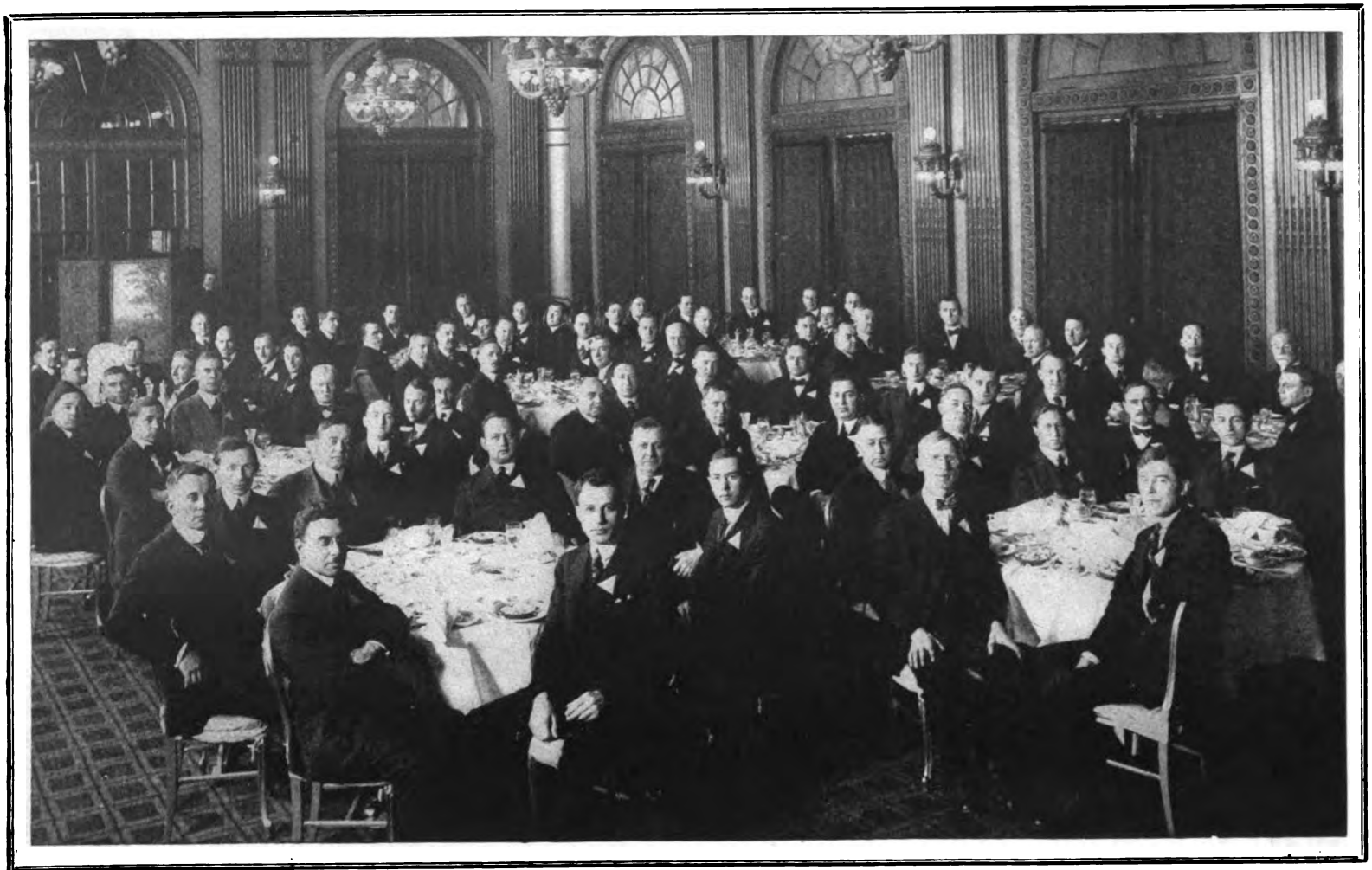


THIS magazine is built on a rock—the rock of Arthur Frederick Sheldon's universally applicable Area Philosophy, after which the village of Area, Lake County, Illinois, the home of Sheldonism, is named.

The word Area is made up of the initials of the four channels of expression of the four-square man—Ability, Reliability, Endurance, and Action, which correspond to the four-fold endowment, Intellectual, Moral, Physical, and Volitional, without which complete success is impossible.

And this four-fold capacity of the individual functions or expresses itself in what we term his Q Q M—that is, in the Quantity, Quality and Mode of Conduct which characterize his Service and determine his worth.

From this we get our familiar square-and-triangle symbol.



THE NEW CHICAGO ASSOCIATION OF EXECUTIVES

A "Look-in" at Their First Meeting, Feb. 5, 1918.

BUSINESS SUCCESS
AND
THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

VOLUME XV MAY, 1918 NUMBER 5

A NEW CLEARING HOUSE FOR IDEAS

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHICAGO ASSOCIATION OF EXECUTIVES

HERE'S an organization you will be pleased to meet. If you live in Chicago, and are an executive, you will probably want to put your feet under its tables; if you are an executive, and live elsewhere, you will join a similar club, we suspect, or write to President Dayton Keith and ask him how to go about the founding of one. But if not, and you know any better way to spend one luncheon hour a week, don't hold out on us. Sam Spalding has let this feline out of the flour-sack. For our readers' sake, slip us your secret! It must be a humdinger if it beats this method of fertilizing the brain fields of employers.

SIXTY and more of Chicago's most progressive executives have drawn a ring around the date, February 5th, 1918, with a red pencil.

On that day the first meeting of the Association of Executives was held in the Red Room of the Hotel La Salle, Henry J. Bohn, editor and publisher of *The Hotel World*, being in the chair.

This new organization of executives, which now holds regular luncheon meetings every Tuesday in the staid, prestigious (if there wasn't such a word, there is now) atmosphere of the Union League Club, has an interesting history, despite the fact that it has so recently chipped its shell—a sort of prenatal history.

Harry N. Tolles had a hand in it, of course; in fact, he "saw it first," just as he did the original and still flourishing Executives' Club of Chicago, which he founded back in 1911, and similar organizations which he subsequently incubated in Cleveland, Buffalo, Des Moines, Omaha, and elsewhere.

This original Executives' Club of Chicago, by the way, deserves more than an oblique glance. It was started in the spring of 1911, and grew out of a sidewalk conversation between Tolles, who is one of the vice-presidents of the Sheldon Organization, in charge of the Chicago territory, and a friend, who is general manager of one of the best known men's stores in the country. This friend expressed a desire to take up a course of study in the Science of Business, but declared that he did not wish to do it alone, and did not care to take the work along with his employes, as very many executives have found it desirable to do. That gave Tolles a new thought—he was once a successful magazine circulation manager, so he has them occasionally.

"Suppose you round up another friend or two," he suggested, "and I'll produce some executives to match them. You shall go through the course in an employing atmosphere, and from that angle, not from the angle of the employed."

That's how it all began. As time went on, however, the membership changed, the more formal element of instruction was allowed to recede into the background, and miscellaneous addresses, discussions, etc., took its place.

But this left the original need unsupplied. Also, more and more executives, every year, are coming to that most important cross-road in the career of every alert modern manager of men, where they come face to face with the significant fact that the executive is—or ought to be—a teacher, and that before a teacher can teach he must be taught; in other words, they awake to the need of shoring up their art and practice of organization, and the like, with a better knowledge of the fundamental, enduring, everywhere operative laws and principles which underlie all business activities, all employment and production problems, and which are, when pointed out, as simple, understandable, and *workable* as the laws of mathematics.

One day this last winter, therefore, six or eight men, representing varied and important interests, sat down together at the Hamilton Club. They included Henry J. Bohn, already referred to, a distinguished member of the Association of Commerce and other influential organizations; Dayton Keith, Chicago manager of the Ford Motor Co., now president of the Association of Executives; William H. Symonds, secretary of the W. D. Allen Mfg. Co.; Curtis A. Comstock, superintendent of the Postal Telegraph Co.; George A. Carr, superintendent of Wells, Fargo & Co.: H. P. Juergens, of Juergens & Anderson Co.; R. T. Eaton, of *The Continent*, one of the best known circulation managers in the country; and Harry Newman Tolles. Out of that conference grew the present organization, composed solely of men who have the solving of the human equation.

In addition to those present by proxy in the organization committee, already given, the following concerns, among others, were represented at the first meeting: Armstrong Paint & Varnish Co.; Bedford Shirt Co.; Central Electric Co.; Certainteed Products Co.; Carbondale Machine Co.; Chicago Daily News; Chicago & Alton R. R. Co.; Thomas Cusack Co.; DeLaval Separator Co.; C. G. Everson Co.; Denoyer-Geppert Co.; J. S. Hoffman Co.; J. L. Kraft & Bros.; Library Bureau; Morris & Co.; Morris Plan Bank; Marshall Field & Co.; Mid-City Trust & Savings Bank; North American Life Insurance Co.; Northern Trust Co.; Postal Telegraph Co.; Revell & Co.; People's Gas Light & Coke Co.; Redpath Chautauqua Bureau; Sinclair Refining Co.; Spencer Trask & Co.; N. Shure & Co.; Rand McNally & Co.

Over eighty in all, members and guests, sat down together this first day, and listened to Harry L. ("Gattling Gun") Fogleman, chief instructor of The Sheldon School, who made the principal address; Elmer R. Murphey, president of James H. Rhodes & Co., William H. Symonds, and others.

Here is the platform adopted by the Association, and we doubt if there is enough seasoned timber left in the yards of modern business to add many more planks of the same strength:

"We affirm that the fundamental laws and principles which develop man-power are universal and must apply in every institution.

"We affirm that every proprietor or manager of men is a teacher and is to a degree responsible for the growth of those under him.

"We affirm that increased efficiency in business comes through the development of the individual man-power of all of the several units comprising the business institution.

"We affirm that through conference, discussion, and study, executive teachers can learn from one another.

"We affirm that in the present hour of national need the development and conservation of man-power, mental and physical, is of supreme importance."

In the belief that it will be of interest and perhaps help to executives everywhere to see what these wide-awake Chicagoans do, and how they do it, let us skim some of the cream from a recent meeting.

As always, Fogleman delivered the principle address, beginning at 12:16, simultaneously with the serving of the luncheon. Being a seasoned speaker, "The Billy Sunday of Business" does not mind the knife-and-fork obbligato or the fact that half of his listeners have their backs turned. Following the invariable rule, his speech was an informal exposition of a certain phase of Arthur Frederick Sheldon's course in the Science of Business. He said, in part:

"The more important point of my talk today has to do with the Mental Law of the Sale. There are eight elements entering into this law. Attention, properly secured, with Confidence inspired, changes to Interest; Interest, properly sustained, changes into

Appreciation; Appreciation, properly augmented, changes into Desire; Desire, intensified, impels Decision, and Decision leads to Action.

"However, confidence only gets business. After the sale has been made and the goods delivered and paid for, satisfaction must be rendered. Satisfaction is the eighth element in the Mental Law of Sale. Satisfaction can only be rendered through service. Service is the heart of every institution. . . . . And the service-rendering power of every institution is determined by the service-rendering power of the *individuals* in the institution, from president to the humblest employe.

"To increase the service-rendering power of the employe we must develop his mind and body to a more marked degree. This will make for thinkers, and what we need in every institution today is thinkers. . . . Everything in the world is the result of thought. Today you can't look at a thing, you can't touch a thing that is not the result of creative or constructive thinking and the man who does the best thinking, all things being equal, is going to get through this commercial crisis the best. The man who does the best thinking during the war is going to be able to do the best thinking after the war, and he is going to receive benefits and profits that we cannot measure in dollars and cents.

DAYTON KEITH, *President*
Chicago Association of Executives

"I sometimes think, however, that we as proprietors permit our young men and young women to do too much of their own thinking. Now, you may say, 'That is a paradox, Fogleman, for sometime ago you said just the opposite, that every man must do his own thinking; and now you tell us that no employe is to do his own thinking.' . . . Let me again refer you to an article written by Mr. Taylor, the efficiency expert, who died a year or two ago in Philadelphia. His article appears in the American Magazine for March, and he makes two important points there—first, that a man must not only do his work to the degree that he is performing his duty, but he must excel in his work, plus. Only by excelling in his work does he attract the attention of his superior officer. And the second point he made is this: That an employe has no right to do his own thinking on his job so far as the interpretation of that job is concerned, but he had better say, 'How would my boss want me to do this work?'

"In other words, an employe has a right to do his own thinking, and ought to do his own thinking, so long as his thinking is in harmony with the thinking of his boss. So many employes try to run their departments in their own way and they don't care whether it's in opposition to the policy of the house or not. I believe that all in an institution make up the composite salesman, and I believe that all thought ought to be directed into one channel, and that is for the building up of the institution. . .

"The most important thing to remember about this Mental Law of Sale is this: That it is not only necessary to get favorable attention, and to know when you have a man at the point of favorable attention, but it is just as necessary for you to know when you have a man at the point of Interest, at the point of Appreciation—you must also know when you have a man at the point of Desire, Decision and Action, Action being the psychological moment. In other words, you must know the psychological moment. There are a great many salesmen who can talk a man into a thing in fifteen or twenty minutes—and then talk him out of it in a few seconds. . . . .

"Let me give you another viewpoint on this Mental Law of Sale. Whenever you sell an individual you must appeal to the Will, because there is where decision and action take place. That is the king within the mind of each and every prospect to whom you ever will present your proposition. The only way

to get to the king's chamber, to the Will, is through either one or both of his secretaries; and first of the secretaries is Intellect—the Knower. The next secretary is the Feeler.

"How are you going to influence the Knower so he will permit you to walk into the king's chamber? Only through Favorable Attention. That is the outer fort that you must capture. How do you get the Feeler, the other secretary? That is a pretty hard fellow to get at, but very often more important than the Knower, because the biggest sales you ever made you made through the heart side, the emotions, the sensibilities, the feelings. The epoch-making events of the history of the world were brought about through the heart side. . . . The insurance man sells the majority of his insurance through the heart side.

"The best way to get to this king, the Will, is through *both* of these secretaries. If I want to get into your office, and you have two secretaries outside, you'd be more apt to act in harmony with me if I were to come in with both of the secretaries into your office, and both should agree with me in the presentation of my proposition to you; . . . . but if I shoved aside one of your secretaries and came into your office with but one, you'd wonder what was the matter, and though we might get you to do what we wanted you to do, after I had gone the two secretaries would have a terrible struggle outside of your office. That is just what takes place, psychologically speaking, in the making of a sale.

"To get the Feeler you must create Interest; and to interest a man you need to say only that which will be of benefit and profit to him. . . . When you have a man's interest, then show him the value of your proposition—its real, intrinsic, market worth and value—and then you will get him to Appreciate your proposition. Then say something that will arouse that man's feeling to the degree that he wants to possess that which you want him to have—that is what Desire means. Appreciation, properly augmented, arouses Desire.

"Now then, you see, you had to take only one fort to capture the Intellect, but three forts to catch the Feeler. Having now fully persuaded the Knower and Feeler, these two secretaries will take the message into the king and say, 'King, we choose to buy a carload of Ford automobiles'; and the Will decides and acts, and telegraphs the message out over the motor nerve to the tongue; and the man says, 'Yes, I will take a carload'; and to the motor nerve in the arm, and the man picks up his pencil and signs his name on the dotted line. . . . ."

The next speaker was Louis H. Kohn, secretary and treasurer of the Ederheimer-Stein Company. Here are some of the sparks struck by him:

"An alert mind, thoroughness, accuracy, linked with rapidity, make any employe a profitable one. . . . We will all agree that the man or woman working to full capacity is the best from the employer's standpoint, but there is a limit to this. Every employe should have some little time to think of what he is doing. . . . The ambitious employe with experience and definite training, making further improvement for himself, and using his time outside of business to add to his knowledge . . . . is the best cog in the organization.

"Some years ago I read of a professor at the University of Michigan, who, in a lecture to his students on the strategy of the Civil War, said that military leaders in Europe considered Grant of primitive mind, that his main reliance was in throwing one body of troops against another. This professor said Grant knew as much of the strategy of war as any general ever did, and in connection with that he stated that the old adage, 'Knowledge is power,' is wrong—*Action* is power, and action with knowledge its highest manifestation.

"We realize that the principle evolved and brought out clearly by the Sheldon system will make ideal employes and profitable ones. Studying and training under some school such as this would result in making 99% of the employes efficient and profitable. Why not have our public schools and colleges add a business course founded upon the Sheldon course of training, headed by practical men of affairs? There then will be no need to discuss what constitutes a profitable employe."

The suggestion was greeted with applause.

Next came J. P. Murphey, manager of W. A. Alexander & Company, insurance brokers, who spoke with unusual ability on the subject of "Stabilizing Employes." Here are some of the high lights of Mr. Murphey's address:

"In the first place, permanent employes will not have stability, nor will profitable employes have stability, unless the permanent are profitable, and vice versa. In other words, stability is essential if you would have a satisfactory employe. What do we mean by stabilizing employes? We mean putting employes in balance. It seems to me that it's a matter of having your employe feel at all times that he is in balance with his job, in balance with the firm by which he is employed, in balance as respects future opportunities. Unless he is totally in balance, he has not the kind of stability that makes for both permanence and profit, either for himself or his house.

"Now, all of that is very good. The question is, how can we stabilize employes? When you are discussing the stabilizing of employes, the manager's problem, or the employer's problem, if you please, is to create in his employes a sort of natural desire to do things as the employer wishes them done. In other words, unless the employe has the

viewpoint of the house, unless he has the spirit of the organization, he is not going to have stability.

"I owe a vote of thanks, I think, to Mr. Jahn for speaking last time about the soul of an organization. This soul, that rather intangible thing, is mighty essential when you talk about stabilizing employes, and therefore I can't help but reiterate the importance of the obligation of the employer or the manager to give the employe the viewpoint of the house, or the soul of the house, or whatever he's got to have if he wants to work in harmony with the house.

"So much for the viewpoint. How do you stabilize the new employe? That's the first question. We will take them as they come. I believe that it's a manager's duty to his business and to the employe who is coming, to sell the job to the young fellow who comes. In other words, he should convince the fellow who is coming into his business that the particular place he is going to fill is the place for him, not only as respects the wages he is going to secure immediately, but more particularly as respects future opportunities.

"As managers, why should we stop to tell this novice that here is a great place for him? Or why should we stop to explain to him that the policy of our house is thus and so? Or why should we stop to impress him this very minute when he is seeking a position, when he needs a job, with the soul of this organization of ours? . . . . We should do it because otherwise we bring immediately into our concern a sort of lifeless employe, one who is coming only because he needs $10.00 a week or $15.00 a week. . . .

"So much for satisfying the employe. You sell him his job, so to speak, when he comes, and after you have him on your staff you must keep selling him that job. The very spirit of the organization must be such as will everlastingly keep saying to the employe, 'This is my place; here I will find my opportunity.'

"Now, I do not think that there is any hope of stabilizing employes or stabilizing an organization, unless the house or the employer or the manager runs that organization on what might be called the promotion-on-merit plan. If a manager is going to recognize personal preferences, . . . if he is not going to give one man an equal chance with the other, I don't see how in the world he can hope for stability. I am a great believer in trying hard to find promotion for employes, letting them know at all times that you are striving to promote them on their merits.

"A third point, and one that I think we fail to recognize a good deal, is this: He must help to make the employe make good. That may seem a little bit altruistic but there is no doubt that it is good business. Experts on hiring and firing say that the cost is a hundred or two hundred dollars to change an employe, and if that is true it stands to reason that you've got to make the fellows you have make good, and whatever you can do that is reasonable to help those men make good, you should do. In a sense, the destiny of the men under your supervision is in your hand, and I think that too often we overlook the obligation that is there and expect the employe to furnish everything to make the successful combination of employe and employer. . . .

"I think we ought to talk more of the employes who are with us rather than the employes who are under us. So often you hear men talking rather loosely about having a hundred or five hundred men 'under' them, and invariably they emphasize the *under*. I think that is a sad mistake, particularly if any of those employes are within hearing. They are *with* you, and unless you have that relationship, and are able to impart to the employe the viewpoint of his job and of your business, I don't think you can accomplish stability."

And so the meeting went on, swiftly, smoothly, memorably—but by no means exceptionally, because just such mental menus are offered every week.

H. Walton Heegstra, of H. Walton Heegstra, Inc., advertising agents, described some exceptionally stimulating experiences in intensifying and supplementing the work of salesmen through mail campaigns along novel but conspicuously successful lines. Dayton Keith, Mr. Gilpin, of the Ford Motor Company of Milwaukee, Mr. W. W. Marple, of the Fox River Butter Company, and J. K. Blatchford, of the Hotel Association, also spoke briefly; yet Mr. Jahn, of the Jahn-Ollier Engraving Company, the genial chairman for the day, was able to carry the meeting across the line for a touchdown at approximately 1:46, the "marked down" hour agreed upon for the weekly adjournment.

The Chicago Association of Executives is a clearing house for ideas—a gray matter exchange.

Favorite Axioms of E. H. Harriman

The three favorite axioms of E. H. Harriman, according to *Every Week*, were these:

"To dodge difficulties is to lose the power of decision."

"It is never safe to look into the future with eyes of fear."

"Many spoil much good work for the lack of a little more."

S. C. S.-ENCES

GOOD goods don't have to be camouflaged.

* * *

If you can't sell except by sailing under false colors—sink!

* * *

Morale is all-important in business too, as in war. Cheerfulness, confidence, faith, the fighting spirit—these have won more business victories than the "heavy battalions" of capital and big reputations ever did or ever will.

* * *

Gen. Foch has the right idea. A lost battle, according to him, is a battle you think you can't win. Similarly, a lost sale is a sale you're afraid you can't make. Is it not that it is?

* * *

Edward N. Hurley is advertising for 250,000 United States Shipyard Volunteers, who are to live in "good houses," for which Uncle is spending many millions, and which will be ready about the time Hog Island is producing up to specifications.

May I rise to remark that we have put on steam and passed that poor old tub, *The Volunteer System*,—passed it as easily as if it were standing still, instead of thrashing the water with all its man power? The date of that victory, as I remember, was June 5th, 1917, and the winning craft was called *The Selective Draft*.

We're still on board this big, splendid vessel, with its 10,000,000 man power. It is carrying us irresistibly toward the port of Ultimate Victory, and doing it incomparably better than *The Volunteer System* ever did or ever could—although it was the best we had, in its day, and we were very proud of it. Then, in God's name! why are we pottering around any longer with "Shipyard Volunteers" or any other kind of volunteers?

They said the Labor Union heavens would fall, and the German-American hell would yawn if we tried to put the military draft into operation. There was hardly a ripple. And there will be no more when we take the next logical, efficient, and necessary step, and build, through a simple extension of the selective draft, a National Army of Labor.

I mean a *real* army, not merely a volunteer army or any other army in name only; a regularly organized, mobile, military, *disciplined* army, to which, actively or in reserve, every able-bodied man of draft age in this country, who knows any essential war trade or can learn one with profit to the nation, shall belong.

And behind those millions I look, if they are needed, for the gradual appearance of the millions of another thoroughly organized, uniformed, spirited, disciplined army—the National Labor Army of Women.

We're used to smashing traditions. Let's smash a few more and set up some more shining precedents in their places. They tell us this is a war, not merely of armies, but of whole nations. Let's take them at their word—NOW. Labor is not a thing apart. Farming is not a thing apart. They are blood of our blood and bone of our bone. And so are the professions and the commercial interests, and all the rest. Altogether, they are—WE. And the war is OUR war. We must win it, and we can only win it by the wisest and most thorough division of labor, military and extra-military, that we can possibly bring about.

There is no shadow of excuse, in the light of paramount national expediency, for the laboring man's being left—if he chooses—to volunteer for all-important national tasks behind the lines, or to hold back even one day in order that a "good house" may be provided for him. We are drafting the ex-bookkeeper away from his "good house," from family and friends—drafting his very life itself. We are drafting the millionaire's son and, through the income tax, a large share of the millionaire's income. Then, why should we not draft the boiler-maker's *labor?* Why should we not send *him* wherever that labor is needed, away from home and friends, if necessary? Why should we not expect him to make his own camp, to pitch his own tent, even to sleep in a trench?

We shall not be even-handed until we do—and we shall not begin to be thorough, to be efficient. We shall not be organizers.

"And the greatest of these" is organization.

But when we do this, let's not forget that military discipline should have its immemorial compensations. Let's give the millions in the National Labor Army the hallowed blue of the uniforms our other soldiers wore so recently. Let's give them their mascots; all the pep and punch of *esprit de corps;* their bands, banners, and medals; their company, battalion, regimental, and division competitions—not in marksmanship but in *war work;* let's give them the utmost pride in themselves, and show the utmost pride in them. Let's give them incentive. Let's give them glamour.

Then, and not until then, we shall really be backing up the boys on Civilization's firing line. A whole victory cannot be won by half measures. Fear in statesmen is no more admirable and no less dangerous than fear in generals.

Militarism? Prussianization? Bosh! The cry itself is German propaganda. Militarism is an evil spirit born of the lust of power, whereas the U. S. National Labor Army will be the twentieth century equivalent of the "embattled farmers" of Lexington, an emergency organization brought into temporary being solely to do a necessary piece of work in the quickest and most effective way.

Here's to the end of strikes for the duration of the war! Here's to *accomplishment!* Here's to our coming "Boys in Blue!"

S. C. S.

SELLING YOURSELF—*AND KEEPING YOURSELF SOLD*

THIS exceptionally vital article, the first of two on the same subject, is one of the most significant ever contributed to this magazine. You'll agree with us, we think, when you have read it; and you'll be surer than ever of it when you have finished the one that follows. Which will be natural enough, because they're from the pen of George L. Louis, formerly advertising manager of A. Stein & Co., manufacturers of Paris Garters, and are the fruit of one of those thoroughgoing data-hunts of his, such as he has made so successfully for System, Printers' Ink, and other leading business publications. Mr. Louis is an investigator and merchandising expert of national reputation, and BUSINESS SUCCESS is fortunate indeed to be able to add him to its list of contributors. Last month it was Orison Swett Marden. Who'll you have next?

IT IS not hard to sell yourself; the difficulty is to guard against overselling yourself. There is no restriction on the use of any of the words contained in our dictionaries. The superlative may be mouthed with the utmost freedom; we can stage ourselves as we will. But when you oversell yourself, you are handicapped in keeping yourself sold. As I will attempt to prove, he who keeps himself sold will attain success in his endeavors more quickly and more easily. There will be far less friction in his upward progress. Although what I shall have to say on this subject bears entirely on its commercial phase, it is as true in our social conduct of life. Here, too, one must sell oneself and keep oneself sold to gain, and to hold, the favor of one's fellows. This policy is as effective in its application to the humblest worker as to the most lordly executive. And it is no less vital to the one who is selling tangible merchandise in any form whatever, as to those who have only their services to offer.

In a series of interviews with the employment managers of a number of large manufacturing establishments, the general opinion was given that the average applicant oversells himself. The executive of a concern which employs in the neighborhood of 4,000 men and women, said:

"They talk too much. We have to put a very liberal grain of salt on what they tell us of their ability to fill the positions for which they apply."

Another man, who told me he talks to no less than fifty people every week, in his attempts to fill positions in his plant, remarked:

"You can't let your judgment rest upon what the average man or woman may say of himself or herself. Naturally, they all present themselves in what they believe to be to the best light. But I give very little weight to what they say. I depend almost entirely upon my ability to 'size them up,' and draw my own conclusions as to whether they will suit our purposes or not."

Without exception, every one of the employing executives with whom I talked agreed that the applicant oversold himself. When I asked these men whether or not they observed if their employes *kept* themselves sold, and how they did it, they all confessed absolute ignorance of any such effort; in fact, this seemed to be an entirely new subject to them all. But, by careful questioning and patient investigations, I managed to locate excellent illustrations of the marked advantage that is gained when one sells oneself right and keeps oneself sold.

I spent a few weeks in each of several offices in order to watch and study actions of men and women who are keeping themselves sold. And I got some mighty interesting stories, too.

I asked the general manager of a well-

known wholesale house who, in his opinion, had sold himself to the best advantage and was keeping himself sold. There wasn't a moment's hesitation as he answered, "Jimmie."

"And who is Jimmie?" I questioned.

"Jimmie is one of our errand boys. He is about fifteen years old, I judge. But I venture to say he'll be at my desk, or in some other executive capacity in another ten years."

Upon questioning him for further details about Jimmie, or James Thor Williams, which was his full name, as I afterwards learned, I gathered the following:

Jimmie came for employment along with a dozen other boys, in response to a Help Wanted advertisement. About six boys had been interviewed before it was Jimmie's turn. Then, asked about his experience, Jimmie replied, "Not very much."

The others had in various terms spoken very decisively about their previous work.

"Do you think you can deliver house messages from various departments, run the outside errands and help at the mailing desk satisfactorily?"

"I think I could. Just try me, will you?"

All the others had given very positive assurance that they could do the work to the utmost satisfaction.

To the question, "What salary do you expect," the six gave definite amounts. But Jimmie said, "Whatever you think I'm worth." Well, they hired Jimmie.

When I was installed as an employe at the mailing desk, in order to get into more intimate contact with Jimmie, he had already received a raise in his salary. Everybody in the office liked Jimmie, because he sold himself to them all and he kept himself sold. I soon saw that he was absolutely unconscious of this fact. He not only did his prescribed duties, but gave others his ready service at every opportunity. When he made mistakes, I noticed that they were either quite lenient with him, or helped him correct them, so that he would not suffer in any way. His willingness to do for others had its reaction in their willingness to do for him. Since I learned about and analyzed Jimmie, I hear that he has had two promotions.

Now, Jimmie's work did not contrast in his favor, as I compared it with that of the two other errand boys employed there. He did not show more speed or accuracy in his work. Yet he advanced while they remained stationary, because he unconsciously won the favor of everyone in the office, and held it.

I recall one of the incidents by which he sold himself to me. An unusually heavy mail had kept us all busily occupied at the mailing desk until ten minutes to six. The regular closing time was 5:30. The last stack of letters, of which careful record was kept, was to be counted. That was my official task.

"I'll count them for you," Jimmie offered. "There ain't many, and I'll be careful."

Well, I was tired and had a dinner engagement that evening, and I was glad to get away from my concluding task and my heart warmed to Jimmie.

Jimmie was not aware of the fact that he was keeping himself sold. He was of a naturally willing disposition, that everyone appreciated and liked.

I was having my luncheon at a Chicago club, not long after my experience with Jimmie. At an opposite table I noticed a man to whom almost all who passed spoke. Quite a number lingered at his table and chatted with him.

"Who is he," I inquired of my host.

I learned that he was the advertising manager of a widely known men's apparel manufacturing establishment.

"Rather a popular fellow, I should judge," I commented.

"Yes, and he's mighty clever, too."

"Everybody likes him," my companion added.

Believing I could possibly find some good material for the subject I was analyzing, I managed to get a job with the concern with which he was employed. But the work given me did not permit me to get closely enough in contact with the advertising department. So I could not study him and his actions as I wanted to. Finally, being unable to accomplish my investigation as an employe, I went to him one afternoon with a frank confession of my purpose.

"I want to find out how you sold yourself, and how you are keeping yourself sold," I told him. "As far as I can see, you are not popular with your fellow workers and executives because you are a 'good fellow,' in the easy interpretation of that phrase. Explain to me, if you will, what you are doing to keep yourself sold."

"I have rather a long story for you," he

answered. "Too long to tell you here. Come home with me tonight, and I'll tell it to you."

I did. It took several hours for him to tell me all of the story. I've boiled it down to the fundamentals I was seeking. Here it is, in pretty much his own style of delivery.

"This is the seventh position I've had in twelve years, and I'm fairly safe in predicting I'll hold this one as long, if not longer, than all the others combined. Not that I have grown so much cleverer in my work, although naturally, experience has made me a somewhat better man, I hope. For the last three years, since I have been advertising manager of this house, I have been pursuing an altogether different policy from what I followed before. But, to begin at the very start, let me tell you how I first sold myself.

GEORGE L. LOUIS
Author of "Selling Yourself—And Keeping Yourself Sold"

"In the six positions I held prior to this one, I had sold myself in a more or less aggressive manner. I would tell of what I had done and what I could do, in a very decisive way. I had always asked for a larger salary than I expected to get, knowing that it would inevitably be cut down. In each of these six positions, I conducted my department as independently of the rest of the house as possible. As a department executive, I felt my importance, and without doubt, showed it in my manner, too. I was pleasant to my coworkers, but not what one might call cordial. Well, I held each of these six positions on an average of about a year and a half. My work, I had every reason to believe, was fairly good. Yet, there was something wrong somewhere, I felt certain. So I began to analyze my actions in as unbiased a way as I could, and I arrived at certain conclusions which I put into operation in getting and holding my next job—this one.

"I was interviewed by three of the executives of the concern, when I applied for this position. I gave them details of my past experience, but I preluded my recital with this statement:

" 'Now, I am going to try to show you that I can take charge of your advertising department and conduct it economically and successfully. Of course, you will appreciate that I will instinctively play up my work as near top-notch as I can, but it is hardly necessary for me to caution you to sprinkle a bit of salt on my claims about my ability. I have a generous allotment of the weaknesses and faults to which most of us are heir.'

"I carefully noted the faces of the men to whom I was talking. The frown on the brow of one of them cleared noticeably.

The other two men drew their chairs up more closely to the table and evidenced an interest not before apparent.

"What I told them of my previous work was listened to with greater attention than at any other application I had ever made.

" 'Have you some samples of your work to show us,' I was asked.

"Now, I have a scrap book of magazine and newspaper advertisements and other miscellaneous matter, which I had always submitted when applying for positions before, but in this instance I replied:

" 'Yes, I can show you a bookful of the stuff I have written, but you will know that they are samples of my best work—maybe above the average. I would prefer to write an advertisement for you on your product. That will give you something much more tangible to pass on.'

"This pleased all of the men, who nodded their approval of my idea. It was far more convincing than the showing of my samples. In fact, so much so that they didn't ask me to write anything for them.

"When I was questioned as to whether I was certain I could attend to all the work involved in their advertising department, I answered:

" 'I think I can. It will only take a few weeks for you actually to see whether I can or not. Although I am fairly sure of myself, I cannot say positively that I am the man for your work, until I demonstrate it to my own satisfaction, too.'

"This brought more nods of approval.

"Finally, the question of salary was discussed. 'How much do you want?'

" 'I believe I am worth five thousand dollars,' I said, 'but the burden of proving myself of that value to you is to be on me; I'll begin at any reasonable salary you may decide upon.'

"That was the climax in winning their confidence. They didn't hesitate in their decision to engage me.

"Well, I undertook my new tasks with a policy entirely different from any I had ever used before. I started out to sell myself to everyone in the entire office. It has taken long, patient work to do it, but I have succeeded. I have closely watched everyone, from the boy who runs errands for me to the president and other officers. I have discovered most of their hobbies—the things to which they are susceptible—and I utilize this knowledge as far as I can. For example, our errand boy who delivers and calls for packages for me, I found was keenly interested in mechanics. So I give him personally the magazines on this subject which come to my desk.

"One of our city salesmen is a golf enthusiast. I make it a point to see that he gets the golf publications. Our sales manager is quite fond of tennis. On a Monday morning, I will ask him, 'Well, how was the tennis Saturday?' And my interest in his favorite amusement pleases him. My simple little comments or questions about his actions have won for me his hearty good will.

"My attitude toward executives and department heads is also radically different from that which I assumed in my other positions. Instead of attempting to make my department as independent of the rest of the establishment as possible, I work on exactly the opposite plan, and endeavor to dovetail my department into the others as much as possible.

"I advocated running the department by a conference system. At bi-weekly conferences, which are attended by our executives and several department managers, selling plans and copy are reviewed and criticized. These conferences have placed me in more intimate and friendly contact with the big men of the concern. Besides, I thus receive suggestions and criticisms of my work that are a decided help to me. Very briefly, this is how I am continuing to sell myself to the men in the business. And I am making no less effort to do this today than I made in the past years.

"You want to know how it has helped me? Well, I have made my full working day one of quiet, constructive, pleasant labor. It has removed all that might be negative in the atmosphere of my office. There is no friction in my daily work. I have attempted to place everyone in a favorable state of mind toward me. I am doing far better work than I ever did before, because there is every influence to help me. I receive a glow from everyone—from the errand boy to the president—that inspires me to my best work. That's why I consider I have builded the most valuable asset I possess—keeping myself sold."

And brief chats with members of the firm and department managers confirmed his enthusiastic recital of the opportunities that are possible when one keeps oneself sold.

DON'T KEEP THE DOOR SHUT

HERE is another one of Orison Swett Marden's characteristic and practical sermons on "The Door Ahead of You"—that door to greater opportunity and success, which we all wish to fling wide, but which so often remains closed through our own ignorance, sloth or folly. This second article in Dr. Marden's unusually helpful series will be an eye-opener to many readers, we suspect. We had hoped to supplement it with a sketch of Dr. Marden's own inspiring career, but we shall have to keep that for a subsequent issue. Get your mouth ready for it, though.

THERE is scarcely a great achievement in the world but that there were plenty of people who said it couldn't be done, it was impossible and foolish for anybody to waste his time in attempting to do it. You will find that there will always be somebody who will tell you that you can't do the thing you are attempting, if it is at all unusual, if it is out of the beaten path. People will tell you you will only get lost trying to blaze your own way, that you had better get back into the middle of the road. But such advisers are not the achievers.

For many years the late James J. Hill was regarded as the tireless dreamer, the dreamer who saw thriving towns, splendid cities, magnificent farms on the alkaline plains, where others only saw sage brush, coyotes, and prairie dogs.

Many people laughed at his dreams of a prosperous civilization on the barren desert; but he nursed his vision, backed up his dream, and when he passed away all the great Northwest paid tribute to this tireless dreamer. Great cities were in mourning. All the trains on the Great Northern, the Burlington, and other roads were stopped at two o'clock and remained standing for five minutes as tribute to this tireless dreamer. In St. Paul, which he had made his home, all schools were closed the entire day. Governors of states said: "In the death of James J. Hill we have lost our best friend." In many places in the Northwest factories, shops, stores were ordered to suspend their activities and to pay in silence their tribute to the great empire builder.

This is what a poor boy did, made himself felt throughout the world.

Seldom have I talked with a young man about his success in life who did not honestly believe that he could do very much greater things than he was doing. "But, why don't you?" I often ask them. "When you know that you can do much better than you are doing, why don't you do it?"

The door ahead of you, which troubles you so much because it is apparently barred so tightly, the door ahead of you which is always in your dreams because of what lies back of it —have you taken the right steps to open it?

Perhaps you have been watching the clock too much, have been clipping your hours. The door to advancement may be closed because you are afraid of doing a little more than you are paid for, or because you are not loyal to the house you are working for. You may pass slighting remarks about your employer, you may pass along scandal about the business. You may lack system and order in your work. Slovenly, slipshod, blundering habits, destruction of merchandise, any one of these things may be the key in the door which holds it locked.

I knew of an employe who kept the door to advancement closed for a long time because of an apparently trifling peculiarity which so annoyed her employer that he could not bear to have her working in his vicinity. She was constantly clearing her throat and snuffing. He said this so annoyed him that, even in spite of her superior ability, it kept her back for years because her advancement meant that she would be closely associated

with him and he would be subjected to constant annoyance. A little care and attention on her part might have overcome this annoying habit.

I knew of another case of a young man who was kept back because of peculiarities; he was forever twirling his mustache or playing with his watch chain. He had no repose, was always fidgeting, and his employer told me that he would make him so nervous in a half hour that he couldn't stand it any longer, and he would send him away.

Many employers have peculiarities themselves which your peculiarity may accentuate. This is especially true of a nervous, high-strung, sensitive employer who does not have half vacation enough, and is overworked and worried about his business. You must remember that your employer is in a much more independent position than you are. He can choose. He is not obliged to advance you or even to retain you. He probably knows that there are plenty of people who would be glad to get your place.

I know of another case where a young man of very unusual ability was kept back because he never quite got his employer's confidence. He was so capable in everything his employer gave him that he would constantly say to himself, "I must advance this fellow to the management; he is much abler than the present manager." But every time this would come up to him to decide he would say, "That fellow has never quite won my confidence. Do what I will—and I have tried hard—I can't quite believe in him, I don't quite trust him. I can't bank on him as I can on others in my employ, with much less ability, less brilliant qualities, but who have my absolute confidence."

This man says that in less than a year this brilliant young man proved his disloyalty and he was very glad that he had trusted in his instinct, which kept whispering to him that the fellow was untrustworthy, not quite straight.

I know a stenographer who kept the door ahead of her closed for a long time because she was saucy, impudent, talked back to her employer. No doubt she was somewhat justified in talking back because her employer was unjust, mean and grasping, but it kept her from advancing, all the same. Even when an employer knows he is in the wrong he does not like to be reminded of it by an employe; and most employers absolutely refuse to allow employes to talk back, to dispute them, even when they are wrong. You may say, "This is not right;" but it keeps the door closed, and that is what you are trying to open.

Just look about you, and see if you, yourself, are not the real barrier to your progress, the real thing that keeps you back, which you have been attributing to other causes and other people, or to circumstances.

The way to get up and on is to do your work a little better than those about you, to be a little more alert, a little more careful, a little more painstaking, a little more courageous, a little more cheerful, a little more enthusiastic.

Don't say that you are doing your level best. You know very well that there is scarcely anything you have done in the past that you could not have done just a little better.

It is just this little bit better applied to everything in life, your habits, the care of your person, the care of your health, your eating, your recreation, your sleeping, this doing everything a little bit better, that makes the enormous difference between mediocrity and excellence.

Think of your life work as a great possible masterpiece and that every day, whether you will or not, you are working upon a canvas. Each day's work adds to the life picture; each day's work is deciding whether it will be a masterpece or a botch; every touch of the brush upon the canvas makes an indelible impression. Therefore, you should approach this canvas every morning with the utmost reverence; you should approach it with your physical and mental standards at their highest, with the right mental attitude, the attitude of hope, joy, anticipation, expectation.

It is the successful office boy that eventually becomes the successful merchant.

HALF PORTIONS OF WHOLE TRUTHS

HERE'S something you will wish to clip and keep. If we could print these two or three pages on extra-heavy paper, we would do so—because we have a notion they will receive some pretty hard usage at the hands of many of our readers. Like the Biblical grain of mustard-seed, any one of these little cuttings of truth is capable of growing into a mighty tree in our gardens of life —if it shall find the right soil there. We congratulate L. R. Alwood, manager of the Detroit office of The Service Corporation, their author, on these unusually apt and telling miniatures of Failure and Success.

ARE YOU A COG OR A CLOG?

THE great lesson not taught in books is adaptiveness. Those whom the busy world finds too stubborn for its moulds and patterns, it discards. They are the Has-Beens and their future is the past.

The unfit, the misfit, the counterfeit, are *clogs*, thieving power from the wheels of the world's work.

The fit are *cogs*, taking and transmitting perfect power.

Work *for* the house by working *with* it. Fit in. If you're only an apprentice, watch the man above you; outshine him in method and worth if you can—and you can if you *will.*

Henry Ward Beecher had it right: "The most cheated man is the selfish man. "He who serves, *deserves*—and he usually gets it!

Are you a cog or a clog?

LIFTERS AND LEANERS

SOME men shoulder their job; others "soldier" at it. The first are lifters; the second, leaners.

You've seen a wagon deep in a muddy rut—stuck. The leaner stays up on the load, lashes the horses, and shouts and curses—while the wheels only sink deeper!

But the lifter climbs down, combines the heave of his shoulder with the pull of the team —and out comes the wagon.

When *you're* stuck in a rut, instead of cracking the whip at circumstances and cursing fate, why not get down off the load, put your shoulder to the wheel and *lift?*

* * *

Heed well the eternal Scene-Shifter,
Whose wisdom no false words besmirch:

"The world stands aside for the lifter,
But the leaner it leaves in the lurch!"

WINDOWS AND WORKERS

"WHY," said a proprietor to a young man applying to him for employment, "I can't understand your willingness to come here at practically the same figure you've been getting. What's the reason?"

"Just this, sir: everyone who works here speaks of the pleasant atmosphere of the place, the friendly feeling they always find in it, and the confidence and loyalty inspired by the cooperation of their fellows and your own kindly treatment—a sort of happy family, as it were.

"All this is in such contrast to the place which I have just left, that I consider it a substantial increase in wages simply to be on your payroll."

One good-tempered worker will do more to brighten a room than the biggest window built.

KNOW-HOW

WHILE Brawn labors in the withering heat of the cupolas to release their tons of streaming steel, Brain sits in the office and markets that steel in a thousand cities over the globe.

The mental is fundamental!

So, when the young candidate comes up before Big Business, cap in hand and a question on his lips, he finds that his great, his immortal, asset is not the six feet of stature Nature gave him, but the three cubic inches of gray matter at the back of his head which puts him on an equal plane with the captains of industry.

For the master question which he is called upon to answer in the reception room of the Twentieth Century is:

"Don't tell me how strong you are—
What do you know?"

PASSING THE BUCK

THE Little Man says, "It isn't *my* fault. I told So-and-So to take care of that. Anyhow, I'm not to blame."

The Big Man says, "Yes, the error is mine, I should have foreseen this result; but it won't happen again."

The Little Man always stays little.

The Big Man grows bigger and bigger, because he knows that *business* bigness is only *human* bigness multiplied.

Such a man appreciates responsibility, hence he never indulges in the folly of "passing the buck." Both feet on the ground, both hands on a purpose, every thought directed Successward, he is too busy "getting on" to "get out from under" or simply "get by."

A fault located is a fault mended; but the fellow who "passes the buck" can never be hopeful, helpful or happy until he has learned that one busy reason is worth ten lazy excuses.

STAY FOR THE FINISH

HE WAS a man of between forty-five and fifty. He was not a pleasant man; he seemed disappointed with his destiny.

"I have worked hard all my life," he said, "but fate has played football with me. I haven't gotten anywhere; in fact, I'm doing what I was twenty years ago, and not quite so well as I did it then."

When asked if he had held many different jobs, "They were *all* jobs," he replied bitterly. "I didn't stay long enough in any one place to make them anything else. I've analyzed it and come to the conclusion that I might today be holding any one of several big positions, if I had only stayed to the finish."

A rolling stone not only gathers no moss, but you can also be sure it never rolls in any direction but downhill.

THE PLUGGER

SOME people have luck and wit—but they can't stand bad weather. Others have only pluck and grit—but they are *weatherproof.*

The luck-and-wit fellow is more spectacular, popular, and talked about. The pluck-and-grit chap is more dependable, durable, and definite.

One relies on inspiration; the other on *perspiration.*

The hare ran the faster, you remember, but it was the tortoise that won the race.

So the wise man still bets in favor of the plugger, because he knows that pluck can run when luck is out of wind, and that grit only tans where wit gets a sunstroke!

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

PRESIDENT WILSON presses a button on his desk and opens the mighty Panama Canal; that microscopic architect of the deep, the coral insect, is the designer and builder of continents; the careless smile, the hurried handshake, make happinesses we know not of.

A few seconds too long in the acid will spoil a perfect plate; a day's delayed delivery may mean a lost account; a sheet of tissue will mar a perfect impression.

This whole business of living travels from little to big; destiny itself is only as big as we are.

Let's take good care, then, of our trifles. When we do, the events which make success will come trooping around us in legions, and the little try of yesterday will be the big triumph of today.

YOUR UNKNOWN SELF

IN EVERY individual there lies an "unknown self"—a self that is only discovered in time of great stress, in some unusual moment of accomplishment or defeat.

Thanks to this unknown self, every one of us is greater than he is! Better than he is! Nobler than he is! France, England, Belgium —all the nations at war—have proved this in the heroism and sacrifice of their individuals.

The problem, then, is to make *use* of our unknown selves. But it is a problem no outsider can solve. Books, friends, hard work, will help; but the final solution comes from *within.*

And lo! when you have solved this problem, there is no power in earth or air or sea big enough to stop you from a career of splendor and success that is worthy of your "unknown self."

DOING YOUR BIT—BETTER

THE men of the hour are not merely the generals, the food dictators, the diplo-

mats, the statesmen, but you and I, each in his place—all working for one, one working for all.

One day's living is our "bit." Right now the call is not simply to do our bit—we're doing that—but to do it *better.*

Better living is better work. Better work is better business. Better business boosts the firm, the city, the state—ultimately, the nation. Doing our bit better betters the country!

This is personal patriotism, and it pays. It pays the land we live in, the people we work with, and ourselves best of all. It's just a matter of doing our bit—better.

HAVE MERCY ON WASHINGTON

OWING to the enormous increase of government work the governmental departments at Washington are being flooded with letters of inquiry on every conceivable subject concerning the war, and it has been found a physical impossibility for the clerks, though they number an army in themselves now, to give many of these letters proper attention and reply. There is published daily at Washington, under authority of and by direction of the President, a government newspaper—The Official U. S. Bulletin. This newspaper prints every day all of the more important rulings, decisions, regulations, proclamations, orders, etc., etc., as they are promulgated by the several departments and the many special committees and agencies now in operation at the National Capital. This official journal is posted daily in every postoffice in the United States, more than 56,000 in number, and may also be found on file at all libraries, boards of trade and chambers of commerce, the offices of mayors, governors, and other federal officials. By consulting these files most questions will be found readily answered; there will be little necessity for letter writing; the unnecessary congestion of the mails will be appreciably relieved; the railroads will be called upon to move fewer correspondence sacks, and the mass of business that is piling up in the government departments will be eased considerably. Hundreds of clerks now answering correspondence will be enabled to give their time to essentially patriotic and important work and a fundamentally patriotic service will have been performed by the public.

"MY HARDEST SALE"

MY HARDEST sale was made some time ago when I called on a grocer and offered him my line, writes A. Branower, of the Chicago office of the Diamond Match Company. He had sufficient goods for his immediate requirements and refused to place his order for future delivery, claiming that he did not believe in future orders, had never placed one in his life.

He was one of those on whom long arguments have a reverse effect, so I had to make my argument short and to the point, and this is what I told him:

"You claim that you do not believe in placing future orders, and yet you have been placing them since you were a child. The first future order you placed was when you learned from your teacher that c-a-t spells cat, r-a-t, rat and that two times two are four.

"You did not have to know those teachings at that time, but your parents told you to learn them for you would need them in the future. As you went on from public school to high school, from high school to university, you kept on placing future orders until you became a successful business man. Now look back and recall some of your young friends who have not placed those future orders, and instead of going to school, high school and university, have spent their time in saloons, pool-rooms, or other so-called pleasure places. Compare the condition of those boys with your own condition, and you will see that the future orders you placed when young, paid.

"Also compare the squirrel who stores away all his nut supply for the winter, and the grasshopper who lives on the fat of the land during the summer and disappears as soon as the cold weather sets in—which is the winner of the two?"

The merchant stood still, looked at me all the time, and drank in my words; at the end he burst out, saying: "Well, this is the first time that a salesman has ever explained future orders in the way you have; you certainly have taken me by surprise with your little lecture and I guess you are entitled to an order."

I went back to the hotel with a good sized order in my pocket, and that merchant is now one of my best customers.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PULLMAN SAM

SAM is a sleeping-car porter and a shrewd business psychologist. To an extraordinary degree his is a "going" concern—his business being conducted on the Twentieth Century Limited—and it brings him into daily contact with the Boys Who Build. Sam eats with his ears, chews your words with the cud of reflection, and then sort of regurgitates. The result is a brunet philosophy of life and business that is uniquely expressed at any rate.

KNOWING WHAT AIN'T KNOWING

THAT sporting goods salesman was a type you often run up against on the road—his "I's" always were bold face, to employ a printer's term, and he was likely to use all of them in the font before he came to the end of his first dozen sentences.

"Why, I used to know Woodrow Wilson as well as I do my own brother. When he was at Princeton—" that sort of pest. "I've forgotten more about sporting goods than nine out of ten of the fellows who travel in my line ever even heard of." You recognize the breed.

Well, he had been handling his mouth pretty carelessly, that morning on the Twentieth Century, and I noticed that Sam, our porter, had been hovering in the offing and taking it all in. Presently, therefore, when our exceedingly knowing friend had adjourned to the smoking-car for a little poker with those of us who seemed to like his style of conversation—fortunately they were a minority—I took the first opportunity to corner Sam.

I was curious to learn how Atwater—that was the name of the modest violet, by the way—had impressed that shrewd judge of character.

"How many 'I's' has the alphabet, Sam?" I queried.

The porter grinned understandingly.

"The only Mr. Alphabet Ah knows am one-eyed, sah," he answered.

"What an affliction!" I commented, returning his lead, unexpected as it was. "What a shame that some of us have so many 'I's' and some of us only have one—or are blind!"

"It shore am a pity, sah."

"But, if there is only one 'I' in the alphabet, Sam," I persisted, "how many alphabets do you suppose that chap uses up in a day?"

Sam threw up his hands and rolled his eyes.

"Lordy, sah! Ah don' know," he confessed. "Looks to me like he's goin' to 'propriate all them tall, thin letters there is in the whole world. He done 'spectorate 'em out like teeth after a fis' fight.

"An' that ain't all, neither. By rights, he oughtn't to have more'n one nose—but Ah 'clare to goodness, seems like he done got almost as many 'knows' as he got 'I's'. 'Ah done know Woodrow Wilson.' 'Ah knows this,' an' 'Ah knows that.' He shore do know a heap, that boy."

"His knowledge *is* extraordinary, Sam," I conceded. "I wonder where he keeps it all."

"On the shelf, sah, Ah reckon."

"On the shelf?"

"Yes, sah; where they keeps all them museum specimens what they collects. He jes' collects them nice little chunks of knowledge, sah, what he likes to show aroun', when he can get anybody to look at 'em. He don' much care where he gets 'em, Ah 'spects, or who they belongs to. Yo' is like that when yo' gets the collectin' fever real bad, sah—ain't that the truth?"

"I'm afraid it is, Sam."

"Yes, sah, Ah reckon that's the trouble with Mr. Atwater—he's a collector of other people's 'knows.' But when it comes to really an' truly knowin' things, Ah has a 'spicion his name ain't Mr. Atwater—it's mo' like Mr. At-sea."

That was the second time Sam had surprised me that day, although I had long rated his cleverness pretty high. My laugh startled the whole car, and Sam, after trying hard to resist, chimed in musically.

"You'll be the death of me, Sam, and the

undoing of all my vest buttons," I complained. "I wish you would tell me, though: how hard does a man have to know anything, in your opinion, before he 'really and truly' knows it?"

"Shore yo' ain't makin' fun of me, sah?"

"Not a bit of it."

"All right, then; that's easy, 'cordin' to mah liver an' lights, sah. When it's jes' a case of knowin' *'bout* somethin' in a book, an' all that there kind of knowin', I reckon a man really an' truly knows it when he can *use* it; when yo' can't never stump him 'bout it, no matter how yo' comes at him; when he knows it hind-side first an' kitty-corner; when it kinda sits up an' begs whenever he tells it to —an' when it *works* for him. An' if he can't make it work for him, sah, either he don' rightly know it a-tall, or else it ain't worth knowin'."

"Very good!" I applauded. "You have obeyed the Scriptural injunction, Sam: 'With all thy getting, get understanding.' I call that a definition that goes to the heart of the matter. But I noticed that you limited your statement. You said, 'When it's just a case of knowing about something in a book.' What other kinds of knowledge were you thinking about?"

The train rounded a curve just then, and Sam darted forward to keep an adventurous tot of three or so, who was exploring the aisle, from being thrown violently against one of the seats. But when he had piloted the protesting mite back to her mother he returned with an apology.

"Ah only knows 'bout one other main-line sort of knowledge, sah," he said. "There's the kind of knowledge what yo' makes work fo' you, ain't there?"

"Yes—the kind we've just been talking about."

"Yes, sah. An' then, Ah figgers there's the kind of knowledge what makes *yo'* work."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Ah mean the kind of knowledge yo' has—or ought to have—when yo' says, 'Ah knows *how* to do this or that.' The first kind of knowin' is knowin' who 'scovered America or what makes the wheels of this car go round —an' then 'plying that knowledge, making it work fo' you, like Ah said; that is, makin' it get yo' a job, an' then raise yo' wages, an' so forth an' cetry. But the other kind of knowin', seems like to me, is a heap better even than that, 'cause it's not jes' knowin' *'bout* which or t'other, or who or what, but it's knowin' *how*."

I saw—and marveled. Here was analysis of an uncommon sort, and a practical wisdom that does not visit every head, whether under straight hair or kinky.

"We need more of that sort of teaching in our college classrooms, Sam—to say nothing of our business schools," I told him, greatly to his amusement. "But go on. If knowledge *about* things isn't genuine knowledge unless we put it to work and make it earn money and honors for us—"

"Jes' the same way with knowin' *how*," Sam supplied. "We-uns can *say* we know how from now till the ol' tom cat has a litter of puppies, but that don' make it true. The truth is, we don' rightly know how to do anythin' till we ups an' *does* it, 'cause we can't *prove* we knows how—an' knowledge what ain't provable am a mighty queer sort of knowledge, if yo' asks me. Furthermo', sah, if we is any 'count at all, jes' as soon as we begins to think we knows how to do anythin', why, we jes' naturally busts a button tryin' to *do* it—to *prove* we-all can do it.

"An' that's why Ah ain't got much use fo' these here folks what is always explainin' an' airplanin' 'bout all the wonderful things they can do, an' all the while they ain't doing one of 'em—an' never did, Ah reckon. Ah tells yo', Colonel, there am a right smart difference between this here theo*rational* knowledge an' the good old practical kind what's good for everything an' can be taken externally or infernally.

"It ain't what we swallows when we is seasick that's a-goin' to get us anywheres, sah; it's what we keeps down, an' digests—an' walks with—an' works on."

"Amen!" I pronounced heartily.

My Negro friend had been preaching an eloquent and telling sermon on a text of which, although it is one of the most fundamental in the Business Man's Bible of today, he doubtless had never heard.

What is the text? It is from the Book of Sheldon, and it reads:

"Nourishment plus Use equals Education."

BUSINESS SUCCESS *and* The Business Philosopher

Edited by ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON

SAMUEL CHARLES SPALDING, *Managing Editor*

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ON THE FRONT PORCH

Where We Talk Things Over

• • • This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war • • • • • • •

BUCK US UP, UNCLE SAMUEL!

D'OLIVET was a great man. His was an illumined consciousness.

He was a Frenchman and he lived in the time of Napoleon. He knew too much to suit the "imperial impersonation of force and murder" and was banished to the coast of Africa.

Instead of pining away, he got busy with his pen. When the world sent Napoleon to St. Helena, D'Olivet came back and published what he had written. His writings have recently been translated into English.

I like all that I have read of them, except one thing. He says the republic as a form of government cannot endure. He was evidently a very learned man—much more learned than most of our scientists and philosophers and statesmen of the present time. As I read him, I often wish I might have been as learned and as wise as he. It must be great to encompass mentally so vast a cosmic territory as did he. And yet it seems to us, who have enjoyed the blessings of living in a republic, that he must have been mistaken in this judgment.

Was not even he guilty of what is known in the science of business as a prejudiced judgment? Did not some of the glue of prejudice get into the pores of even his great mind?

He tells us that a republic cannot endure because it is atheistic. Many of its citizens may be, and, of course in ours, are, religious; but, as a government, it is apart from God—in fact, admittedly and fundamentally separates religion and politics. He evidently believed in the possibility of one universal government, divinely guided.

D'Olivet was not alone in his estimate of the republic. The German professors and the Kaiser say it's an experiment and bound to fail. From the Kaiser's frequent references to God he evidently believes that he and his government are divinely led.

From our concept of God it doesn't seem, however, that the Kaiser's ways are the ways of infinite Love and infinite Intelligence functioning in infinite Activity.

Germany can never conquer the English-speaking peoples. If it becomes necessary, the whole Anglo-Saxon race will organize and make war its international industry. If it *has* to, it will change its form of government; but it will be wiped off the map before it will submit to mere head and hand efficiency and leave out the heart.

So, then, don't think your Editor is weakening in the face of the Western drive. He has lived in Germany and in America, and would rather die fighting for America than to be alive in Germany or forced to live under German autocracy.

But—and now, listen—it is all wrong to

permit the poison of passion to deaden the mind to facts. It is foolish to permit false pride to come and lay the foundation of a fall. It is eminently unwise to underestimate the strength of your antagonist.

Charles Haase, of Memphis, is a great logician. He is indeed a sound reasoner. For him to speak is for Memphis men to hear and heed. Recently, at a meeting of the retail clothiers of several Southern states, he said, in substance, this:

"It is a fundamental principle of conflict of all kinds, to measure correctly the strength of the antagonist. There is no more certain road to defeat than to underestimate the strength of the antagonist. This is true of the prize fighter. It is true of business battles. It is certainly true in the wars of nations."

And then Mr. Haase went on to show the strength of the enemy. He told us how the Teutonic dream of Middle-Europe has already come true, plus. With the practical conquest of Russia, the German pistol is, right now, being pointed at the heart of India. Germany is no longer the little piece of territory marked that way on present maps. It is big—immense—in extent, at least. In its mighty maw is being digested a whole string of nations. The Teutonic will rules the destinies of nearly, if not quite, 200,000,000 people.

That's a whole lot of folks; and yet many Americans laugh at D'Olivet's prophecy and the Kaiser's claims.

It is high time to stop! look! and listen!—ye who love to live in a republic. It is time to philosophize—and something more. It is time to ask the question, Why?—and to insist upon finding the answer. It is time to throw the searchlight of Cause and Effect upon the *why* of Germany's strength.

It is all plain to him who understands the "Life Ledger" idea and its application to the life of nations. On one side of the ledger are Duties, Obligations, and Responsibilities. On the other side are Rights, Privileges, and Prerogatives. The D. O. R. side of the ledger is the Cause side. The R. P. P. side is the Effect side.

In the German system, every citizen in his relation to the State is working on the D. O. R. side. He has to, whether he wants to or not—but most of them want to. They are trained that way from childhood. Patriotism is a constituent element in the average German consciousness. The State comes first, the individual last.

Service to the State is the fundamental principle of the German idea. Service without force, if necessary, but Service! Sink self. Serve the State.

The State says to big business men: Combine if you want to; yes, we want you to. Economy is one of Nature's first laws. It eliminates waste, and to waste is a violation of natural law. But when you have eliminated waste, reduce your prices for your product. You cannot and must not profiteer at the expense of the people.

The average American citizen of the property owning class shies at the word Socialism like a country colt at the cars. But Bismarck didn't. Someone brought it to his attention, years ago, and he, unlike many American statesmen, looked into it. And then he said: "That's a good thing. Socialism says the State should own everything. We, the military oligarchy, are the State; therefore, we, under State Socialism, will own and run everything. That will be a good thing for us—and for the people too. Therefore, go to it! Let us have State Socialism!"

And they have it. The government owns the railroads, the telegraph and the telephone—and the Lord and the Kaiser know what else! And the German government *controls* everything it does not own outright.

No, Mr. Man, I am not a Socialist. I don't believe I ever shall be one—at least, of the Russian brand. But let me tell you something. A whole lot of things which I understand Socialism stands for, are *here*. More are on the way. Both the Republican and Democratic parties are demanding certain things today that Socialists only dared to dream of and more or less faintly clamor for, without much hope of getting, a few years ago.

Socialism is here. It is knocking loudly at the gate of the Republic. I am ashamed of myself for not having been wise enough to look into it, at least enough to see clearly what it is, before this.

How about you? Are you brave enough to do it, or are you afraid, or is the glue of prejudice stopping up the pores of *your* mind?

Personally, I don't like the smell of glue. I don't want it around. I don't want State Socialism with a mailed fist to enforce it.

But if it conquers selfishness, and gives the principle of Service a show for its white alley, I would like to live in a republic that owned its own railroads and a whole lot of things like that.

Possibly that is because *I* don't own any railroads.

But anyway, you and I want to prove that D'Olivet was wrong. We want the Republic to live, and nothing is more certain than this: no form of government can live unless it is *served* by its citizens.

Have we, planted in the midst of plenty, been prodigal? In our prodigality, have we become selfish? Have we been clamoring for more, and still more, individual rights, privileges and prerogatives, instead of fulfilling our duties, obligations, and responsibilities to the State? Have we tended to mistake liberty for license?

I am asking questions, not making charges. I want you to think it out for yourself.

Have employers been working on the D. O. R. side of the ledger in their relations with their employes? Have employes been working on the D. O. R. side for their employers?

Am I a German propagandist? Am I a pessimist? Do I think we are going to get licked? No! Not on your life! But unless you and I, and the vast majority, quit talking about it long enough to *do* something to help win this war, we are not going to win it. Deeds are the only things that will do it.

We must *serve*. Not do our "bit"—that's a bad bit of bosh. All! To do his or her all—our best! That's what each must do—and it must be done P. D. Q., if it's going to do any good.

It's going to be "did." Your Uncle Samuel is wide awake. He has his coat off, and his sleeves rolled up, God bless him! He has fire in his eye and pep to spare. I love you, Samuel. I am sorry I have been so selfish. I want to serve you. Help me, oh God! to be a better servant to my country. Show me the way to serve the Nation more—and yet more.

And now, Uncle Samuel, I am not the only one who feels that way. Don't be afraid to ask us all to serve: and if we falter; if the sin of selfishness makes us wabbly; if fear makes our knees shaky, and causes our teeth to chatter, buck us up, old boy! Say *Go* on! if we do not readily and cheerfully *come* on.

Don't be afraid, Samuel, to take over the packing industry, and the cotton compresses, and everything—and everybody—you want and need to save your life.

For your life is ours.

Take them over and run them as well as you do the Post Office, and we shall not complain.

It would not surprise me to have our moneyed men say this same thing too. Yes, they are saying it now, many of them. The best and biggest of them say it, and are not afraid of the voice of the sinfully selfish.

As George James, of Memphis, said to the Rotarians as he bade them goodby to go to Washington, to serve you, "God pity the man, from this time on who tries to make a lot of money out of the war!"

If those whose eyes are still blinded by the sin of selfishness insist upon profiteering, back a few up against the wall, and we shall say Amen.

If the working men won't build ships and do other needful things, just keep enough of the boys at home to *compel* obedience, and we shall again say, "So mote it be."

Yes, Uncle Samuel, you are the boss. Be one. Be *it*.

We are your willing servants. Show us the way. Help us to help ourselves by helping you.

And may God grant us the power to prove D'Olivet was wrong!

WHERE WE ALL CHIP IN

THIS is your Department. If your system harbors a constructive word in Business Philosophy—if you would pin the rose of praise on our editorial breast or find terminal facilities on our editorial person for the overripe eggs of adverse criticism—throw your hat in the ring. But let it be a small hat. The livest letter of 300 words or less, received each month, will win the writer his or her choice of A. F. Sheldon's "The Art of Selling," Holman's "Ginger Talks," or Knowlson's "Business Psychology." So be sure to give name and address, whether for publication or not.

THIS month the palm goes to Lucian D. Smith, of Memphis, special agent of The Travelers Insurance Company. Mr. Smith may not have been the first to announce the three-fold law which he so lucidly formulates, but happy is he who hails the discoveries of his own experiences and reflections with the joy of a Columbus, who makes them his own in the name of Business Science—and then throws them open for all the world to settle in. To Mr. Smith goes his choice of the books offered above. Here is his letter:

Dear Editor:

The writer has discovered a LAW. It is this, "The efficiency value of the individual varies directly with his satisfaction in his job." Again, "The efficiency value of the individual varies directly with the confidence he has in his house." Again, "The efficiency value of the individual varies directly with the confidence he has in the goods he sells."

These thoughts have come forcibly to me in the last few days, from personal observation, and I *Know* that when a man begins to doubt his job, his house or his goods, he had better look for another job—or his boss will soon be looking for another man. I would like to impress on every man with whom I come in contact to have faith in his job, to have faith in his house, and to have faith in his goods, for when he loses faith in any one of the three he is losing his grip on his job; and when one loses his grip he begins to slip, and it takes a strong pull to stop his downward journey.

Are these good laws to go by? I think so.

LUCIAN D. SMITH,
152 Madison Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Editor:

The article, "The Key to the Door Ahead of You," in your issue of April, 1918, by Dr. Marden, loses its force in the closing paragraph, which has reference to General Grant, who is described as "just an ordinary hand in a tannery at about forty." While this may be a fact, as far as it goes, at that particular moment in the General's life, history states that he was graduated from West Point in 1843 and was in the Mexican War in 1847, which indicates that he was something more than "just an ordinary hand in a tannery" at the time mentioned, and that he had experience to fit him in some degree for the higher command.

The undersigned is a member of a class of thirty engaged in the study of "The Science of Business," and it occurs to some of us that, while the illustration emphasizes the point, the statement is somewhat misleading.

ROBERT BARTON,
"Massachusetts Mutual," Springfield, Mass.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED

IN GOING over the office files of *The Business Philosopher* we find that the issues of September and December 1908, and August 1914 are missing. We should like to hear from anyone who has one or all of these numbers and would be willing to sell them. Please do not send copies, however, without first communicating with us. Our new address is 36 South State Street, Chicago.

Your business needs *mind*, as well as minding.

God made Success; failure is its own doing —and undoing.

AN ARRESTING BOOK

AN ARRESTING little book on the master subject of government has turned up on our desk and tempted us to superlatives. It is called *Back to the Republic* (Laird & Lee, Inc., Chicago; $1 net), and is a product of the exceptionally able legal mind of Harry F. Atwood.

When you read it you will experience a mental clarification that will prove memorable. You may not wholly, or even largely, agree with it, but we venture to predict that some of your defenses will be down, that you will find some part of yourself on the toboggan of assent.

Mr. Atwood's text is brief and simple. He sticks to it in an extraordinarily persistent, reasoned, illuminating way. And it insinuates itself into the reader's mind, gets under the reader's skin and sticks there with something of the devilish pertinacity of a "chigger."

The author will roil most of his audience, we suspect, when they find him throwing down and stamping on President Wilson's immortal pronouncement that the world must be made "safe for democracy;" his reasons, nevertheless, could hardly be stated more cogently, and at the least they can not fail to stir thought and bring many a misconception to the surface to be skimmed off.

The framers of our Constitution, according to Mr. Atwood (and students of government will not dispute him here), founded a *republic*, not a democracy; and a *republic*, he insists, is the "standard" form of government, the "golden mean" between autocracy at the one extreme and democracy at the other. "Too little participation [in government] by the people," he says, "means autocracy, which results in tyranny. On the other hand, too much participation . . . means democracy, which results in mobocracy." A bit startling today? Perhaps a little more tenable, though, after the Russian fiasco. But the *republic*, he goes on, "strictly and literally adhered to," "gives just the right amount of participation by the people in governmental affairs. . . ."

Democracy, Mr. Atwood calls "one of the most dangerous things in the world." He contends that our *republican* form was the first really stable, workable method of human government; that so long as we remained fundamentally true to it, from 1788 to 1900, our progress was the wonder of the world, our institutions the unflickering beacon of humanity. But since we have begun to go astray after false gods, as he believes, we have been retrograding most lamentably.

These false gods, according to this hard-hitting author, are, among others, the multiplication of elective offices and commissions; the initiative, referendum, and recall, and other recent "experiments" in government; Socialism, etc., etc. These may look like the usual stock in trade of the selfish "standpatter," but the arguments marshaled against these innovations are likely to make the most radical take a long breath.

This is inherently a *representative* government, he tells us; but a pure democracy can not be representative, nor can a true republic be democratic. Republicanism or representative government implies all the sane, ordered checks and balances provided by the Constitution; democracy implies demagoguery, half-baked impulse, agitation, discontent, Socialism, Anarchy, dissolution, death.

The republic norm, we are told, is just as fixed and just as capable of universal adoption as the standards of mathematics, of weights and measures, etc. Therefore, we are enthusiastically, patriotically bidden to go "Back to the republic," and those of all other nations are urged to come "Forward to the republic." Finally, in a miraculously concise chapter entitled, "A World Republic," this writer offers the most far-reaching of programmes. Taking the republic as the unit, and quoting the Constitution as ordaining for each State "a republican form of government," he carries that form, wheel within wheel, down to local affairs and up, up to world relations, to a world republic which will be "the republic of the united republics of the world."

It is a book to buy and read—and read again. S. C. S.

THE MODEST THRIFT STAMP

By C. B. STANLEY

I AM a little Thrift Stamp,
So small you'd hardly see
That I too, bear a little lamp,
The torch of Liberty.

I am a little Thrift Stamp,
And modest though I be
I bring good cheer to field and camp,
And shine beyond the sea.

I am a little Thrift Stamp;
I try hard as I may
To make each wasteful, spendthrift scamp
Lay by for rainy day.

Though but a little Thrift Stamp,
I sound it near and far—
The call to arms and steady tramp
Of a nation roused to war.

RETAIL SCIENCE CORNER

THIS regular Department for retailers and their employes is edited by Thomas A. Knapp, formerly sales expert with the Drygoods Economist Organization, now in charge of the Retail Science Department of the Sheldon School, assisted by R. Edwin Wolfrath, also formerly with the Drygoods Economist. Readers are invited to ask any questions they may desire to have answered in our columns—or if they wish to enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope they will receive a personal reply. Address, Editor, Retail Science Corner, BUSINESS SUCCESS, 36 South State St., Chicago, Illinois.

LABOR TURNOVER OF RETAIL SALESFORCES

HOW TO REDUCE IT

IN MY travels among retail merchants, writes R. Edwin Wolfrath for this magazine, I am frequently asked this question, "How can I reduce the labor turnover of my salesforce?" It is easily answered.

When salespeople have a thorough knowledge of their business, the manufacture, qualities and uses of the merchandise they sell, are equipped with an understanding of the psychological elements which enter into every sale, and are able professionally to advise customers as to what merchandise is most suitable for their purpose, as well as the apropriate colors and designs for individual types, then they are able to increase the sales and profits, which warrants an increase in their salaries.

To put it near-mathematically:

Thorough knowledge of scientific retailing, equals ability, plus interest, plus enthusiasm;

Ability, plus interest, plus enthusiasm, equal success;

Success equals increased sales and profits, plus increased salaries of salesforce;

Increased sales and profits, plus increased salaries of salesforce, plus congenial coworkers and pleasant surroundings, equal MINIMIZED LABOR TURNOVER.

I have found by investigation that the merchants who were able to minimize their labor turnover knew all about how their educational department was being conducted and attached great importance to the intensive training of their employes.

. Several merchants told me that they employed an educational director, but still their labor turnover had not decreased very much. This is a very weak admission and proves one thing conclusively, that the educational work is not a success. Why not? To any merchant who tells me that his educational work is not a success, in minimizing labor turnover, I can guarantee to give the reason why, without even visiting his store. He has overlooked one important fact—*you can't shove education down employes' throats.* First and foremost, *good will* in the employes must be created toward those in charge of them; they must love and respect their institution. But the store cannot hope to secure the good will of its employes unless they are fairly and courteously treated by their section managers, buyers, and everyone else in authority. Some merchants do not realize the importance of this. Neither they nor their lieutenants get "under the skin" of the average employe; and this is one main reason why educational work sometimes does not fully succeed in minimizing labor turnover.

The writer formerly was connected with one of the largest of Eastern department stores, on the educational advisory board. In one instance alone, the merchandise manager of the cloak and suit department caused eight of the best saleswomen in that department to leave the concern. Upon investigating, we found that the merchandise manager made a practice, when he presented his salespeople with the monthly bonus, to give them the very devil with it. Otherwise, he thought, they would become too self-

satisfied. Therefore, he would assure them that, although they were getting a bonus, they must not think their services were entirely satisfactory. By no means! And if they made an attempt to express their opinion of this sort of "panning," he told them that they were in his office to listen and not to speak. Furthermore, if constructive suggestions were made to him, he would tell the salespeople that he was manager and knew what to do without any of their assistance—thereby killing the spirit of helpfulness in the employes. As one saleswoman expressed it: "He is so rude, disagreeable and unreasonable that I cannot stand it any longer. I'd rather work for less money and be happy. It isn't only what he says, but also how he says it."

This matter was reported to the firm. The merchandise manager was called to the office, and instructed that in the future his words to the employes of his department were to be courteous, he should speak to them as he would want to be spoken to if he were a salesperson, and that he could accomplish more if he adopted an agreeable attitude towards his employes. But the feeling towards him was so bitter that, even though after this he tried to be pleasant, it had no effect. The discord in that department made it necessary for the firm to transfer the rest of the employes to another department and procure a new salesforce.

Similar conditions exist in a great many stores, in the various departments, which are directly responsible for increased labor turnover; and these conditions are frequently unknown to the firm. The firm feels that they are doing everything in their power to educate their employes and make it pleasant for them by providing rest rooms, reading rooms, etc. It is the old story—you can place people in a palace of gold, but if the head of the household is domineering, they will not be content; and if they have an ounce of character, they will prefer a shanty, where happiness is supreme. Likewise, the store may be beautiful in structure; it may have its welfare department, reading rooms, rest rooms, etc., for its employes; but if those in authority are officious and hard to get along with, the salespeople will leave as soon as an opportunity presents itself.

The fact I wish to bring home is that intensive educational work is the best means of minimizing labor turnover, but that, in order to accomplish this, it is necessary to begin at the foundation, which is the education of *heart*. In order that the Educational Department may receive the fullest cooperation and show the maximum results, the firm should call a meeting of the buyers, their assistants, and everyone else having supervision over salespeople, and impress upon them the importance of securing the good will of their employes—for their own welfare, for the welfare of the firm, and for the sake of the "personality" of the store, which is represented in public esteem mainly by its salesforce.

Quite likely, expensive advertising space is being utilized to convey to the prospect's mind the impression that satisfaction is assured, among other claims which induce customers to patronize the store for the first time; and if the store possesses a trained salesforce, the members of which will substantiate the claims of the advertisement, there will be created permanent and profitable patrons. This, of course, will inevitably result in rapid growth, and will warrant individual advancement. Quite the contrary, however, if the salespeople, through ignorance and lack of proper training, as too often happens, destroy every vestige of good will the advertising has created.

In the office of the superintendent of a medium sized department store in the West, is this sign, "EITHER GROW OR GO." Nevertheless, this store is not carrying on educational work in any degree. The sign, therefore, should read: WE DESIRE TO *INCREASE* OUR LABOR TURNOVER, THEREFORE WE ARE NOT OPENING THE WAY FOR YOUR GROWTH. IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, YOU CAN GO.

It has been found profitable for the merchant, not only to *inaugurate* an educational department,—that goes without saying today,—but also to give it his whole-hearted support, and to insist that all must cooperate with it for the good of all. This, and nothing less, brings the desired results.

In stores where educational work is showing very profitable results, and where labor turnover is at a minimum, you will find that all are thus cooperating with the educational department. The buyers have vision enough to see beyond the immediate dollar; they realize that, by studying the salespeople's welfare and doing everything in their power to advance their interests, they are rendering

themselves and the firm a worth-while service. They realize that it is all-important to secure and retain the good will of the salespeople in their departments, so that they will reflect good will in dealing with the customers.

The merchant who is giving intensive educational work the required support, is sure to enjoy increased sales and profit, permanent patronage, and minimized labor turnover.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

L. M. (Saleslady, Kansas City, Mo.): What makes the difference in price between low and high priced broadcloth? They are so similar in appearance.

ANSWER: The fine quality of broadcloth, which naturally costs the most, is napped, steamed, and sheared, generally about six times, depending upon the finish that it is desired to produce—an even, nappy, lustrous surface that will retain its lustre; for it is the lustre that makes a beautiful broadcloth. After it goes through these various operations, it is placed in the dye vat, after which it is again sheared to remove straggling hairs that have come up under the dyer's handling; and then it is hot pressed, rolled, and ready for market. Less expensive broadcloth receives less care in finishing, and the least expensive only receives what is absolutely necessary to make it marketable.

R. EDWIN WOLFRATH
Assistant Editor, Retail Science Corner

J. J. (Assistant buyer, Havre, Mont.): In furnishing the advertising department with copy, what schedule can I use as a guide? Also tell me how I can judge our advertisements scientifically to suggest improvement.

ANSWER: In writing copy, we suggest that you ask the following:

1. What is the article?
2. What is it used for?
3. Why should it be used?
4. Who uses it or can use it?
5. Where and how is it made?
6. How does it compare with other similar fabrics?
7. How does the price compare with that of other fabrics?

Judging advertisements scientifically would require a thorough knowledge of advertising, but, no doubt, if you ask yourself the following questions as you are reading over the store's advertisement, you will be able to offer some constructive criticism:

1. Does this advertisement attract my favorable attention, and in my judgment would it attract the favorable attention of and appeal to that class of the buying public of our community for whom that merchandise is appropriate?
2. Are the announcements of this advertisement and the merchandise offerings sufficiently well displayed to arouse my interest and that of our customers and the buying public?
3. Is this advertisement strong enough to create a desire within my mind and the minds of others to possess the merchandise featured?
4. Are the values featured strong enough to induce action or cause one to come to the store to purchase?

SOFIA BLATZ: What are the qua'ities and selling points of Linette?

ANSWER: Linette is durable, has a lustrous finish, and is extremely beautiful in texture. It launders nicely, is light and cool, comes in a full line of colorings, and is made in greater variety of patterns than most similar fabrics. It is made by highly skilled workmen in an American factory, aided by

the most modern machinery. The dyes used have always proven strong and lasting. Linette undergoes careful inspection for imperfection prior to leaving the factory. It is easy to iron and washes like linen. It is wider than other light goods, being thirty-two inches in width, thus cutting to better advantage and involving considerable saving, as fewer yards are necessary. It sells for about 29c per yard, and equals goods sold for 35c.

C. H. R., Topeka, Kans.: What is the average expenditure for food, clothing, etc.?

ANSWER: United States statistics show that the average expenditure is 42% for clothing, 26% for food, 14% for shelter, and 17% for non-essentials or luxuries. It is said that most people spend all but 1% of what they earn, and that $5,000,000,000 was spent in 1917 for dry goods, etc., the per capita purchase being approximately $60 worth of dry goods and kindred lines.

M. (Proprietor), Chicago, Ill.: What suggestion have you to offer in studying the cut-price problem and strong cut-price competition?

ANSWER: The cut-price problem is indeed dangerous. It must be given careful consideration from every angle in studying the business policies of one's competitors. The following questions will, no doubt, be found helpful:

1. Are competitors selling at prices lower than standard; if so, why?

2. Is this a difference due to firm policies? To more favorable purchases? Or to lower cost of doing business?

3. Do the cut-prices apply only to a few items sold as "loss leaders" or throughout the whole stock? To branded and staple goods, or to unknown private brands?

4. How will they fight new competition with regard to prices?

5. How do their stocks now compare with conditions usually existing?

6. Are their assortments complete or do they carry only such goods as can be sold at cut-prices?

7. Are their goods better in quality or style than the average? Or are they inferior and such as should be sold at cut-prices?

8. What departments has each store, and which ones that might be profit-producers have been overlooked? Are any departments purposely run at cut-prices for advertising purposes?

E. M.: Why does mercerized cotton retain its lustre?

ANSWER: Mercerized cotton is dipped into a solution of caustic soda, which contracts the fibre and makes it smooth and round; thus, it reflects the light instead of absorbing the light.

T. A. (Educational Department), Waterloo, Iowa: I have been appointed to instruct the junior help in making out sales checks. Have you a record which shows errors most often made in sales checks?

ANSWER: Our record shows the following errors have been most frequently made in sales checks:

1. Using wrong sales book. 2. Check not dated. 3. Clerk's number omitted. 4. Wrong amount received. 5. Wrong amount of sale. 6. Amount received omitted. 7. Amount of sale omitted. 8. Amount changed on checks. 9. Poor figures and poor writing. 10. No address label made out for "send" parcels. 11. Wrong house number. 12. Wrong street. 13. Enclosures not O. K.'d. 14. Discounts not O. K.'d. 15. Void checks not turned in. 16. Void checks not voided on index. 17. Overcharges. 18. Under charges.

BOOKS RECEIVED

We acknowledge with thanks and will review all of the following books that come within the scope of this magazine:

Stories of Achievement, edited by Asa Don Dickinson. 6 volumes (Doubleday, Page & Co., for the Review of Reviews Co.; $5).

Advertising, by E. H. Kastor (La Salle Extension University, Chicago).

The Employment Department and Employe Relations, by F. G. Henderschott and F. E. Weakly (La Salle Extension University, Chicago; pamphlet).

Fundamentals of Cost and Profit Calculation, by Robert S. Denham (Cost Engineer Publishing Co., Cleveland; $1.00 postpaid).

Back to the Republic, by Harry F. Atwood (Laird & Lee, Inc., Chicago; $1.00 net). See review elsewhere in this issue.

Skinner's Big Idea, by Henry Irving Dodge (Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net).

THE MARDEN BOOK DEPT., 1133 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Send catalog of Marden Books; also find enclosed $ ..... for which send postpaid copies of all books marked with X on list below.

To .....

.....

—How to Get What You Want, $1.35
—The Victorious Attitude, $1.35
—Keeping Fit, $1.35
—Training for Efficiency, $1.35
—Miracle of Right Thought, $1.35
—He Can Who Thinks He Can, $1.35
—Peace, Power and Plenty, $1.35
—Pushing to the Front, $1.35
—Power of Personality, 54c
—Good Manners, 54c
—Cheerfulness, 54c
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BUSINESS SUCCESS

AND

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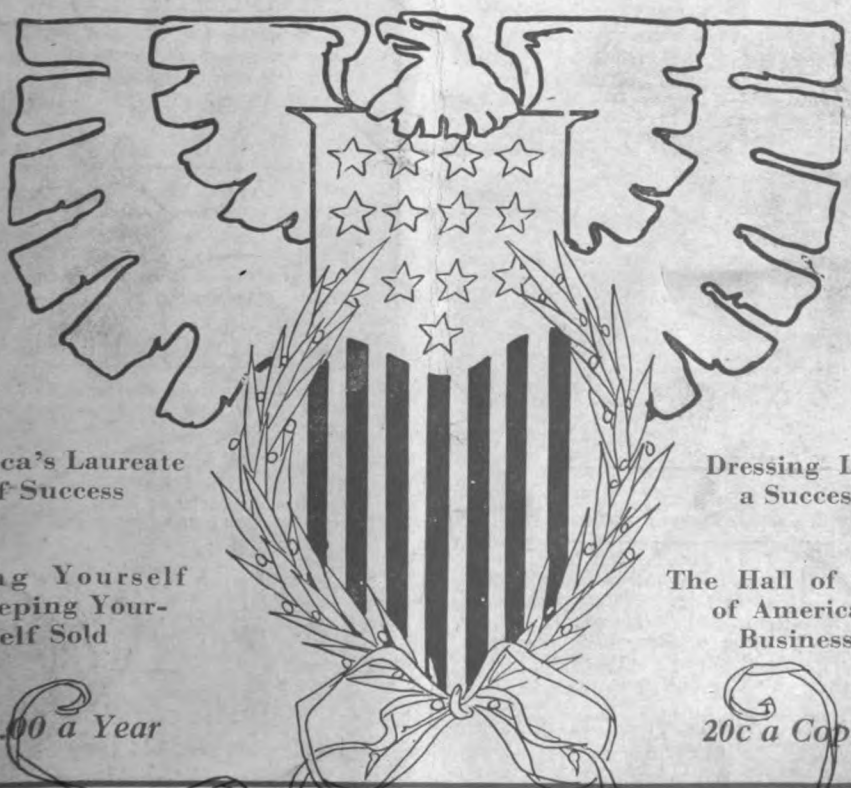
JUNE, 1918



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The Service Magazine

BUSINESS SUCCESS AND THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1918

VOL. XV :: NUMBER 6

Only that which tends to increase the "Area" or A+R+E+A of the reader—that is his Ability, Reliability, Endurance and Action—will appear in this magazine.

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"IT ain't the guns nor armament
Nor funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.
It ain't the individual,
Nor the Army as a whole,
But the everlasting team work,
Of every blooming' soul."

—*Kipling.*

w York's water front, by reason of its almost unimaginable war transportation activities, is really today one of the most important of all the allied "fronts." For this artistic impression of it, by Leslie Crump, we are indebted to the New York Edison Company, in whose very attractive house organ, "The Edison Monthly," it first appeared.

BUSINESS SUCCESS
AND
THE BUSINESS PHILOSOPHER

VOLUME XV JUNE, 1918 NUMBER 6

AMERICA'S LAUREATE OF SUCCESS

MARDEN, THE INSPIRATIONAL, "ONE OF THE WONDERS OF OUR TIME"

LOTS of us, from outlaws to ex-Presidents, have had defenceless babies named after us, but it isn't every man who has had children named after the titles of his books. Here you may read about Dr. Orison Swett Marden, editor of the magazine, "The New Success," and regular contributor to BUSINESS SUCCESS, over 1,500,000 copies of whose inspirational books have been sold. And you may also read about Master Pushing-to-the-Front and little Miss The-Miracle-of-Right-Thought, both of Japan. Sam Spalding will introduce you, and after the Doctor has given you the grip and the password—it is "Success," of course—we suggest that you pass on to the regular Marden article in this issue. Beginning at the left of the first line and reading to the right—

I LIKE to think that there are filaments, invisible but real, of something resembling "the substance of things hoped for," that connect a writer with his readers —provided the writer has anything vital to say; that the man at the transmitting end and all those at the receiving end of every worth while thought that finds its way into print, are connected by tiny, thread-like pathways of influence that are at least mildly phosphorescent to the understanding eye.

And more than that, I like to believe that the messages carried by that wireless current of the mind and the heart and "the holy spirit of man" do not all travel in one direction, from the writer to the reader, but that the latter, if he be truly appreciative, especially if he be touched and helped, manages somehow to send back wordless word of his gratitude.

If that is true, Dr. Orison Swett Marden's mental power house in New York City is the "Central" of one of the most remarkable wireless systems of give and take in the whole world of ideas, and the dynamic Doctor, himself, is "well connected" indeed and ought to be about the happiest man alive.

For over a million and a half of his books have been sold, covering nearly every civilized country on the well-known globe, and he has received more than thirty thousand letters commending his works, telling of the encouragement and inspiration the readers have received, and of how these radiant centers of energy, bound in cloth but boundless in their potentiality for good, have wrought mightily for Success.

Suppose we touch upon a few of the signal honors that have been paid to this most

popular and widely read writer on Success that America (and this, in such a connection, necessarily means the whole terrestrial works) has ever turned out, and then let us see if we can make up our minds why this man of many letters, written and received, has raised so much intellectual dust.

Charles M. Schwab, of whom you may have heard, says, "I owe a great deal of my success to Dr. Marden's writings."

"Had I seen such a book as 'Pushing to the Front,'" wrote John Wanamaker, of one of the Doctor's volumes, "when I first started towards mercantile life, I would—if it had been necessary—have been willing to go without at least one meal a day to have money enough to have bought this book."

John may not be a master of the wily word, but you get his drift.

The President of the National Cash Register Company, one John H. Patterson, has had large digest charts made of excerpts from the Marden books. They are printed in colors on large sheets and are put up throughout his factories and offices in order if possible to immunize his thousands of employes against failure.

Many of the largest business houses in America have placed these books in their employes' libraries. One large manufacturer says that he has fed his employes for many years on the Marden books, and that the diet has resulted in greatly increased profits. He insists that nothing has ever been written outside of the Bible so inspiring and helpful as the Marden books.

Business men have told Dr. Marden that a single book of his has been worth thousands of dollars to them. The proprietors of many large stores say that they have built up their businesses largely on the inspiration of the Marden writings.

A cotton manufacturer has purchased more than thirty-two thousand copies of the Marden books and distributed them among one hundred and fifty different institutions.

Marden clubs and societies are being formed in different countries to propagate the Marden philosophy, and lectures are being delivered, both in the United States and in foreign countries, based upon Dr. Marden's writings. Chapters from his books are read in churches. Clergymen often take his books into their pulpits and tell the young people that if they wish to succeed in life and make the most of themselves, they should read the Marden books. Sunday schools use his writings in their exercises. The Christian Endeavor Society and the Epworth League have both used Marden's works as textbooks.

Gladstone was interested in the Doctor's books and agreed to write an introduction for the English edition of one of them, but he died before he could do so.

The Indian Academy of Science, in India, conferred the degree of F. I. A. Sc.—which doesn't stand for fiasco, either—on Dr. Marden for the distinguished service he has rendered humanity at large. In fact, a college has been built in that land of pepper and Punjab, if not of pep and punch, through the inspiration received from "Pushing to the Front." The president, a poor student in New York, who did not have even enough money to pay his steerage passage back home, received a copy of this book, and after a few internal applications he not only raised money enough to go home, but after a while he decided to emulate John D. and build a college, which now has two hundred students, who use "Pushing to the Front" as a textbook.

Alexander Rossi, an Italian Senator and educator, wrote a fifty-page pamphlet in which he urged the government to make the reading of "Pushing to the Front" obligatory in the Italian schools, because he considered it a "civilization builder." He presented a copy to the King, who wrote the author concerning it.

Dr. Marden's publisher in Denmark has brought out twenty-two editions of "Pushing to the Front" in less than ten months. The Prime Minister of Denmark has written a large pamphlet in praise of this book and has published it in his own organ. Admiral A. de Richelieu—one of the most prominent and perhaps most admired leading men in the business world of Denmark—wrote an introduction to this book and recommended it very highly.

"Pushing to the Front" has also been adopted as a textbook in the schools of Peru, a resolution having been passed in their House of Representatives to this effect, whereupon the President of the Guatemalan Republic, not caring to inhale any more of

Peru's dust, ordered nine thousand copies of the Marden books, in Spanish, to be distributed among the young hopefuls of his country as premiums in the public schools. And another South American republic ordered that "Pushing to the Front" be admitted duty free because of its "inspirational and character-building value."

They get the Marden "bug," you see, and it was long ago pronounced highly contagious. Why, even we are rooting for him, in spite of the fact that we have wares of our own in whose behalf we might more profitably —to ourselves, at any rate—be blowing the loud bassoon. But we hope we shall always have the grace to forget ourselves and root like the huskiest college Indian of them all when such division commanders in the army of Service go by our windows.

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
America's Laureate of Success

But to return to our mutton (if it isn't on Hoover's *Index Expurgatorius* this month), a Spanish publisher, after bringing out this same "Pushing to the Front," wrote Dr. Marden that it had met with such unprecedented success that he had decided to publish the entire Marden Inspirational Library, consisting of twelve volumes, besides several other Marden books. He presented copies of the books to the King and Queen of Spain, and to other prominent personages. As a result, the Spanish Minister of Instruction has recently given orders that "Pushing to the Front" be put on the reading lists of all the schools of Spain, and Dr. Marden's Spanish publisher received the following letter:

"Illustrious sir, and with my most distinguished compliments: His Majesty, the King, our Master, has graciously ordered me to thank you, in his royal name, for the copy of the interesting work which you have edited and which you have offered for his courteous consideration.

"His Majesty has accepted this work with especial satisfaction; accordingly I am acquainting you with the enthusiasm which our Sovereign feels, inasmuch as the book will help to invigorate the race and to strengthen the national character.

"Having discharged the orders of His Majesty, I beg to remain your faithful servant, (Signed) "F. M. DeTORRES,
"Secretary to the King."

All of which suggests that Spain may "come back" one of these fine days to her old place in the front rank. As for Alfonso, we have more than once suspected that there might be something to that little guy, after all.

But we mustn't forget the Doctor's crowning distinction. Last but not least, therefore, in this lengthy catalogue of compliments paid and honors conferred, comes an almond-eyed tribute that is quite unique.

A Japanese professor, Koji Takahashi — it sounds like a comic supplement boarding house, but the Doctor vouches for it—once sent Marden a photograph of his three children, two boys and a girl, with this message: "My first son was named, in 1907, after your work, 'Pushing to the Front.' The younger boy, born April 18, 1909, I have named from your book, 'Rising in the World,' which I am using in my school as a textbook, and my little daughter I have named, 'The Miracle of Right Thought.' "

Don't you wish you had a little Japaniece called Miracle for short?

But why all the pother? Who is this man that he should have awakened such a world-wide response, that, during a certain period of two months, for instance, he should have averaged one book a week translated and published in some foreign language or other?

Well, let us first see what he has been and done, and perhaps that will help us to understand the exceptional value which common consent has assigned to what he has said.

Most people, I suspect, think of Marden as a writer, nothing more, as the founder and editor of the dead and gone but not forgotten *Success Magazine*, for instance, and as the author of an imposing array of best sellers along business and personal efficiency lines; as a matter of fact, however, the Doctor is a man of action, himself a conspicuous exponent of Success, whose writings are as far as possible from the vaporings of your mere theorist, but, on the contrary, are indigenous to the soil of his own ripe experience, and have had the benefit of the rain and sun of an exceptionally wide acquaintance with other men of affairs.

Orison Swett Marden was born in Thornton, N. H., about 1850. His young mother died when he was three years old. Soon afterwards, his father, Louis Marden, while adjusting a huge bear trap, accidentally sprung it, bringing upon his back a big tree, which was considered heavy enough to crush a large black bear. Many months thereafter, in almost constant pain, he toiled early and late for his children; then, having left them with a neighbor as a guardian, he succumbed to his injuries at thirty-four, four years after the death of his wife.

Orison was "hired out" successively to a clergyman, a carpenter and surveyor, a farmer, and two millers. Long hours, hard work, oftentimes with scanty fare and no bed of any description, few pleasures, and little schooling filled the weary years of his boyhood.

When seventeen, he asked permission to attend New London Academy, if he should pay his own way. His guardian refused peremptorily, but the boy went without permission and remained several terms, although he advanced very slowly, from lack of previous instruction and from the fact that he was obliged to work a large part of the time to pay for his board and lodging. Yet even his slow progress gave sufficient encouragement to fan the faint spark of a backward, bashful boy's ambition into the quenchless flame of a man's deep purpose.

Not being able to pay his way at the school any longer, he went back to the New Hampshire woods, twelve miles from the railroad. His little taste of learning aroused his ambition and he determined to get a district school to teach, if possible, during the winter. Failing in this, he hired a small shoe shop, built over a brook, and opened a private school of about a dozen pupils in a room ten by twelve feet, whose floor was so "peek-aboo" that the urchins used to fish through the cracks for "shiners" with bent pins for hooks. This teaching yielded twelve dollars a month and brought offers of public schools, in which he taught several terms.

On his twenty-first birthday he went to his guardian and asked for his patrimony. Receiving but a mere tithe of what his father had left him, he tried by legal means to obtain his due, but to no purpose. Undaunted, however, he determined to go to college, and started for New Hampton Institute, in New Hampshire, twenty-five miles away. Here, by doing chores and shouldering many menial tasks, he managed to pay his way for two terms. He learned rapidly now, won several prizes in the academy, and was finally graduated with honors second to none in his class. That was in 1873.

Passing the freshmen's final examination at Boston University in September, 1874, he entered the sophmore class, and in 1877 he was one of the first class to receive the degree of bachelor of arts from that University. After a two-year course in its School of Oratory, the same University made him a bachelor of oratory, as well as master of arts. He then entered the Harvard Medical School and the Boston University Law School at the same time, and graduated from both of these schools, having done double work through the entire course.

It will be observed that he emphatically did not believe in putting all of his professional eggs in one basket—also that he cannily qualified himself to draw up a patient's will, as Lawyer Marden, if Doctor Marden failed to effect a cure. Oddly enough though, he fell between the two stools of medicine and the law, after all, although he landed on his feet—in business.

During these years in which he was educating himself, it is important to know that Marden earned more than a living, In fact, it is doubtful if any student ever started without money and graduated with a larger income.

At New Hampton he ran a boarding club for students, and later, at Boston, he conducted a similar club for both students and professors, which netted him the princely sum of seven dollars a week and attracted the attention of President Eliot, of Harvard, who sent for him and asked that he form a similar club there. This club is still in existence, with a membership of some twelve or fifteen hundred students.

During the summer vacations Marden worked first as a waiter, and afterwards as manager of several summer hotels. In the latter position he earned as much as five thousand dollars a year. He was a saver, too, which is a much rarer bird, and even before he completed his studies he began to build the Manisses Hotel, at Block Island, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars.

With such a self-starting record at the outset, it is not surprising that in 1882 his fortune was sufficient to warrant him in taking a trip abroad to complete his studies. On returning to America, Dr. Marden engaged in business for several years, accumulating considerable property. He then decided to write some books that would be an "inspiration and help to strugglers who were trying to be somebody and do something in the world." For nearly fifteen years thereafter he spent all his spare time on his manuscripts. Then, while at Kearney, Nebraska, one of his hotels burned, destroying every scrap of his writings, even to his note books.

Right here we have a glimpse of the real Marden, an inspiring chapter in his own unpublished book of life. While the ruins of his hotel were still smouldering, he bought another note book and began to rewrite from memory his best book, "Pushing to the Front."

The Kearney fire was but one of a string of undeserved reverses. At this time Dr. Marden had control of four hotels, in three different states. Smallpox broke out at Block Island, five hundred of his bath houses burned, a drouth destroyed all business in the West, and almost before he could realize it his entire property was wiped out.

His property all gone, the Doctor determined to go to Boston and throw all his energy into literary work. Scarcely had he made this decision, though, when along came a telegraphic teaser offering him the management of a great hotel at a salary of ten thousand a year. Nevertheless, he resolutely turned down this offer, as well as several other attractive ones. His hotels were burned behind him and Destiny had a few dozen books for him to write. So to Boston he went with his manuscripts. Thinking he would have some difficulty in disposing of his book, he had three copies made of it, and submitted it to three publishers at the same time. To his embarrassment, every publisher accepted it. Houghton, Mifflin & Company finally published it, and it went through twelve editions during the first year. It has since had a tremendous sale, nearly one hundred and fifty editions having appeared in various countries, being translated into twenty different languages, including the Japanese.

In 1895, "Rising in the World" followed as Dr. Marden's second book. Its lessons are from life—full of pith, point and purpose. It preaches the higher success—the kind which uplifts one and gives him the right perspective in relation to his fellow-workers.

After "How to Succeed" came "The Secret of Achievement," a book which teaches practical power. It tells the life stories of noteworthy men and women, and points out the secret of their achievement. Being a life-chart, by it you can check off the points that fit your own case.

Following this, in the order given, came "Cheerfulness as a Life Power," "Character, the Grandest Thing in the World," "The Hour of Opportunity," "Elements of Business Success," "Winning Out," "An Iron Will," "Economy," "How They Succeeded," "Talks with Great Workers," "The Young Man Entering Business," "The Making of a Man," "Choosing a Career," "The Power of Personality," "Success Nuggets," "Every Man a King," "The Optimistic Life," "He Can Who Thinks He Can," "Peace, Power and Plenty," "The Miracle of Right Thought," "Getting On," "Be Good to Yourself," and "Sefl Investment," the latter being published in 1911.

The special message of "Peace, Power and Plenty," is that man need not be the victim of his environment, but can be the master of it; that each person can shape his own environment, create his own conditions. It teaches that great achievements are wrought by self-confidence; that the bodily condition follows the thought; that growing old is

largely a habit. On a par with this is "The Miracle of Right Thought," both these books setting forth the Biblical truth that "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

In "The Joys of Living" Dr. Marden emphasizes the fact that happiness is to be found in every-day living; how contentment can be cultivated; how health and happiness are related; how there is a positive alchemy in a cheerful mind. It is a book full of illuminating counsel and common-sense advice.

"The Exceptional Employe" is a book for men and women workers who have brains and want to make the most of them; who are ambitious to rise above the rank and file; who are eager to make the best showing for their employer as well as for themselves; in short, who desire to become in the very best sense Exceptional Employes.

"The Progressive Business Man" tells capitalists, employers, managers, men in all branches how to keep pace with the times, how to realize to the very utmost on their investments, including their plant, their stock, their employes and themselves.

Sixty-five short, gripping, to-the-point chapters of about a thousand words each compose his book "Training for Efficiency." In this book are treated the subjects of Character, Health, Education, Self-Improvement, the Value of Time, Appearance, System, Decision, etc., etc. In fact, Dr. Marden has covered almost every phase of, and every quality that enters into Efficiency.

"The Victorious Attitude" is full of the exultant spirit of life, of the growing, aspiring life that is constantly advancing toward new powers, greater possibilities. Dr. Marden holds that every one of us, no matter how poor, how lonely, how forsaken or disappointed, has in him marvelous possibilities, which, if unlocked, would open the door to a victorious, happy life, which, he claims, is man's birthright—what the Creator intended for him. "The Victorious Attitude" gives the key to this inner kingdom of man.

"Making Life a Masterpiece" is the result of many years' study of life and its problems. The author holds that the real business of men and women is not to make a living but to make a *life*. He claims that not one in ten thousand measures up to his highest possibilities, simply because he is too intent on the living-getting side of his business. After reading the book, packed full of practical suggestions as to how to make a successful living without sacrificing the glorified ideals of youth, one feels thoroughly convinced of its practicality. It is a book of inspiration for readers of every age.

"Selling Things," will be welcomed by sales managers. It aims not only to encourage the study of how to sell, but more particularly to supply that healthful stimulation so essential to every good sales organization.

And so I might meander on—but Marden has a magazine of his own, and he mustn't think he can hog all of this one. Before the five o'clock whistle blows, though, I am going to atone for this lopsided clay model of "one of the wonders of our time," as Judge Ben B. Lindsey has called Dr. Marden, by giving you a bit of the real Marden, himself, and by so doing I shall kill two birds with one stone; I shall let you find your own explanation of the Doctor's phenomenal popularity and influence in a study of one of his most recent and characteristic passages, and at the same time I shall be printing a "piece" about his latest book, which has not yet been reviewed in this magazine owing to the culpable negligence of the managing editor, drat him!

I shall quote from the very first chapter of *How to Get What You Want* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York; $1.25 net), because if I hunted all day I doubt if I could find anything more patly indicative of the Marden manner and matter or of the reason for Marden's sway over the hearts and lives of upward looking men and women, boys and girls, all over the map. The title of the chapter, by the way, speaks persuasively for itself, as the Doctor's have a habit of doing. It is called "Something Touched Him"—and something is "liable" to touch you, too, if you read it. But it's only the first of several "outward and visible signs" of that "inward . . . . . grace" that is to be found on any and every page of the Laureate of Success: "Playing the Glad Game," "Discouragement a Disease—How to Cure It," "The Force That Moves Mountains," "How to Find Oneself"—these are just a few of the subjects represented in this single volume.

Here is Dr. Marden's running start—and he keeps up the pace, too:

"A cub lion, as the fable runs, was one day playing alone in the forest while his mother slept. . . . . Before he realized it, he

had wandered so far that he could not find his way back. He was lost.

"Very much frightened, the cub ran frantically in every direction calling piteously for his mother, but no mother responded. Weary with his wanderings, he did not know what to do, when a sheep, whose offspring had been taken from her, hearing his pitiful cries, made friends with the lost cub, and adopted him. . . . . .

"The foster mother and her adopted lived very happily together, until one day a magnificent lion appeared, sharply outlined against the sky, on the top of an opposite hill. He shook his tawny mane and uttered a terrific roar, which echoed through the hills. The sheep mother stood trembling, paralyzed with fear. But the moment this strange sound reached his ears, the lion cub listened as though spellbound, and a strange feeling that he had never before experienced surged through his being until he was all a-quiver.

"The lion's roar had touched a chord in his nature that had never before been touched. It had aroused a new force within him which he had never felt before. New desires, a strange new consciousness of power possessed him. A new nature stirred him, and instinctively, without a thought of what he was doing, he answered the lion's call with a corresponding roar.

"Trembling with mingled fear, surprise and bewilderment at the new powers aroused within him, the awakened animal gave his foster mother a pathetic glance, and then, with a tremendous leap, started toward the lion on the hill.

"The lost lion had found himself. Up to this he had gamboled around with his sheep mother just as though he were a lamb developing into a sheep, never dreaming that he could do anything that his companions could not do, or that he had any more strength than the ordinary sheep. He never imagined that there was within him a power which would strike terror to the beasts of the jungle. He simply thought he was a sheep, and would run at the sight of a dog and tremble at the howl of a wolf. Now he was amazed to see the dogs, the wolves, and other animals which formerly had so terrified him flee from him.

"As long as this lion thought he was a sheep, he was as timid and retiring as a sheep; he had only a sheep's strength and a sheep's courage, and by no possibility could he have exerted the strength of a lion. If such a thing had been suggested to him he would have said, 'How can I exert the strength of a lion? I am only a sheep, and just like other sheep. I cannot do what they cannot do.' But when the lion was aroused in him, instantly he became a new creature, king of the forest, with no rivals save the tiger and the panther. This discovery doubled, trebled and quadrupled his conscious power, a power which it would not have been possible for him to exert a minute before he had heard the lion's roar.

"But for the roar of the lion on the distant hill, which had aroused the sleeping lion within him, he would have continued living the life of a sheep and perhaps would never have known that there was a lion in him. The roar of the lion had not added anything to his strength, had not put new power into him; it had merely aroused in him what was already there, simply revealed to him the power he already possessed. Never again, after such a startling discovery, could this young animal be satisfied to live a sheep's life. A lion's life, a lion's liberty, a lion's power, the jungle thereafter for him.

"There is in every normal human being a sleeping lion. It is just a question of arousing it, just a question of something happening that will awaken us, stir the depths of our being, and arouse the sleeping power within us.

"Just as the young lion, after it had once discovered that it was a lion would never again be satisfied to live the life of a sheep, when we discover that we are more than mere clay, when we at last become conscious that we are more than human, that we are gods in the making, we shall never again be satisfied to life the life of common clods of earth. We shall feel a new sense of power welling up within us, a power which we never before dreamed we possessed, and never be quite the same again, never again be content with low-flying ideals, with a cheap success. Ever after we will aspire. We will look up, struggle up and on to higher and ever higher planes."

That's Marden—the Marden that has stood for many years on a high hill, like his own lion, and called out the lion in others, all the way from kings to caddies.

PSALM OF SUCCESS

By ARTHUR N. OWEN

FORTUNE is stalking abroad in the land,
Success is a-waiting, time is at hand;
Wait not the future's unfolding expanse,
Now is the chosen time, now is the chance!

Great are the laurels of carnage and strife,
But business hath battle-fields worthy of *life;*
Success is a-waiting, take up the lance—
Now is the chosen time, now is the chance!

Business is battle, on life's rugged front,
Calling for soldiers to bear up the brunt;
Foremost in battle, then, be your advance—
Now is the chosen time, now is the chance!

IT CANNOT be a right ideal of a business of life which does not lay upon a man the moral duty that he abstain from every infraction of the law of truth, from every impulse and prompting of greed, from all unworthy and mean subserviency for the sake of profit.

THE HALL OF FAME *of* AMERICAN BUSINESS

THE EDITOR OF "LESLIE'S" NOMINATES FORTY CANDIDATES

SOME TIME ago, this magazine invited the editors of several other publications, including business magazines and general ones with more or less of a business squint, to send it their nominations for a Hall of Fame of American Business—in other words, the names of the forty men, representing Big Business or little, who, in their judgment, by reason of a conspicuous adherence in one way or another to the principle of Service, might be said to constitute the "Forty Immortals" of America at work.

Some of our conscripted contemporaries evaded the draft, others promised to report in camp at the appointed time, but are overdue and therefore liable to arrest as technical deserters. But the editor of *Leslie's*, that long famous "Illustrated Weekly Newspaper" that is, if possible, more alive than ever today, was the first to send in his list.

"Dear Mr. Sheldon," he wrote: "This is my suggestion of eligibles for your Business Hall of Fame. Very truly yours, JOHN A. SLEICHER."

And enclosed was the alphabetical list that follows:

1. J. OGDEN ARMOUR
2. GEORGE F. BAKER
3. A. C. BEDFORD
4. E. T. BEDFORD
5. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
6. PROF. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER
7. ANDREW CARNEGIE
8. REV. DR. JAMES R. DAY
9. H. P. DAVISON
10. ROBERT DOLLAR
11. W. L. DOUGLAS
12. JAMES B. DUKE
13. T. COLEMAN DU PONT
14. GEORGE EASTMAN
15. THOMAS A. EDISON
16. HENRY FORD
17. JAMES B. FORGAN
18. HENRY C. FRICK
19. ELBERT H. GARY
20. GEORGE W. GOETHALS
21. DANIEL GUGGENHEIM
22. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND
23. AUGUST HECKSCHER
24. A. BARTON HEPBURN
25. SAMUEL INSULL
26. CYRUS H. McCORMICK
27. J. P. MORGAN
28. JOHN H. PATTERSON
29. GEORGE M. REYNOLDS
30. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
31. JULIUS ROSENWALD
32. CHARLES M. SCHWAB
33. E. C. SIMMONS
34. JAMES STILLMAN
35. THEODORE N. VAIL
36. FRANK A. VANDERLIP
37. ALBERT H. WIGGIN
38. JOHN N. WILLYS
39. THOMAS E. WILSON
40. F. W. WOOLWORTH

Now that is the list of a man whose judgment is bound to have weight. John A. Sleicher ought to know whereof he speaks, and the famous weekly which he edits has become even more noted for its business articles, especially for its timely character studies of business executives, than for its news photographs.

Mr. Sleicher's nominations include some surprises, however, such as his inclusion of President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, Chancellor James R. Day, of Syracuse University, and Maj. Gen. George W. Goethals, none of whom the man in the street would today be likely to class as a business leader, despite their undoubted executive ability and the wonderful achievements of the great military engineer as the builder of the Panama Canal.

And the reader will look in vain for the name of John Wanamaker, to name only one outstanding exception.

But this is where the fun of such slate-making and slate-reading comes in, and in order that our readers may share in it as fully as possible, we invite anyone who will to "obey that impulse" and send in his or her additions to or subtractions from Mr. Sleicher's list. The names should, however, be embodied in letters of comment, of not more than 300 words, addressed to "Hall of Fame Editor," BUSINESS SUCCESS, 36 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois, and the writers should remember that we want only living Americans who are notable exponents of Service in business. And if any of those in Sleicher's list do not strike you as deserving of the honor, when tested by the touchstone of Service, say so and give your reasons. That will make things more interesting for all of us.

The writer of each letter published, if the letter be accompanied by name and address, and titles of volumes desired, will receive his or her choice of books to the retail value of not more than $2.10 from our Bargain Book Department's list, which appears elsewhere in this issue. Letters need not be typewritten but should be written on one side of paper only. Another page of nominations will appear next month.

SELLING YOURSELF—*AND KEEPING YOURSELF SOLD*

WE FEAR we shall have to quarrel with any reader—fortunately we haven't yet encountered him—who doesn't promptly agree with us that this article by George L. Louis, merchandising authority and business journalist AA1, isn't more than commonly noteworthy. It is the second and last article on this subject, by Mr. Louis, the first having appeared last month. If you did not read the first, apply this one internally, then gently but firmly push your favorite magazine from your knee, and go instanter in search of her elder sister, May. And if May is not in the house, ask your news dealer to send for her or mail us twenty cents for her fare. She's slender, like June here, but they're something more than skin and bones.

BY CAREFUL inquiry, I was able to locate another excellent and interesting story of how a traveling salesman succeeded in selling himself and keeping himself sold. My interviews with the sales manager, several salesmen who knew him intimately, and some retailers upon whom he called, together with my talks with the young man himself, enabled me to get the information which follows.

The young man in question has a keen, analytical mind. After one year's work in an architect's office and another year spent as the employe of an interior decorator, he sought a position as a road salesman, with this frank confession:

"I thought I would like to be an architect, and then an interior decorator. But I find that I am not inclined to either of these, and now I'd like to see if I'm fitted to be a salesman."

"We hired him," the sales manager informed me, "because we thought there was much that was possible from a man who looked things squarely in the face, as he did, and who was not so self-assured that he was in a rut."

They gave him a small territory to work at the start, and enlarged it from time to time, as he demonstrated his ability to sell. "Every time he would come in from a trip," the sales manager said, "he would say to me, 'There's something wrong about our selling. It's too tense. Our selling efforts don't live long enough. It's too easy for us to break in on our competitors and it's just as easy for our competitors to break in on us."

He continued in this strain for about two years, I was informed. Then his sales suddenly showed a decided increase. A great deal more mail from retailers addressed to him personally was received by the Company. As I couldn't get a very intelligent explanation of why his sales had thus increased, I was given his route, and met him in an Iowa town, so I could have a personal talk with him. This is what he told me:

"When I began selling, I assumed that all my effort should be concentrated upon my goods, their quality, prices, and selling value. I did this for the first couple of years I was on the road. I was as successful, I believe, with my sales as the average salesman is. But competitors broke into my sales right along, and I could only get re-orders when I went after them. Now, I felt that there should be some kind of bond developed between the retailer and our establishment that would create a deeper, stronger feeling between us. I pondered over this situation a long time. I finally solved my troublesome problem by an experience I had in a Michigan town.

"I had just taken a fair sized order from the proprietor. I was fastening my sample cases, preparing to leave. There were two customers in the store. Three more came in. The owner hastily went back of the counter to wait upon one of them. The two

clerks were already busily occupied, so I took off my hat and overcoat and went back of the counter to see if I couldn't serve one of the other customers. I waited upon her and then upon the other customer, who also bought a few dollars' worth of merchandise.

"Afterwards the merchant thanked me heartily for thus helping him out. I thought no more of the incident, however, until I received a letter from my house some weeks later, telling me that a mail order had been received from this store. In his letter, attached to the order, the owner had written, 'Credit this order to Mr. ——,' meaning me.

"This was the first voluntary order he had ever given us. And since then he has given us all of his orders for our line of goods, despite the fact that he had previously given much of it to competitors.

"I analyzed what had happened. I had sold myself to him. From that time on I began to sell myself and keep myself sold to retailers on whom I called. Since I have been doing this, my sales have increased about fifty per cent, and I am selling with far less effort and expense. I no longer fear competition."

When asked how he kept himself sold to his trade, he gave me this information:

"I used to start right in talking business, as soon as I cornered my possible buyer. Now I keep my goods in the background until I have sold myself. I begin by talking generalities about something that concerns and interests him. Then I gradually lead up to my goods according to the time he gives me, and his disposition toward me. After I get an order, I try to impress upon him that my real service has just begun. I try to make him feel that the order is only the basis for the cooperation that my concern and I, personally, are going to give him. Then I follow up on him with letters that are written at intervals of from four to six weeks apart. My first letter is something like this:

" 'Dear Mr. Smith:

" 'I am very anxious to learn if the order you gave me on the twelfth has been received. Please let me know if there is anything not entirely satisfactory, so I can have it corrected. I want you to be completely satisfied and ask you not to hesitate to write me if you find anything wrong.'

"You should see the letters I have received in answer to this one of mine! This letter, like the second one, awakens a kindly feeling, by which I keep myself sold. Here is the second letter I send out:

" 'Dear Mr. Smith:

" 'I have been wondering how our goods have been selling at your store. Do you find that they have the selling value I predicted they would have? Did you try out that display plan that I outlined for you? If you are not too busy, I wish you would let me know how things are going, as I am sincerely interested in the progress of your store generally, and the sale of our goods particularly!'

"Letters like these have sold me to my trade. I work on these letters very carefully, and intend to continue writing and mailing them to all the merchants on whom I call. For I intend to keep myself sold. As long as I do, I sell more, and I sell with much less effort."

I was in the waiting room, leading to the private offices of the president and general manager of a fairly large automobile concern. To my left sat three men who were also waiting to see him. I overheard one of them say:

"No, let's give him the rock bottom prices on four car lots."

"But I have two carloads promised to Bronson," protested the second speaker.

The third man interrupted with, "Yes, let him have it all, even if we could get a little bit more for it from the other fellow, and even if it will make Bronson short. Let him have it."

I assumed, as they mentioned the name of the President, that they were discussing goods they were about to sell him. When I gained access to the President's office, I told him what I had overheard.

"Can you tell me why they were willing to favor you in this way?" I questioned.

"Yes, I believe I can account for their very favorable attitude toward me. I make an earnest effort to sell myself to all from whom I buy, with the result that they give me every advantage when they sell to me. I not only give every salesman who visits me the courtesy of my attention, but when I give an order, I take the trouble to write to his concern, commending him in some

way. When I gave my previous order for some metal parts to the largest of the three men who were here and to whom you called my attention, I wrote this note to his house:

" 'It must be highly pleasing to you to know that you have a salesman who can represent your business so ably and who knows how to sell.'

"The salesman, who would be shown the letter, of course, is mightily pleased, the concern is pleased, and I get the result of this pleasure. I contend that it is as essential for the buyer to sell himself and keep himself sold to the salesman, as it is for the salesman to do likewise."

How a retail clerk can sell himself and keep himself sold effectively, is being demonstrated by a young man in the silk department of a large Chicago department store. After a sale is made, he offers this suggestion:

"If you care to leave me your name and address, or telephone number, I shall be glad to let you know when there are special sales, so you can get this information before it is given to the public generally. This will enable you to get advance news of our sales, so you can avoid the crowds and get first selections."

The average woman buyer is glad to have this accommodation. Within the course of a few months, after she has been told of several sales by telephone or letter, the clerk has sold himself. He is no longer merely a clerk to the customer, but "Mr. ——." He sells more goods than the other clerks, and makes his sales with more ease and speed, he tells me. Incidentally, he earns more money than the other clerks.

It is freely acknowledged that the selling of magazine space to prospective advertisers is one of the most difficult feats of salesmanship. It is contended that until a business has advertised and actually seen the results that sound publicity brings, the space to be sold looks mighty intangible, hazardous, and expensive.

With this knowledge, I was very much interested in learning about a young man who, my informant said, was remarkably successful in selling the publication he represented. Through mutual friends I became acquainted with him. We grew quite intimate, so much so that I finally managed to accompany him on one of his tours of solicitation.

This "traveler" is now selling himself to the whole civilized world—and he'll keep himself sold, too!

I will give the conversation in detail, when he met the general manager of one of the concerns on which we called one day. He employed the same tactics, with only such variations as the different situations required, at all of the interviews. The general manager of this house came out of his private office to the lobby a few minutes after my friend's card had been sent to him. Rather pleasantly, but decisively, he addressed himself to the solicitor after the preluding "How-do-you-do's" had been exchanged.

"I'll begin and end our talk with this information: We're getting along pretty nicely without any advertising. We get about all the business we can take care of, and we haven't set aside any appropriation for advertising, so it is useless to take up your time and my time talking about your magazine."

"Most solicitors," my solicitor friend explained to me afterwards, "start arguing with their man after a negative such as I received. The only thing most arguments do in a case of this kind is to convince the man that he is right in his contention.

Through experience and some thoughtful reasoning, I have learned that when I find a prospect in this attitude, the best and only thing to do is to sell him by agreeing with him, at the same time subtly wedging in strong reasons showing why it would pay him to advertise in mine and other publications. But I don't heap these subtle points upon him in a mass; I leave just one point with him at each visit."

This is how he answered the general manager's turn-down:

"There is surely no reason why your firm should advertise, when conditions are so satisfactory as they are now. There is no use in going out after business unless you can take care of it. You probably don't need to insure the future of your business by making your name and goods known to the public as (here he mentioned several well-known big advertisers) do."

I noticed the general manager pricked up his ears and assumed a more intently listening attitude at this last sentence.

"If the time comes when you decide you should let the public know what you make and why they should buy it, I hope to have the privilege of telling you about the merits of my magazine," my solicitor friend continued. Then, without another word save a formal "Good day to you," he turned and left. I followed, rather astonished, on his heels.

"Why didn't you give him an opportunity to say something more?" I questioned, as we walked down the street. "He was on the verge of saying something just as you left so abruptly."

"I know it. But I wanted to stop the talk just as I did. I've left an impression with him that might have been lost if we had talked any further. I sold myself to him. He will think about me, what I said and the fact that I didn't pursue my selling efforts further. He will feel that I respected him and his opinion, and he will have a corresponding respect for me from now on."

"But now that you have begun to sell yourself, how will you continue to keep yourself sold?" was my next question.

"It is very simple. First, there is going to be a letter to him in about three or four days, from our main office thanking him for the courtesy extended me. That letter mentions my name twice. It is an important link in my selling. Next, in about three weeks from now, I will visit him again. Make a note of the date and come with me. Then you will see how I do it."

I went with him three weeks later. Upon receipt of his card, the general manager had the girl at the information desk in the lobby usher us into his private office at once.

"That's accomplishment No. 1," was the laughing comment of my friend, as we proceeded to the office. The next thing I noted was the rather cordial greeting that the general manager extended him.

"I didn't come here to solicit your business, Mr. ——," began our magazine man. "I realize that in three weeks things will not have changed enough to warrant an advertising campaign in your business. I just want to put your name on the complimentary list of our magazine, so you can familiarize yourself with it. Then, when you do plan to advertise, you'll know whether it is good for your purpose or not.

Then he arose, said "Good-bye," and left as abruptly as he did on the first visit. He continued to sell himself like this for about eight months, at three, four, and five week intervals.

It is now the eleventh month since the first visit. Before me is the solicitor's magazine opened at a full page advertisement of this concern. No other publication has this copy. But he is not ceasing his carefully planned effort to keep himself sold, despite the fact that he has gained his object. He is now a welcome visitor about every couple of weeks or so. The general manager, who is contemplating a larger campaign, involving quite a number of other mediums, is now asking the young man's advice as to what magazines to select.

If you don't oversell yourself, it is easy to keep yourself sold. And if you keep yourself sold, you can turn drudgery into pleasure. You will get the help of others in increasing your efficiency—and your salary.

BEHIND every man's busy-ness, wrote Thoreau, there should be a level of undisturbed serenity and industry, as within the reef encircling a coral isle there is always an expanse of still water, where the depositions are going on which will finally raise it above the surface.

DRESSING LIKE A SUCCESS

THIS, the third article in Dr. Orison Swett Marden's new series of contributions to this magazine, goes beyond William of Avon's—or is it John Drew's?—familiar bartlett, "The apparel oft proclaims the man." "Clothes make the man," somebody else has said (that simply must have been John Drew), adding, as we recall, "and lack of them the woman." But what we were going to say when you interrupted us, was that Dr. Marden here shows just how clothes do "make the man," in a real and important sense. We are going to buy some new socks on our next pay-day. And after we have read the Doctor's next article, which is to be on the same subject, we may even invest in one of our triennial straw hats.

YEARS ago, President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, the well-known psychologist, sent a list of questions to nearly two hundred young people in the various walks of life. Without exception these young people in answering one of the questions stated that good clothes had a powerful influence upon their feelings. They said that when they were conscious of being well dressed they thought more of themselves, they respected themselves more, and that their ability was actually increased because their self-respect and confidence were increased.

Ability is not a fast and fixed quantity, it is extremely expansive and contractive, according to our moods and the conditions which surround us. The mental attitude has everything to do with the enlargement or the contraction of our ability and our efficiency. When we are conscious that there is something the matter with our dress, with our clothing, that they are disarranged or that they indicate a sloppy, slovenly mind, that they indicate a total lack of order, cleanliness and neatness, we feel greatly embarrassed. This acts as a depressant to our courage and all of our other faculties. Our initiative may be paralyzed, our powers of thinking and of conversation are seriously affected.

A lady of rare beauty and great intelligence tells me that a clergyman for whom she had the profoundest regard, but whom she did not know very well, rang the bell at her home one morning, and she, supposing it was some of the tradespeople or an intimate neighbor, answered the doorbell herself. Her hair was down her back, she had on an old dressing gown and old, worn-out slippers. In other words, she said she looked like a "fright," and she was dreadfully mortified. She couldn't think, she couldn't talk. She invited the clergyman, who carried a silk hat and was faultlessly dressed, into the drawing room, and she declared the interview was one of the most painful experiences of her life. She was so completely humiliated, so chagrined that her tongue and her brain were paralyzed. She could not carry on a conversation, and the interview ended very unsatisfactorily.

A little later the clergyman called again at her home, just as she was about to leave for a reception, and she said that she was sure that he did not think it was possible that she was the same being. Her brain was unlocked and her tongue was loosed. She was at perfect ease.

Good clothing is a wonderful aid to good manners. It is so easy for us to be well mannered when we are conscious of being well dressed, but when we feel humiliated because we are unbecomingly dressed, our self-respect is wounded and we do not feel at all natural, our initiative is paralyzed, our courage is down. In other words, when we are conscious of being poorly or unbecomingly dressed we want to get out of sight of people. Ill-dressed people do not make good mixers because they are too self-conscious.

The majority of people do not begin to dress well enough. From a purely economical standpoint it pays enormous dividends to dress well because we thus multiply our ability, we enlarge our nature, we open up

new possibilities in our brain, and we command better respect from others. We can speak better, we can think better, we have larger initiative, we have more courage if we are becomingly dressed.

A great musician once declared that he could not compose his best unless he was dressed in his best, with a certain lucky ring upon his finger, and with his hair freshly powdered. In fact, he said, he could not do his best creating unless he was in a fit condition to meet his king.

Now, there is certainly some reason for this. It is not all foolishness, although this musician may have carried it to an extreme. I have known writers who were similarly affected by their appearance. Their best work was impossible when they were conscious that they were not becomingly or properly attired.

Some of the most successful business men in my acquaintance wear fresh underwear, fresh linen, and different suits every day, and they do this largely as a matter of economy and because they do not want to think about how they look. They know when they leave home that they are in a condition to make a good impression, so far as their clothing is concerned, and that they will not be embarrassed or humiliated, no matter whom they may meet during the day.

A young man from Boston once told me that he left home one very rainy morning wearing an old suit, which was not only threadbare but which needed cleaning and pressing badly. He looked out of the window in the morning and saw that it would rain hard, and he thought he would wear his oldest suit. He did not even put on clean linen, and he declared he was horribly chagrined upon meeting some very important people on that day. He assured me that he would have given a hundred dollars in a minute to have had on another suit of clothes and clean linen. He was so utterly paralyzed that he was not himself at all and he felt fearfully chagrined. He said that taught him a lesson and he made a vow never again, no matter what the weather or where he went to leave his room until he was fittingly and becomingly dressed.

The influence of our clothing upon our self-respect is something mysterious but marvelously interesting. It does not seem possible that inert, lifeless textiles, when made up in a certain way and put on the body, can work a real magic in increasing one's ability, and vice versa, that clothing which is ill-fitting, soiled, threadbare or ragged has the power to down one's ability tremendously. But whatever increases one's self-respect, increases power, and whatever wounds self-respect diminishes one's self-respect, diminishes one's power and one's ability.

The very consciousness of being well dressed has an energizing, vitalizing, inspiring influence upon our mental faculties. There is really an encouraging power in good clothes. If you appear successful you will be successful, but if you look sloppy, slovenly, if you look like a failure in your appearance, you cannot do your best, for your mental attitude will harmonize with that appearance. You cannot act like a success when you do not look like one.

NO GOOD sensible working bee listens to the advice of a bedbug on the subject of business. . . . Modern business is a most exacting taskmaster. It says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." It demands every ounce of energy its devotee has.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

BUSINESS SCIENTISTS' ROUND TABLE

ABOUT this Round Table each month we invite the many executives and others in the big BUSINESS SUCCESS family to gather, to listen to talks on their common and characteristic interests and problems by well-known executives, prominent lecturers, educators, and the like—and to join in the discussions by contributing letters of comment, brief transcripts of personal experience, helpful conclusions, etc., which they may be willing to share with others "for the good of the order."

THIS PLATFORM

which we reprinted in the May, 1918, issue of this magazine, is that adopted by the Association of Executives, of Chicago. It will bear frequent repetition for it is an unusually clear, strong statement of the enlightened attitude of employers toward the employed of all grades.

* * *

"We affirm that the fundamental laws and principles which develop man-power are universal and must apply in every institution.

"We affirm that every proprietor or manager of men is a teacher and is to a degree responsible for the growth of those under him.

"We affirm that increased efficiency in business comes through the development of the individual man-power of all of the several units comprising the business institution.

"We affirm that through conference, discussion, and study, executive teachers can learn from one another.

"We affirm that in the present hour of national need the development and conservation of man-power, mental and physical, is of supreme importance."

THE EXECUTIVE AS A TEACHER

A PARTICULARLY helpful talk on the subject of The Executive as a Teacher was recently given at one of the interesting luncheon meetings of the Chicago Association of Executives by Professor James F. Hosic, of the Chicago Normal Training School, editor and proprietor of *The English Review*. We quote the greater part of it below:

"I promised . . . . . that I should offer a few very informal remarks about the executive as a teacher," began Professor Hosic. "As I understand it, the drift of the lesson today is in that direction, that it is the business of the executive to train the people under him to think.

"There is only one way to learn anything—thinking or anything else—and that is by the method of experience. I believe every man here will agree that there is no magic by which we can somehow hand to a man the power to think, certainly no magic by which we can train him to think in this situation and expect him to carry that over and think in all other situations.

"We form our habits largely in relation to specific situations. We learn to respond in a certain way in a certain situation and we find that in an entirely different situation we act differently. . . . . .

"When I was a boy of nine, Mr. Chairman, I went with my family to Nebraska and lived on a farm. . . . . It was a tree claim and around the house were three or four big groves of cottonwood timber. . . . . They piled this timber about a hundred yards from the kitchen and it became my interesting task to keep that old wash boiler back of the kitchen stove full of that wood, dry cottonwood timber. . . . . It occurred to me that a sled might help me out. The fact that the snow had gone for the year didn't trouble me, and when the sled came into my mind, I said, "That's the idea!" I didn't consult anybody. . . . . I found some pieces of 2 x 6, and tapered off the ends so there wouldn't be so much friction, and bored holes in the corners to set

up my uprights, and with a halter which I stole from the stable, I pulled my load of wood up in front of the door and called out, "Mother, come and see what I've made!"

"Gentlemen, what happened to me there is exactly the typical thing that happens to us throughout life, and I learned something. I should know better now than to take 2 x 6's and place them in such a way that the grain ran against the ground. I should know that 2 x 6's are too heavy. I should spend my energy to make a cart now instead of a sled at the beginning of summer. I'd have profited had I had a teacher.

"If the men in your employ don't have your help they are just where I was with my sled without any help. They try to solve their own problems and learn slowly by doing so. What is a teacher? A teacher is an experienced person, a person that has lived through all these things and steps into the situation and helps the learner to save time by not making so many blunders. . . . . .

"I know that the mere fact that I was announced to you this afternoon as a professor aroused a prejudice in your mind because professors are supposed to have long hair, and to lisp, and do all sorts of things that do not become a full-blooded man. But I beg you to remember that the conception of teacher in our day is a different thing from what it used to be. I beg you to remember at this hour that the greatest teacher in the universe is Woodrow Wilson who sits in the President's chair at Washington. You think, gentlemen, that I am talking of Woodrow Wilson who ran the old country school and who ran Princeton University; I mean Woodrow Wilson today, ... the greatest teacher that ever lived. He is teaching this country how to pull itself together and carry out the biggest project that ever occurred to a human mind, the most glorious effort that human being ever took part in. What did he say? 'Come on, brothers, let us join forces with our allies in Europe, with the other democracies of this world and make this world of ours safe for democracy.' You say that isn't being a teacher. Yes, it is; that is just what it is. Your notion of a teacher is somebody that tells the learner, the pupil, something. The teacher in our day has to play the most varied role! A teacher is a leader, a guide, an advisor.

"What Woodrow Wilson did there was to announce a great project, but it didn't differ in kind from my little project of making a sled—not a bit. Why? I was face to face with a difficulty, a problem. I said, 'So help me, I will solve it.' My next point was, How? I told you how I set about to think how I could solve my problem, and I planned the thing out and executed my plan, and then when the thing was over and I found that it worked, I said, 'Hip! Hip! Hooray! See what I've done!' And then I had appreciation of the results of my work.

"Now, when it's all over, and the boys come home, and we see them marching down Michigan Avenue, we will say, 'Those are our boys, and we helped to do it, and the world is safe for democracy, and at the same time we've made democracy safe for the world,'—that's what I mean by saying Woodrow Wilson is a teacher.

"I can't talk very much about the business you are engaged in, although I handle twenty thousand pieces of mail in my office each year, besides teaching, so I know a little about business. Where your interest is, there will your attention be also. And in proportion to your attention is your energy, and if you don't put your energy into a thing, you won't get any kind of results, thinking or any other. That is proposition Number One. Proposition Number Two is this: Nobody ever did think until he had a necessity for thinking—a problem, *his* problem. We go along in accordance with our habits day after day, until some situation arises that requires thinking.

"The people in your employ will think just in proportion as your problems are their problems, in proportion as it matters to them. So as I see it, the job of teaching the employes in a business is exactly the same as teaching children in school or anybody anywhere. Make them face the situation, make them care, make it their problem.

"In your affairs, whatever they may be, your employes are meeting pretty much the same situations day after day. When they have learned how to respond to that situation, they have formed the habit of meeting that type of situation by thinking it out, by recognizing it. But when a new situation entirely arises—there's where the thinking comes in, the recognition of a new situation and then sitting down to reason it out,

analyzing it. By analysis, by going at the thing as a whole and analyzing it into parts, what we call in psychology 'piece-meal response' or partial activity, he picks out the separate elements in a situation and finds out how to master the situation as a whole.

"You can't have a panacea in business or anywhere else so that an employe can learn to be infallible on the first attempt. There must be a certain amount of trial and error on all matters. . . . . .

"I have two other general suggestions about this whole matter; this all rests on two great big laws that your employes might well understand, and in accordance with which they must work, and these laws are the laws that govern the forming of habit, the habit of thinking. You must give your employes the habit of thinking. They are your pupils. . . . . How can you do it? There are two great big laws that I want you to carry away with you, gentlemen. The first is the law of exercise, or the law of use and disuse. Other things being equal, the more responses you make of a certain kind to a certain situation, the more your tendency is to make that response. In other words, you not only create this bond, but you go on strengthening it and strengthening it until it will work every time.

"Of course, the reverse is true. The less you use a thing the weaker it becomes. . . . . .

"The other is a law not in the old psychology, and the most important one that we have. It is called the law of effect, and that is simply this: Whether your bond between your response and your situation grows stronger or weaker, in other words, whether your habit grows or not, depends on whether acting that way gives you *satisfaction*. The best illustration of that is a cat. You starve a cat until he's pretty hungry and put him in a cage and fasten the door with a button. At first it will take twenty minutes for that cat to learn how to get out by loosening the button, but he will get so he can do it, and get out every single time in a minute or two, after he learns the trick. Why? Because he wants to get out of the cage and wants to get to the saucer of milk. . . . . .

"Now, if you want people who are working with you to form the habit of thinking, you must make thinking satisfactory to them. There must be some reward attached to the process of thinking. How is that to be brought about? That is a practical question. You know better than I do, but I will offer this suggestion with great diffidence and with great deference to you.

"The project which your business represents must be the project of everybody inside your doors, just as Woodrow Wilson has got every patriotic American citizen today ready to fight to the last drop of blood to win this war. Just so you must get everybody willing to give the last bit of energy he has to the work of making your business a success. That is the attitude of mind you must foster in your employes.

"But if he goes ahead and does good thinking for the employer and nothing happens, if somebody else goes up with a pull or something else, and no notice is taken of his effort, although he's using his good brains in your service, he says, 'What's the use?' There must be a personal satisfaction and as much other satisfaction as can be made to attach to that way of living, that way of acting, that way of behaving. There you have the great big laws that determine this whole question of forming the habit of thinking, i. e., doing it, and, secondly, having satisfaction in doing it; and back of that lies the idea of motive, having some reason for doing it in the first place—a project, an interest, for where your interest is there your energy will be also. . . . . The whole thing is learning something by thinking on it, and the employer is in the position to help himself and the employe at the same time, by knowing the game and helping the other fellow to play the game."

BOOKS RECEIVED

WE ACKNOWLEDGE with thanks and will review all of the following books that come within the scope of this magazine:

Managing a Business in War Time, Compiled by the editorial staff of *System* and published by the A. W. Shaw Co., Chicago. Two vols., illustrated; $3.

Co-operation: The Hope of the Consumer, by Emerson P. Harris (Macmillan, New York; $2).

Social Democracy Explained, by John Spargo (Harper & Bros., New York; $1.50).

The Key of Knowledge, by Halvor H. Urdahl (H. H. Urdahl Co., Portland, Ore.)

BUSINESS SUCCESS *and* The Business Philosopher

Edited by ARTHUR FREDERICK SHELDON

SAMUEL CHARLES SPALDING, *Managing Editor*

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ON THE FRONT PORCH

Where We Talk Things Over

• • • This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war • • • • • • •

THE CURSE AND THE BLESSING OF WORK

NOW, it came to pass that a man by the name of Chauncey Giles once wrote a book. In cold fact, he wrote several books during the course of what must have been a very useful life; but when he took his pen in hand and wrote the book named *Labor and Capital*, he rendered a truly great service.

It is a small book, in volume, but big in power. Every man and woman in America ought to read it.

In the period of reconstruction which is bound to follow the World War, books like this one will serve a helpful purpose. And it is high time, right now, to begin to prepare for that reconstruction period. The war may last a long time. It probably will. In time of war, however, prepare for the "war after the war."

The mentally blind look no farther ahead than the present. The general plans for the day after next week.

Be a general.

The book I speak of is for sale by William H. Alden, 2129 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. It costs one quarter, twenty-five cents, the fourth part of a dollar. Buy it in bunches and give it away.

Now, therefore, since we have a man with such a message in our midst, I am going to yield the Front Porch to Mr. Giles this month. Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce Mr. Chauncey Giles, who will talk to you for the next four weeks on "Labor As a Curse and a Blessing," which is the subject matter of the first chapter of his *Capital and Labor.*

"Labor constitutes the warp and woof of every industry and every human good," says this writer. "It is not merely a question of bread, or of dollars and cents. . . . . It is the corner-stone of social, civil and religious progress. . . . . .

"I propose to speak of labor in its application to the individual, to what every man and every woman can do, to-day, in the present circumstances, in every condition, to remove the curse from labor, and gain its greatest and most enduring rewards. . . . . Let us then try to discover what the evils are that we desire to remove, and then we may be able to discover their remedies.

"Strictly speaking, labor is not a curse or an evil in any sense. It is a blessing, not merely in its reward of wages, but in itself. Even in its most oppressive forms it is better than idleness. This is the testimony of history and of individual experience in all ages of the world. . . . . It exists in the nature of the human mind, and is organized in every part of the material body. Look at a man from his limbs, his muscles, his brain, his senses, his intellect, his affections. What was he endowed with this miraculous organization for? What was he made for? To be idle? To eat and drink and sleep like an animal? Was the hand, that miracle of mechanism and power, made merely to use a spoon and wear gloves? To be kept white and soft like a baby's? What was every organ in the body made for? Was it not

for man's happiness? How is he to secure the intended good? By use, by action, by labor. There is no other possible way. Action is the law of life; it is the effect and sign of life; it is the means of gaining larger measures of life; it is the essential instrument of perfecting life.

"The higher we rise in the scale of being the more irrepressible the activity. . . . . The stone is motionless. It cannot change its form or place. Would you like to be a stone? The plant, though unconscious and anchored to the earth, is alive and full of action, and grows into a multitude of useful and beautiful forms. Here is more life, more action, and greater use. But would this satisfy you? . . . The animal . . . can see, hear, feel, move, and act in many ways impossible to the plant. But would it content you to be an oyster or an ox?

"As we rise to man we find a distinct and higher class of faculties. His range of action is vastly enlarged. He has more tools to work with, more labor to perform, and he gains larger and richer rewards. Every step of ascent in the scale of being demands greater and more varied labor by which we obtain a higher good.

"No living creature is exempt from work. The worm and the fish and the animal must labor. Action in some form is the condition of existence. . . . . A wild animal which has no master and is free to go and come, the idea which many entertain of a happy life, must keep on the alert for its dinner, or go without it. . . . . The necessity for labor is organized in our minds and in every fibre of our bodies. If we could be fed with every luxury without lifting a finger; if we could be clothed like the lilies and housed like a prince, without any effort, we could not live without labor, because all our faculties are not only created by use, but their existence cannot be maintained without it, consequently every one, whatever may be his condition in life, must work. . . . . Labor viewed in itself is a law of the Divine order. It has its origin in the Divine perfections, it is universal in its application, it is the means to every good. This is the positive and unchanging fact.

"But the idea is common, well-nigh universal, that labor in some useful employment is a curse. . . . . The man who threw down his shovel and declared that he would never do another stroke of work, when informed that he had become heir to great wealth, expressed in a most emphatic manner the common sentiment which pervades literature, controls feeling, enters the general thought, and influences the opinions of all classes of people. It is a totally false view. It originates in human selfishness and ignorance, and confounds the evils which are caused by the abuse of a good thing with the thing itself. . . . . Let us, then, distinguish between the use and the abuse, between the good and the evil of labor, and discover, if we can, how to avoid the evil and secure the good.

"The curse of labor does not consist in action, for it is only in action that we experience pleasure. . . . . If weariness is the curse of labor, why should the child run from one thing to another until ready to drop from exhaustion? Why should men and women pursue pleasure until they faint from weariness, and expose themselves to dangers which rarely exist in any useful employments?

"The answer is not difficult to find. They are led on by some delight, or the hope of gaining it. Suppose the laborer could find the same pleasure in his work, would it not take the curse out of it? Some men and women do find such a delight in their occupations, and they are happy when engaged in them. They do not work from any compulsion by others; they do not work for the wages. They do not consider them. They are led along by delight in their work, or in the use it may be to those they love. The mother does not think of the wages when she is working for her child. . . . . Cannot this principle be applied to all employments, —to . . . . . doing anything that will be of service to any human being? Observe, it is not the special thing done. That may be repulsive in itself. Who has more repulsive work to do than the mother? And yet she finds a pleasure in it. It is the motive for which it is done. It is not the personal good she gains, but the service she renders. Cannot that motive be extended? Can it not enter into all labor of every kind?

"But there are real evils connected with labor. It becomes an evil when it hinders the attainment of the purpose for which man was created. It does this when it is too long protracted and exhausting, when it absorbs all our time and strength. Then it becomes merely animal, the exercise of muscles. The higher and truly human faculties are not brought into exercise. A man is more than an animal to be fed, a horse or an ox to bear burdens. He possesses higher qualities than instinct. He has a mind to whose capacity for knowing there are no assignable limits; he has affections capable of indefinite enlargement, refinement, and happiness. Any employment which keeps him down to the level of the beast of burden, which allows him no time or means of developing his higher nature, is a curse. . . . . Worldly greed desires to get the most labor for the least pay, ... and the laborer is held as many hours and to as much work as can be wrung from him. It is a much greater evil than weariness, coarse garments, and simple fare. To the extent of its influence it defeats the end for which man was created. It prevents or hinders the development of his noblest faculties, keeps the mind as well as the body servile, and bars his entrance into the enjoyment of the richest possessions of his inheritance. The time must come when the cry of the most common

laborer will be 'bread,' not for the body only, but for the mind and the soul. . . . . .

"But the greatest evil and the bitterest curse that rests upon labor is the prevalent feeling that it is menial and degrading. . . . . This false estimate of labor, born of the love of self and the world and intensified by it, has had a powerful influence in leading men and women to escape from it.

"Multitudes work like slaves all their lives; they pinch and screw and deny themselves comforts and the means of culture, and let all their higher faculties remain uncultivated, to accumulate the means of living without labor. They work to avoid work. They make slaves of themselves to escape from service. . . . . Multitudes are striving and hoping to become independent. But it is a vain hope. No human being ever was or ever can be independent. The richest and most powerful man in the world is as dependent as the day laborer. Nay, more; he is dependent upon the laborer. The crowding into trades and professions, and the desire to accumulate riches rapidly are created and inflamed into a passion by the desire to be raised above the necessity of manual labor, and to command the luxuries and pleasures of life without physical exertion. Success in these efforts is called good fortune, rising in the world. This feeling . . . . . influences with more or less power every heart, and is a curse in its influence upon every one who cherishes it.

"Another evil which grows out of this is a depreciation of the value of labor and a struggle to get its service for the least compensation. False opinion says it is menial, it is degrading, it is mere force, it is on a level with the engine and the ox. Why should we not gain this power just as cheaply as possible, as we would the power of an engine by economy in fuel? Because a man is not an engine or an ox. Because there is something in him more precious than brute force, something more vital to every national and human interest than skill of hand or power of machine. In this false view of labor the man is overlooked. The end for which all things are created is disregarded. The wheat is lost, and the chaff only is gathered.

"How is this evil to be removed? By forcing larger wages? By getting a larger market? By enticing to larger consumption? These means may help; they may be necessary as instruments, but they can never succeed in removing the causes that render labor a curse. Wages cannot be forced long beyond their real value. There is a limit to human consumption and ability to purchase, and that must limit production and compensation. . . . . There are principles higher than wages, more potent than the love of money, or ease, or power for selfish purposes; more effective than legislation, or combinations of any kind. So great a work can only be accomplished by principles that are organized in the constitution of the human mind, and which must be gradual in effecting results.

"How is it then to be done? How can manual and productive labor be elevated above menial service? It can only be done by the worker. To the drudge every form of labor is drudgery. A servile spirit makes the most useful work servile. It can be done, and only done, by putting higher motives and a deeper interest in the work itself. If we only regard the wages and our work merely as a means of gaining subsistence, we shall think mainly of them. Our interest will not be in our work, but in our pay. The less work for the same pay the better. This motive leads to poor work, to as little as possible. . . . . But there is no useful employment which may not become the means of waking interest and calling our intellectual faculties into play. Every one can strive to do his work well, and just in the degree that he does that, his labor will cease to be servile.

"He is seeking to obtain excellence, and that is a noble motive, and ennobles every man and woman who cherishes it. It is of no consequence what the outward work is. . . . . If a man can find nothing to do but sweep the streets, if he has a soul above the dust, he can say to himself, I will handle my broom with as much skill, and make every spot I touch as clean as possible. . . . . If we are making a shoe or a coat, forging a tool, constructing an engine, or building a ship, or selling goods, let us do our best. Let us try to excel in it. Let us try to do better work to-day than we did yesterday. This purpose will keep the thoughts bright, the affections alive. It will lead to advancement.

"Many years ago, a man in one of our Eastern cities rose from poverty to great wealth by wise commercial enterprises. One day he was talking with a man who was a poor boy with himself, and who had remained so. At some remark which roused the poor man's envy, he said, 'You need not take such airs upon yourself. I knew you when you were only a drummer.' He retorted, quick as a flash, 'Didn't I drum well? Didn't I drum well?' There is a profound principle in his answer. I say to every man and woman, whatever your position, 'Drum well! drum well!' Whatever position you occupy, whatever work is given you, do it well. Do it according to the best of your ability. It will ennoble you and give dignity to your work, and it will yield you a more precious reward than your wages, and it will not diminish them.

"But there is a higher, a purer, a nobler and a more ennobling motive than the desire to excel in your vocation. You may do that from a desire to excel others rather than to excel in the product of your hands. You can do your work from regard to the good of others. Whatever your employment may be, ... whatever your hand finds to

do, you can do it from a desire to be useful. As this is the highest, or next to the highest motive from which men or angels can act, so it is the most universal in its application. It comes within the reach of the poorest as well as the richest, of the weakest as well as the strongest, of the least skilled as well as the most expert. . . . . It runs through the day, and through the year; it abides when you eat and rest as a pure and elevating presence. It gives strength and skill.

"Every one knows that we can do best what we love to do. All the faculties are kept fresh and alive by the affection. Every one knows that the mind is peaceful and happy when we are doing something with the purpose of contributing to the comfort and well-being of others. On special occasions we do work for others with this purpose. Why should we not always do it? You are making a shoe, or a garment. Instead of doing it in a listless, servile manner, thinking of your wages and wishing you could get more for less work, why not lift your thought from yourself, and let it pass on to the wearer? It is to be protection and comfort to some one. Put protection and comfort into it. You know how pleasant it is to have a good shoe, a well-fitting dress. Think of your own satisfaction and try to give it to others. . . . . .

"This working with noble purpose . . . . . will increase your chances of employment; it will add to your strength and skill, and consequently will increase your wages, and, what is more valuable, it will make you happy in your work. It is the curse of labor that men and women do not find their happiness in it. They regard it almost wholly as a means imposed by stern necessity, ... whereas, if they would put love for others into it, they would find their pleasure in it. Their *work* would become the instrument of accomplishing the end they sought. Every stitch of the needle, every stroke of the hammer, every step taken, and every word spoken would be in its measure a success. Would not that take the servility, the drudgery, the feeling of inferiority out of labor? It is no longer labor; it is sport, it is play. It is the means of accomplishing our purposes.

"When a man does his work from regard to the good of others, according to the Divine standard, he rises to the highest position. He becomes a philanthropist, a lover of man; he becomes the peer of the best men. He may use the same tools and work in the same shop as the man who labors only with his hands for bread, but his hammer and chisel and plough are glorified with a new purpose; they are wielded for the good of humanity. His work is still service, but not servile. It is honorable service because rendered with honorable purpose. It is noble work because it is the embodiment of noble motives, and the motive ennobles the deed and the doer.

"Every man who labors in this spirit is a public benefactor; he looks to the common good and contributes to it. He adds something to the commonwealth; the people are richer for his work. He has increased the means of human happiness. He also is a gainer by it. He will receive a reward for his day's work whose value cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. He has exercised the highest faculties of his nature; he has become more of a man; he has enlarged his own capacities for happiness; he has been happy in his work, and he is happy in the knowledge of the good it will do. . . . . .

". . . . . Think of this law of love as you go to your homes. Take this philosopher's stone which turns everything into gold, or something more precious than gold can purchase, with you as you go to your work to-morrow. It will take the curse out of it, it will make it a blessing to yourselves, and according to the measure of its usefulness, to your families, to your employers, and to humanity."

BE A SELF-STARTER! DON'T WAIT FOR THE BOSS!

By ARTHUR G. SKEELES

BE A self-starter! Don't wait for the boss!
Roll up your sleeves now, and dig in!
The time you spend waiting will all be a loss;
You were made for a winner! Begin!

* * *

Be a self-starter! Let other men wait
Until the boss tells them to go;
But you be the worker who sets his own gait.
If you wait on the crowd, you'll be slow.

* * *

Don't wait for the boss! Be the man in the lead!
The followers land on the shelves.
In shop and in office, the men that we need
Are fellows who think for themselves.

PATRIOTS

COMMERCE IS A TIDE

COMMERCIAL life resolves itself into one thing—the eternal ebb and flow of selling and buying, buying and selling, writes Arthur Frederick Sheldon in *The Science of Business*. And he continues:

Human endeavor is the great ocean of life. The tide goes out and it comes in, and that is all it does; it is doing that all the time. The tide of commerce goes out from our farms and mines and forests, from our factories and stores and shops; its products go out in the ceaseless ebb of usefulness, supplying the needs and desires and satisfying the wants of humanity.

The human energy and effort of the physician, the lawyer, the minister, the dentist, the man in the shop, in the office, and on the farm—everywhere—is ebbing out in usefulness or Service, and there flows back to him the incoming tide of reward for the energy that went out—the goods, the Service delivered.

And the *flow* of revenue must come back to him who obeys the law—the laws—of Nature, in exact proportion to the energy of the *ebb*.

He who wants the flow strong must make his ebb in proportion.

This is a law of life. It is a fact in Nature. Action and reaction are always equal.

RETAIL SCIENCE CORNER

THIS regular Department for retailers and their employes is edited by Thomas A. Knapp, formerly sales expert with the Drygoods Economist Organization, now in charge of the Retail Science Department of the Sheldon School, assisted by R. Edwin Wolfrath, also formerly with the Drygoods Economist. Readers are invited to ask any questions they may desire to have answered in our columns—or if they wish to enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope they will receive a personal reply. Address, Editor, Retail Science Corner, BUSINESS SUCCESS, 36 South State St., Chicago, Illinois.

OPPORTUNITY AND THE RETAIL STORE

I FEEL safe in saying that few, if any, lines of business offer as great an opportunity to employes to become powerful, rich, and useful men and women, as does the retail store.

In supplying the needs of the public, the wide-awake salesperson has a chance to know human nature, a chance to become a leading merchant of the future, and to enjoy independence and wealth. The modern store might be likened to a business college, and the young men and women of to-day should realize this. Whether or not they become independent and well equipped, depends upon their willingness to study and apply the science of successful retailing. And successful retailing is merely the creation of permanent and profitable patrons, through rendering satisfactory service.

But in order to render satisfactory service, and to advance in position and salary, salespeople must have a thorough knowledge of the merchandise handled, its manufacture, its uses, quantity on hand, and location in stock. They must be familiar with the store methods and principles. They must make a careful study of human nature and thus be able to regulate their conversation and actions according to the type of customer in hand. Thus, in supplying the customer's needs, the wide-awake, professional salesperson will suggest merchandise best suited for the use to which it is to be put, and also most appropriate to the user or wearer, the most fitting design, color, etc. When salespeople have acquired this knowledge they are able intelligently to advise their customers and to serve them so satisfactorily that confidence is secured and desire is created to continue patronizing the store.

This world of knowledge and experience is offered the conscientious salesperson in the employ of a well managed retail store, especially so to-day when such a store maintains an educational department, which offers an opportunity to all employes to study scientific retailing, covering every phase of retail activity concerning the store, the merchandise, the customer, and the psychological elements which enter into every sale.

The retail store, without doubt, is the finest possible laboratory for a study of human nature. It is in the retail store that the weaknesses of customers are shown very plainly and their varying dispositions are revealed. The salespeople who are alert and watchful have a greater advantage in becoming familiar with the various human equations, their dispositions and weaknesses, than a lawyer or doctor can in the same period, or an employe in any other business, because retail salespeople come in contact with many more people each day and their customers usually come in rapid succession, while lawyers, doctors, and employes in other lines of business come in contact with comparatively few people. Moreover, the clients of a lawyer usually have a definite legal problem, and the patients of a doctor usually have a definite ailment, while salespeople in a retail store have to deal with all the problems and weaknesses of their cus-

tomers, and, in addition, must study their needs and tastes, etc., in order to close sales, assure satisfaction, and retain the patronage.

To reach the maximum of success, salespeople must learn how to deal with human beings. They must be able to create the psychological effects which are necessary in every sale in order to bring about the meeting of the minds—in other words, to make the customer believe as they believe, without using deceptive methods.

Retail business success is dependent upon creating and maintaining the confidence of customers through rendering a service that will assure entire satisfaction. It should be realized that intelligent boys and girls may be fitted to render such service and be prepared for life's battle while in the employ of the retail store, where they will come in contact with men and women of the outside world under right conditions, and will become equipped with knowledge of the world and the people in it. The management of a retail store, through its welfare league and various other associations, offers ample protection and assistance to develop the growing boy and girl, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually. The young are safer in the retail store than most other businesses. A great many parents are paying large sums to have their sons and daughters learn commercial methods, etc., knowledge which the retail store to-day is offering its employes without any expense, and in addition to that is paying them a salary.

The young man and woman employed in the retail store are under direction and observation. They come in contact every day with dozens of different types of citizens, the very rich, the middle class, the clerks themselves, and all those with whom they must deal later on in life. They are acquainted with many different kinds of merchandise, and methods of salesmanship, and are made to realize the importance of regularity, promptness, attention, politeness, and so on, and so they are trained while being paid until finally, if they are wise enough to stick, they become experienced merchants, themselves.

It may be difficult for some minds to believe that a woman is capable of becoming a leading merchant and manager of a retail store. In my travels among such stores, however, I have found numerous capable women superintendents and managers of retail stores, and numerous proprietors and sole owners of others, conducting successful and profitable businesses.

Abroad, parents gladly accept offers to have their children trained in such commercial methods, without any salary consideration whatever, and are glad of the opportunity. One may attend a commercial business college a great number of years, and yet never become a business man or woman. To be a business man or woman, one must first of all be in business. The retail store offers an opportunity altogether exceptional to the wide-awake salesperson who is willing to study and apply himself to the science of retailing. The employe of an American retail store to-day has within reach all that makes for business success.

The retail store is Opportunity itself.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

L. M. W., Muskegon, Mich.: What is the distinction between Irish, Scotch, French, and German linen?

ANSWER: We cannot go into details here, but Scotch linens are lighter in weight and have more showy designs than Irish linens. French linens are known for their fine quality and effective appearance. German and Belgian linens are similar but have medium serviceable qualities.

SALESLADY 248: I have just been transferred to the Shoe Department. Will you please suggest some ideas for a selling talk to customers?

ANSWER: Always endeavor to sell the better grades of shoes, for two reasons: One, the better grades give better service; two, the profit in proportion is greater. Good shoes have points of superiority, such as: (1) *Good Leather.* Of uniform thickness and strength; resists wear; is elastic and soft, yet firm and durable; has a fine, permanent finish in grain and color. (2) *Style.* Good lines and harmony of parts; substantial and neat in appearance; decoration appropriate to kind and style of shoe; kind of leather suitable to style of shoe; length of vamp and style of last suited to foot.

STOCKGIRL: A customer complained that the linen she had purchased had shrunk a great deal. I am under the impression that linen does not shrink.

ANSWER: Pure linen does not shrink to any noticeable degree. It is when linen is adulterated with cotton that it shrinks considerably. A poor grade of linen is not only adulterated with cotton, but often held together with sizing.

X. Y. Z. (Clerk): Why do colored cotton goods fade easier than other colored material?

ANSWER: The dye will not unite in cotton and linen fibers as readily as in silk and wool, therefore, cotton will fade easier. The colors can be retained in colored cotton goods if strong soaps are not used, if soap is not rubbed on the goods, and if the fabric is washed in warm water instead of hot, and hung in the shade to dry.

B. L. M.: What are the advantages of artificial silk?

ANSWER: The main advantage of artificial silk is economy. It costs less than silk. Also, it is more lustrous. It takes the dye more readily and consequently can be dyed in beautiful, brilliant hues. It is porous, does not hold the heat, and absorbs moisture. It sheds the dust as well as silk and will give good service, if it does not become wet too frequently and remain wet too long. It should be dried quickly for the reason that it is made of wood-pulp, which rots when it is kept too moist.

R. V. K.: What is the difference between full fashioned and seamless hose?

ANSWER: Full fashioned hose are knitted as a flat web, the edges of which are sewn together. The web is widest at the toe and the machine is so arranged as to automatically drop or add enough stitches to make the web conform to the shape of the leg, etc. The web is put on a second machine and then on a third to join the two parts of the foot by a seam. The whole leg is seamed up on a fourth machine. Seamless hose really have a seam but it is a very shall one where the toe is closed, either by looping or by sewing the edges together. The seamless stocking is knit on a circular machine, beginning with the toe and ending with the top. When the stocking comes from the machine it has little more shape than a rubber tube, except that the foot is turned at an angle. In order to get the shape of the leg, the stocking is steamed and put on a board and shaped according to the outlines of the leg. Being dried on the board, it holds that shape, but after being washed, it is not as shapely as at first. Full fashioned hose are superior in this respect for they always hold their shape, and they cost more to manufacture.

JAMES L. T., Detroit: What is the difference between Wilton and Wilton Velvet?

ANSWER: A Wilton Velvet carpet is not in any sense of the word a Wilton carpet. The term "Wilton Velvet" is used to indicate a grade of velvet in which a worsted yarn instead of wool yarn has been used. Worsted yarns are spun from long staple wool which has been combed as well as carded, and are more tightly twisted as well as more even. This means that, as a rule, the Wilton Velvet has a more glossy appearance and greater durability than velvet carpet.

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IN GOING over the office files of *The Business Philosopher* we find that the complete volumes, twelve numbers in each, for 1904 and 1906 are missing—also the issues of September and December 1908 and August 1914. We should like to hear from anyone who has one or all of these numbers and would be willing to sell them. Please do not send copies, however, without first communicating with us. Our new address is 36 South State Street, Chicago.

AS SOON as a man thoroughly understands himself and has a control over his mental and physical desires, then others will come to him and demand that he place himself in authority over them. The thoroughly self-controlled, highly educated and truth loving man will not need to use intrigue to get himself into a position of authority. Others will be attracted to him and seek him as naturally as the magnet draws iron filings. The wise man is far more interested in discovering his own faults than in uncovering the faults of others.—*M. C. Arvidson.*

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